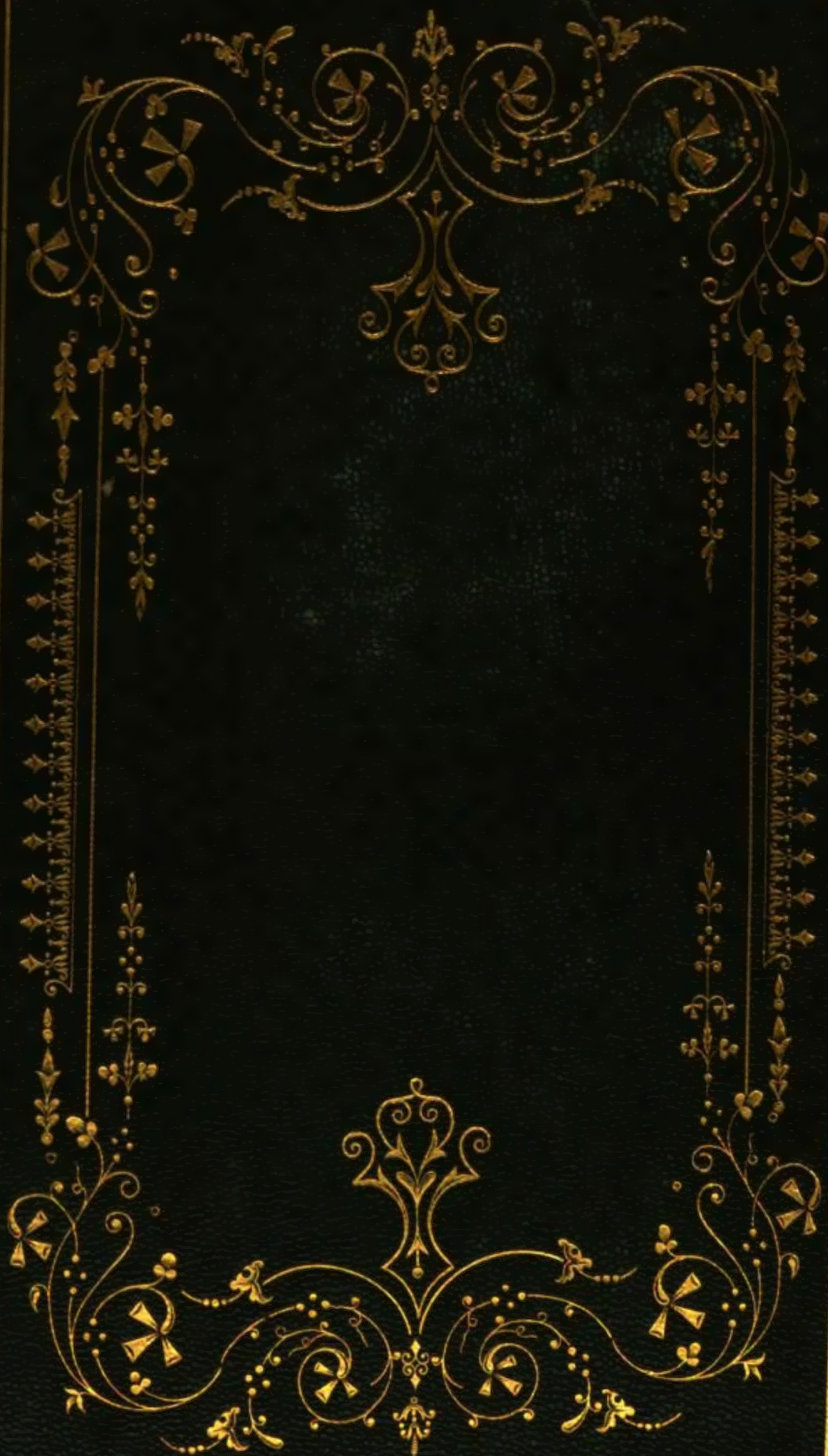


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THE COMPLETE

①

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

POET LAUREATE, ETC., ETC.

EDITED BY

HENRY REED,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

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*no.*

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY TROUTMAN & HAYES,

No. 193, MARKET STREET.

1852.

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# PREFACE

BY

## THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

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THE circumstances of the preparation of the American Edition of 1837 were stated in the Preface to that Edition—which is placed as the second preface in this volume. A copy of that Edition was sent to the Poet, and received his hearty sanction and approval. It is due to the readers of the Poems in the American Edition that the authority thus given to it should not be withheld from them. In a letter addressed to the Editor, and dated London, 19th August, 1837, Mr. Wordsworth said,—“I shall now hasten to notice the Edition which you have superintended of my Poems. This I can do with much pleasure, as the Book, which has been shown to several persons of taste, Mr. Rogers in particular, is allowed to be far the handsomest specimen of print in double column which they have seen. Allow me to thank you for the pains you have bestowed upon the work. Do not apprehend that any difference in our several arrangements of the poems can be of much importance; you appear to understand me far too well for that to be possible.”

Since the publication of the former American Edition, there have appeared in England the following publications of the Poems under the Author's own supervision: the Edition of 1839–40, in six volumes, containing some additional pieces: the volume, forming a seventh, entitled “Poems of Early and Late Years,” which appeared in 1842; the complete Poetical Works (with some additional poems) in one volume, issued in 1845; and the last Edition (containing some few later pieces) which appeared in six volumes in 1849 and 1850—being completed a very short time before the Poet's death. In the summer of 1850, “THE PRELUDE” was published posthumously.

Speaking of his own Edition in one volume, Wordsworth wrote to the American Editor as follows, in a letter dated, “Rydal Mount, 31st July, 1845

“I am at present carrying through the press an Edition in double column of my Poems, including the last; the contents of which will be interspersed in their several places. In the heading of the pages, I have followed the example of your Edition, by extending the classification of Imagination far beyond what it has hitherto been, except in your Edition. The book will be by no means so well-looking as yours; as the contents will be more crowded.”



Again, in a letter dated September 27th, of the same year—"The new edition of my Poems (double column) which is going through the press, will contain about three hundred verses not found in the previous Edition. I do not remember whether I have mentioned to you, that, following your example, I have greatly extended the class entitled "Poems of the Imagination," thinking as you must have done that, if Imagination were predominant in the class, it was not indispensable that it should pervade every poem which it contained. Limiting the class as I had done before, seemed to imply, and to the uncandid or observing did so, that the faculty, which is the *primum mobile* in poetry, had little to do, in the estimation of the author, with pieces not arranged under that head. I therefore feel much obliged to you for suggesting by your practice the plan which I have adopted."

In the present volume the text of the former edition has been for the most part retained; all the additional poems have been introduced, and the arrangement made to correspond more nearly in the details of it with that adopted by the Author. This volume also contains some pieces, which were omitted, (inadvertently it is believed,) from the latest London Edition. The Alphabetical Index to the Poems, and the Index to the First Lines, will prove of great convenience, as giving, in addition to the Table of Contents, such facilities for reference as are peculiarly needed in a collection containing many short poems.

The Table of Contents will be found to have, besides its ordinary use, a biographical interest, in giving the dates of the composition of the poems, as far as stated by the Poet. A brief biographical note is also placed among the prefatory pages

In the prefatory matter of this volume, I have introduced the tributes paid to the genius of Wordsworth, by the late Hartley Coleridge, and by the author of "Ion," together with the still grander one from the pen of the Poet of "The Christian Year,"—a faithful and eloquent exposition of the character and spiritual worth of Wordsworth's poetry, expressed with such truthfulness and beauty of diction that the words scarce seem to belong to a dead language, when thus made the eloquent utterance of living thought and feeling.

The lines on p. xi. beginning "If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven," are inserted as used by the Poet himself for a prefatory poem in his late Editions.

This Edition is now offered to the public with the assurance that it is the most complete collection of Wordsworth's poems, which has appeared. With regard to accuracy, the same sedulous effort, which on a former occasion was employed in affectionate and reverential gratitude to the living Poet, has been repeated with a yet deeper affection to his memory.

HENRY REED.

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 18, 1851.

# PREFACE

TO

THE AMERICAN EDITION OF 1837.

---

THIS Volume is published with a view to present a complete and uniform Edition of the Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. It contains the poems in the latest collected edition and in the additional volume, entitled "Yarrow Revisited and other Poems," published in 1835. — The text has been adopted with great care from the London editions. To the contents of those volumes there have been added some lines published since the date of the last volume, and the Description of the Scenery of the Lakes, written by Mr. Wordsworth some years ago.

When the Publishers were about beginning the preparation of this volume, a difficulty in regard to the arrangement of the poems presented itself, to which it is proper here to advert. — The recent volume "Yarrow Revisited, &c." was prefaced by an advertisement in which Mr. Wordsworth stated his intention to have been "to reserve the contents of the volume to be interspersed in some future edition of his miscellaneous Poems." The request of friends, however, and a delicate regard for the interests of the purchasers of his former works, induced the publication of the separate volume, in which the poems are printed without reference to the classification, which distinguishes the general collection of his poems. In preparing a complete and uniform edition, it was at once obvious that great incongruity would result from inserting after the former collection of Poems, as arranged by Mr. Wordsworth, the contents of the volume since published in an order wholly different. Such a course would have been in direct violation of the Poet's expressed intention, and would have betrayed an ignorance or distrust of his principles of classification, or a timidity in applying them. It would have been a method purely mechanical, and calculated to impair the effect of that philosophical arrangement, which was designed "as a commentary unostentatiously directing the attention of those, who read with reflection, to the Poet's purposes." — Intelligent readers, familiar with the spirit of Wordsworth's poetry, would regret any violation of the harmony of his method: they could not be content, for instance, with any other arrangement of the miscellaneous Poems than that which the Poet has adopted, closing with the lofty Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.

In editing this volume, I have therefore ventured to adopt the only alternative which presented itself — to anticipate Mr. Wordsworth's unexecuted intention of interspersing the contents of the volume entitled "Yarrow Revisited, &c." among the poems already arranged by him. I have been guided by an attentive study of the principles of classification stated in his general Preface, and the character of each poem to which they were to be applied. In some instances special directions for arrangement had been given by the Poet himself; these have been carefully followed. In many instances the close similarity between groups of the unarranged poems, and those which had been arranged, left little room for error. With respect to the detached pieces, it has been felt to be a delicate undertaking to decide under which class each one of them should be appropriately arranged. This has been attempted with an anxious sense of the care it required, though with an assurance

that there was no possibility of impairing the individual interest of any of the poems. It may be added that no one would feel more grieved at any injury done by a false arrangement than he who claims to have brought to the task an affectionate solicitude for every verse in the volume.

A few notes have been introduced, consisting almost entirely of illustrative passages from the writings of those with whom I am confident Mr. Wordsworth, from congeniality of mind or feeling, or from personal friendship, would most willingly find his name associated. That these notes may in a moment be distinguished from the Poet's own, they have been included in brackets, and designated with the addition of the initial letters of the Editor's name. They have been limited in number by an anxiety to avoid encumbering the text; which consideration has also regulated the general arrangement of notes throughout the volume.

Pains have been taken to indicate typographically, in a manner more clear than in any former edition, the general classification of the Poems.—The Prose writings have been arranged, together with the Description of the Scenery of the Lakes, in an Appendix, for the greater convenience of reference, and from a regard to their value.

A Poet of the age of Queen Elizabeth, looking to the then unbroken shores of America, found a new impulse for the English Muse, and foresaw a boundless scope for the English tongue:

“And who (in time) knows whither we may vent  
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores  
This gain of our best glory shall be sent  
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?  
What worlds in th' yet unformed Occident,  
May come refined with th' accents that are ours?”

*Musophilus.*

In preparing this Edition of the Poetical Works of Wordsworth for the press, it has been a pleasing thought that in no instance could that anticipation—not quite a prophecy—of the “well-languaged Daniel,” have been better fulfilled, than in the publication of the writings of one, who, while incomparably superior in genius, is closely kindred to him in right-minded habits of reflection and in purity and gentleness of heart.

H R.

PHILADELPHIA, *December*, 1836.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

---

THIS note is intended to give, for the convenience of the reader, a statement of a few of the facts of Wordsworth's life, and career of authorship.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born on the 7th of April, 1770, at Cockermouth, a small town in Cumberland, in the north of England; and the early part of his life was spent in that region of lake and mountain, which was to be the happy home of his manhood and old age. His school education was received at Hawkshead Grammar School. In 1787 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he received his Bachelor's degree; it was during his college life, he made a tour in the Alps, which was the occasion of his "Descriptive Sketches," and which forms also the subject of the sixth book of "The Prelude"—a later part of which poem treats of his second visit to the Continent, and his residence in France, during the first part of the Revolution. In 1798, in company with his sister, Dorothea (to whose influence upon his life and character he has paid fervent tribute in "The Prelude," and elsewhere) and with his friend Coleridge, he made a tour in Germany. His visits to the Continent again, in 1820 and in 1837, are known by his "Memorials" of the Tours in those years.

In the year 1802, Mr. Wordsworth was married to Miss Mary Hutchinson: she survives him, retaining in a beautiful old age "that Christian calmness and gentleness and love which" (in the words of one who witnessed what he speaks of) "made her almost like the Poet's guardian angel for near fifty years."

At the beginning of the century the Poet's residence was at Grasmere, but after some years was removed to the neighbourhood of Ambleside; and the cottage at Rydal Mount became the home of all his after years on Earth.

Wordsworth's literary life, as an author, extended through a period of about sixty years,—the earliest date affixed to any of his pieces being 1786, and the latest 1846. His first publication was "AN EVENING WALK" addressed to his sister: it appeared in 1793, and was soon followed in the same year by the "DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES:" these were printed in quarto, with the author's name—"W. Wordsworth, B. A., of St. John's, Cambridge," and were published by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, from whose press had issued, only nine years before, Cowper's "Task." In 1798, a volume of the "Lyrical Ballads" was published anonymously, and in 1800 was succeeded by a second volume having the author's name. This collection in 1805 had reached a fourth edition. An American edition of the Lyrical Ballads was published in Philadelphia as early as 1802. The various reception, which was given to those Poems—the thoughtful and genial welcome on the one part, and the scornful condemnation on the other,—and their influence upon poetic thought and feeling, would form the subject of an instructive chapter in the history of English poetry in the first half of the nineteenth century. In 1807 were published two more volumes of Poems, with the motto

Posterius graviore sono tibi Musa loquetur  
Nostra: dabunt cum securos mihi tempora fructus.

In 1809 Wordsworth published the prose work, to which reference will be found in several places in this volume: the title of the work is "Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain and Portugal to each other, and to the common enemy at this crisis; and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra: the whole brought to the test of those principles, by which alone the Independence and Freedom of nations can be preserved or recovered."—This work, it is said, Mr. Canning spoke of as the most eloquent production of the kind since the days of Burke.

In 1814, "THE EXCURSION" was given to the world; in 1815 there followed "The White Doe of Rylstone," and two volumes including the "Lyrical Ballads," and other miscellaneous poems. A third volume of miscellaneous poems was made up of



the "Thanksgiving Ode," in 1816, "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner," in 1819, and "The River Duddon," with other pieces, in 1820. To this volume was appended the prose description of the Lake Country.

In 1822 appeared the "Ecclesiastical Sketches" and the "Memorials of a Tour in 1820." In 1820 and 1832 collective editions of the Poems were published, and were followed in 1835 by the volume entitled "Yarrow Revisited and other Poems." The subsequent publications and editions are those mentioned in the Preface to this Edition. The list of Wordsworth's prose writings may be completed by the mention here, of his "Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns," published in London, 1816, and his "Two Letters on the Kendal and Windermere Railway, reprinted from the Morning Post," London, 1844-5.

The more the whole course of Wordsworth's life shall become known, the more will it be seen that it was a life devoted, in a deep and abiding sense of duty, to the cultivation of a poet's endowments and art, for their noblest and most lasting uses—a self-dedication as complete as the world has ever witnessed. It was a life to which was given the earthly reward of length of days and of a large share of happiness. There was in this life, the further reward of an ample fame,—a fame which moved, as it were, on the wings of spiritual gratitude and thoughtful affection. The contumely, which had been cast upon him from the critic's chair in former years, was looked back to as a wonder and a wrong in the history of criticism; his poetry was recognised as one of the great literary influences upon the minds and hearts of his fellow beings; and the circle of admirers, who had clung to the fortunes of that poetry through evil and good report, was widened over the world. These things the Poet was permitted to see in his mortal life.

Of the popular sentiment towards Wordsworth in late years, the feeling displayed on his reception at Oxford in 1839 is but one of many manifestations. The genuine fervour of the feeling inspired the lines composed by Talfourd on that occasion: it sank too as deeply into the earnest spirit of the late Dr. Arnold, who wrote "I went up to Oxford to the commemoration, for the first time in twenty-one years, to see Wordsworth and Bunsen receive their degrees; and to me, remembering how old Coleridge inoculated a little knot of us with the love of Wordsworth, when his name was in general a by-word, it was striking to witness the thunders of applause, repeated over and over again, with which he was greeted in the theatre by Undergraduates and Masters of Arts alike." Letter, July 6, 1839. (The epithet "old" in this extract, is one of familiar affection for a college-mate—now Sir John Taylor Coleridge, one of the Justices of the Court of Queen's Bench.)

After the death of his friend Southey in 1843, Wordsworth was appointed to succeed him as Poet Laureate—an office, now restored to respect by the successive tenure of Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson.

The close of Wordsworth's life was saddened by the death of his only daughter,—Dora, the wife of Edward Quillinan, Esq. Her father's house had been the home of her life except during a short period, in which she was withdrawn from it by her marriage; she was the author of a "Journal of a few months' residence in Portugal," published in 1847. The visit to the South of Europe was for the restoration of her health; but in vain. Her death took place on the 9th of July, 1847, at the residence of her father. This bereavement—the severest affliction of his life, and in old age—weighed heavily upon his spirits: it is believed that he did not recover from this sorrow during the very few years that he was parted from his daughter. Two sons survive him, the Rev. John Wordsworth and William Wordsworth, Esq.

Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount, on the 23d of April 1850, about a fortnight after his 80th birth-day. The harmony of his life was completed by the possession of faculties, unimpaired by disease or age. He lived and died in communion with the Church, to which his life as well as his writings had proved a faithful and filial attachment. His body sleeps in Grasmere Churchyard.

The duty of preparing a biography of the Poet has been appropriately confided to his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster.

H. R.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

DEDICATION OF KEBLE'S LECTURES ON POETRY :  
"PRÆLECTIONES ACADEMICÆ, OXONII HABITÆ,  
ANNIS—MDCCCXXXII. . . . . MDCCCXLI,  
A JOANNE KEBLE, A. M.  
POETICÆ PUBLICO PRÆLECTORE."

---

VIRO VERE PHILOSOPHO,  
ET VATI SACRO,  
GULIELMO WORDSWORTH,

CUI ILLUD MUNUS TRIBUIT

DEUS OPT. MAX.

UT, SIVE HOMINUM AFFECTUS CANERET,  
SIVE TERRARUM ET CÆLI PULCHRITUDINEM,  
LEGENTIUM ANIMOS SEMPER AD SANCTIORA ERIGERET,  
SEMPER A PAUPERUM ET SIMPLICIORUM PARTIBUS STARET,

ATQUE ADEO, LABENTE SÆCULO, EXISTERET

NON SOLUM DULCISSIMÆ POESEOS,

VERUM ETIAM DIVINÆ VERITATIS

ANTISTES,

UNUS MULTORUM, QUI DEVINCTOS SE ESSE SENTIUNT

ASSIDUO NOBILIVM EJUS CARMINUM BENEFICIO,

HOC QUALECUNQUE GRATI ANIMI TESTIMONIUM

D. D. D.

REVERENTIÆ, PIETATIS, AMICITIÆ ERGO.

SONNET  
BY THE LATE HARTLEY COLERIDGE:

---

TO  
WORDSWORTH.

THERE have been poets that in verse display  
The elemental forms of human passions:  
Poets have been, to whom the fickle fashions  
And all the wilful humours of the day  
Have furnished matter for a polished lay:  
And many are the smooth elaborate tribe  
Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,  
And fain would every shifting hue pourtray  
Of restless Nature. But, thou mighty Seer!  
'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make  
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake  
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.  
Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,  
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

---

SONNET  
BY SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD:

---

ON THE RECEPTION OF THE POET WORDSWORTH AT OXFORD.

O NEVER did a mighty truth prevail  
With such felicities of place and time,  
As in those shouts sent forth with joy sublime  
From the full heart of England's Youth to hail  
Her once neglected Bard within the pale  
Of Learning's fairest Citadel! That voice,  
In which the Future thunders, bids rejoice  
Some who through wintry fortunes did not fail  
To bless with love as deep as life, the name  
Thus welcomed;—who, in happy silence share  
The triumph; while their fondest musings claim  
Unhoped-for echoes in the joyous air  
That to their long-loved Poet's spirit bear  
A nation's promise of undying fame.

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,  
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,  
Shine, Poet, in thy place, and be content :—  
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,  
And they that from the zenith dart their beams,  
(Visible though they be to half the earth,  
Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)  
Are yet of no diviner origin,  
No purer essence, than the one that burns,  
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge  
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem  
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,  
Among the branches of the leafless trees;  
All are the undying offspring of one Sire :  
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,  
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.



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# POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

## EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, COMPOSED  
UPON LEAVING SCHOOL.

DEAR native Regions, I foretell,  
From what I feel at this farewell,  
That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,  
And whensoe'er my course shall end,  
If in that hour a single tie  
Survive of local sympathy,  
My soul will cast the backward view,  
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, from the precincts of the West,  
The Sun, when sinking down to rest,  
Though his departing radiance fail  
To illuminate the hollow Vale,  
A lingering lustre fondly throws  
On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

## AN EVENING WALK,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

*General Sketch of the Lakes — Author's Regret of his Youth passed among them — Short description of Noon — Cascade Scene — Noon-tide Retreat — Precipice and sloping Lights — Face of Nature as the Sun declines — Mountain Farm, and the Cock — Slate Quarry — Sunset — Superstition of the Country, connected with that Moment — Swans — Female Beggar — Twilight Sounds — Western Lights — Spirits — Night — Moonlight — Hope — Night Sounds — Conclusion.*

FAR from my dearest Friend, 't is mine to rove  
Through bare gray dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;  
Where Derwent stops his course to hear the roar  
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore;  
Where silver rocks the savage prospect cheer  
Of giant yews that frown on Rydal's mere;  
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,  
To willowy hedgerows, and to emerald meads;  
Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds,  
Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds;

D

Where, deep embosomed, shy\* Winander peeps  
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steeps;  
Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,  
And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes! with other eyes, than once, I gaze  
Upon the varying charm your round displays,  
Than when, erewhile, I taught, "a happy child,"  
The echoes of your rocks my carols wild:  
Then did no ebb of cheerfulness demand  
Sad tides of joy from Melancholy's hand;  
In youth's keen eye the livelong day was bright,  
The sun at morning, and the stars of night,  
Alike, when heard the bittern's hollow bill,  
Or the first woodcock† roamed the moonlight hill.

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,  
And hope itself was all I knew of pain.  
For then, even then, the little heart would beat  
At times, while young Content forsook her seat,  
And wild Impatience, panting upward, showed  
Where, tipped with gold, the mountain-summits glowed.  
Alas! the idle tale of man is found  
Depicted in the dial's moral round;  
With Hope Reflection blends her social rays  
To gild the total tablet of his days;  
Yet still, the sport of some malignant Power,  
He knows but from its shade the present hour.

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain?  
To show what pleasures yet to me remain,  
Say, will my Friend, with reluctant ear,  
The history of a poet's evening hear?

When, in the south, the wan noon, brooding still,  
Breathed a pale steam around the glaring hill,  
And shades of deep-embattled clouds were seen,  
Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between;  
When, at the barren wall's unsheltered end,  
Where long rails far into the lake extend,  
Crowded the shortened herds, and beat the tides  
With their quick tails, and lashed their speckled sides,  
When school-boys stretched their length upon the  
green;  
And round the humming elm, a glimmering scene!

\* These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.

† In the beginning of winter, these mountains are frequented by woodcocks, which in dark nights retire into the woods.

In the brown park, in herds, the troubled deer  
Shook the still-twinkling tail and glancing ear;  
When horses in the sunburnt intake\* stood,  
And vainly eyed below the tempting flood,  
Or tracked the Passenger, in mute distress,  
With forward neck the closing gate to press—  
Then, while I wandered up the huddling rill  
Brightening with water-breaks the sombrous ghyll,†  
As by enchantment, an obscure retreat  
Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet.  
While thick above the rill the branches close,  
In rocky basin its wild waves repose,  
Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,  
Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between;  
Save that aloft the subtle sunbeam shine  
On withered briars that o'er the crags recline,  
Sole light admitted here, a small cascade,  
Illumes with sparkling foam the impervious shade;  
Beyond, along the vista of the brook,  
Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,  
The eye reposes on a secret bridge‡  
Half gray, half shagged with ivy to its ridge;  
Whence hangs, in the cool shade, the listless swain  
Lingering behind his disappearing wain.  
—Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,  
Bandusia's praise, wild Stream, should yield to thine!  
Never shall ruthless minister of Death  
'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel unsheath;  
No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers,  
No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers;  
The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove  
A more benignant sacrifice approve;  
A Mind, that, in a calm angelic mood  
Of happy wisdom, meditating good,  
Beholds, of all from her high powers required,  
Much done, and much designed, and more desired,—  
Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,  
Entire affection for all human kind.

— Sweet rill, farewell! To-morrow's noon again  
Shall hide me, wooing long thy wildwood strain;  
But now the sun has gained his western road,  
And eve's mild hour invites my steps abroad.

While, near the midway cliff, the silvered kite  
In many a whistling circle wheels her flight;  
Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, apace  
Travel along the precipice's base;  
Cheering its naked waste of scattered stone,  
By lichens gray, and scanty moss, o'ergrown;  
Where scarce the fox-glove peeps, or thistle's beard:  
And desert stone-chat, all day long, is heard.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view  
The spacious landscape changed in form and hue!  
Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood  
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;  
There, objects, by the searching beams betrayed,  
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;  
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,  
Softened their glare before the mellow light;  
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide  
Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house hide,  
Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,  
Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream:  
Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty cloud  
Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving shroud  
The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,  
Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the zephyrs sink,  
A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink:  
And now, on every side, the surface breaks  
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks;  
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright  
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light;  
There, waves that, hardly weltering, die away,  
Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray,  
And now the universal tides repose,  
And, brightly blue, the burnished mirror glows,  
Save where, along the shady western marge,  
Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal barge;  
The sails are dropped, the poplar's foliage sleeps,  
And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deeps.

Their panniered train a group of potters goad,  
Winding from side to side up the steep road;  
The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful edge,  
Shot, down the headlong path darts with his sledge;  
Bright beams the lonely mountain horse illumine,  
Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings§," and broom.;  
While the sharp slope the slackened team confounds,  
Downward the ponderous timber-wain resounds||;  
In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,  
Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps along;  
From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet,  
Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat:  
Sounds from the water-side the hammered boat;  
And blasted quarry thunders, heard remote!

Even here, amid the sweep of endless woods,  
Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling floods,  
Not undelightful are the simplest charms,  
Found by the verdant door of mountain farms.

Sweetly ferocious¶, round his native walks,  
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks;

\* The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain inclosure.

† Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country:  
Glen, ghyll, and dingle, have the same meaning.

‡ The reader who has made the tour of this country will  
recognise, in this description, the features which characterise  
the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydale.

§ "Vivid rings of green."—GREENWOOD'S Poem on Shooting.

|| "Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings."—  
BEATTIE.

¶ "Dolcemente feroce."—TASSO. — In this description of the  
cock, I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in l'Agri-  
culture, ou Les Georgiques Françaises, of M. Rousseau.



Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread;  
 A crest of purple tops his warrior head.  
 Bright sparks his black and haggard eye-ball hurls  
 Air, his tail he closes and unfurls;  
 Whose state, like pine-trees, waving to and fro,  
 Droops, and o'er-canopies his regal brow;  
 On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion throat,  
 Threatened by faintly-answering farms remote:  
 Again with his shrill voice the mountain rings,  
 While, flapped with conscious pride, resound his wings!

Brightening the cliffs between, where sombrous pine  
 And yew-trees o'er the silver rocks recline;  
 I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,  
 Dwarf-pannied steeds, and men, and numerous wains;  
 How busy the enormous hive within,  
 While Echo dallies with the various din!  
 Some (hardly heard their chisels' clinking sound)  
 Toil, small as pigmies in the gulf profound;  
 Some, dim between the aerial cliffs descried,  
 O'erwalk the slender plank from side to side;  
 These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless ring,  
 Glad from their airy baskets hang and sing.

Hung o'er a cloud, above the steep that rears  
 An edge all flame, the broadening sun appears;  
 A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,  
 And breaks the spreading of its golden tides;  
 And now it touches on the purple steep  
 That flings its image on the pictured deep.  
 Cross the calm lake's blue shades the cliffs aspire,  
 With towers and woods a "prospect all on fire;"  
 The coves and secret hollows, through a ray  
 Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray;  
 The gilded turf invests with richer green  
 Each speck of lawn the broken rocks between;  
 Deep yellow beams the scattered stems illumine,  
 Far in the level forest's central gloom;  
 Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale,  
 Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,  
 That, barking busy, 'mid the glittering rocks,  
 Hunts, where he points, the intercepted flocks.  
 Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance shoots  
 On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted roots;  
 The Druid stones their lighted fane unfold,  
 And all the babbling brooks are liquid gold;  
 Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,  
 Gives one bright glance, and drops behind the hill.\*

In these secluded vales, if village fame,  
 Confirmed by silver hairs, belief may claim;  
 When up the hills, as now, retired the light,  
 Strange apparitions mocked the gazer's sight.

A desperate form appears, that spurs his steed  
 Along the midway cliffs with violent speed;  
 Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while all  
 Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.

Anon, in order mounts a gorgeous show  
 Of horsemen shadows winding to and fro;  
 At intervals imperial banners stream,  
 And now the van reflects the solar beam,  
 The rear through iron brown betrays a sullen gleam;  
 Lost gradual, o'er the heights in pomp they go,  
 While silent stands the admiring vale below;  
 Till, save the lonely beacon, all is fled,  
 That tips with eve's last gleam his spiry head.†

Now, while the solemn evening shadows sail  
 On red slow-waving pinions, down the vale;  
 And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines,  
 Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger lines,  
 How pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray  
 Where winds the road along a secret bay;  
 By rills that tumble down the woody steeps,  
 And run in transport to the dimpling deeps;  
 Along the "wild meandering shore" to view  
 Obsequious Grace the winding Swan pursue:  
 He swells his lifted chest, and backward flings  
 His bridling neck between his towering wings;  
 In all the majesty of ease, divides  
 And, glorying, looks around the silent tides;  
 On as he floats, the silvered waters glow,  
 Proud of the varying arch and moveless form of snow  
 While tender cares and mild domestic Loves,  
 With furtive watch, pursue her as she moves;  
 The female with a meeker charm succeeds,  
 And her brown little-ones around her leads,  
 Nibbling the water-lilies as they pass,  
 Or playing wanton with the floating grass.  
 She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride  
 Forgets, unwearied watching every side;  
 She calls them near, and with affection sweet  
 Alternately relieves their weary feet;  
 Alternately they mount her back, and rest  
 Close by her mantling wings' embraces prest.

Long may ye float upon these floods serene;  
 Yours be these holms untrodden, still, and green,  
 Whose leafy shades fence off the blustering gale,  
 Where breathes in peace the lily of the vale.  
 Yon Isle, which feels not even the milk-maid's feet,  
 Yet hears her song, "by distance made more sweet,"  
 Yon isle conceals your home, your cottage bower,  
 Fresh water-rushes strew the verdant floor;  
 Long grass and willows form the woven wall,  
 And swings above the roof the poplar tall.  
 Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk,  
 With broad black feet ye crush your flowery walk;  
 Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at morn  
 The hound, the horses' tread, and mellow horn;  
 Involve your serpent necks in changeful rings,  
 Rolled wantonly between your slippery wings,

† See a description of an appearance of this kind in Clarke's Survey of the Lakes, accompanied by vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the reader.

\* From Thomson.—See Scott's Critical Essays.

Or, starting up with noise and rude delight,  
Force half upon the wave your cumbrous flight.

Fair Swan! by all a mother's joys caressed,  
Haply some wretch has eyed, and called thee blessed;  
The while upon some sultry summer's day  
She dragged her babes along this weary way;  
Or taught their limbs along the burning road  
A few short steps to totter with their load.

I see her now, denied to lay her head,  
On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built shed,  
Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,  
By pointing to a shooting star on high;  
I hear, while in the forest depth, he sees  
The Moon's fixed gaze between the opening trees,  
In broken sounds her elder grief demand,  
And skyward lift, like one that prays, his hand,  
If, in that country, where he dwells afar,  
His father views that good, that kindly star;  
—Ah me! all light is mute amid the gloom,  
The interlunar cavern, of the tomb.  
—When low-hung clouds each star of summer hide,  
And fireless are the valleys far and wide,  
Where the brook brawls along the painful road,  
Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching broad,  
Oft has she taught them on her lap to play  
Delighted, with the glow-worm's harmless ray  
Tossed light from hand to hand; while on the ground  
Small circles of green radiance gleam around.

Oh! when the sleety showers her path assail,  
And roars between the hills the torrent gale.  
—No more her breath can thaw their fingers cold,  
Their frozen arms her neck no more can fold;  
Weak roof a cowering form two babes to shield,  
And faint the fire a dying heart can yield!  
Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly fears  
Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its tears;  
No tears can chill them, and no bosom warms,  
Thy breast their death-bed, confined in thine arms.

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,  
Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,  
Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,  
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,  
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill  
Wetting, that drip upon the water still;  
And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,  
Shoots upward, darting his long neck before.

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light  
Blends with the solemn colouring of the night;  
'Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,  
And round the West's proud lodge their shadows  
throw,

Like Una shining on her gloomy way,  
'The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray;  
Shedding, through paly loopholes mild and small,  
Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall,

Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale  
Tracking the fitful motions of the gale.  
With restless interchange at once the bright  
Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.  
No favoured eye was e'er allowed to gaze  
On lovelier spectacle in faery days;  
When gentle Spirits urged a sportive chase,  
Brushing with lucid wands the water's face;  
While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,  
Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.  
—The lights are vanished from the watery plains:  
No wreck of all the pageantry remains.  
Unheeded night has overcome the vales:  
On the dark earth, the baffled vision fails;  
The latest lingerer of the forest train,  
The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain;  
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,  
Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar;  
And, towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,  
Like a black wall, the mountain steeps appear.

Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel  
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,  
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find  
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.  
Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!  
Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away:  
Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;  
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light, to thread  
Silent the hedge or steaming rivulet's bed,  
From his gray re-appearing tower shall soon  
Salute with boding note the rising moon,  
Frosting with hoary light the pearly ground,  
And pouring deeper blue to Æther's bound;  
And pleased her solemn pomp of clouds to fold  
In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

See, o'er the eastern hill, where darkness broods  
O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and woods;  
Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,  
She lifts in silence up her lovely face:  
Above the gloomy valley flings her light,  
Far to the western slopes with hamlets white  
And gives, where woods the chequered upland strew,  
To the green corn of summer autumn's hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn  
Her dawn, far lovelier than the Moon's own morn;  
Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer  
The weary hills, impervious, blackening near;  
—Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while  
On darling spots remote her tempting smile.

—Even now she decks for me a distant scene,  
(For dark and broad the gulf of time between)  
Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,  
(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way;

How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!  
 How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear!  
 Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall rise,  
 'Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs  
 (For sighs will ever trouble human breath)  
 Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of Death.

But now the clear bright Moon her zenith gains,  
 And rimy without speck extend the plains;  
 The deepest dell the mountain's front displays  
 Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;  
 From the dark-blue "faint silvery threads" divide  
 The hills, while gleams below the azure tide;  
 The scene is wakened, yet its peace unbroke,  
 By silvery wreaths of quiet charcoal smoke,  
 That, o'er the ruins of the fallen wood,  
 Steal down the hills, and spread along the flood.

The song of mountain streams, unheard by day,  
 Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.  
 Air listens, as the sleeping water still,  
 To catch the spiritual music of the hill,  
 Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,  
 Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,  
 Soon followed by his hollow-parting oar,  
 And echoed hoof approaching the far shore;  
 Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,  
 Hurrying the feeding hare through rustling corn;  
 The tremulous sob of the complaining owl;  
 And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;  
 The distant forge's swinging thump profound;  
 Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.

### DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES,

#### TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG THE ALPS.

TO THE REV. ROBERT JONES,

FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,

HOWEVER desirous I might have been of giving you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy by thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstance of my having accompanied you among the Alps, seemed to give this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away any scruples which your modesty might otherwise have suggested.

In inscribing this little work to you, I consult my heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions lolling in a post-chaise, and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessities upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter!

I am happy in being conscious I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the less dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together; consequently, whatever is feeble in my design, or spiritless in my colouring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the same manner, with so much pleasure. But the sea-sunsets, which give such splendour to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of Bethgelert, Menai and her Druids, the Alpine steep of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wizard stream of the Dee, remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity of thus publicly assuring you with how much affection and esteem

I am, dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

London, 1793.

*Happiness (if she had been to be found on Earth) amongst the Charms of Nature — Pleasures of the pedestrian Traveller — Author crosses France to the Alps — Present State of the Grande Chartreuse — Lake of Como — Time, Sunset — Same Scene, Twilight — Same Scene, Morning, its voluptuous Character; Old Man and Forest Cottage Music — River Tusa — Via Mala and Grison Gipsy — Schellenen-thal — Lake of Uri — Stormy Sunset — Chapel of William Tell — Force of Local Emotion — Chamois-chaser — View of the higher Alps — Manner of Life of a Swiss Mountaineer, interspersed with Views of the higher Alps — Golden Age of the Alps — Life and Views continued — Ranz des Vaches, famous Swiss Air — Abbey of Einsiedlen and its Pilgrims — Valley of Chamouny — Mont Blanc — Slavery of Savoy — Influence of Liberty on Cottage Happiness — France — Wish for the Extirpation of Slavery — Conclusion.*

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground  
 Where from distress a refuge might be found,  
 And solitude prepare the soul for heaven;  
 Sure, Nature's God that spot to man had given  
 Where falls the purple morning far and wide  
 In flakes of light upon the mountain side;  
 Where with loud voice the power of water shakes  
 The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.



Yet not unrecompensed the man shall roam,  
 Who at the call of summer quits his home,  
 And plods through some far realm o'er vale and height,  
 Though seeking only holiday delight;  
 At least, not owning to himself an aim  
 To which the Sage would give a prouder name.  
 No gains too cheaply earned his fancy cloy,  
 Though every passing zephyr whispers joy;  
 Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,  
 Feeds the clear current of his sympathies.  
 For him sod seats the cottage door adorn;  
 And peeps the far-off spire, his evening bourn!  
 Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,  
 And dear the velvet green-sward to his tread:  
 Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming eye!  
 Upward he looks—"and calls it luxury;"  
 Kind Nature's charities his steps attend;  
 In every babbling brook he finds a friend;  
 While chastening thoughts of sweetest use, bestowed  
 By Wisdom, moralize his pensive road.  
 Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide bower,  
 To his spare meal he calls the passing poor;  
 He views the Sun uplift his golden fire,  
 Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's lyre;\*  
 Blesses the Moon that comes with kindly ray,  
 To light him shaken by his rugged way;  
 With bashful fear no cottage children steal  
 From him, a brother at the cottage meal;  
 His humble looks no shy restraint impart,  
 Around him plays at will the virgin heart.  
 While unsuspended wheels the village dance,  
 The maidens eye him with enquiring glance,  
 Much wondering what sad stroke of crazing Care  
 Or desperate Love could lead a Wanderer there.

Me, lured by hope its sorrows to remove,  
 A heart that could not much itself approve  
 O'er Gallia's wastes of corn dejected led,  
 Her road elms rustling high above my head,  
 Or through her truant pathways' native charins,  
 By secret villages and lonely farms,  
 To where the Alps ascending white in air,  
 Toy with the sun, and glitter from afar.

Even now, emerging from the forest's gloom,  
 I heave a sigh at hoary Chartreuse' doom.  
 Where now is fled that Power whose frown severe  
 Tamed "sober Reason" till she crouched in fear!  
 The cloister startles at the gleam of arms,  
 And Blasphemy the shuddering fane alarms;  
 Nod the cloud-piercing pines their troubled heads;  
 Spires, rocks, and lawns, a browner night o'erspreads;  
 Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs,  
 And start the astonished shades at female eyes.

\* The lyre of Memnon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.

That thundering tube the aged angler hears,  
 And swells the groaning torrent with his tears;  
 From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted jay,  
 And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.  
 The cross, by angels on the aerial rock  
 Planted†, a flight of laughing demons mock.  
 The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow breath  
 Along the mystic streams of Life and Death.‡  
 Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds  
 Portentous through her old woods' trackless bounds,  
 Vallombre§, 'mid her falling fanes, deplores,  
 For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.

More pleased, my foot the hidden margin roves  
 Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut groves.  
 No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps  
 Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow deeps.  
 —To towns, whose shades of no rude sound complain  
 To ringing team unknown and grating wain,  
 To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's bound,  
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,  
 Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive cling,  
 And o'er the whitened wave their shadows fling,  
 The pathway leads, as round the steeps it twines,  
 And Silence loves its purple roof of vines;  
 The viewless lingerer hence, at evening, sees  
 From rock-hewn steps the sail between the trees;  
 Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed maids  
 Tend the small harvest of their garden glades,  
 Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view  
 Stretch, o'er the pictured mirror, broad and blue,  
 Tracking the yellow sun from steep to steep,  
 As up the opposing hills with tortoise foot they creep.  
 Here, half a village shines, in gold arrayed,  
 Bright as the moon; half hides itself in shade:  
 While, from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,  
 Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire:  
 There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw  
 Rich golden verdure on the waves below.  
 Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,  
 And steals into the shade the lazy oar;  
 Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,  
 And amorous music on the water dies.

How blessed, delicious scene! the eye that greets  
 Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;  
 The unwearied sweep of wood thy cliff that scales;  
 The never-ending waters of thy vales;  
 The cots, those dim religious groves embower,  
 Or, under rocks that from the water tower,  
 Insinuated, sprinkling all the shore;  
 Each with his household boat beside the door,

† Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the spiry rocks of Chartreuse, which have every appearance of being inaccessible.

‡ Names of Rivers at the Chartreuse.

§ Name of one of the valleys of the Chartreuse

Whose flaccid sails in forms fantastic droop,  
 Brightening the gloom where thick the forests stoop;  
 —Thy torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
 Thy towns, that cleave like swallows' nests, on high;  
 That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descried  
 Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,  
 Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods  
 Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods;  
 —Thy lake, 'mid smoking woods, that blue and gray  
 Gleams, streaked or dappled, hid from morning's ray,  
 Slow travelling down the western hills, to fold  
 Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold;  
 From thickly-glittering spires, the matin bell  
 Calling the woodman from his desert cell,  
 A summons to the sound of oars that pass,  
 Spotting the steaming deeps, to early mass;  
 Slow swells the service, o'er the water borne,  
 While fill each pause the ringing woods of morn.  
 Farewell those forms that in thy noon-tide shade  
 Rest near their little plots of wheaten glade;  
 Those charms that bind the soul in powerless trance,  
 Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing dance.  
 Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illumine  
 The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.  
 —Alas! the very murmur of the streams  
 Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams,  
 While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to dwell  
 On joys that might disgrace the captive's cell,  
 Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's marge,  
 And winds, from bay to bay, the vocal barge.

Yet arts are thine that soothe the unquiet heart,  
 And smiles to Solitude and Want impart.  
 I loved by silent cottage-doors to roam,  
 The far-off peasant's day-deserted home;  
 And once I pierced the mazes of a wood,  
 Where, far from public haunt, a cabin stood;  
 There by the door a hoary-headed Sire  
 Touched with his withered hand an ancient lyre;  
 Beneath an old gray oak, as violets lie,  
 Stretched at his feet with steadfast, upward eye,  
 His children's children joined the holy sound;  
 —A Hermit with his family around!

But let us hence, for fair Locarno smiles  
 Embowered in walnut slopes and citron isles;  
 Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,  
 While, 'mid dim towers and woods, her\* waters gleam;  
 From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire  
 The dull-red steeps, and, darkening still, aspire  
 To where afar rich orange lustres glow  
 Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks, and snow;  
 Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine  
 The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,  
 Hang o'er the abyss:—the else impervious gloom  
 His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.

\*The river along whose banks you descend in crossing the Alps by the Simplon pass.

The Grison gipsy here her tent hath placed,  
 Sole human tenant of the piny waste;  
 Her tawny skin, dark eyes, and glossy locks,  
 Bend o'er the smoke that curls beneath the rocks  
 —The mind condemned, without reprieve, to go  
 O'er life's long deserts with its charge of woe,  
 With sad congratulation joins the train,  
 Where beasts and men together o'er the plain  
 Move on — a mighty caravan of pain;  
 Hope, strength, and courage, social suffering brings,  
 Freshening the waste of sand with shades and springs.  
 She, solitary, through the desert drear  
 Spontaneous wanders, hand in hand with Fear.

A giant moan along the forest swells  
 Protracted, and the twilight storm foretells,  
 And ruining from the cliffs, their deafening load  
 Tumbles, — the wildering Thunder slips abroad;  
 On the high summits Darkness comes and goes,  
 Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks, and snows;  
 The torrent, traversed by the lustre broad,  
 Starts, like a horse beside the flashing road;  
 In the roofed bridge,† at that terrific hour,  
 She seeks a shelter from the battering shower.  
 —Fierce comes the river down; the crashing wood  
 Gives way, and half its pines torment the flood;  
 Fearful, beneath, the Water-spirits call,‡  
 And the bridge vibrates, tottering to its fall.

—Heavy, and dull, and cloudy is the night  
 No star supplies the comfort of its light,  
 A single taper in the vale profound  
 Shifts, while the Alps dilated glimmer round;  
 And, opposite, the waning Moon hangs still  
 And red, above her melancholy hill.  
 By the deep quiet gloom appalled, she sighs,  
 Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes.  
 She hears, upon the mountain forest's brow,  
 The death-dog, howling loud and long below:  
 On viewless fingers counts the valley-clock,  
 Followed by drowsy crow of midnight cock.  
 The dry leaves stir as with a serpent's walk,  
 And, far beneath, Banditti voices talk;  
 Behind her hill, the Moon, all crimson, rides,  
 And his red eyes the slinking water hides.  
 —Vexed by the darkness, from the piny gulf  
 Ascending, nearer howls the famished wolf,  
 While through the stillness scatters wild dismay  
 Her babe's small cry, that leads him to his prey.

Now, passing Urseren's open vale serene,  
 Her quiet streams, and hills of downy green,

† Most of the bridges among the Alps are of wood, and covered; these bridges have a heavy appearance, and rather injure the effect of the scenery in some places.

‡ "Red came the river down, and loud and oft  
 The angry Spirit of the water shrieked."



Plunge with the Russ embrown'd by Terror's breath;  
 Where danger roofs the narrow walks of death;  
 By floods, that, thundering from their dizzy height,  
 Swell more gigantic on the steadfast sight;  
 Black drizzling crags, that, beaten by the din,  
 Vibrate, as if a voice complain'd within;  
 Bare steeps, where Desolation stalks, afraid,  
 Unsteadfast, by a blasted yew upstay'd;  
 By cells\* whose image, trembling as he prays,  
 Awe-struck, the kneeling peasant scarce surveys;  
 Loose-hanging rocks the Day's blessed eye that hide,  
 And crosses† reared to Death on every side,  
 Which with cold kiss Devotion planted near,  
 And, bending, watered with the human tear,  
 That faded "silent" from her upward eye,  
 Unmoved with each rude form of Danger nigh,  
 Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves  
 Alike in whelming snows and roaring waves.

On as we move, a softer prospect opes,  
 Calm huts, and lawns between, and sylvan slopes,  
 While mists, suspended on the expiring gale,  
 Moveless o'erhang the deep secluded vale,  
 The beams of evening, slipping soft between,  
 Gently illuminate a sober scene;  
 Winding its dark-green wood and emerald glade,  
 The still vale lengthens underneath the shade;  
 While in soft gloom the scattering bowers recede,  
 Green dewy lights adorn the freshened mead,  
 On the low brown wood-huts‡ delighted sleep  
 Along the brightened gloom reposeing deep:  
 While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape lull,  
 And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull,  
 In solemn shapes before the admiring eye  
 Dilated hang the misty pines on high,  
 Huge convent domes with pinnacles and towers,  
 And antique castles seen through drizzling showers.

From such romantic dreams, my soul, awake!  
 Lo! Fear looks silent down on Uri's lake,  
 Where, by the unpathwayed margin, still and dread,  
 Was never heard the plodding peasant's tread.  
 Tower like a wall the naked rocks, or reach  
 Far o'er the secret water dark with beech;  
 More high, to where creation seems to end,  
 Shade above shade, the aerial pines ascend,  
 Yet with his infants Man undaunted creeps  
 And hangs his small wood-cabin on the steeps  
 Where'er below amid the savage scene  
 Peeps out a little speck of smiling green,

\* The Catholic religion prevails here: these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman tombs, along the road side.

† Crosses commemorative of the deaths of travellers by the fall of snow and other accidents are very common along this dreadful road.

‡ The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood

A garden-plot the desert air perfumes,  
 'Mid the dark pines a little orchard blooms;  
 A zig-zag path from the domestic skiff,  
 Thridding the painful crag, surmounts the cliff  
 — Before those hermit doors, that never know  
 The face of traveller passing to and fro,  
 No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell  
 For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell;  
 Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark foregoes,  
 Touched by the beggar's moan of human woes;  
 The grassy seat beneath their casement shade  
 The pilgrim's wistful eye hath never stayed.  
 — There, did the iron Genius not disdain  
 The gentle Power that haunts the myrtle plain,  
 There, might the love-sick maiden sit, and chide  
 The insuperable rocks and severing tide;  
 There, watch at eve her lover's sun-gilt sail  
 Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale;  
 There, list at midnight till is heard no more,  
 Below, the echo of his parting oar.

'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by,  
 Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry,  
 Hovering o'er rugged wastes too bleak to rear  
 That common growth of earth, the foodful ear;  
 Where the green apple shrivels on the spray,  
 And pines the unripened pear in summer's kindest ray  
 Even here Content has fixed her smiling reign  
 With Independence, child of high Disdain.  
 Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,  
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,  
 And often grasps her sword, and often eyes;  
 Her crest a bough of Winter's bleakest pine,  
 Strange "weeds" and Alpine plants her helm entwine  
 And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs aghast,  
 While thrills the "Spartan life" between the blast.

'Tis storm; and, hid in mist from hour to hour,  
 All day the floods a deepening murmur pour;  
 The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight:  
 Dark is the region as with coming night;  
 But what a sudden burst of overpowering light!  
 Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,  
 Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form;  
 Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine  
 The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake recline;  
 Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold,  
 At once to pillars turned that flame with gold:  
 Behind his sail the peasant strives to shun  
 The west, that burns like one dilated sun,  
 Where in a mighty crucible expire  
 The mountains, glowing hot, like coals of fire.

But, lo! the Boatman, overawed, before  
 The pictured fane of Tell suspends his oar;  
 Confused the Marathonian tale appears,  
 While burn in his full eyes the glorious tears

And who that walks where men of ancient days  
Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds of praise,  
Feels not the spirit of the place control,  
Exalt, and agitate, his labouring soul?  
Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,  
Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,  
On Zutphen's plain; or where, with softened gaze,  
The old gray stones the plaided chief surveys;  
Can guess the high resolve, the cherished pain,  
Of him whom passion rivets to the plain,  
Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's hap-  
piest sigh,

And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye;  
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,  
And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas" expired?

But now with other mind I stand alone  
Upon the summit of this naked cone,  
And watch, from pike to pike\*, amid the sky,  
Small as a bird the chamois-chaser fly,  
†Through vacant worlds where Nature never gave  
A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,  
Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep;  
Through worlds where Life, and Sound, and Motion  
sleep;

Where Silence still her death-like reign extends,  
Save when the startling cliff unfrequent rends;  
In the deep snow the mighty ruin drowned,  
Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf abortive sound.  
—'Tis his while wandering on, from height to height,  
To see a planet's pomp and steady light  
In the least star of scarce-appearing night,  
While the near Moon, that coasts the vast profound,  
Wheels pale and silent her diminished round,  
And far and wide the icy summits blaze,  
Rejoicing in the glory of her rays:  
To him the day-star glitters small and bright,  
Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,  
And he can look beyond the sun, and view  
Those fast-receding depths of sable blue,  
Flying till vision can no more pursue!  
—At once bewildering mists around him close,  
And cold and hunger are his least of woes;  
The Demon of the Snow, with angry roar  
Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.  
Then with Despair's whole weight his spirits sink  
No bread to feed him, and the snow his drink,  
While, ere his eyes can close upon the day,  
The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey.

Hence shall we turn where, heard with fear afar,  
Thunders through echoing pines the headlong Aar?

\* Pike is a word very commonly used in the north of England, to signify a high mountain of the conic form, as Langdale pike, &c.

† For most of the images in the next sixteen verses I am indebted to M. Raymond's interesting observations annexed to his translation of Core's Tour in Switzerland.

Or rather stay to taste the mild delights  
Of pensive Underwalden's† pastoral heights?  
—Is there who 'mid these awful wilds has seen  
The native Genii walk the mountain green?  
Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal,  
Soft music from the aerial summit steal?  
While o'er the desert, answering every close,  
Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and goes.  
—And sure there is a secret power that reigns  
Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes,  
Nought but the herds that, pasturing upward, creep,  
Hung dim discovered from the dangerous steep,  
Or summer hamlet, flat and bare, on high  
Suspended, 'mid the quiet of the sky.  
How still! no irreligious sound or sight  
Rouses the soul from her severe delight.  
An idle voice the sabbath region fills  
Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,  
Broke only by the melancholy sound  
Of Drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round;  
Faint wail of eagle melting into blue  
Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods' steady *sugh*‡;  
The solitary heifer's deepened low;  
Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow;  
Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy  
Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.

When warm from myrtle bays and tranquil seas,  
Comes on, to whisper hope, the vernal breeze,  
When hums the mountain bee in May's glad ear,  
And emerald isles to spot the heights appear,  
When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill,  
And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill,  
When fragrant scents beneath the enchanted tread  
Spring up, his choicest wealth around him spread,  
The pastoral Swiss begins the cliffs to scale,  
To silence leaving the deserted vale;  
Mounts, where the verdure leads, from stage to stage,  
And pastures on, as in the Patriarchs' age:  
O'er lofty heights serene and still they go,  
And hear the rattling thunder far below;  
They cross the chasmy torrent's foam-lit bed,  
Rocked on the dizzy larch's narrow tread;  
Or steal beneath loose mountains, half deterred,  
That sigh and shudder to the lowing herd.  
—I see him, up the midway cliff he creeps  
To where a scanty knot of verdure peeps,  
Thence down the steep a pile of grass he throws,  
The fodder of his herds in winter snows.  
Far different life to what tradition hoar  
Transmits of days more blest in times of yore;

† The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps. this, if true, may proceed from their living more secluded.

‡ This picture is from the middle region of the Alps.

§ *Sugh*, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.

Then Summer lengthened out his season bland,  
 And with rock-honey flowed the happy land.  
 Continual fountains welling cheered the waste,  
 And plants were wholesome, now of deadly taste.  
 Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had piled,  
 Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled :  
 Nor Hunger forced the herds from pastures bare  
 For scanty food the treacherous cliffs to dare.  
 Then the milk-thistle bade those herds demand  
 Three times a day the pail and welcome hand.  
 But human vices have provoked the rod  
 Of angry Nature to avenge her God.  
 Thus does the father to his sons relate,  
 On the lone mountain-top, their changed estate.  
 Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts  
 Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

'Tis morn : with gold the verdant mountain glows ;  
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.  
 Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,  
 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,  
 A solemn sea ! whose vales and mountains round  
 Stand motionless, to awful silence bound :  
 A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide  
 And bottomless, divides the midway tide :  
 Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear  
 The pines that near the coast their summits rear ;  
 Of cabins, woods, and lawns, a pleasant shore  
 Bounds calm and clear the chaos still and hoar ;  
 Loud through that midway gulf ascending, sound  
 Unnumbered streams with hollow roar profound :  
 Mount through the nearer mist the chant of birds,  
 And talking voices, and the low of herds,  
 The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,  
 And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell.  
 Think not, suspended from the cliff on high,  
 He looks below with undelighted eye.  
 —No vulgar joy is his, at even-tide  
 Stretched on the scented mountain's purple side :  
 For as the pleasures of his simple day  
 Beyond his native valley seldom stray,  
 Nought round its darling precincts can he find  
 But brings some past enjoyment to his mind,  
 While Hope, that ceaseless leans on Pleasure's urn,  
 Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his return.

Once Man entirely free, alone and wild,  
 Was blessed as free — for he was Nature's child.  
 He, all superior but his God disdained,  
 Walked none restraining, and by none restrained,  
 Confessed no law but what his reason taught,  
 Did all he wished, and wished but what he ought.  
 As Man, in his primeval dower arrayed,  
 The image of his glorious Sire displayed,  
 Even so, by vestal Nature guarded, here  
 The traces of primeval Man appear ;  
 The native dignity no forms debase,  
 The eye sublime, and curly lion-grace.

The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord  
 His book he prizes, nor neglects the sword ;  
 Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepared  
 With this " the blessings he enjoys to guard."

And, as his native hills encircle ground  
 For many a wondrous victory renowned,  
 The work of Freedom daring to oppose,  
 With few in arms\*, innumerable foes,  
 When to those glorious fields his steps are led,  
 An unknown power connects him with the dead :  
 For images of other worlds are there ;  
 Awful the light, and holy is the air.  
 Uncertain through his fierce uncultured soul,  
 Like lighted tempests, troubled transports roll ;  
 To viewless realms his Spirit towers amain,  
 Beyond the senses and their little reign.

And oft, when passed that solemn vision by,  
 He holds with God himself communion high,  
 Where the dread peal of swelling torrents fills  
 The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills ;  
 Or, when upon the mountain's silent brow  
 Reclined, he sees, above him and below,  
 Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow ;  
 While needle peaks of granite shooting bare  
 Tremble in ever-varying tints of air :  
 — Great joy, by horror tamed, dilates his heart,  
 And the near heavens their own delights impart.  
 —When the Sun bids the gorgeous scene farewell,  
 Alps overlooking Alps their state upswell ;  
 Hugo Pikes of Darkness named, of Fear and Storms†  
 Lift, all serene, their still, illumined forms,  
 In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,  
 Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red.

When downward to his winter hut he goes,  
 Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows ;  
 That hut which from the hills his eye employs  
 So oft, the central point of all his joys.  
 And as a Swift, by tender cares opprest,  
 Peeps often ere she dart into her nest,  
 So to the untrodden floor, where round him looks  
 His father, helpless as the babe he rocks,  
 Oft he descends to nurse the brother pair,  
 Till storm and driving ice blockade him there.  
 There, safely guarded by the woods behind,  
 He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,

\* Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the house of Austria; and, in particular, to one fought at Näfels, near Glarus, where three hundred and thirty men defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription, 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians attempted to make a stand were repulsed anew.

† As Schrock-Horn, the pike of terror; Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, &c. &c.



Hears Winter, calling all his terrors round,  
 Rush down the living rocks with whirlwind sound.  
 Through Nature's vale his homely pleasures glide,  
 Unstained by envy, discontent, and pride;  
 The bound of all his vanity, to deck,  
 With one bright bell, a favourite Heifer's neck;  
 Well pleased upon some simple annual feast,  
 Remembered half the year and hoped the rest,  
 If dairy produce from his inner hoard  
 Of thrice ten summers consecrate the board.  
 —Alas! in every clime a flying ray  
 Is all we have to cheer our wintry way  
 "Here," cried a thoughtful Swain, upon whose head  
 The "blossoms of the grave" were thinly spread,  
 Last night, while by his dying fire, as closed  
 The day, in luxury my limbs reposed,  
 "Here Penury oft from Misery's mount will guide  
 Even to the summer door his icy tide,  
 And here the avalanche of Death destroy  
 The little cottage of domestic joy.  
 But, ah! the unwilling mind may more than trace  
 The general sorrows of the human race:  
 The churlish gales, that unremitting blow  
 Cold from necessity's continual snow,  
 To us the gentle groups of bliss deny  
 That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.  
 Yet more;—compelled by Powers which only deign  
 That *solitary* man disturb their reign,  
 Powers that support a never-ceasing strife  
 With all the tender charities of life,  
 The father, as his sons of strength become  
 To pay the filial debt, for food to roam,  
 From his bare nest amid the storms of heaven  
 Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was driven;  
 His last dread pleasure watches to the plain—  
 And never, eagle-like, beholds again!"

When the poor heart has all its joys resigned,  
 Why does their sad remembrance cleave behind?  
 Lo! where through flat Batavia's willowy groves,  
 Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves;  
 Soft o'er the waters mournful measures swell,  
 Unlocking tender thought's "memorial cell;"  
 Past pleasures are transformed to mortal pains,  
 While poison spreads along the listener's veins,  
 Poison, which not a frame of steel can brave,  
 Bows his young head with sorrow to the grave.\*

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song resume!  
 Fair smiling lights the purpled hills illumine!  
 Soft gales and dews of life's delicious morn,  
 And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, return!  
 Soon flies the little joy to man allowed,  
 And grief before him travels like a cloud;  
 For come Diseases on, and Penury's rage,  
 Labour, and Care, and Pain, and dismal Age,

\* The effect of the famous air, called in French *Ranz des Vaches*, upon the Swiss troops.

Till, Hope-deserted, long in vain his breath  
 Implores the dreadful untried sleep of Death.  
 —'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine  
 Between interminable tracts of pine,  
 A Temple stands, which holds an awful shrine,  
 By an uncertain light revealed, that falls  
 On the mute Image and the troubled walls:  
 Pale, dreadful faces round the Shrine appear,  
 Abortive Joy, and Hope that works in fear;  
 While strives a secret Power to hush the crowd,  
 Pain's wild rebellious burst proclaims her rights aloud,

Oh! give me not that eye of hard disdain  
 That views undimmed Ensiedlen's† wretched fane.  
 'Mid muttering prayers all sounds of torment meet,  
 Dire clap of hands, distracted chafe of feet;  
 While, loud and dull, ascends the weeping cry,  
 Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.  
 If the sad grave of human ignorance bear  
 One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave it there!  
 —The tall Sun, tiptoe on an Alpine spire,  
 Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire;  
 Now let us meet the pilgrims, ere the day  
 Close on the remnant of their weary way;  
 While they are drawing towards the sacred floor  
 Where the charmed worm of pain shall gnaw no more.  
 How gaily murmur and how sweetly taste  
 The fountains‡ reared for them amid the waste!  
 There some with tearful kiss each other greet,  
 And some, with reverence, wash their toil-worn feet.  
 Yes, I will see you when ye first behold  
 Those holy turrets tipped with evening gold,  
 In that glad moment when the hands are prest  
 In mute devotion on the thankful breast.

Last let us turn to where Chamouny§ shields  
 With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields:  
 Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,  
 And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend;—  
 A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns  
 Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;  
 Here lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,  
 Here all the Seasons revel hand in hand.  
 —Red stream the cottage-lights; the landscape fades,  
 Erroneous wavering 'mid the twilight shades.  
 Alone ascends that Hill of matchless height||,  
 That holds no commerce with the summer Night;  
 From age to age, amid his lonely bounds  
 The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;

† This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, labouring under mental or bodily afflictions.

‡ Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain.

§ This word is pronounced upon the spot *Châmoûny*: I have taken the liberty of changing the accent.

|| It is only from the higher part of the valley of *Châmoûny* that *Mont Blanc* is visible.

Mysterious havoc! but serene his brow,  
Where daylight lingers 'mid perpetual snow;  
Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.

At such an hour I heaved a pensive sigh,  
When roared the sullen Arve in anger by,  
That not for thy reward, delicious Vale!  
Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale;  
That thou, the slave of slaves, art doomed to pine;  
Hard lot!—for no Italian arts are thine,  
To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine.

Beloved Freedom! were it mine to stray,  
With shrill winds roaring round my lonely way,  
O'er the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-clad moors,  
Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scotland's shores;  
To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing rose,  
And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows;  
In the wide range of many a varied round,  
Fleet as my passage was, I still have found  
That where despotic courts their gems display,  
The lillies of domestic joy decay,  
While the remotest hamlets blessings share,  
In thy dear presence known, and only there!  
The casement's shed more luscious woodbine binds,  
And to the door a neater pathway winds;  
At early morn, the careful housewife, led  
To cull her dinner from its garden bed,  
Of weedless herbs a healthier prospect sees,  
While hum with busier joy her happy bees;  
In brighter rows her table wealth aspires,  
And laugh with merrier blaze her evening fires;  
Her infants' cheeks with fresher roses glow,  
And wilder graces sport around their brow;  
By clearer taper lit, a cleaner board  
Receives at supper hour her tempting hoard;  
The chamber hearth with fresher boughs is spread,  
And whiter is the hospitable bed.

And oh, fair France! though now along the shade,  
Where erst at will the gray-clad peasant strayed,  
Gleam war's discordant vestments through the trees,  
And the red banner fluctuates in the breeze;  
Though martial songs have banished songs of love,  
And nightingales forsake the village grove,  
Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's alarms,  
And the short thunder, and the flash of arms;  
While, as Night bids the startling uproar die,  
Sole sound, the Sourd\* renews his mournful cry!  
—Yet, hast thou found that Freedom spreads her  
power

Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage door:  
All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes  
Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.  
Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters glide  
Through rustling aspens heard from side to side,

\* An insect is so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

When from October clouds a milder light  
Fell, where the blue flood rippled into white,  
Methought from every cot the watchful bird  
Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard;  
Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams,  
Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful  
dreams;

Chasing those long, long dreams, the falling leaf  
Awoke a fainter pang of moral grief;  
The measured echo of the distant flail  
Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale;  
A more majestic tide† the water rolled,  
And glowed the sun-gilt groves in richer gold.  
— Though Liberty shall soon, indignant, raise  
Red on the hills his beacon's comet blaze;  
Bid from on high his lonely cannon sound,  
And on ten thousand hearths his shout rebound;  
His larum-bell from village tower to tower  
Swing on the astounded ear its dull undying roar;  
Yet, yet rejoice, though Pride's perverted ire  
Rouse Hell's own aid, and wrap thy hills in fire!  
Lo! from the innocuous flames, a lovely birth,  
With its own Virtues springs another earth:  
Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign  
Begins, and Love and Truth compose her train;  
While, with a pulseless hand, and steadfast gaze,  
Unbreathing Justice her still beam surveys.

Oh give, great God, to Freedom's waves to ride  
Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and Pride,  
To sweep where Pleasure decks her guilty bowers,  
And dark Oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers  
— Give them, beneath their breast while gladness  
springs,  
To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;  
And grant that every sceptred Child of clay,  
Who cries, presumptuous, "Here their tides shall stay,"  
Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,  
With all his creatures sink—to rise no more!

To-night, my friend, within this humble cot  
Be the dead load of mortal ills forgot  
In timely sleep; and, when at break of day,  
On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams play,  
With lighter heart our course we may renew,  
The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew.

† The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage were obliged to transport their goods by land.

## WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.  
 The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;  
 The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,  
 Is cropping audibly his later meal:  
 Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to steal  
 O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.  
 Now, in this blank of things, a harmony  
 Homefelt, and home created, seems to heal  
 That grief for which the senses still supply  
 Fresh food; for only then, when memory  
 Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends! restrain  
 Those busy cares that would allay my pain;  
 Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel  
 The officious touch that makes me droop again.

## LINES

## WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.

How richly glows the water's breast  
 Before us, tinged with evening hues,  
 While, facing thus the crimson west,  
 The boat her silent course pursues!  
 And see how dark the backward stream!  
 A little moment passed so smiling!  
 And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,  
 Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure;  
 But, heedless of the following gloom,  
 He dreams their colours shall endure  
 Till peace go with him to the tomb.  
 —And let him nurse his fond deceit,  
 And what if he must die in sorrow!  
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,  
 Though grief and pain may come to-morrow!

## REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.

## COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

GLIDE gently, thus for ever glide,  
 O Thames! that other bards may see  
 As lovely visions by thy side  
 As now, fair river! come to me.  
 O glide, fair stream! for ever so,  
 Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,  
 Till all our minds for ever flow  
 As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,  
 That in thy waters may be seen  
 The image of a poet's heart,  
 How bright, how solemn, how serene!

Such as did once the Poet bless,  
 Who murmuring here a later\* ditty,  
 Could find no refuge from distress  
 But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,  
 For *him* suspend the dashing oar;  
 And pray that never child of song  
 May know that Poet's sorrows more.  
 How calm! how still! the only sound,  
 The dripping of the oar suspended!  
 —The evening darkness gathers round  
 By virtue's holiest Powers attended.†

## LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the Lake of Eathwaite, on a desolate part of the Shore, commanding a beautiful Prospect.

NAV, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands  
 Far from all human dwelling; what if here  
 No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?  
 What if the bee love not these barren boughs?  
 Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,  
 That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind  
 By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

—————Who he was  
 That piled these stones, and with the mossy sod  
 First covered, and here taught this aged Tree  
 With its dark arms to form a circling bower,  
 I well remember. — He was one who owned  
 No common soul. In youth by science nursed,  
 And led by nature into a wild scene  
 Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth  
 A favoured Being, knowing no desire  
 Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the taint  
 Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,  
 And scorn, — against all enemies prepared,  
 All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,  
 Owed him no service; wherefore he at once  
 With indignation turned himself away,  
 And with the food of pride sustained his soul  
 In solitude. — Stranger! these gloomy boughs  
 Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,  
 His only visitants a straggling sheep,  
 The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:  
 And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,  
 And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,  
 Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour

\* Collins's Ode on the Death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his lifetime. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

† ["Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore

When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,  
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,  
 To bid his gentle spirit rest!"]

COLLINS. — H. R.]



A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here  
 An emblem of his own unfruitful life:  
 And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze  
 On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis  
 Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became  
 Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain  
 The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor, that time,  
 When nature had subdued him to herself,  
 Would he forget those Beings to whose minds,  
 Warm from the labours of benevolence,  
 The world and human life appeared a scene  
 Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,  
 Inly disturbed, to think that others felt  
 What he must never feel: and so, lost Man!  
 On visionary views would fancy feed,  
 Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale  
 He died,—this seat his only monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
 Of young imagination have kept pure  
 Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride,  
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
 Is littleness; that he who feels contempt  
 For any living thing, hath faculties  
 Which he has never used; that thought with him  
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
 Is ever on himself doth look on one,  
 The least of Nature's works, one who might move  
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
 Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, thou!  
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;  
 True dignity abides with him alone  
 Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
 Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
 In lowliness of heart.

## GUILT AND SORROW;

OR,

## INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.

### ADVERTISEMENT,

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS POEM, PUBLISHED IN 1842.

NOT less than one-third of the following poem, though it has from time to time been altered in the expression, was published so far back as the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here: but it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the rest would have been unintelligible. The whole was written before the close of the year 1794, and I will detail, rather as matter of literary biography than for any other reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irre-

sistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the allies, was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of modern society and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In those reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say, that of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

### I.

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain  
 Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare;  
 Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain  
 Help from the staff he bore; for mien and air  
 Were hardy, though his cheek seemed worn with care  
 Both of the time to come, and time long fled:  
 Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey hair;  
 A coat he wore of military red,  
 But faded, and stuck o'er with many a patch and shred

### II.

While thus he journeyed, step by step led on,  
 He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure  
 That welcome in such house for him was none.  
 No board inscribed the needy to allure  
 Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old and poor  
 And desolate, "Here you will find a friend!"  
 The pendent grapes glittered above the door;—  
 On he must pace, perchance 'till night descend,  
 Where'er the dreary roads their bare white lines extend

### III.

The gathering clouds grew red with stormy fire,  
 In streaks diverging wide and mounting high;  
 That inn he long had passed; the distant spire,  
 Which oft as he looked back had fixed his eye,  
 Was lost, though still he looked, in the blank sky.  
 Perplexed and comfortless he gazed around,  
 And scarce could any trace of man descry,  
 Save cornfields stretched and stretching without bound;  
 But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

### IV.

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green,  
 No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;  
 Long files of corn-stacks here and there were seen,  
 But not one dwelling-place his heart to cheer.  
 Some labourer, thought he, may perchance be near;  
 And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain;  
 No voice made answer, he could only hear  
 Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain,  
 Or whistling thro' thin grass along the unfurrowed plain.



## V.

Long had he fancied each successive slope  
 Concealed some cottage, whither he might turn  
 And rest; but now along heaven's darkening cope  
 The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward borne.  
 Thus warned he sought some shepherd's spreading thorn  
 Or hovel from the storm to shield his head,  
 But sought in vain; for now, all wild, forlorn,  
 And vacant, a huge waste around him spread;  
 The wet cold ground, he feared, must be his only bed.

## VI.

And be it so — for to the chill night shower  
 And the sharp wind his head he oft hath bared;  
 A Sailor he, who many a wretched hour  
 Hath told; for, landing after labour hard,  
 Full long endured in hope of just reward,  
 He to an armed fleet was forced away  
 By seamen, who perhaps themselves had shared  
 Like fate; was hurried off, a helpless prey,  
 'Gainst all that in his heart, or theirs perhaps, said nay.

## VII.

For years the work of carnage did not cease,  
 And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,  
 Death's minister; then came his glad release,  
 And hope returned, and pleasure fondly made  
 Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's aid  
 The happy husband flies, his arms to throw  
 Round his wife's neck; the prize of victory laid  
 In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears flow  
 As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she could know.

## VIII.

Vain hope! for fraud took all that he had earned.  
 The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood  
 Even in the desert's heart; but he, returned,  
 Bears not to those he loves their needful food.  
 His home approaching, but in such a mood  
 That from his sight his children might have run,  
 He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his blood;  
 And when the miserable work was done  
 He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's fate to shun.

## IX.

From that day forth no place to him could be,  
 So lonely, but that thence might come a pang  
 Brought from without to inward misery.  
 Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang  
 A sound of chains along the desert rang;  
 He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high  
 A human body that in irons swang,  
 Uplifted by the tempest whirling by;  
 And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.\*

## X.

It was a spectacle which none might view,  
 In spot so savage, but with shuddering pain;  
 Nor only did for him at once renew  
 All he had feared from man, but roused a train

Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.  
 The stones, as if to cover him from day,  
 Rolled at his back along the living plain;  
 He fell, and without sense or motion lay;  
 But, when the trance was gone, feebly pursued his way.

## XI.

As one whose brain habitual phrensy fires  
 Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed  
 Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,  
 Even so the dire phantasma which had crossed  
 His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,  
 Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.  
 Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,  
 Moody, or only troubled, would he seem  
 To traveller who might talk of any casual theme.

## XII.

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,  
 Gone is the raven timely rest to seek;  
 He seemed the only creature in the wild  
 On whom the elements their rage might wreak;  
 Save that the bustard, of those regions bleak  
 Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light  
 A man there wandering, gave a mournful shriek,  
 And half upon the ground, with strange affright,  
 Forced hard against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

## XIII.

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's bound;  
 The weary eye — which, wheresoe'er it strays,  
 Marks nothing but the red sun's setting round,  
 Or on the earth strange lines, in former days  
 Left by gigantic arms — at length surveys  
 What seems an antique castle spreading wide;  
 Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise  
 Their brow sublime: in shelter there to bide  
 He turned, while rain poured down smoking on every  
 side.

## XIV.

Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet keep  
 Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and hear  
 The plain resounding to the whirlwind's sweep,  
 Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year;  
 Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear  
 For sacrifice its throngs of living men,  
 Before thy face did ever wretch appear,  
 Who in his heart had groaned, with deadlier pain  
 Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter now would  
 gain.

## XV.

Within that fabric of mysterious form,  
 Winds met in conflict, each by turns supreme;  
 And, from the perilous ground dislodged, through storm  
 And rain he wildered on, no moon to stream  
 From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,  
 Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led;  
 Once did the lightning's faint disastrous gleam  
 Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,  
 Sight which tho' lost at once a gleam of pleasure shed.

\* See Note 2.

## XVI.

No swinging sign-board creaked from cottage elm  
To stay his steps with faintness overcome;  
'Twas dark and void as ocean's watery realm  
Roaring with storms beneath night's starless gloom;  
No gipsy cower'd o'er fire of furze or broom;  
No labourer watched his red kiln glaring bright,  
Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's room;  
Along the waste no line of mournful light  
From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the  
night.

## XVII.

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon arose;  
The downs were visible—and now revealed  
A structure stands, which two bare slopes enclose.  
It was a spot, where, ancient vows fulfilled,  
Kind pious hands did to the virgin build  
A lonely spital, the belated swain  
From the night terrors of that waste to shield:  
But there no human being could remain,  
And now the walls are named the "Dead House" of the  
plain.

## XVIII.

Though he had little cause to love the abode  
Of man, or covet sight of mortal face,  
Yet when faint beams of light that ruin showed,  
How glad he was at length to find some trace  
Of human shelter in that dreary place!  
Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,  
Here shall much-needed sleep his frame embrace.  
In a dry nook where fern the floor bestows  
He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eyes begin to close;

## XIX.

When hearing a deep sigh, that seemed to come  
From one who mourned in sleep, he raised his head,  
And saw a woman in the naked room  
Outstretched, and turning on a restless bed:  
The moon a wan dead light around her shed.  
He waked her—spake in tone that would not fail,  
He hoped, to calm her mind; but ill he sped,  
For of that ruin she had heard a tale  
Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers  
assail;

## XX.

Had heard of one who, forced from storms to shroud,  
Felt the loose walls of this decayed retreat  
Rock to incessant neighings shrill and loud,  
While his horse pawed the floor with furious heat;  
Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,  
Struck, and still struck again, the troubled horse:  
The man half raised the stone with pain and sweat,  
Half raised, for well his arm might lose its force  
Disclosing the grim head of a late murdered corse.

## XXI.

Such tale of this lone mansion she had learned,  
And, when that shape, with eyes in sleep half drowned,  
By the moon's sullen lamp she first discerned,  
Cold stony horror all her senses bound.

Her he addressed in words of cheering sound;  
Recovering heart, like answer did she make;  
And well it was that, of the corse there found,  
In converse that ensued she nothing spake;  
She knew not what dire pangs in him such tale could  
wake.

## XXII.

But soon his voice and words of kind intent  
Banished that dismal thought; and now the wind  
In fainter howlings told its rage was spent:  
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various kind,  
Which by degrees a confidence of mind  
And mutual interest failed not to create,  
And, to a natural sympathy resigned,  
In that forsaken building where they sate  
The woman thus retraced her own untoward fate.

## XXIII.

"By Derwent's side my father dwelt—a man  
Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred;  
And I believe that, soon as I began  
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,  
And in his hearing there my prayers I said;  
And afterwards, by my good father taught,  
I read, and loved the books in which I read;  
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,  
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

## XXIV.

A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,  
A garden stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,  
And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn  
Plucked while the church bells rang their earliest chime.  
Can I forget our freaks at shearing time!  
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;  
The cowslip's gathering in June's dewy prime;  
The swans that with white chests upreared in pride  
Rushing and racing came to meet me at the water-side!

## XXV.

The staff I well remember which upbore  
The bending body of my active sire;  
His seat beneath the honied sycamore  
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;  
When market-morning came, the neat attire  
With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked;  
Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire  
The stranger till its barking fit I checked;  
The red-breast, known for years, which at my casement  
pecked.

## XXVI.

The suns of twenty summers danced along,—  
Too little marked how fast they rolled away:  
But, through severe mischance and cruel wrong,  
My father's substance fell into decay:  
We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day  
When fortune might put on a kinder look;  
But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they;  
He from his old hereditary nook  
Must part; the summons came;—our final leave we  
took.

## XXVII.

It was indeed a miserable hour  
 When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,  
 Peering above the trees, the steeple tower  
 That on his marriage day sweet music made!  
 Till then, he hoped his bones might there be laid  
 Close by my mother in their native bowers:  
 Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed;—  
 I could not pray;—through tears that fell in showers  
 Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours!

## XXVIII.

There was a youth whom I had loved so long,  
 That when I loved him not I cannot say:  
 'Mid the green mountains many a thoughtless song  
 We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May;  
 When we began to tire of childish play,  
 We seemed still more and more to prize each other;  
 We talked of marriage and our marriage day;  
 And I in truth did love him like a brother,  
 For never could I hope to meet with such another.

## XXIX.

Two years were passed since to a distant town  
 He had repaired to ply a gainful trade:  
 What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown!  
 What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!  
 To him we turned:—we had no other aid:  
 Like one revived, upon his neck I wept;  
 And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,  
 He well could love in grief; his faith he kept;  
 And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

## XXX.

We lived in peace and comfort; and were blest  
 With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.  
 Three lovely babes had laid upon my breast;  
 And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed,  
 And knew not why. My happy father died,  
 When threatened war reduced the children's meal:  
 Thrice happy! that for him the grave could hide  
 The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,  
 And tears that flowed for ills which patience might not  
 heal.

## XXXI.

'Twas a hard change; an evil time was come;  
 We had no hope, and no relief could gain:  
 But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum  
 Beat round to clear the streets of want and pain.  
 My husband's arms now only served to strain  
 Me and his children hungering in his view;  
 In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain:  
 To join those miserable men he flew,  
 And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew.

## XXXII.

There were we long neglected, and we bore  
 Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed;  
 Green fields before us, and our native shore,  
 We breathed a pestilential air, that made

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Ravage for which no knell was heard. We prayed  
 For our departure; wished and wished—nor knew,  
 'Mid that long sickness and those hopes delayed,  
 That happier days we never more must view.  
 The parting signal streamed—at last the land withdrew.

## XXXIII.

But the calm summer season now was past.  
 On as we drove, the equinoctial deep  
 Ran mountains high before the howling blast,  
 And many perished in the whirlwind's sweep.  
 We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,  
 Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,  
 Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,  
 That we the mercy of the waves should rue:  
 We reached the western world, a poor devoted crew.

## XXXIV.

The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,  
 Disease and famine, agony and fear,  
 In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,  
 It would unman the firmest heart to bear.  
 All perished—all in one remorseless year,  
 Husband and children! one by one, by sword  
 And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear  
 Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board  
 A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored."

## XXXV.

Here paused she of all present thought forlorn,  
 Nor voice, nor sound, that moment's pain expressed,  
 Yet nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,  
 From her full eyes their watery load released.  
 He too was mute; and, ere her weeping ceased,  
 He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,  
 And saw the dawn opening the silvery east  
 With rays of promise, north and southward sent;  
 And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament.

## XXXVI.

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary night  
 Of such rough storm, this happy change to view."  
 So forth she came, and eastward looked; the sight  
 Over her brow, like dawn of gladness threw;  
 Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue  
 Seemed to return, dried the last lingering tear,  
 And from her grateful heart a fresh one drew:  
 The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer  
 Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark warbled  
 near.

## XXXVII.

They looked, and saw a lengthening road, and wain  
 That rang down a bare slope not far remote:  
 The barrows glistened bright with drops of rain,  
 Whistled the wagoner with merry note,  
 The cock far off sounded his clarion throat;  
 But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they viewed,  
 Only were told there stood a lonely cot  
 A long mile thence. While thither they pursued  
 Their way, the Woman thus her mournful tale renewed.

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## XXXVII.

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain  
Is now, by beams of dawning light imprest,  
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main;  
The very ocean hath its hour of rest.  
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.  
How quiet 'round me ship and ocean were!  
As quiet all within me. I was blest,  
And looked, and fed upon the silent air  
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

## XXXIX.

Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,  
And groans that rage of racking famine spoke;  
The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps,  
The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke,  
The shriek that from the distant battle broke,  
The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host  
Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke  
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish tossed,  
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost!

## XL.

Some mighty gulf of separation past,  
I seemed transported to another world;  
A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast  
The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,  
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly curled  
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home  
And from all hope I was for ever hurled.  
For me—farthest from earthly port to roam  
Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might  
come.

## XLI.

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)  
That I, at last, a resting-place had found;  
'Here will I dwell,' said I, 'my whole life long,  
Roaming the illimitable waters round;  
Here will I live, of all but heaven disowned,  
And end my days upon the peaceful flood.'—  
To break my dream the vessel reached its bound;  
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

## XLII.

No help I sought, in sorrow turned adrift,  
Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare rock;  
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,  
Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.  
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock  
From the cross-timber of an outhouse hung;  
Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock!  
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,  
Nor to the beggar's language could I fit my tongue.

## XLIII.

So passed a second day; and, when the third  
Was come, I tried in vain the crowd's resort.  
—In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirred,  
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort;

There, pains which nature could no more support,  
With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall;  
And, after many interruptions short  
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl:  
Unsought for was the help that did my life recal.

## XLIV.

Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain  
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;  
I heard my neighbours in their beds complain  
Of many things which never troubled me—  
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee,  
Of looks where common kindness had no part,  
Of service done with cold formality,  
Fretting the fever round the languid heart,  
And groans which, as they said, might make a dead  
man start.

## XLV.

These things just served to stir the slumbering sense,  
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.  
With strength did memory return; and, thence  
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,  
At houses, men, and common light, amazed.  
The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,  
Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed:  
The travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,  
And gave me food—and rest, more welcome, more desired.

## XLVI.

Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly  
With panniered asses driven from door to door;  
But life of happier sort set forth to me,  
And other joys my fancy to allure—  
The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor  
In barn uplighted; and companions boon,  
Well met from far with revelry secure  
Among the forest glades, while jocund June  
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

## XLVII.

But ill they suited me—those journeys dark  
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch!  
To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark,  
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.  
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,  
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,  
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,  
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill:  
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding  
still.

## XLVIII.

What could I do, unaided and unblest?  
My father! gone was every friend of thine:  
And kindred of dead husband are at best  
Small help; and, after marriage such as mine,  
With little kindness would to me incline.  
Nor was I then for toil or service fit;  
My deep-drawn sighs no effort could confine;  
In open air forgetful would I sit  
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

## XLIX.

The roads I paced, I loitered through the fields;  
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,  
Trusted my life to what chance bounty yields,  
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.  
The ground I for my bed have often used:  
But what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth,  
Is that I have my inner self abused,  
Foregone the home delight of constant truth,  
And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

## L.

Through tears the rising sun I oft have viewed,  
Through tears have seen him towards that world descend  
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:  
Three years a wanderer now my course I bend—  
Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend  
Have I."—She ceased, and weeping turned away;  
As if because her tale was at an end,  
She wept; because she had no more to say  
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.

## LI.

True sympathy the sailor's looks expressed,  
His looks—for pondering he was mute the while.  
Of social order's care for wretchedness,  
Of time's sure help to calm and reconcile,  
Joy's second spring and hope's long-treasured smile,  
'Twas not for *him* to speak—a man so tried.  
Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style  
Proverbial words of comfort he applied,  
And not in vain, while they went pacing side by side.

## LII.

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their sight,  
Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,  
Rise various wreaths that into one unite  
Which high and higher mounts with silver gleam:  
Fair spectacle, — but instantly a scream  
Thence bursting shrill did all remark prevent;  
They paused, and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,  
And female cries. Their course they thither bent,  
And met a man who foamed with anger vehement.

## LIII.

A woman stood with quivering lips and pale,  
And, pointing to a little child that lay  
Stretched on the ground, began a piteous tale;  
How in a simple freak of thoughtless play  
He had provoked his father, who straightway,  
As if each blow were deadlier than the last,  
Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay  
The soldier's widow heard and stood aghast;  
And stern looks on the man her grey-haired comrade cast.

## LIV.

His voice with indignation rising high  
Such further deed in manhood's name forbade;  
The peasant, wild in passion, made reply  
With bitter insult and revilings sad;

Asked him in scorn what business there he had;  
What kind of plunder he was hunting now;  
The gallows would one day of him be glad;—  
Though inward anguish damped the sailor's brow,  
Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

## LV.

Softly he stroked the child, who lay outstretched  
With face to earth; and, as the boy turned round  
His battered head, a groan the sailor fetched  
As if he saw — there and upon that ground —  
Strange repetition of the deadly wound  
He had himself inflicted. Through his brain  
At once the griding iron passage found;  
Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed amain,  
Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain.

## LVI.

Within himself he said — What hearts have we!  
The blessing this a father gives his child!  
Yet happy thou, poor boy! compared with me,  
Suffering not doing ill — fate far more mild.  
The stranger's looks and tears of wrath beguiled  
The father, and relenting thoughts awoke;  
He kissed his son — so all was reconciled.  
Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke  
Ere to his lips it came, the sailor them bespoke.

## LVII.

"Bad is the world, and hard is the world's law  
Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece;  
Much need have ye that time more closely draw  
The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,  
And that among so few there still be peace:  
Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes  
Your pains shall ever with your years increase!"—  
While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows,  
A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes.

## LVIII.

Forthwith the pair passed on; and down they look  
Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene  
Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding brook,  
That babbled on through groves and meadows green;  
A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between;  
The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,  
And melancholy lowings intervene  
Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze,  
Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's  
rays.

## LIX.

They saw and heard, and winding with the road  
Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale;  
Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed  
Their weary frames, she hoped, would soon regale.  
Erelong they reached that cottage in the dale:  
It was a rustic inn; — the board was spread,  
The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,  
And lustily the master carved the bread,  
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.



## LX.

Their breakfast done, the pair, though loth, must part;  
Wanderers whose course no longer now agrees.  
She rose and bade farewell! and, while her heart  
Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow ease,  
She left him there; for, clustering round his knees,  
With his oak staff the cottage children played;  
And soon she reached a spot o'erhung with trees  
And banks of ragged earth; beneath the shade  
Across the pebbly road a little runnel strayed.

## LXI.

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood;  
Chequering the canvas roof the sunbeams shone.  
She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood  
As the wain fronted her,—wherein lay one,  
A pale-faced woman, in disease far gone.  
The carman wet her lips as well behoved;  
Bed under her lean body there was none,  
Though even to die near one she most had loved  
She could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved.

## LXII.

The soldier's widow learned with honest pain  
And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,  
Why thus that worn-out wretch must there sustain  
The jolting road and morning air severe.  
The wain pursued its way; and following near  
In pure compassion she her steps retraced  
Far as the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"  
She cried aloud; and forth ran out in haste  
The friends whom she had left but a few minutes past.

## LXIII.

While to the door with eager speed they ran,  
From her bare straw the woman half upraised  
Her bony visage—gaunt and deadly wan;  
No pity asking, on the group she gazed  
With a dim eye, distracted and amazed;  
Then sank upon her straw with feeble moan.  
Fervently cried the housewife—"God be praised,  
I have a house that I can call my own;  
Nor shall she perish there, untended and alone!"

## LXIV.

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,  
And busily, though yet with fear, untie  
Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet  
And chafe her temples, careful hands apply.  
Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh  
She strove, and not in vain, her head to rear;  
Then said—"I thank you all; if I must die,  
The God in heaven my prayers for you will hear;  
Till now I did not think my end had been so near.

## LXV.

"Barred every comfort labour could procure,  
Suffering what no endurance could assuage,  
I was compelled to seek my father's door,  
Though loth to be a burthen on his age.

But sickness stopped me in an early stage  
Of my sad journey; and within the wain  
They placed me—there to end life's pilgrimage,  
Unless beneath your roof I may remain:  
For I shall never see my father's door again.

## LXVI.

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been burthensome;  
But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek  
May my end be! Soon will this voice be dumb:  
Should child of mine e'er wander hither, speak  
Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek.—  
Torn from our hut, that stood beside the sea  
Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome creek,  
My husband served in sad captivity  
On shipboard, bound till peace or death should set him  
free.

## LXVII.

"A sailor's wife I knew a widow's cares,  
Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed;  
Hope cheered my dreams, and to my daily prayers  
Our heavenly Father granted each day's bread;  
Till one was found by stroke of violence dead,  
Whose body near our cottage chanced to lie;  
A dire suspicion drove us from our shed;  
In vain to find a friendly face we try,  
Nor could we live together those poor boys and I;

## LXVIII.

"For evil tongues made oath how on that day  
My husband lurked about the neighbourhood;  
Now he had fled, and whither none could say,  
And *he* had done the deed in the dark wood—  
Near his own home!—but he was mild and good;  
Never on earth was gentler creature seen;  
He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.  
My husband's loving kindness stood between  
Me and all worldly harms and wrongs however keen."

## LXIX.

Alas! the thing she told with labouring breath  
The sailor knew too well. That wickedness  
His hand had wrought; and when, in the hour of death,  
He saw his wife's lips move his name to bless  
With her last words, unable to suppress  
His anguish, with his heart he ceased to strive;  
And, weeping loud in this extreme distress,  
He cried—"Do pity me! That thou shouldst live  
I neither ask nor wish—forgive me, but forgive!"

## LXX.

To tell the change that voice within her wrought  
Nature by sign or sound made no essay;  
A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,  
And every mortal pang dissolved away.  
Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;  
Yet still while over her the husband bent,  
A look was in her face which seemed to say,  
"Be blest; by sight of thee from heaven was sent  
Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of content."

## LXXI.

He slept in peace, — his pulses throbbed and stopped,  
 Breathless he gazed upon her face, — then took  
 Her hand in his, and raised it, but both dropped,  
 When on his own he cast a rueful look.  
 His ears were never silent; sleep forsook  
 His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as lead;  
 All night from time to time under him shook  
 The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed;  
 And oft he groaned aloud, "O God, that I were dead!"

## LXXII.

The soldier's widow lingered in the cot;  
 And, when he rose, he thanked her pious care  
 Through which his wife, to that kind shelter brought,  
 Died in his arms; and with those thanks a prayer  
 He breathed for her, and for that merciful pair.  
 The corse interred, not one hour he remained  
 Beneath their roof, but to the open air  
 A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,  
 He bore within a breast where dreadful quiet reigned.

## LXXIII.

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared  
 For act and suffering, to the city straight  
 He journeyed, and forthwith his crime declared:  
 "And from your doom," he added, "now I wait,  
 Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."  
 Not ineffectual was that piteous claim:  
 "O welcome sentence which will end though late,"  
 He said, "the pangs that to my conscience came  
 Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour! is in thy name!"

## LXXIV.

His fate was pitied. Him in iron case  
 Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)  
 They hung not: — no one on his form or face  
 Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought;  
 No kindred sufferer, to his death-place brought  
 By lawless curiosity or chance,  
 When into storm the evening sky is wrought,  
 Upon his swinging corse an eye can glance,  
 And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable trance.

## THE BORDERERS.

## A Tragedy.

(COMPOSED 1795-6.)\*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKE.	Forester.
OSWALD.	ELDRID, a Peasant.
WALLACE.	Peasant, Pilgrims, &c.
LACY.	
LEWY.	
HERRY.	EDONA.
WILFRED.	Female Beggar.
SEVERIN.	ELEANOR, Wife to ELDRID.
MARMADUKE.	
H.M.	

SCENE, Borders of England and Scotland.

TIME, the Reign of Henry III.

READERS already acquainted with my Poems will recognise, in the following composition, some eight or ten lines, which I have not scrupled to retain in the places where they originally stood. It is proper however to add, that they would not have been used elsewhere, if I had foreseen the time when I might be induced to publish this Tragedy.

February 28, 1842.

## ACT I.

## SCENE, road in a Wood.

## WALLACE and LACY.

*Lacy.* The troop will be impatient; let us hie  
 Back to our post, and strip the Scottish foray  
 Of their rich spoil, ere they recross the border.  
 — Pity that our young chief will have no part  
 In this good service.

*Wal.* Rather let us grieve  
 That, in the undertaking which has caused  
 His absence, he hath sought, whate'er his aim,  
 Companionship with one of crooked ways,  
 From whose perverted soul can come no good  
 To our confiding, open-hearted, leader.

*Lacy.* True; and, remembering how the band have  
 proved

That Oswald finds small favour in our sight,  
 Well may we wonder he has gained such power  
 Over our much-loved captain.

*Wal.* I have heard  
 Of some dark deed to which in early life  
 His passion drove him — then a voyager  
 Upon the midland Sea. You knew his bearing  
 In Palestine?

*Lacy.* Where he despised alike  
 Mohammedan and Christian. But enough;  
 Let us begone — the band may else be foiled.

[Exeunt.]

## Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED.

*Wil.* Be cautious, my dear master!

*Mar.* I perceive  
 That fear is like a cloak which old men huddle  
 About their love, as if to keep it warm.

*Wil.* Nay, but I grieve that we should part. This  
 stranger,

For such he is —

*Mar.* Your busy fancies, Wilfred,  
 Might tempt me to a smile; but what of him?

*Wil.* You know that you have saved his life.

*Mar.* I know it

*Wil.* And that he hates you! — Pardon me, perhaps  
 That word was hasty.

*Mar.* Fy! no more of it.

*Wil.* Dear master! gratitude's a heavy burden  
 To a proud soul. — Nobody loves this Oswald —  
 Yourself, you do not love him.

*Mar.* I do more,  
 I honour him. Strong feelings to his heart  
 Are natural; and from no one can be learnt  
 More of man's thoughts and ways than his experience  
 Has given him power to teach: and then for courage  
 And enterprise — what perils hath he shunned?

\* See Note 3.

What obstacles hath he failed to overcome?  
 Answer these questions, from our common knowledge,  
 And be at rest.

*Wil.* Oh, Sir!

*Mar.* Peace, my good Wilfred;  
 Repair to Liddesdale, and tell the band  
 I shall be with them in two days, at farthest.

*Wil.* May He whose eye is over all protect you!

[*Exit.*]

*Enter OSWALD, (a bunch of plants in his hand.)*

*Osw.* This wood is rich in plants and curious simples.

*Mar. (looking at them.)* The wild rose, and the  
 poppy, and the nightshade:  
 Which is your favourite, Oswald?

*Osw.* That which, while it is  
 Strong to destroy, is also strong to heal—

[*Looking forward.*]

Not yet in sight! — We'll saunter here awhile;  
 They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.

*Mar. (a letter in his hand.)* It is no common thing  
 when one like you

Performs these delicate services, and therefore  
 I feel myself much bounden to you, Oswald;

'T is a strange letter this! — You saw her write it?

*Osw.* And saw the tears with which she blotted it.

*Mar.* And nothing less would satisfy him?

*Osw.* No less;

For that another in his child's affection  
 Should hold a place, as if 't were robbery,  
 He seemed to quarrel with the very thought.  
 Besides, I know not what strange prejudice  
 Is rooted in his mind; this band of ours,  
 Which you've collected for the noblest ends,  
 Along the confines of the Esk and Tweed  
 To guard the innocent — he calls us "Outlaws;"  
 And, for yourself, in plain terms he asserts  
 This garb was taken up that indolence  
 Might want no cover, and rapacity  
 Be better fed.

*Mar.* Ne'er may I own the heart  
 That cannot feel for one, helpless as he is.

*Osw.* Thou know'st me for a man not easily moved,  
 Yet was I grievously provoked to think  
 Of what I witnessed.

*Mar.* This day will suffice  
 To end her wrongs.

*Osw.* But if the blind man's tale  
 Should yet be true?

*Mar.* Would it were possible!  
 Did not the soldier tell thee that himself,  
 And others who survived the wreck, beheld  
 The Baron Herbert perish in the waves  
 Upon the coast of Cyprus?

*Osw.* Yea, even so,  
 And I had heard the like before: in sooth,  
 The tale of this his quondam Barony  
 Is cunningly devised; and, on the back  
 Of his forlorn appearance, could not fail

To make the proud and vain his tributaries,  
 And stir the pulse of lazy charity.  
 The seignories of Herbert are in Devon;  
 We, neighbours of the Esk and Tweed: 't is much  
 The Arch-impostor——

*Mar.* Treat him gently, Oswald;  
 Though I have never seen his face, methinks,  
 There cannot come a day when I shall cease  
 To love him. I remember, when a boy  
 Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath the Elm  
 That casts its shade over our village school,  
 'T was my delight to sit and hear Idonea  
 Repeat her father's terrible adventures,  
 Till all the band of play-mates wept together;  
 And that was the beginning of my love.  
 And, through all converse of our later years,  
 An image of this old man still was present,  
 When I had been most happy. Pardon me  
 If this be idly spoken.

*Osw.* See, they come,  
 Two travellers!

*Mar. (points.)* The woman is Idonea

*Osw.* And leading Herbert.

*Mar.* We must let them pass —  
 This thicket will conceal us. [ *They step aside.* ]

*Enter IDONEA, leading HERBERT blind.*

*Idon.* Dear father, you sigh deeply; ever since  
 We left the willow shade by the brook-side,  
 Your natural breathing has been troubled.

*Her.* Nay,  
 You are too fearful; yet must I confess,  
 Our march of yesterday had better suited  
 A firmer step than mine.

*Idon.* That dismal Moor—  
 In spite of all the larks that cheered our path,  
 I never can forgive it: but how steadily  
 You paced along, when the bewildering moonlight  
 Mocked me with many a strange fantastic shape! —  
 I thought the convent never would appear;  
 It seemed to move away from us: and yet,  
 That you are thus the fault is mine; for the air  
 Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the grass,  
 And midway on the waste ere night had fallen  
 I spied a covert walled and roofed with sods—  
 A miniature; belike some shepherd-boy,  
 Who might have found a nothing-doing hour  
 Heavier than work, raised it: within that hut  
 We might have made a kindly bed of heath,  
 And thankfully there rested side by side  
 Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with recruited strength,  
 Have hailed the morning sun. But cheerily, father,—  
 That staff of yours, I could almost have heart  
 To fling 't away from you: you make no use  
 Of me, or of my strength; — come, let me feel  
 That you do press upon me. There — indeed  
 You are quite exhausted. Let us rest awhile  
 On this green bank. [ *He sits down.* ]

*Her.* (after some time.) Idonea, you are silent,  
And I divine the cause.

*Idon.* Do not reproach me:  
I pondered patiently your wish and will  
When I gave way to your request; and now,  
When I behold the ruins of that face,  
Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope of light,  
And think that they were blasted for my sake,  
The name of Marmaduke is blown away:  
Father, I would not change that sacred feeling  
For all this world can give.

*Her.* Nay, be composed:  
Few minutes gone a faintness overspread  
My frame, and I bethought me of two things  
I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,  
And thee, my child!

*Idon.* Believe me, honoured sire!  
'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy fancies,  
And you mistake the cause: you hear the woods  
Resound with music, could you see the sun,  
And look upon the pleasant face of Nature—

*Her.* I comprehend thee—I should be as cheerful  
As if we two were twins; two songsters bred  
In the same nest, my spring-time one with thine.  
My fancies, fancies if they be, are such  
As come, dear child! from a far deeper source  
Than bodily weariness. While here we sit  
I feel my strength returning.—The bequest  
Of thy kind patroness, which to receive  
We have thus far adventured, will suffice  
To save thee from the extreme of penury;  
But when thy father must lie down and die,  
How wilt thou stand alone?

*Idon.* Is he not strong?  
Is he not valiant?

*Her.* Am I then so soon  
Forgotten! have my warnings passed so quickly  
Out of thy mind? My dear, my only child;  
Thou wouldst be leaning on a broken reed—  
This Marmaduke—

*Idon.* O could you hear his voice:  
Alas! you do not know him. He is one  
(I wot not what ill tongue has wronged him with you)  
All gentleness and love. His face bespeaks  
A deep and simple meekness: and that soul,  
Which with the motion of a virtuous act  
Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,  
Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,  
By a miraculous finger, stilled at once.

*Her.* Unhappy woman!

*Idon.* Nay, it was my duty  
Thus much to speak; but think not I forget—  
Dear father! how could I forget and live—  
You and the story of that doleful night  
When, Antioch blazing to her topmost towers,  
You rushed into the murderous flames, returned  
Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have told me,  
Clasping your infant daughter to your heart.

*Her.* Thy mother too!—scarce had I gained the door,  
I caught her voice; she threw herself upon me,  
I felt thy infant brother in her arms;  
She saw my blasted face—a tide of soldiers  
That instant rushed between us, and I heard  
Her last death-shriek, distinct among a thousand.

*Idon.* Nay, father, stop not; let me hear it all.

*Her.* Dear daughter! precious relic of that time—  
For my old age, it doth remain with thee  
To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast been told,  
That when, on our return from Palestine,  
I found how my domains had been usurped,  
I took thee in my arms, and we began  
Our wanderings together. Providence  
At length conducted us to Rossland,—there,  
Our melancholy story moved a stranger  
To take thee to her home—and for myself,  
Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuthbert's  
Supplied my helplessness with food and raiment,  
And, as thou know'st, gave me that humble cot  
Where now we dwell.—For many years I bore  
Thy absence, till old age and fresh infirmities  
Exacted thy return, and our reunion.  
I did not think that, during that long absence,  
My child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,  
Had given her love to a wild freebooter,  
Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,  
Doth prey alike on two distracted countries,  
Traitor to both.

*Idon.* Oh, could you hear his voice!  
I will not call on Heaven to vouch for me,  
But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

*Enter a Peasant.*

*Pea.* Good morrow, strangers! If you want a guide,  
Let me have leave to serve you!

*Idon.* My companion  
Hath need of rest; the sight of hut or hostel  
Would be most welcome.

*Pea.* Yon white hawthorn gained,  
You will look down into a dell, and there  
Will see an ash from which a sign-board hangs;  
The house is hidden by the shade. Old man,  
You seem worn out with travel—shall I support you?

*Her.* I thank you; but, a resting-place so near,  
'T were wrong to trouble you.

*Pea.* God speed you both.

[Exit Peasant.]

*Her.* Idonea, we must part. Be not alarmed—  
'T is but for a few days—a thought has struck me.

*Idon.* That I should leave you at this house, and thence  
Proceed alone. It shall be so; for strength  
Would fail you ere our journey's end be reached.

[Exit HERBERT, supported by IDONEA.]

*Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.*

*Mar.* This instant will we stop him—

*Osw.* Be not hasty,  
For, sometimes, in despite of my conviction,



He tempted me to think the story true;  
 'Tis plain he loves the maid, and what he said  
 That savoured of aversion to thy name  
 Appeared the genuine colour of his soul—  
 Anxiety lest mischief should befall her  
 After his death.

*Mar.* I have been much deceived.

*Osw.* But sure he loves the maiden, and never love  
 Could find delight to nurse itself so strangely,  
 Thus to torment her with *inventions*!—death—  
 There must be truth in this.

*Mar.* Truth in his story!  
 He must have felt it then, known what it was,  
 And in such wise to rack her gentle heart  
 Had been a tenfold cruelty.

*Osw.* Strange pleasures  
 Do we poor mortals cater for ourselves!  
 To see him thus provoke her tenderness  
 With tales of weakness and infirmity!  
 I'd wager on his life for twenty years.

*Mar.* We will not waste an hour in such a cause.

*Osw.* Why, this is noble! shake her off at once.

*Mar.* Her virtues are his instruments.—A man  
 Who has so practised on the world's cold sense,  
 May well deceive his child—what! leave her thus,  
 A prey to a deceiver?—no—no—no—  
 'Tis but a word and then——

*Osw.* Something is here  
 More than we see, or whence this strong aversion?  
 Marmaduke! I suspect unworthy tales  
 Have reached his ear—you have had enemies.

*Mar.* Enemies!—of his own coinage.

*Osw.* That may be,  
 But wherefore slight protection such as you  
 Have power to yield? perhaps he looks elsewhere.—  
 I am perplexed.

*Mar.* What hast thou heard or seen?

*Osw.* No—no—the thing stands clear of mystery;  
 (As you have said) he coins himself the slander  
 With which he taints her ear;—for a plain reason;  
 He dreads the presence of a virtuous man  
 Like you; he knows your eye would search his heart,  
 Your justice stamp upon his evil deeds  
 The punishment they merit. All is plain:  
 It cannot be——

*Mar.* What cannot be?

*Osw.* Yet that a father  
 Should in his love admit no rivalry,  
 And torture thus the heart of his own child——

*Mar.* Nay, you abuse my friendship!

*Osw.* Heaven forbid!—  
 There was a circumstance, trifling indeed—  
 It struck me at the time—yet I believe  
 I never should have thought of it again  
 But for the scene which we by chance have witnessed.

*Mar.* What is your meaning?

*Osw.* Two days gone I saw,  
 Though at a distance and he was disguised,

Hovering round Herbert's door, a man whose figure  
 Resembled much that cold voluptuary,  
 The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and he knows  
 Where he can stab you deepest.

*Mar.* Clifford never  
 Would stoop to skulk about a cottage door—  
 It could not be.

*Osw.* And yet I now remember,  
 That, when your praise was warm upon my tongue,  
 And the blind man was told how you had rescued  
 A maiden from the ruffian violence  
 Of this same Clifford, he became impatient  
 And would not hear me.

*Mar.* No—it cannot be—  
 I dare not trust myself with such a thought—  
 Yet whence this strange aversion? You are a man  
 Not used to rash conjectures——

*Osw.* If you deem it  
 A thing worth further notice, we must act  
 With caution, sift the matter artfully.

[*Exeunt MARMADUKE and OSWALD.*]

SCENE, the door of the 'Hostel.

HERBERT, IDONEA, and Host.

*Her.* (*seated.*) As I am dear to you, remember, child!  
 This last request.

*Idon.* You know me, sire; farewell!

*Her.* And are you going then? Come, come, Idonea,  
 We must not part,—I have measured many a league  
 When these old limbs had need of rest,—and now  
 I will not play the sluggard.

*Idon.* Nay, sit down.

[*Turning to Host.*]

Good host, such tendance as you would expect  
 From your own children, if yourself were sick,  
 Let this old man find at your hands; poor Leader,

[*Looking at the dog.*]

We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect  
 This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!—Look,  
 The little fool is loth to stay behind.

Sir Host! by all the love you bear to courtesy,  
 Take care of him, and feed the truant well.

*Host.* Fear not, I will obey you;—but one so young,  
 And one so fair, it goes against my heart  
 That you should travel unattended, lady!—  
 I have a palfrey and a groom: the lad  
 Shall squire you, (would it not be better, sir?)  
 And for less fee than I would let him run  
 For any lady I have seen this twelvemonth.

*Idon.* You know, sir, I have been too long your guard  
 Not to have learnt to laugh at little fears.  
 Why, if a wolf should leap from out a thicket,  
 A look of mine would send him scouring back,  
 Unless I differ from the thing I am  
 When you are by my side.

*Her.* Idonea, wolves  
 Are not the enemies that move my fears.

*Idon.* No more, I pray, of this. Three days at farthest  
Will bring me back — protect him, Saints — farewell!

[*Exit IDONEA.*]

*Host.* 'T is never drought with us—St. Cuthbert and  
his pilgrims,  
Thanks to them, are to us a stream of comfort:  
Pity the maiden did not wait a while;  
She could not, sir, have failed of company.

*Her.* Now she is gone, I fain would call her back.

*Host. (calling.)* Holla!

*Her.* No, no, the business must be done.—  
What means this riotous noise?

*Host.* The villagers  
Are flocking in—a wedding festival—  
That's all—God save you, sir.

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* Ha! as I live,  
The Baron Herbert.

*Host.* Mercy, the Baron Herbert!

*Osw.* So far into your journey! on my life,  
You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare you?

*Her.* Well as the wreck I am permits. And you, sir?

*Osw.* I do not see Idonea.

*Her.* Dutiful girl,  
She is gone before, to spare my weariness.  
But what has brought you hither?

*Osw.* A slight affair,  
That will be soon despatched.

*Her.* Did Marmaduke  
Receive that letter?

*Osw.* Be at peace.—The tie  
Is broken, you will hear no more of him.

*Her.* This is true comfort, thanks a thousand times!—  
That noise!—would I had gone with her as far  
As the Lord Clifford's castle: I have heard  
That, in his milder moods, he has expressed  
Compassion for me. His influence is great  
With Henry, our good king;—the Baron might  
Have heard my suit, and urged my plea at court.  
No matter—he's a dangerous man.—That noise!—  
'T is too disorderly for sleep or rest.  
Idonea would have fears for me,—the convent  
Will give me quiet lodging. You have a boy, good host,  
And he must lead me back.

*Osw.* You are most lucky;  
I have been waiting in the wood hard by  
For a companion—here he comes; our journey

*Enter MARMADUKE.*

Lies on your way; accept us as your guides.

*Her.* Alas! I creep so slowly.

*Osw.* Never fear;  
We'll not complain of that.

*Her.* My limbs are stiff  
And need repose. Could you but wait an hour?

*Osw.* Most willingly!—Come, let me lead you in.

G

And, while you take your rest, think not of us;  
We'll stroll into the wood; lean on my arm.

[*Conducts HERBERT into the house.*]

*Exit MARMADUKE.*

*Enter Villagers.*

*Osw. (to himself coming out of the Hostel.)* I have  
prepared a most apt instrument—  
The vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering somewhere  
About this ground; she hath a tongue well skilled,  
By mingling natural matter of her own  
With all the daring fictions I have taught her,  
To win belief, such as my plot requires.

[*Exit OSWALD.*]

*Enter more Villagers, a Musician among them.*

*Host. (to them.)* Into the court, my friend, and perch  
yourself  
Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty maids,  
Garlands and flowers, and cakes and merry thoughts,  
Are here, to send the sun into the west  
More speedily than you belike would wish.

SCENE changes to the Wood adjoining the Hostel—  
*MARMADUKE and OSWALD entering.*

*Mar.* I would fain hope that we deceive ourselves:  
When first I saw him sitting there, alone,  
It struck upon my heart I knew not how.

*Osw.* To-day will clear up all.—You marked a  
cottage,  
That ragged dwelling close beneath a rock  
By the brook-side: it is the abode of one,  
A maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,  
Who soon grew weary of her; but, alas!  
What she had seen and suffered turned her brain.  
Cast off by her betrayer, she dwells alone,  
Nor moves her hands to any needful work:  
She eats her food which every day the peasants  
Bring to her hut; and so the wretch has lived  
Ten years; and no one ever heard her voice;  
But every night at the first stroke of twelve  
She quits her house, and, in the neighbouring churchyard  
Upon the self-same spot, in rain or storm,  
She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—  
She paces round and round an infant's grave,  
And in the churchyard sod her feet have worn  
A hollow ring; they say it is knee-deep—  
Ah! what is here!

[*A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes  
as if in sleep—a child in her arms.*]

*Beg.* Oh! gentlemen, I thank you;  
I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled  
The heart of living creature.—My poor babe  
Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread  
When I had none to give him; whereupon  
I put a slip of foxglove in his hand,  
Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once:

b

When, into one of those same spotted bells  
A bee came darting, which the child with joy  
Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear,  
And suddenly grew black, as he would die.

*Mar.* We have no time for this, my babbling gossip;  
Here's what will comfort you. [*Gives her money.*]

*Beg.* The Saints reward you  
For this good deed!—Well, sirs, this passed away;  
And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog,  
Trotting alone along the beaten road,  
Came to my child as by my side he slept,  
And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden  
Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head:  
But here he is, [*kissing the child*] it must have been a  
dream.

*Osw.* When next inclined to sleep, take my advice,  
And put your head, good woman, under cover.

*Beg.* Oh, sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew  
What life is this of ours, how sleep will master  
The weary-worn.—You gentle folk have got  
Warm chambers to your wish. I'd rather be  
A stone than what I am.—But two nights gone,  
The darkness overtook me—wind and rain  
Beat hard upon my head—and yet I saw  
A glow-worm, through the covert of the furze,  
Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky:  
At which I half accused the God in Heaven.—  
You must forgive me.

*Osw.* Ay, and if you think  
The fairies are to blame, and you should chide  
Your favourite saint—no matter—this good day  
Has made amends.

*Beg.* Thanks to you both; but, O sir!  
How would you like to travel on whole hours  
As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,  
Expecting still, I knew not how, to find  
A piece of money glittering through the dust.

*Mar.* This woman is a prater. Pray, good lady!  
Do you tell fortunes?

*Beg.* O, sir, you are like the rest.  
This little-one—it cuts me to the heart—  
Well! they might turn a beggar from their doors,  
But there are mothers who can see the babe  
Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it:  
This they can do, and look upon my face—  
But you, sir, should be kinder.

*Mar.* Come hither, fathers,  
And learn what nature is from this poor wretch!

*Beg.* Ay, sir, there's nobody that feels for us.  
Why now—but yesterday I overtook  
A blind old greybeard and accosted him,  
I th' name of all the saints, and by the Mass  
He should have used me better!—Charity!  
If you can melt a rock, he is your man;  
But I'll be even with him—here again  
Have I been waiting for him.

*Osw.* Well, but softly,  
Who is it that hath wronged you?

*Beg.* Mark you me;

I'll point him out;—a maiden is his guide,  
Lovely as Spring's first rose; a little dog,  
Tied by a woollen cord, moves on before  
With look as sad as he were dumb; the cur,  
I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth  
He does his master credit.

*Mar.* As I live,  
'Tis Herbert and no other!

*Beg.* 'Tis a feast to see him,  
Lank as a ghost and tall, his shoulders bent,  
And long beard white with age—yet evermore,  
As if he were the only saint on earth,  
He turns his face to heaven.

*Osw.* But why so violent  
Against this venerable man?

*Beg.* I'll tell you:  
He has the very hardest heart on earth;  
I had as lief turn to the Friar's school  
And knock for entrance, in mid holiday.

*Mar.* But to your story.

*Beg.* I was saying, Sir—  
Well!—he has often spurned me like a toad,  
But yesterday was worse than all;—at last  
I overtook him, sirs, my babe and I,  
And begged a little aid for charity:  
But he was snappish as a cottage cur.  
Well then, says I—I'll out with it; at which  
I cast a look upon the girl, and felt  
As if my heart would burst; and so I left him.

*Osw.* I think, good woman, you are the very person  
Whom, but a few days past, I saw in Eskdale,  
At Herbert's door.

*Beg.* Ay; and if truth were known  
I have good business there.

*Osw.* I met you at the threshold,  
And he seemed angry.

*Beg.* Angry! well he might;  
And long as I can stir I'll dog him.—Yesterday,  
To serve me so, and knowing that he owes  
The best of all he has to me and mine.  
But 'tis all over now.—That good old lady  
Has left a power of riches; and I say it,  
If there's a lawyer in the land, the knave  
Shall give me half.

*Osw.* What's this?—I fear, good woman,  
You have been insolent.

*Beg.* And there's the Baron,  
I spied him skulking in his peasant's dress.

*Osw.* How say you! in disguise!—

*Mar.* But what's your business  
With Herbert or his daughter?

*Beg.* Daughter! truly—  
But how's the day?—I fear, my little boy,  
We've overslept ourselves.—Sirs, have you seen him!

[*Offers to go.*]

*Mar.* I must have more of this;—you shall not stir  
An inch, till I am answered. Know you aught  
That doth concern this Herbert?

*Beg.* You are provoked,  
And will misuse me, sir!

*Mar.* No trifling, woman! —

*Osw.* You are as safe as in a sanctuary;  
Speak.

*Mar.* Speak!

*Beg.* He is a most hard-hearted man.

*Mar.* Your life is at my mercy.

*Beg.* Do not harm me,  
And I will tell you all! — You know not, sir,  
What strong temptations press upon the poor.

*Osw.* Speak out.

*Beg.* O, sir, I've been a wicked woman.

*Osw.* Nay, but speak out!

*Beg.* He flattered me, and said  
What harvest it would bring us both; and so,  
I parted with the child.

*Mar.* Parted with whom?

*Beg.* Idonea, as he calls her; but the girl  
Is mine.

*Mar.* Yours, woman! are you Herbert's wife?

*Beg.* Wife, sir! his wife — not I; my husband, sir,  
Was of Kirkoswald — many a snowy winter  
We've weathered out together. My poor Gilfred!  
He has been two years in his grave.

*Mar.* Enough.

*Osw.* We've solved the riddle — Miscreant!

*Mar.* Do you,  
Good dame, repair to Liddesdale, and wait  
For my return; be sure you shall have justice.

*Osw.* A lucky woman! — go, you have done good  
service. [*Aside.*]

*Mar. (to himself.)* Eternal praises on the power  
that saved her! —

*Osw. (gives her money.)* Here's for your little boy  
— and when you christen him  
I'll be his godfather.

*Beg.* O, sir, you are merry with me.  
In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely owns  
A dog that does not know me. — These good folks,  
For love of God, I must not pass their doors;  
But I'll be back with my best speed: for you —  
God bless and thank you both, my gentle masters.

[*Exit Beggar.*]

*Mar. (to himself.)* The cruel viper! — Poor devoted  
maid,  
Now I do love thee.

*Osw.* I am thunderstruck.

*Mar.* Where is she — holla!

[*Calling to the Beggar, who returns; he looks  
at her steadfastly.*]

You are Idonea's mother! —  
Nay, be not terrified — it does me good  
To look upon you.

*Osw. (interrupting.)* In a peasant's dress  
You saw, who was it?

*Beg.* Nay, I dare not speak;

He is a man, if it should come to his ears  
I never shall be heard of more.

*Osw.* Lord Clifford?

*Beg.* What can I do! believe me, gentle sirs,  
I love her, though I dare not call her daughter.

*Osw.* Lord Clifford — did you see him talk with  
Herbert?

*Beg.* Yes, to my sorrow — under the great oak  
At Herbert's door — and when he stood beside  
The blind man — at the silent girl he looked  
With such a look — it makes me tremble, sir,  
To think of it.

*Osw.* Enough! you may depart.

*Mar. (to himself.)* Father! — to God himself we  
cannot give

A holier name; and, under such a mask,  
To lead a spirit spotless as the blessed,  
To that abhorred den of brutish vice! —  
Oswald, the firm foundation of my life  
Is going from under me; these strange discoveries —  
Looked at from every point of fear or hope,  
Duty, or love — involve, I feel, my ruin.

## ACT II.

SCENE, *A chamber in the Hostel* — OSWALD alone,  
rising from a table on which he had been writing.

*Osw.* They chose him for their chief! — what covert  
part

He, in the preference, modest youth, might take,  
I neither know nor care. The insult bred  
More of contempt than hatred; both are flown;  
That either e'er existed is my shame:  
"T was a dull spark — a most unnatural fire  
That died the moment the air breathed upon it.  
— These fools of feeling are mere birds of winter  
That haunt some barren island of the north,  
Where, if a famishing man stretch forth his hand,  
They think it is to feed them. I have left him  
To solitary meditation; — now  
For a few swelling phrases, and a flash  
Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind,  
And he is mine for ever — here he comes.

*Enter MARMADUKE.*

*Mar.* These ten years she has moved her lips all day  
And never speaks!

*Osw.* Who is it?

*Mar.* I have seen her.

*Osw.* Oh! the poor tenant of that ragged homestead,  
Her whom the monster, Clifford, drove to madness.

*Mar.* I met a peasant near the spot; he told me,  
These ten years she had sate all day alone  
Within those empty walls.

*Osw.* I too have seen her;  
Chancing to pass this way some six months gone,  
At midnight, I betook me to the churchyard:



The moon shone clear, the air was still, so still  
The trees were silent as the graves beneath them.  
Long did I watch, and saw her pacing round  
Upon the self-same spot, still round and round,  
Her lips for ever moving.

*Mar.* At her door  
Rooted I stood; for, looking at the woman,  
I thought I saw the skeleton of Idonea.

*Osw.* But the pretended father——

*Mar.* Earthly law  
Measures not crimes like his.

*Osw.* We rank not, happily,  
With those who take the spirit of their rule  
From that soft class of devotees who feel  
Reverence for life so deeply, that they spare  
The verminous brood, and cherish what they spare  
While feeding on their bodies. Would that Idonea  
Were present, to the end that we might hear  
What she can urge in his defence; she loves him.

*Mar.* Yes, loves him; 't is a truth that multiplies  
His guilt a thousand-fold.

*Osw.* 'T is most perplexing:  
What must be done?

*Mar.* We will conduct her hither;  
These walls shall witness it—from first to last  
He shall reveal himself.

*Osw.* Happy are we,  
Who live in these disputed tracts, that own  
No law but what each man makes for himself;  
Here justice has indeed a field of triumph.

*Mar.* Let us begone and bring her hither;—here  
The truth shall be laid open, his guilt proved  
Before her face. The rest be left to me.

*Osw.* You will be firm: but though we well may trust  
The issue to the justice of the cause,  
Caution must not be flung aside; remember,  
Yours is no common life. Self-stationed here,  
Upon these savage confines, we have seen you  
Stand like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy seas  
That oft have checked their fury at your bidding.  
'Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy waste,  
Your single virtue has transformed a band  
Of fierce barbarians into ministers  
Of peace and order. Aged men with tears  
Have blessed their steps, the fatherless retire  
For shelter to their banners. But it is,  
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is  
In darkness and in tempest that we seek  
The majesty of Him who rules the world.  
Benevolence, that has not heart to use  
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,  
Becomes at last weak and contemptible.  
Your generous qualities have won due praise,  
But vigorous spirits look for something more  
Than youth's spontaneous products; and to-day  
You will not disappoint them; and hereafter——

*Mar.* You are wasting words; hear me then, once  
for all:

You are a man—and therefore, if compassion,

Which to our kind is natural as life,  
Be known unto you, you will love this woman,  
Even as I do; but I should loathe the light,  
If I could think one weak or partial feeling——

*Osw.* You will forgive me——

*Mar.* If I ever knew  
My heart, could penetrate its inmost core,  
'T is at this moment.—Oswald, I have loved  
To be the friend and father of the oppressed,  
A comforter of sorrow;—there is something  
Which looks like a transition in my soul,  
And yet it is not.—Let us lead him hither.

*Osw.* Stoop for a moment; 't is an act of justice;  
And where's the triumph if the delegate  
Must fall in the execution of his office?  
The deed is done—if you will have it so—  
Here where we stand—that tribe of vulgar wretches  
(You saw them gathering for the festival)  
Rush in—the villains seize us——

*Mar.* Seize!

*Osw.* Yes, they—  
Men who are little given to sift and weigh—  
Would wreak on us the passion of the moment.

*Mar.* The cloud will soon disperse—farewell—but  
stay,  
Thou wilt relate the story.

*Osw.* Am I neither  
To bear a part in this man's punishment,  
Nor be its witness?

*Mar.* I had many hopes  
That were most dear to me, and some will bear  
To be transferred to thee.

*Osw.* When I'm dishonoured!

*Mar.* I would preserve thee. How may this be done?

*Osw.* By showing that you look beyond the instant.  
A few leagues hence we shall have open ground,  
And nowhere upon earth is place so fit  
To look upon the deed. Before we enter  
The barren moor, hangs from a beetling rock  
The shattered castle in which Clifford oft  
Has held infernal orgies—with the gloom,  
And very superstition of the place,  
Seasoning his wickedness. The debauchee  
Would there perhaps have gathered the first fruits  
Of this mock father's guilt.

*Enter Host, conducting HERBERT.*

*Host.* The Baron Herbert  
Attends your pleasure.

*Osw. (to Host.)* We are ready—  
*(to HERBERT.)* Sir!

I hope you are refreshed.—I have just written  
A notice for your daughter, that she may know  
What is become of you.—You'll sit down and sign it;  
'T will glad her heart to see her father's signature.

*[Gives the letter he had written.]*

*Her.* Thanks for your care.

*[Sits down and writes. Exit Host.]*

*Osw. (aside to MARMADUKE.)* Perhaps it would be useful

That you too should subscribe your name.

[MARMADUKE overlooks HERBERT — then writes — examines the letter eagerly.]

*Mar.* I cannot leave this paper.

[He puts it up, agitated.]

*Osw. (aside.)*

Dastard! Come.

[MARMADUKE goes towards HERBERT and supports him—MARMADUKE tremblingly beckons OSWALD to take his place.]

*Mar. (as he quits HERBERT.)* There is a palsy in his limbs — he shakes.

[Exeunt OSWALD and HERBERT — MARMADUKE following.]

SCENE changes to a Wood—a Group of Pilgrims and IDONEA with them.

*First Pil.* A grove of darker and more lofty shade I never saw.

*Sec. Pil.* The music of the birds Drops deadened from a roof so thick with leaves.

*Old Pil.* This news! It made my heart leap up with joy.

*Idon.* I scarcely can believe it.

*Old Pil.* Myself, I heard

The Sheriff read, in open court, a letter Which purported it was the royal pleasure The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed, Had taken refuge in this neighbourhood, Should be forthwith restored. The hearing, lady, Filled my dim eyes with tears. — When I returned From Palestine, and brought with me a heart, Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly, comfort, I met your father, then a wandering outcast: He had a guide, a shepherd's boy; but grieved He was that one so young should pass his youth In such sad service; and he parted with him. We joined our tales of wretchedness together, And begged our daily bread from door to door. I talk familiarly to you, sweet lady! For once you loved me.

*Idon.* You shall back with me And see your friend again. The good old man Will be rejoiced to greet you.

*Old Pil.* It seems but yesterday That a fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with travel, In a deep wood remote from any town. A cave that opened to the road presented A friendly shelter, and we entered in.

*Idon.* And I was with you!

*Old Pil.* If indeed 't was you — But you were then a tottering little-one — We ate us down. The sky grew dark and darker: I struck my flint, and built up a small fire With rotten boughs and leaves, such as the winds Of many autumns in the cave had piled.

Meanwhile the storm fell heavy on the woods; Our little fire sent forth a cheering warmth And we were comforted, and talked of comfort; But 't was an angry night, and o'er our heads The thunder rolled in peals that would have made A sleeping man uneasy in his bed. O lady, you have need to love your father. His voice — methinks I hear it now, his voice When, after a broad flash that filled the cave, He said to me, that he had seen his child, A face (no cherub's face more beautiful) Revealed by lustre brought with it from heaven; And it was you, dear lady

*Idon.* God be praised, That I have been his comforter till now! And will be so through every change of fortune And every sacrifice his peace requires. — Let us be gone with speed, that he may hear These joyful tidings from no lips but mine.

[Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.]

SCENE, the Area of a half-ruined Castle — on one side the entrance to a dungeon — OSWALD and MARMADUKE pacing backwards and forwards.

*Mar.* 'T is a wild night.

*Osw.* I'd give my cloak and bonnet For sight of a warm fire.

*Mar.* The wind blows keen; My hands are numb.

*Osw.* Ha! ha! 't is nipping cold.

[Blowing his fingers.]

I long for news of our brave comrades; Lacy Would drive those Scottish rovers to their dens If once they blew a horn this side the Tweed.

*Mar.* I think I see a second range of towers; This castle has another area — come, Let us examine it.

*Osw.* 'T is a bitter night; I hope Idonea is well housed. That horseman, Who at full speed swept by us where the wood Roared in the tempest, was within an ace Of sending to his grave our precious charge: That would have been a vile mischance.

*Mar.* It would.

*Osw.* Justice had been most cruelly defrauded.

*Mar.* Most cruelly.

*Osw.* As up the steep we clomb, I saw a distant fire in the north-east; I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon: With proper speed our quarters may be gained To-morrow evening.

[Looks restlessly towards the mouth of the dungeon.]

*Mar.* When, upon the plank, I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice blessed me: You could not hear, for the foam beat the rocks With deafening noise, — the benediction fell Back on himself; but changed into a curse.

*Osw.* As well indeed it might.

*Mar.* And this you deem

The fittest place?

*Osw. (aside.)* He is growing pitiful.

*Mar. (listening.)* What an odd moaning that is!—

*Osw.* Mighty odd

The wind should pipe a little, while we stand

Cooling our heels in this way!—I'll begin

And count the stars.

*Mar. (still listening.)* That dog of his, you are sure,  
Could not come after us—he *must* have perished;  
The torrent would have dashed an oak to splinters.  
You said you did not like his looks—that he  
Would trouble us; if he were here again,  
I swear the sight of him would quail me more  
Than twenty armies.

*Osw.* How!

*Mar.* The old blind man,  
When you had told him the mischance, was troubled  
Even to the shedding of some natural tears  
Into the torrent over which he hung,  
Listening in vain.

*Osw.* He has a tender heart!

[*OSWALD offers to go down into the dungeon.*]

*Mar.* How now, what mean you?

*Osw.* Truly, I was going  
To waken our stray Baron. Were there not  
A farm or dwelling-house within five leagues,  
We should deserve to wear a cap and bells,  
Three good round years, for playing the fool here  
In such a night as this.

*Mar.* Stop, stop.

*Osw.* Perhaps,  
You'd better like we should descend together,  
And lie down by his side—what say you to it?  
Three of us—we should keep each other warm:  
I'll answer for it that our four-legged friend  
Shall not disturb us; further I'll not engage;  
Come, come, for manhood's sake!

*Mar.* These drowsy shiverings,  
This mortal stupor which is creeping over me,  
What do they mean? were this my single body  
Opposed to armies, not a nerve would tremble:  
Why do I tremble now?—Is not the depth  
Of this man's crimes beyond the reach of thought?  
And yet, in plumbing the abyss for judgment,  
Something I strike upon which turns my mind  
Back on herself, I think, again—my breast  
Concentrates all the terrors of the Universe:  
I look at him and tremble like a child.

*Osw.* Is it possible?

*Mar.* One thing you noticed not:  
Just as we left the glen a clap of thunder  
Burst on the mountains with hell-rousing force.  
This is a time, said he, when guilt may shudder;  
But there's a Providence for them who walk  
In helplessness, when innocence is with them.  
At this audacious blasphemy, I thought  
The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride the air.

*Osw.* Why are you not the man you were that  
moment?

[*He draws MARMADUKE to the dungeon.*]

*Mar.* You say he was asleep,—look at this arm,  
And tell me if 't is fit for such a work.

Oswald, Oswald! [*Leans upon OSWALD.*]

*Osw.* This is some sudden seizure!

*Mar.* A most strange faintness,—will you hunt me  
out

A draught of water?

*Osw.* Nay, to see you thus  
Moves me beyond my bearing.—I will try  
To gain the torrent's brink. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

*Mar. (after a pause.)* It seems an age  
Since that man left me.—No, I am not lost.

*Her. (at the mouth of the dungeon.)* Give me your  
hand; where are you, Friends! and tell me  
How goes the night.

*Mar.* 'T is hard to measure time,  
In such a weary night, and such a place.

*Her.* I do not hear the voice of my friend Oswald.

*Mar.* A minute past, he went to fetch a draught  
Of water from the torrent. 'T is, you'll say,  
A cheerless beverage.

*Her.* How good it was in you  
To stay behind!—Hearing at first no answer,  
I was alarmed.

*Mar.* No wonder; this is a place  
That well may put some fears into *your* heart.

*Her.* Why so! a roofless rock had been a comfort,  
Storm-beaten and bewildered as we were;  
And in a night like this, to lend your cloaks  
To make a bed for me!—My girl will weep  
When she is told of it.

*Mar.* This daughter of yours  
Is very dear to you.

*Her.* Oh! but you are young;  
Over your head twice twenty years must roll,  
With all their natural weight of sorrow and pain,  
Ere can be known to you how much a father  
May love his child.

*Mar.* Thank you, old man, for this! [*Aside.*]

*Her.* Fallen am I, and worn out, a useless man;  
Kindly have you protected me to-night,  
And no return have I to make but prayers;  
May you in age be blessed with such a daughter!—  
When from the Holy Land I had returned  
Sightless and from my heritage was driven,  
A wretched outcast—but this strain of thought  
Would lead me to talk fondly.

*Mar.* Do not fear;  
Your words are precious to my ears; go on.

*Her.* You will forgive me, but my heart runs over.  
When my old Leader slipped into the flood  
And perished, what a piercing outcry you  
Sent after him. I have loved you ever since.  
You start—where are we?

*Mar.* O, there is no danger;  
The cold blast struck me.



*Her.* 'T was a foolish question.

*Mar.* But when you were an outcast? — Heaven is just;

Your piety would not miss its due reward;  
The little orphan then would be your succour,  
And do good service, though she knew it not.

*Her.* I turned me from the dwellings of my fathers,  
Where none but those who trampled on my rights  
Seemed to remember me. To the wide world  
I bore her, in my arms; her looks won pity;  
She was my raven in the wilderness,  
And brought me food. Have I not cause to love her?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Her.* More than ever parent loved a child?

*Mar.* Yes, yes.

*Her.* I will not murmur, merciful God!  
I will not murmur; blasted as I have been,  
Thou hast left me ears to hear my daughter's voice,  
And arms to fold her to my heart. Submissively  
Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* Herbert! — confusion! (*aside.*) Here it is,  
my friend, [*Presents the Horn.*]  
A charming beverage for you to carouse,  
This bitter night.

*Her.* Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses  
I would have given, not many minutes gone,  
To have heard your voice.

*Osw.* Your couch, I fear, good Baron,  
Has been but comfortless; and yet that place,  
When the tempestuous wind first drove us hither,  
Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better turn  
And under covert rest till break of day,  
Or till the storm abate.

(*To MARMADUKE aside.*) He has restored you.  
No doubt you have been nobly entertained!  
But soft! — how came he forth? The night-mare con-  
science

Has driven him out of harbour!

*Mar.* I believe  
You have guessed right.

*Her.* The trees renew their murmur:  
Come, let us house together.

[*OSWALD conducts him to the dungeon.*]

*Osw.* (*returns.*) Had I not  
Esteemed you worthy to conduct the affair  
To its most fit conclusion, do you think  
I would so long have struggled with my nature,  
And smothered all that's man in me! — away! —

[*Looking towards the dungeon.*]

This man's the property of him who best  
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a privilege;  
It now becomes my duty to resume it.

*Mar.* Touch not a finger —

*Osw.* What then must be done?

*Mar.* Which way so'er I turn, I am perplexed.

*Osw.* Now, on my life, I grieve for you. The misery  
Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts

Did not admit of stronger evidence;  
Twelve honest men, plain men, would set us right;  
Their verdict would abolish these weak scruples.

*Mar.* Weak! I am weak — there does my torment lie,  
Feeding itself.

*Osw.* Verily, when he said  
How his old heart would leap to hear her steps,  
You thought his voice the echo of Idonea's.

*Mar.* And never heard a sound so terrible.

*Osw.* Perchance you think so now?

*Mar.* I cannot do it:  
Twice did I spring to grasp his withered throat,  
When such a sudden weakness fell upon me,  
I could have dropped asleep upon his breast.

*Osw.* Justice — is there not thunder in the word?  
Shall it be law to stab the petty robber  
Who aims but at our purse; and shall this Parricide —  
Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dishonour  
Be worse than death) to that confiding creature  
Whom he to more than filial love and duty  
Hath falsely trained — shall he fulfil his purpose?  
But you are fallen.

*Mar.* Fallen should I be indeed —  
Murder — perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,  
Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike the blow —  
Away! away! — [*Flings away his sword.*]

*Osw.* Nay, I have done with you:  
We'll lead him to the convent. He shall live,  
And she shall love him. With unquestioned title  
He shall be seated in his barony,  
And we too chant the praise of his good deeds.  
I now perceive we do mistake our masters,  
And most despise the men who best can teach us:  
Henceforth it shall be said that bad men only  
Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that old man  
Is brave.

[*Taking MARMADUKE's sword and giving it to him.*]  
To Clifford's arms he would have led  
His victim — haply to this desolate house.

*Mar.* (*advancing to the dungeon.*) It must be  
ended! —

*Osw.* Softly; do not rouse him;  
He will deny it to the last. He lies  
Within the vault, a spear's length to the left.

[*MARMADUKE descends to the dungeon.*]  
(*Alone.*) The villains rose in mutiny to destroy me;  
I could have quelled the cowards, but this stripling  
Must needs step in, and save my life. The look  
With which he gave the boon — I see it now!  
The same that tempted me to loathe the gift —  
For this old venerable grey-beard — faith  
'T is his own fault if he hath got a face  
Which doth play tricks with them that look on it:  
'T was this that put it in my thoughts — that counte-  
nance —

His staff — his figure — murder! — what, of whom?  
We kill a worn-out horse, and who but women  
Sigh at the deed? Hew down a withered tree,  
And none look grave but dotards. He may live



To thank me for this service. Rainbow arches,  
 Highways of dreaming passion have too long,  
 Young as he is, diverted wish and hope  
 From the unpretending ground we mortals tread; —  
 Then shatter the delusion, break it up  
 And set him free. What follows? I have learned  
 That things will work to ends the slaves o' the world  
 Do never dream of. I have been what he —  
 'This boy — when he comes forth with bloody hands —  
 Might envy, and am now, — but he shall know  
 What I am now — [*Goes and listens at the dungeon.*  
                                   Praying or parleying! — tut!  
 Is he not eyeless? He has been half-dead  
 These fifteen years —

*Enter female Beggar with two or three of her companions.*

(*Turning abruptly.*) Ha! speak — what thing art thou!

(*Recognises her.*) Heavens! my good friend! [*To her.*  
*Beg.* Forgive me, gracious Sir! —

*Osw.* (*to her companions.*) Begone, ye slaves, or I  
 will raise a whirlwind  
 And send ye dancing to the clouds, like leaves.

[*They retire affrighted.*

*Beg.* Indeed we meant no harm; we lodge sometimes  
 In this deserted castle — *I repent me.*

[*OSWALD goes to the dungeon — listens —  
 returns to the Beggar.*

*Osw.* Woman, thou hast a helpless infant — keep  
 Thy secret for its sake, or verily  
 That wretched life of thine shall be the forfeit.

*Beg.* I do repent me, Sir; I fear the curse  
 Of that blind man. 'T was not your money, sir —

*Osw.* Begone!

*Beg.* (*going.*) There is some wicked deed in hand:  
                                   [*Aside.*

Would I could find the old man and his daughter.

[*Exit Beggar.*

*MARMADUKE re-enters from the dungeon.*

*Osw.* It is all over then; your foolish fears  
 Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and deed,  
 Made quiet as he is.

*Mar.* Why came you down?  
 And when I felt your hand upon my arm  
 And spake to you, why did you give no answer?  
 Feared you to waken him? he must have been  
 In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thrice.  
 There are the strangest echoes in that place!

*Osw.* Tut! let them gabble till the day of doom.

*Mar.* Scarcely, by groping, had I reached the spot,  
 When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn tight,  
 As if the blind man's dog were pulling at it.

*Osw.* But after that?

*Mar.* The features of Idonea  
 Lurked in his face —

*Osw.* Psha! Never to these eyes  
 Will retribution show itself again

With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me  
 To share your triumph?

*Mar.* Yes, her very look,  
 Smiling in sleep —

*Osw.* A pretty feat of Fancy!

*Mar.* Though but a glimpse, it sent me to my prayers.

*Osw.* Is he alive?

*Mar.* What mean you? who alive?

*Osw.* Herbert! since you will have it, Baron Herbert;  
 He who will gain his Seignory when Idonea  
 Hath become Clifford's harlot — is he living?

*Mar.* The old man in that dungeon is alive.

*Osw.* Henceforth, then, will I never in camp or field  
 Obey you more. Your weakness, to the Band,  
 Shall be proclaimed: brave men, they all shall hear it.  
 You a protector of humanity!

Avenger you of outraged innocence!

*Mar.* 'T was dark — dark as the grave; yet did I see,  
 Saw him — his face turned toward me; and I tell thee  
 Idonea's filial countenance was there  
 To baffle me — it put me to my prayers.

Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a crevice,  
 Beheld a star twinkling above my head,  
 And, by the living God, I could not do it.

[*Sinks exhausted.*

*Osw.* (*to himself.*) Now may I perish if this turn  
 do more

Than make me change my course.

(*To MARMADUKE.*) Dear Marmaduke,  
 My words were rashly spoken; I recal them:  
 I feel my error; shedding blood  
 Is a most serious thing.

*Mar.* Not I alone,  
 Thou too art deep in guilt.

*Osw.* We have indeed  
 Been most presumptuous. There is guilt in this,  
 Else could so strong a mind have ever known  
 These trepidations? Plain it is that Heaven  
 Has marked out this foul wretch as one whose crimes  
 Must never come before a mortal judgment-seat,  
 Or be chastised by mortal instruments.

*Mar.* A thought that's worth a thousand worlds!

[*Goes toward the dungeon.*

*Osw.* I grieve  
 That, in my zeal, I have caused you so much pain.

*Mar.* Think not of that! 't is over — we are safe.

*Osw.* (*as if to himself, yet speaking aloud.*) The  
 truth is hideous, but how stifle it?

[*Turning to MARMADUKE.*

Give me your sword — nay, here are stones and frag-  
 ments,

The least of which would beat out a man's brains;  
 Or you might drive your head against that wall.

No! this is not the place to hear the tale:

It should be told you pinioned in your bed,

Or on some vast and solitary plain

Blown to you from a trumpet.

*Mar.* Why talk thus?  
 Whate'er the monster brooding in your breast

I care not: fear I have none, and cannot fear —

[*The sound of a horn is heard.*]

That horn again — 'T is some one of our troop;

What do they here! Listen!

Osw. What! dogged like thieves!

*Enter WALLACE and LACY, &c.*

Lacy. You are found at last, thanks to the vagrant troop

For not misleading us.

Osw. (*looking at WALLACE.*) That subtle grey-beard —

I'd rather see my father's ghost.

Lacy. (*to MARMADUKE.*) My Captain,  
We come by order of the band. Belike  
You have not heard that Henry has at last  
Dissolved the Barons' League, and sent abroad  
His Sheriffs with fit force to reinstate  
The genuine owners of such lands and baronies  
As, in these long commotions have been seized.  
His power is this way tending. It befits us  
To stand upon our guard, and with our swords  
Defend the innocent.

Mar. Lacy! we look  
But at the surfaces of things; we hear  
Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, young and old  
Driven out in troops to want and nakedness;  
Then grasp our swords and rush upon a cure  
That flatters us, because it asks not thought:  
The deeper malady is better hid;  
The world is poisoned at the heart.

Lacy. What mean you?

Wal. (*whose eye has been fixed suspiciously upon OSWALD.*) Ay, what is it you mean?

Mar. Harkee, my friends; —  
[*Appearing gay.*]  
Were there a man who, being weak and helpless  
And most forlorn, should bribe a mother, pressed  
By penury to yield him up her daughter,  
A little infant, and instruct the babe,  
Prattling upon his knee, to call him father —

Lacy. Why, if his heart be tender, that offence  
I could forgive him.

Mar. (*going on.*) And should he make the child  
An instrument of falsehood, should he teach her  
To stretch her arms; and dim the glad some light  
Of infant playfulness with piteous looks  
Of misery that was not —

Lacy. Troth, 't is hard —  
But in a world like ours —

Mar. (*changing his tone.*) This self-same man —  
Even while he printed kisses on the cheek  
Of this poor babe, and taught its innocent tongue  
To lisp the name of father — could he look  
To the unnatural harvest of that time  
When he should give her up, a woman grown,  
To him who bid the highest in the market  
Of foul pollution —

H

Lacy. The whole visible world  
Contains not such a monster!

Mar. For this purpose  
Should he resolve to taint her soul by means  
Which bathe the limbs in sweat to think of them;  
Should he, by tales which would draw tears from iron,  
Work on her nature, and so turn compassion  
And gratitude to ministers of vice,  
And make the spotless spirit of filial love  
Prime mover in a plot to damn his victim  
Both soul and body —

Wal. 'T is too horrible;  
Oswald, what say you to it?

Lacy. Hew him down,  
And fling him to the ravens.

Mar. But his aspect  
It is so meek, his countenance so venerable.

Wal. (*with an appearance of mistrust.*) But how,  
what say you, Oswald?

Lacy. (*at the same moment.*) Stab him, were it  
Before the altar.

Mar. What, if he were sick,  
Tottering upon the very verge of life,  
And old, and blind —

Lacy. Blind, say you?

Osw. (*coming forward.*) Are we men,  
Or own we baby spirits? Genuine courage  
Is not an accidental quality,  
A thing dependent for its casual birth  
On opposition and impediment.  
Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats down  
The giant's strength; and, at the voice of Justice,  
Spare not the worm. The giant and the worm —  
She weighs them in one scale. The wiles of woman,  
And craft of age, seducing reason, first  
Made weakness a protection, and obscured  
The moral shapes of things. His tender cries  
And helpless innocence — do they protect  
The infant lamb? and shall the infirmities,  
Which have enabled this enormous culprit  
To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a sanctuary  
To cover him from punishment? Shame! — Justice,  
Admitting no resistance, bends alike  
The feeble and the strong. She needs not here  
Her bonds and chains, which make the mighty feeble.  
— We recognise in this old man a victim  
Prepared already for the sacrifice.

Lacy. By heaven, his words are reason!

Osw. Yes, my friends,  
His countenance is meek and venerable;  
And, by the Mass, to see him at his prayers! —  
I am of flesh and blood, and may I perish  
When my heart does not ache to think of it! —  
Poor victim! not a virtue under heaven  
But what was made an engine to ensnare thee;  
But yet I trust, Idonea, thou art safe.

Lacy. Idonea!

Wal. How! what? your Idonea?

[*To MARMADUKE.*]

*Mar.*

But now no longer mine. You know Lord Clifford;  
He is the man to whom the maiden — pure  
As beautiful, and gentle and benign,  
And in her ample heart loving even me —  
Was to be yielded up.

*Lacy.*

Now, by the head  
Of my own child, this man must die; my hand,  
A worthier wanting, shall itself entwine  
In his grey hairs! —

*Mar. (to LACY.)* I love the father in thee.

You know me, friends; I have a heart to feel,  
And I have felt, more than perhaps becomes me  
Or duty sanctions.

*Lacy.*

We will have ample justice.  
Who are we, friends? Do we not live on ground  
Where souls are self-defended, free to grow  
Like mountain oaks rocked by the stormy wind.  
Mark the Almighty Wisdom, which decreed  
This monstrous crime to be laid open — *here*  
Where reason has an eye that she can use,  
And men alone are umpires. To the camp  
He shall be led, and there, the country round  
All gathered to the spot, in open day  
Shall nature be avenged.

*Osw.*

'Tis nobly thought;  
His death will be a monument for ages.

*Mar. (to LACY.)* I thank you for that hint. He shall  
be brought

Before the camp, and would that best and wisest  
Of every country might be present. There,  
His crime shall be proclaimed; and for the rest  
It shall be done as wisdom shall decide:  
Meanwhile, do you two hasten back and see  
That all is well prepared.

*Wal.*

We will obey you.  
(*Aside.*) But softly! we must look a little nearer.

*Mar.* Tell where you found us. At some future  
time

I will explain the cause.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE, the door of the Hostel, a group of Pilgrims as  
before; IDONEA and the Host among them.

*Host.* Lady, you'll find your father at the convent  
As I have told you: He left us yesterday  
With two companions; one of them, as seemed,  
His most familiar friend. (*Going.*) There was a  
letter  
Of which I heard them speak, but that I fancy  
Has been forgotten.

*Idon. (to Host.)* Farewell!*Host.*

Gentle pilgrims,  
St. Cuthbert speed you on your holy errand.

[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

SCENE, a desolate Moor.

OSWALD (*alone.*)

*Osw.* Carry him to the camp! Yes, to the camp.  
O, Wisdom! a most wise resolve! and then,  
That half a word should blow it to the winds!  
This last device must end my work. — Methinks  
It were a pleasant pastime to construct  
A scale and table of belief — as thus —  
Two columns, one for passion, one for proof;  
Each rises as the other falls: and first,  
Passion a unit and *against* us — proof —  
Nay, we must travel in another path,  
Or we're stuck fast for ever; — passion then,  
Shall be a unit *for* us; proof — no, passion!  
We'll not insult thy majesty by time,  
Person, and place — the where, the when, the how,  
And all particulars that dull brains require  
To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,  
They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstration.  
A whipping to the moralists who preach  
That misery is a sacred thing: for me,  
I know no cheaper engine to degrade a man,  
Nor any half so sure. This stripling's mind  
Is shaken till the dregs float on the surface;  
And, in the storm and anguish of the heart,  
He talks of a transition in his soul  
And dreams that he is happy. We dissect  
The senseless body, and why not the mind? —  
These are strange sights — the mind of man upturned,  
Is in all natures a strange spectacle;  
In some a hideous one — hem! shall I stop?  
No. — Thoughts and feelings will sink deep, but then  
They have no substance. Pass but a few minutes,  
And something shall be done which memory  
May touch, whene'er her vassals are at work.

*Enter MARMADUKE, from behind.**Osw. (turning to meet him.)* But listen, for  
my peace —*Mar.* Why, I believe you.*Osw.* But hear the proofs —

*Mar.* Ay, prove that when two peas  
Lie snugly in a pod, the pod must then  
Be larger than the peas — prove this — 't were matter  
Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream  
It ever could be otherwise!

*Osw.* Last night  
When I returned with water from the brook,  
I overheard the villains — every word  
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.  
Said one, "It is agreed on. The blind man  
Shall feign a sudden illness, and the girl,  
Who on her journey must proceed alone,  
Under pretence of violence, be seized.  
She is," continued the detested slave,  
"She is right willing — strange if she were not! —  
They say, Lord Clifford is a savage man;  
But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,  
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's harp,

There's witchery in't. I never knew a maid  
That could withstand it. True," continued he,  
"When we arranged the affair, she wept a little  
(Not the less welcome to my lord for that)  
And said, 'My father he will have it so.'"

*Mar.* I am your hearer.

*Osw.* This I caught, and more  
That may not be retold to any ear.  
The obstinate bolt of a small iron door  
Detained them near the gateway of the castle.  
By a dim lantern's light I saw that wreaths  
Of flowers were in their hands, as if designed  
For festive decoration; and they said,  
With brutal laughter and most foul allusion,  
That they should share the banquet with their lord  
And his new favourite.

*Mar.* Misery! —

*Osw.* I knew  
How you would be disturbed by this dire news,  
And therefore chose this solitary moor,  
Here to impart the tale, of which, last night,  
I strove to ease my mind, when our two comrades,  
Commissioned by the band, burst in upon us.

*Mar.* Last night, when moved to lift the avenging  
steel,

I did believe all things were shadows — yea,  
Living or dead all things were bodiless,  
Or but the mutual mockeries of body,  
Till that same star summoned me back again.  
Now I could laugh till my ribs ached. O, fool!  
To let a creed, built in the heart of things,  
Dissolve before a twinkling atom! — Oswald,  
I could fetch lessons out of wiser schools  
Than you have entered, were it worth the pains.  
Young as I am I might go forth a teacher,  
And you should see how deeply I could reason  
Of love in all its shapes, beginnings, ends;  
Of moral qualities in their diverse aspects;  
Of actions, and their laws and tendencies.

*Osw.* You take it as it merits —

*Mar.* One a king,

General or cham, sultan or emperor,  
Strews twenty acres of good meadow-ground  
With carcasses, in lineament and shape  
And substance, nothing differing from his own,  
But that they cannot stand up of themselves;  
Another sits i' th' sun, and by the hour  
Floats kingcups in the brook — a hero one  
We call, and scorn the other as Time's spendthrift;  
But have they not a world of common ground  
To occupy — both fools, or wise alike,  
Each in his way?

*Osw.* Troth, I begin to think so.

*Mar.* Now for the corner-stone of my philosophy:  
I would not give a denier for the man  
Who, on such provocation as this earth  
Yields, could not chuck his babe beneath the chin,  
And send it with a fillip to its grave.

*Osw.* Nay, you leave me behind.

*Mar.*

That such a one,

So pious in demeanour! in his look  
So saintly and so pure! — Hark'ee, my friend,  
I'll plant myself before Lord Clifford's castle,  
A surly mastiff kennels at the gate,  
And he shall howl and I will laugh, a medley  
Most tunable.

*Osw.* In faith, a pleasant scheme;  
But take your sword along with you, for that  
Might in such neighbourhood find seemly use. —  
But first, how wash our hands of this old man?

*Mar.* Oh yes, that mole, that viper in the path;  
Plague on my memory, him I had forgotten.

*Osw.* You know we left him sitting — see him yonder.

*Mar.* Ha! ha! —

*Osw.* As 't will be but a moment's work,  
I will stroll on; you follow when 't is done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Moor at a short  
distance — HERBERT is discovered seated on a stone.

*Her.* A sound of laughter, too! — 't is well — I feared,  
The stranger had some pitiable sorrow  
Pressing upon his solitary heart.

Hush! — 't is the feeble and earth-loving wind  
That creeps along the bells of the crisp heather.  
Alas! 't is cold — I shiver in the sunshine —  
What can this mean? There is a psalm that speaks  
Of God's parental mercies — with Idonea  
I used to sing it. — Listen — what foot is there?

*Enter MARMADUKE.*

*Mar.* (*aside — looking at HERBERT.*) And I have  
loved this man! and *she* hath loved him!  
And I loved her, and she loves the Lord Clifford!  
And there it ends; — if this be not enough  
To make mankind merry for evermore,  
Then plain it is as day, that eyes were made  
For a wise purpose — verily to weep with!

[*Looking round.*]

A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece  
Of Nature, finished with most curious skill!  
(*To HERBERT.*) Good Baron, have you ever practised  
tillage?

Pray tell me what this land is worth by the acre?

*Her.* How glad I am to hear your voice! I know  
not

Wherein I have offended you; — last night  
I found in you the kindest of protectors;  
This morning, when I spoke of weariness,  
You from my shoulder took my scrip and threw it  
About your own; but for these two hours past  
Once only have you spoken, when the lark  
Whirred from among the fern beneath our feet,  
And I, no coward in my better days,  
Was almost terrified.

*Mar.* That's excellent! —

So, you bethought you of the many ways



In which a man may come to his end, whose crimes  
Have roused all nature up against him — pshaw! —

*Her.* For mercy's sake is nobody in sight?  
No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

*Mar.* Not a soul:  
Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and bare,  
That turns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-green moss  
From the stern breathing of the rough sea-wind;  
This have we, but no other company:  
Commend me to the place. If a man should die  
And leave his body here, it were all one  
As he were twenty fathoms underground.

*Her.* Where is our common friend?

*Mar.* A ghost, methinks —  
The spirit of a murdered man, for instance —  
Might have fine room to ramble about here,  
A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

*Her.* Lost man! if thou hast any close-pent guilt  
Pressing upon thy heart, and this the hour  
Of visitation —

*Mar.* A bold word from you!

*Her.* Restore him, Heaven!

*Mar.* The desperate wretch! — A flower,  
Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but now  
They have snapped her from the stem — Poh! let her lie  
Besoiled with mire, and let the houseless snail  
Feed on her leaves. You knew her well — ay, there,  
Old man! you were a very lynx, you knew  
The worm was in her —

*Her.* Mercy! Sir, what mean you?

*Mar.* You have a daughter!

*Her.* O, that she were here! —  
She hath an eye that sinks into all hearts,  
And if I have in aught offended you,  
Soon would her gentle voice make peace between us.

*Mar. (aside.)* I do believe he weeps — I could weep  
too —

There is a vein of her voice that runs through his:  
Even such a man my fancy boded forth  
From the first moment that I loved the maid;  
And for his sake I loved her more: these tears —  
I did not think that aught was left in me  
Of what I have been — yes, I thank thee, Heaven!  
One happy thought has passed across my mind.  
— It may not be — I am cut off from man;  
No more shall I be man — no more shall I  
Have human feelings! — (*To HERBERT.*) — Now for a  
little more

About your daughter!

*Her.* Troops of armed men,  
Met in the roads, would bless us; little children,  
Rushing along in the full tide of play,  
Stood silent as we passed them! I have heard  
The boisterous carman, in the miry road,  
Check his loud whip and hail us with mild voice,  
And speak with milder voice to his poor beasts.

*Mar.* And whither were you going?

*Her.* Learn, young man,  
To fear the virtuous and reverence misery,

Whether too much for patience, or, like mine,  
Softened till it becomes a gift of mercy.

*Mar.* Now, this is as it should be!

*Her.* I am weak! —

My daughter does not know how weak I am;  
And, as thou see'st, under the arch of heaven  
Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness,  
By the good God, our common Father, doomed! —  
But I had once a spirit and an arm —

*Mar.* Now, for a word about your Barony:  
I fancy when you left the Holy Land,  
And came to — what's your title — eh? your claims  
Were undisputed!

*Her.* Like a mendicant,  
Whom no one comes to meet, I stood alone; —  
I murmured — but, remembering Him who feeds  
The pelican and ostrich of the desert,  
From my own threshold I looked up to Heaven  
And did not want glimmerings of quiet hope.  
So, from the court I passed, and down the brook,  
Led by its murmur, to the ancient oak  
I came; and when I felt its cooling shade,  
I sat me down, and cannot but believe —  
While in my lap I held my little babe  
And clasped her to my heart, my heart that ached  
More with delight than grief — I heard a voice  
Such as by Cherith on Elijah called;  
It said, "I will be with thee." A little boy,  
A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance was gone,  
Hailed us as if he had been sent from heaven,  
And said with tears, that he would be our guide:  
I had a better guide — that innocent babe —  
Her, who hath saved me, to this hour, from harm,  
From cold, from hunger, penury, and death;  
To whom I owe the best of all the good  
I have, or wish for, upon earth — and more  
And higher far than lies within earth's bounds:  
Therefore I bless her: when I think of man,  
I bless her with sad spirit, — when of God,  
I bless her in the fulness of my joy!

*Mar.* The name of daughter in his mouth, he prays!  
With nerves so steady, that the very flies  
Sit unmolested on his staff — Innocent! —  
If he were innocent — then he would tremble  
And be disturbed, as I am. (*Turning aside.*) I have  
read

In story, what men now alive have witnessed,  
How, when the people's mind was wracked with doubt,  
Appeal was made to the great Judge: the accused  
With naked feet walked over burning ploughshares.  
Here is a man by nature's hand prepared  
For a like trial, but more merciful.  
Why else have I been led to this bleak waste?  
Bare is it, without house or track, and destitute  
Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea.  
Here will I leave him — here — All-seeing God!  
Such as he is, and sore perplexed as I am;  
I will commit him to this final Ordeal! —  
He heard a voice — a shepherd-lad came to him

And was his guide; if once, why not again,  
And in this desert! If never — then the whole  
Of what he says, and looks, and does, and is,  
Makes up one damning falsehood. Leave him here  
To cold and hunger! — Pain is of the heart,  
And what are a few throes of bodily suffering  
If they can waken one pang of remorse!

[Goes up to HERBERT.]

Old man! my wrath is as a flame burnt out,  
It cannot be rekindled. Thou art here  
Led by my hand to save thee from perdition;  
Thou wilt have time to breathe and think —

Her. O, mercy!

Mar. I know the need that all men have of mercy,  
And therefore leave thee to a righteous judgment.

Her. My child, my blessed child!

Mar. No more of that;  
Thou wilt have many guides if thou art innocent;  
Yes, from the utmost corners of the earth,  
That woman will come o'er this waste to save thee.

[He pauses and looks at HERBERT'S staff.]

Ha! what is here? and carved by her own hand!

[Reads upon the staff.]

"I am eyes to the blind, saith the Lord.

He that puts his trust in me shall not fail!"

Yes, be it so; — repent and be forgiven —

God and that staff are now thy only guides.

[He leaves HERBERT on the Moor.]

SCENE, an eminence, a Beacon on the summit.

LACY, WALLACE, LENNOX, &c. &c.

Several of the Band. (confusedly.) But patience!

One of the Band. Curses on that traitor,  
Oswald! —

Our Captain made a prey to foul device! —

Len. (to Wal.) His tool, the wandering beggar,  
made last night

A plain confession, such as leaves no doubt,  
Knowing what otherwise we know too well,  
That she revealed the truth. Stand by me now;  
For rather would I have a nest of vipers  
Between my breast-plate and my skin, than make  
Oswald my special enemy, if you  
Deny me your support.

Lacy. We have been fooled —  
But for the motive!

Wal. Natures such as his  
Spin motives out of their own bowels, Lacy!  
I learned this when I was a Confessor.  
I know him well; there needs no other motive  
Than that most strange incontinence in crime  
Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life to him  
And breath and being; where he cannot govern,  
He will destroy.

Lacy. To have been trapped like moles! —  
Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for motives:  
There is no crime from which this man would shrink;

He recks not human law; and I have noticed  
That often when the name of God is uttered,  
A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

Len. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride has built  
Some uncouth superstition of its own.

Wal. I have seen traces of it.

Len. Once he headed

A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;  
And when the King of Denmark summoned him  
To the oath of fealty, I well remember,  
'T was a strange answer that he made; he said,  
"I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in heaven."

Lacy. He is no madman.

Wal. A most subtle doctor  
Were that man, who could draw the line that parts  
Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from Madness,  
That should be scourged, not pitied. Restless minds,  
Such minds as find amid their fellow men  
No heart that loves them, none that they can love,  
Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy  
In dim relation to imagined beings.

One of the Band. What if he mean to offer up our  
Captain

An expiation and a sacrifice  
To those infernal fiends!

Wal. Now, if the event  
Should prove as Lennox has foretold, then swear,  
My friends, his heart shall have as many wounds  
As there are daggers here.

Lacy. What need of swearing!

One of the Band. Let us away!

Another. Away!

A third. Hark! how the horns  
Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the vale.

Lacy. Stay you behind; and when the sun is down,  
Light up this beacon.

One of the Band. You shall be obeyed.

[They go out together.]

SCENE, the Wood on the edge of the Moor.

MARMADUKE (alone.)

Mar. Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond human  
thought,

Yet calm. — I could believe, that there was here  
The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,  
Remembered terror, there is peace and rest.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! my dear Captain.

Mar. A later meeting, Oswald,  
Would have been better timed.

Osw. Alone, I see;  
You have done your duty. I had hopes, which now  
I feel that you will justify.

Mar. I had fears,  
From which I have freed myself — but 't is my wish  
To be alone, and therefore we must part.

*Osw.* Nay, then—I am mistaken. There's a weakness

About you still; you talk of solitude—  
I am your friend.

*Mar.* What need of this assurance  
At any time? and why given now?

*Osw.* Because  
You are now in truth my master; you have taught me  
What there is not another living man  
Had strength to teach;—and therefore gratitude  
Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

*Mar.* Wherefore press this on me?

*Osw.* Because I feel  
That you have shown, and by a signal instance,  
How they who would be just must seek the rule  
By diving for it into their own bosoms.  
To-day you have thrown off a tyranny  
That lives but in the torpid acquiescence  
Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny  
Of the world's masters, with the musty rules  
By which they uphold their craft from age to age:  
You have obeyed the only law that sense  
Submits to recognise; the immediate law,  
From the clear light of circumstances, flashed  
Upon an independent intellect.  
Henceforth new prospects open on your path;  
Your faculties should grow with the demand;  
I still will be your friend, will cleave to you  
Through good and evil, obloquy and scorn,  
Oft as they dare to follow on your steps.

*Mar.* I would be left alone.

*Osw.* (*exultingly.*) I know your motives!  
I am not of the world's presumptuous judges,  
Who damn where they can neither see nor feel,  
With a hard-hearted ignorance; your struggles  
I witnessed, and now hail your victory.

*Mar.* Spare me awhile that greeting

*Osw.* It may be,  
That some there are, squeamish half-thinking cowards,  
Who will turn pale upon you, call you murderer,  
And you will walk in solitude among them.  
A mighty evil for a strong-built mind!—  
Join twenty tapers of unequal height  
And light them joined, and you will see the less  
How 't will burn down the taller; and they all  
Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude!—  
The eagle lives in solitude!

*Mar.* Even so,  
The sparrow so on the house-top, and I,  
The weakest of God's creatures, stand resolved  
To abide the issue of my act, alone.

*Osw.* Now would you? and for ever?—My young friend,

As time advances either we become  
The prey or masters of our own past deeds.  
Fellowship we *must* have, willing or no;  
And if good Angels fail, slack in their duty,  
Substitutes, turn our faces where we may,  
Are still forthcoming; some which, though they bear

Ill names, can render no ill services,  
In recompense for what themselves required.  
So meet extremes in this mysterious world,  
And opposites thus melt into each other.

*Mar.* Time, since man first drew breath, has never moved

With such a weight upon his wings as now;  
But they will soon be lightened.

*Osw.* Ay, look up—  
Cast round your mind's eye, and you will learn  
Fortitude is the child of Enterprise:  
Great actions move our admiration, chiefly  
Because they carry in themselves an earnest  
That we can suffer greatly.

*Mar.* Very true.

*Osw.* Action is transitory—a step, a blow,  
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—  
'T is done, and in the after-vacancy  
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:  
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,  
And shares the nature of infinity.

*Mar.* Truth—and I feel it.

*Osw.* What! if you had bid  
Eternal farewell to unmingled joy  
And the light dancing of the thoughtless heart;  
It is the toy of fools, and little fit  
For such a world as this. The wise abjure  
All thoughts whose idle composition lives  
In the entire forgetfulness of pain.  
—I see I have disturbed you.

*Mar.* By no means.

*Osw.* Compassion!—pity!—pride can do without them;  
And what if you should never know them more!—  
He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,  
Finds ease because another feels it too.  
If e'er I open out this heart of mine  
It shall be for a nobler end—to teach  
And not to purchase puling sympathy.  
—Nay, you are pale.

*Mar.* It may be so.

*Osw.* Remorse—  
It cannot live with thought; think on, think on,  
And it will die. What! in this universe,  
Where the least things control the greatest, where  
The faintest breath that breathes can move a world;  
What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,  
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been  
Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.

*Mar.* Now, whither are you wandering? That a man  
So used to suit his language to the time,  
Should thus so widely differ from himself—  
It is most strange.

*Osw.* Murder—what's in the word!—  
I have no cases by me ready made  
To fit all deeds. Carry him to the camp!—  
A shallow project;—you of late have seen  
More deeply, taught us that the institutes  
Of nature, by a cunning usurpation

Banished from human intercourse, exist  
Only in our relations to the brutes  
That make the fields their dwelling. If a snake  
Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask  
A license to destroy him: our good governors  
Hedge in the life of every pest and plague  
That bears the shape of man; and for what purpose,  
But to protect themselves from extirpation! —  
This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.

*Mar.* My office is fulfilled — the man is now  
Delivered to the Judge of all things.

*Osw.* Dead!

*Mar.* I have borne my burthen to its destined end.

*Osw.* This instant we'll return to our companions —  
O, how I long to see their faces again!

*Enter IDONEA, with Pilgrims who continue their journey.*

*Idon. (after some time.)* What, Marmaduke! now  
thou art mine for ever.

And Oswald, too! (*To MARMADUKE.*) On will we to  
my father

With the glad tidings which this day hath brought;  
We'll go together, and such proof received  
Of his own rights restored, his gratitude  
To God above will make him feel for ours.

*Osw.* I interrupt you

*Idon.* Think not so.

*Mar.* Idonea,

That I should ever live to see this moment!

*Idon.* Forgive me.—Oswald knows it all—he knows  
Each word of that unhappy letter fell  
As a blood drop from my heart.

*Osw.* 'T was even so.

*Mar.* I have much to say, but for whose ear! — not  
thine.

*Idon.* Ill can I bear that look—Plead for me, Oswald!  
You are my father's friend.

(*To MARMADUKE.*) Alas, you know not,  
And never can you know, how much he loved me.  
Twice had he been to me a father, twice  
Had given me breath, and was I not to be  
His daughter, once his daughter? could I withstand  
His pleading face, and feel his clasping arms,  
And hear his prayer that I would not forsake him  
In his old age — [*Hides her face.*]

*Mar.* Patience — Heaven grant me patience! —  
She weeps, she weeps — my brain shall burn for  
hours  
Ere I can shed a tear.

*Idon.* I was a woman;  
And, balancing the hopes that are the dearest  
To womankind with duty to my father,  
I yielded up those precious hopes, which nought  
On earth could else have wrested from me; — if erring,  
O, let me be forgiven!

*Mar.* I do forgive thee.

*Idon.* But take me to your arms — this breast, alas!  
It throbs, and you have a heart that does not feel it.

*Mar. (exultingly.)* She is innocent.

[*He embraces her.*]

*Osw. (aside.)* Were I a moralist,

I should make wondrous revolution here;

It were a quaint experiment to show

The beauty of truth — [*Addressing them.*]

I see I interrupt you;

I shall have business with you, Marmaduke;

Follow me to the hostel. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

*Idon.* Marmaduke,

This is a happy day. My father soon

Shall sun himself before his native doors;

The lame, the hungry, will be welcome there.

No more shall he complain of wasted strength,

Of thoughts that fail, and a decaying heart;

His good works will be balm and life to him.

*Mar.* This is most strange! — I know not what it was,  
But there was something which most plainly said,

That thou wert innocent.

*Idon.* How innocent! —

O, heavens! you've been deceived.

*Mar.* Thou art a woman,

To bring perdition on the universe.

*Idon.* Already I've been punished to the height

Of my offence. [*Smiling affectionately.*]

I see you love me still,

The labours of my hand are still your joy;

Bethink you of the hour when on your shoulder

I hung this belt.

[*Pointing to the belt on which was suspended  
HERBERT'S scrip.*]

*Mar.* Mercy of Heaven! [*Sinks.*]

*Idon.* What ails you! [*Distractedly.*]

*Mar.* The scrip that held his food, and I forgot  
To give it back again!

*Idon.* What mean your words?

*Mar.* I know not what I said — all may be well.

*Idon.* That smile hath life in it!

*Mar.* This road is perilous;

I will attend you to a hut that stands

Near the wood's edge — rest there to-night, I pray you:

For me, I have business, as you heard, with Oswald,

But will return to you by break of day. [*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT IV.

SCENE, A desolate prospect — a ridge of rocks — a  
Chapel on the summit of one — Moon behind the  
rocks — night stormy — irregular sound of a bell —  
HERBERT enters exhausted.

*Her.* That chapel-bell in mercy seemed to guide me,  
But now it mocks my steps: its fitful stroke  
Can scarcely be the work of human hands.

Hear me, ye men, upon the cliffs, if such  
There be who pray nightly before the Altar.

O, that I had but strength to reach the place!

My child — my child — dark — dark — I faint — this wind —  
These stifling blasts — God help me!



Enter ELDRED.

*Eld.* Better this bare rock,  
Though it were tottering over a man's head,  
Than a tight case of dungeon walls for shelter  
From such rough dealing.

[A moaning voice is heard.

Ha! what sound is that?

Trees creaking in the wind (but none are here)  
Send forth such noises — and that weary bell!  
Surely some evil spirit abroad to-night  
Is ringing it — 't would stop a saint in prayer,  
And that — what is it? never was sound so like  
A human groan. Ha! what is here? Poor man —  
Murdered! alas! speak — speak, I am your friend:  
No answer — hush — lost wretch, he lifts his hand  
And lays it to his heart — (*Kneels to him.*) I pray you  
speak!

What has befallen you?

*Her. (feebly.)* A stranger has done this,  
And in the arms of a stranger I must die.

*Eld.* Nay, think not so: come, let me raise you up:

[*Raises him.*

This is a dismal place — well — that is well —  
I was too fearful — take me for your guide  
And your support — my hut is not far off.

[*Draws him gently off the stage.*

SCENE, a room in the Hostel — MARMADUKE and  
OSWALD.

*Mar.* But for Idonea! — I have cause to think  
That she is innocent.

*Osw.* Leave that thought awhile,  
As one of those beliefs which in their hearts  
Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no better  
Than feathers clinging to their points of passion.  
This day's event has laid on me the duty  
Of opening out my story; you must hear it,  
And without further preface. — In my youth,  
Except for that abatement which is paid  
By envy as a tribute to desert,  
I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling  
Of every tongue — as you are now. You've heard  
That I embarked for Syria. On our voyage  
Was hatched among the crew a foul conspiracy  
Against my honour, in the which our captain  
Was, I believed, prime agent. The wind fell;  
We lay becalmed week after week, until  
The water of the vessel was exhausted;  
I felt a double fever in my veins,  
Yet rage suppressed itself; — to a deep stillness  
Did my pride tame my pride; — for many days,  
On a dead sea under a burning sky,  
I brooded o'er my injuries, deserted  
By man and nature; — if a breeze had blown,  
It might have found its way into my heart,  
And I had been — no matter — do you mark me?

*Mar.* Quick — to the point — if any untold crime  
Doth haunt your memory.

*Osw.* Patience, hear me further! —  
One day in silence did we drift at noon  
By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and bare;  
No food was there, no drink, no grass, no shade,  
No tree, nor jutting eminence, nor form  
Inanimate large as the body of man,  
Nor any living thing whose lot of life  
Might stretch beyond the measure of one moon.  
To dig for water on the spot, the captain  
Landed with a small troop, myself being one:  
There I reproached him with his treachery.  
Imperious at all times, his temper rose;  
He struck me; and that instant had I killed him,  
And put an end to his insolence, but my comrades  
Rushed in between us; then did I insist  
(All hated him, and I was stung to madness)  
That we should leave him there, alive! — we did so.

*Mar.* And he was famished?

*Osw.* Naked was the spot;  
Methinks I see it now — how in the sun  
Its stony surface glittered like a shield;  
And in that miserable place we left him,  
Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures  
Not one of which could help him while alive,  
Or mourn him dead.

*Mar.* A man by men cast off,  
Left without burial! nay, not dead nor dying,  
But standing, walking, stretching forth his arms,  
In all things like ourselves, but in the agony  
With which he called for mercy; and — even so —  
He was forsaken?

*Osw.* There is a power in sounds:  
The cries he uttered might have stopped the boat  
That bore us through the water —

*Mar.* You returned  
Upon that dismal hearing — did you not?

*Osw.* Some scoffed at him with hellish mockery,  
And laughed so loud it seemed that the smooth sea  
Did from some distant region echo us.

*Mar.* We all are of one blood, our veins are filled  
At the same poisonous fountain!

*Osw.* 'T was an island  
Only by sufferance of the winds and waves,  
Which with their foam could cover it at will.  
I know not how he perished; but the calm,  
The same dead calm continued many days.

*Mar.* But his own crime had brought on him this  
doom,  
His wickedness prepared it; these expedients  
Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.

*Osw.* The man was famished, and was innocent!

*Mar.* Impossible!

*Osw.* The man had never wronged me.

*Mar.* Banish the thought, crush it, and be at peace.  
His guilt was marked — these things could never be  
Were there not eyes that see, and for good ends,  
Where ours are baffled.

Osw. I had been deceived.

Mar. And from that hour the miserable man  
No more was heard of?

Osw. I had been betrayed.

Mar. And he found no deliverance!

Osw. The crew  
Gave me a hearty welcome; they had laid  
The plot to rid themselves, at any cost,  
Of a tyrannic master whom they loathed.  
So we pursued our voyage: when we landed,  
The tale was spread abroad; my power at once  
Shrunk from me; plans and schemes, and lofty hopes—  
All vanished. I gave way—do you attend?

Mar. The crew deceived you?

Osw. Nay, command yourself.

Mar. It is a dismal night—how the wind howls!

Osw. I hid my head within a convent, there  
Lay passive as a dormouse in mid winter.  
That was no life for me—I was o'erthrown,  
But not destroyed.

Mar. The proofs—you ought to have seen  
The guilt—have touched it—felt it at your heart—  
As I have done.

Osw. A fresh tide of crusaders  
Drove by the place of my retreat: three nights  
Did constant meditation dry my blood;  
Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,  
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way;  
And wheresoe'er I turned me, I beheld  
A slavery compared to which the dungeon  
And clanking chains are perfect liberty.  
You understand me—I was comforted;  
I saw that every possible shape of action  
Might lead to good—I saw it and burst forth  
Thirsting for some of those exploits that fill  
The earth for sure redemption of lost peace.

[Marking MARMADUKE's countenance.]

Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity  
Subsided in a moment, like a wind  
That drops down dead out of a sky it vexed.  
And yet I had within me evermore  
A salient spring of energy; I mounted  
From action up to action with a mind  
That never rested—without meat or drink  
Have I lived many days—my sleep was bound  
To purposes of reason—not a dream  
But had a continuity and substance  
That waking life had never power to give.

Mar. O wretched human-kind!—Until the mystery  
Of all this world is solved, well may we envy  
The worm, that, underneath a stone whose weight  
Would crush the lion's paw with mortal anguish,  
Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep, in safety.  
Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those traitors?

Osw. Give not to them a thought. From Palestine  
We marched to Syria: oft I left the camp,  
When all that multitude of hearts was still,  
And followed on, through woods of gloomy cedar,  
Into deep chasms troubled by roaring streams;

Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed  
The moonlight desert, and the moonlight sea:  
In these, my lonely wanderings, I perceived  
What mighty objects do impress their forms  
To elevate our intellectual being;  
And felt, if aught on earth deserves a curse,  
'Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms  
A thing so great to perish self-consumed.  
—So much for my remorse!

Mar. Unhappy man!

Osw. When from these forms I turned to contem-  
plate

The world's opinions and her usages,  
I seemed a being who had passed alone  
Into a region of futurity,  
Whose natural element was freedom—

Mar. Stop—

I may not, cannot, follow thee.

Osw. You must.

I have been nourished by the sickly food  
Of popular applause. I now perceived  
That we are praised, only as men in us  
Do recognise some image of themselves,  
An abject counterpart of what they are,  
Or the empty thing that they would wish to be.  
I felt that merit has no surer test  
Than obloquy; that, if we wish to serve  
The world in substance, not deceive by show,  
We must become obnoxious to its hate,  
Or fear disguised in simulated scorn.

Mar. I pity, can forgive, you; but those wretches—  
That monstrous perfidy!

Osw. Keep down your wrath.

False Shame discarded, spurious Fame despised,  
Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found  
Life stretched before me smooth as some broad way  
Cleared for a monarch's progress. Priests might spin  
Their veil, but not for me—'t was in fit place  
Among its kindred cobwebs. I had been,  
And in that dream had left my native land,  
One of Love's simple bondsmen—the soft chain  
Was off for ever; and the men, from whom  
This liberation came, you would destroy:  
Join me in thanks for their blind services.

Mar. 'Tis a strange aching that, when we would  
curse

And cannot,—You have betrayed me—I have done—  
I am content—I know that he is guiltless—  
That both are guiltless, without spot or stain,  
Mutually consecrated. Poor old man!  
And I had heart for this, because thou lovedst  
Her who from very infancy had been  
Light to thy path, warmth to thy blood!—Together

[Turning to OSWALD.]

We propped his steps, he leaned upon us both.

Osw. Ay, we are coupled by a chain of adamant;  
Let us be fellow-labourers, then, to enlarge  
Man's intellectual empire. We subsist  
In slavery; all is slavery; we receive

Laws, but we ask not whence those laws have come;  
We need an inward sting to goad us on.

*Mar.* Have you betrayed me? Speak to that.

*Osw.* The mask,

Which for a season I have stooped to wear,  
Must be cast off. — Know then that I was urged,  
(For other impulse let it pass) was driven  
To seek for sympathy, because I saw  
In you a mirror of my youthful self;  
I would have made us equal once again,  
But that was a vain hope. You have struck home,  
With a few drops of blood cut short the business;  
Therein for ever you must yield to me.  
But what is done will save you from the blank  
Of living without knowledge that you live:  
Now you are suffering — for the future day,  
'Tis his who will command it — Think of my story —  
Herbert is innocent.

*Mar.* (in a faint voice, and doubtingly.) You do  
but echo

My own wild words?

*Osw.* Young man, the seed must lie  
Hid in the earth, or there can be no harvest;  
'Tis nature's law. What I have done in darkness  
I will avow before the face of day.  
Herbert is innocent.

*Mar.* What fiend could prompt  
This action? Innocent! — O, breaking heart! —  
Alive or dead, I'll find him. [Exit.

*Osw.* Alive — perdition! [Exit.

SCENE, the inside of a poor Cottage.

ELEANOR and IDONEA seated.

*Idon.* The storm beats hard — Mercy for poor or rich,  
Whose heads are shelterless in such a night!

A Voice without. Holla! to bed, good folks, within!

*Elea.* O save us!

*Idon.* What can this mean?

*Elea.* Alas, for my poor husband! —  
We'll have a counting of our flocks to-morrow;  
The wolf keeps festival these stormy nights:  
Be calm, sweet lady, they are wassailers

[The voices die away in the distance.

Returning from their feast — my heart beats so —

A noise at midnight does so frighten me.

*Idon.* Hush! [Listening.

*Elea.* They are gone. On such a night, my  
husband,

Dragged from his bed, was cast into a dungeon,  
Where, hid from me, he counted many years,  
A criminal in no one's eyes but theirs —  
Not even in theirs — whose brutal violence  
So dealt with him.

*Idon.* I have a noble friend  
First among youths of knightly breeding, one  
Who lives but to protect the weak or injured.  
There again! [Listening.

*Elea.* 'Tis my husband's foot. Good Eldred  
Has a kind heart; but his imprisonment  
Has made him fearful, and he'll never be  
The man he was.

*Idon.* I will retire; — good night!

[She goes within.

Enter ELDRED, (hides a bundle.)

*Eld.* Not yet in bed, Eleanor! — there are stains in  
that frock which must be washed out.

*Elea.* What has befallen you?

*Eld.* I am belated, and you must know the cause —  
(speaking low) that is the blood of an unhappy man.

*Elea.* Oh! we are undone for ever.

*Eld.* Heaven forbid that I should lift my hand against  
any man. Eleanor, I have shed tears to-night, and it  
comforts me to think of it.

*Elea.* Where, where is he?

*Eld.* I have done him no harm, but — it will be  
forgiven me; it would not have been so once.

*Elea.* You have not buried any thing! You are no  
richer than when you left me!

*Eld.* Be at peace; I am innocent.

*Elea.* Then God be thanked —

[A short pause; she falls upon his neck.

*Eld.* To-night I met with an old man lying stretched  
upon the ground — a sad spectacle: I raised him up with  
a hope that we might shelter and restore him.

*Elea.* (as if ready to run.) Where is he? You were  
not able to bring him all the way with you; let us re-  
turn, I can help you. [ELDRED shakes his head.

*Eld.* He did not seem to wish for life: as I was  
struggling on, by the light of the moon I saw the stains  
of blood upon my clothes — he waved his hand as if it  
were all useless: and I let him sink again to the ground.

*Elea.* O, that I had been by your side!

*Eld.* I tell you his hands and his body were cold —  
how could I disturb his last moments? he strove to turn  
from me as if he wished to settle into sleep.

*Elea.* But, for the stains of blood —

*Eld.* He must have fallen, I fancy, for his head was  
cut; but I think his malady was cold and hunger.

*Elea.* O, Eldred, I shall never be able to look up at  
this roof in storm or fair but I shall tremble.

*Eld.* Is it not enough that my ill stars have kept me  
abroad to-night till this hour? I come home, and this is  
my comfort!

*Elea.* But did he say nothing which might have set  
you at ease?

*Eld.* I thought he grasped my hand while he was  
muttering something about his child — his daughter —  
(starting as if he heard a noise.) What is that?

*Elea.* Eldred, you are a father.

*Eld.* God knows what was in my heart, and will not  
curse my son for my sake.

*Elea.* But you prayed by him? you waited the hour  
of his release?

*Eld.* The night was wasting fast; I have no friend;  
I am spited by the world — his wound terrified me — if I



had brought him along with me, and he had died in my arms!—I am sure I heard something breathing—and this chair!

*Elea.* O, Eldred, you will die alone. You will have nobody to close your eyes—no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall be in my grave. A curse will attend us all.

*Eld.* Have you forgot your own troubles when I was in the dungeon?

*Elea.* And you left him alive?

*Eld.* Alive!—the damps of death were upon him—he could not have survived an hour.

*Elea.* In the cold, cold night.

*Eld.* (in a savage tone.) Ay, and his head was bare; I suppose you would have had me lend my bonnet to cover it.—You will never rest till I am brought to a felon's end.

*Elea.* Is there nothing to be done? cannot we go to the Convent?

*Eld.* Ay, and say at once that I murdered him?

*Elea.* Eldred, I know that ours is the only house upon the waste; let us take heart; this man may be rich; and could he be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us.

*Eld.* 'Tis all in vain.

*Elea.* But let us make the attempt. This old man may have a wife, and he may have children—let us return to the spot; we may restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon those that love him.

*Eld.* He will never open them more; even when he spoke to me, he kept them firmly sealed as if he had been blind.

*Idon.* (rushing out.) It is, it is my father—

*Eld.* We are betrayed. (looking at IDONEA.)

*Elea.* His daughter!—God have mercy! (turning to IDONEA.)

*Idon.* (sinking down.) Oh! lift me up and carry me to the place.

You are safe; the whole world shall not harm you.

*Elea.* This lady is his daughter.

*Eld.* (moved.) I'll lead you to the spot.

*Idon.* (springing up.) Alive!—you heard him breathe? quick, quick— [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE, A wood on the edge of the Waste.

Enter OSWALD and a Forester.

*For.* He leaned upon the bridge that spans the glen,  
And down into the bottom cast his eye,  
That fastened there, as it would check the current.

*Osw.* He listened too; did you not say he listened?

*For.* As if there came such moaning from the flood  
As is heard often after stormy nights.

*Osw.* But did he utter nothing?

*For.* See him there!

MARMADUKE appearing.

*Mar.* Buzz, buzz, ye black and winged freebooters;  
That is no substance which ye settle on!

*For.* His senses play him false; and see, his arms  
Outspread, as if to save himself from falling!—

Some terrible phantom I believe is now  
Passing before him, such as God will not  
Permit to visit any but a man

Who has been guilty of some horrid crime.

[MARMADUKE disappears.]

*Osw.* The game is up!—

*For.* If it be needful, Sir,  
I will assist you to lay hands upon him.

*Osw.* No, no, my friend, you may pursue your business—

'Tis a poor wretch of an unsettled mind,  
Who has a trick of straying from his keepers;  
We must be gentle: leave him to my care.

[Exit Forester.]

If his own eyes play false with him, these freaks  
Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by mine;  
The goal is reached. My master shall become  
A shadow of myself—made by myself.

SCENE, the edge of the Moor.

MARMADUKE and ELDRED enter from opposite sides.

*Mar.* (raising his eyes and perceiving ELDRED.) In  
any corner of this savage waste,  
Have you, good peasant, seen a blind old man?

*Eld.* I heard—

*Mar.* You heard him, where? when heard  
him?

*Eld.* As you know,  
The first hours of last night were rough with storm:  
I had been out in search of a stray heifer;  
Returning late, I heard a moaning sound;  
Then, thinking that my fancy had deceived me,  
I hurried on, when straight a second moan,  
A human voice distinct, struck on my ear.  
So guided, distant a few steps, I found  
An aged man, and such as you describe.

*Mar.* You heard!—he called you to him? Of all  
men

The best and kindest!—but where is he? guide me,  
That I may see him.

*Eld.* On a ridge of rocks  
A lonesome chapel stands, deserted now:  
The bell is left, which no one dares remove;  
And, when the stormy wind blows o'er the peak,  
It rings, as if a human hand were there  
To pull the cord. I guess he must have heard it;  
And it had led him towards the precipice,  
To climb up to the spot whence the sound came;  
But he had failed through weakness. From his hand  
His staff had dropped, and close upon the brink  
Of a small pool of water he was laid,

As if he had stooped to drink, and so remained  
Without the strength to rise.

*Mar.* Well, well, he lives,  
And all is safe: what said he?

*Eld.* But few words:  
He only spake to me of a dear daughter,  
Who, so he feared, would never see him more;  
And of a stranger to him, one by whom  
He had been sore misused; but he forgave  
The wrong and the wrong-doer. You are troubled —  
Perhaps you are his son?

*Mar.* The All-seeing knows,  
I did not think he had a living child. —  
But whither did you carry him?

*Eld.* He was torn,  
His head was bruised, and there was blood about  
him —

*Mar.* That was no work of mine.

*Eld.* Nor was it mine.

*Mar.* But had he strength to walk! I could have  
borne him  
A thousand miles.

*Eld.* I am in poverty,  
And know how busy are the tongues of men;  
My heart was willing, Sir, but I am one  
Whose good deeds will not stand by their own light;  
And, though it smote me more than words can tell,  
I left him.

*Mar.* I believe that there are phantoms,  
That in the shape of man do cross our path  
On evil instigation, to make sport  
Of our distress — and thou art one of them!  
But things substantial have so pressed on me —

*Eld.* My wife and children came into my mind.

*Mar.* O, monster! monster! there are three of us,  
And we shall howl together.

[After a pause, and in a feeble voice.

I am deserted  
At my worst need, my crimes have in a net  
(Pointing to ELDRED.) Entangled this poor man. —

Where was it! where! [Dragging him along.

*Eld.* 'Tis needless; spare your violence. His  
daughter —

*Mar.* Ay, in the word a thousand scorpions lodge:  
This old man had a daughter.

*Eld.* To the spot  
I hurried back with her. — O save me, Sir,  
From such a journey! — there was a black tree,  
A single tree; she thought it was her father. —  
O, Sir, I would not see that hour again  
For twenty lives. The daylight dawned, and now —  
Nay; hear my tale, 't is fit that you should hear it —  
As we approached, a solitary crow  
Rose from the spot; — the daughter clapped her hands,  
And then I heard a shriek so terrible

[MARMADUKE shrinks back.

The startled bird quivered upon the wing.

*Mar.* Dead, dead! —

*Eld.* (after a pause.) A dismal matter, Sir, for me,

And seems the like for you: if 't is your wish,  
I'll lead you to his daughter; but 't were best  
That she should be prepared; I'll go before.

*Mar.* There will be need of preparation.

[ELDRÉD goes off.

*Elea.* (enters.)

Master!

Your limbs sink under you, shall I support you?

*Mar.* (taking her arm.) Woman, I've lent my body  
to the service

Which now thou takest upon thee. God forbid  
That thou shouldst ever meet a like occasion  
With such a purpose in thine heart as mine was.

*Elea.* O, why have I to do with things like these?

[Exit.

SCENE changes to the door of ELDRED'S cottage —

IDONEA seated — enter ELDRED.

*Eld.* Your father, lady, from a wilful hand  
Has met unkindness; so indeed he told me,  
And you remember such was my report:  
From what has just befallen me I have cause  
To fear the very worst.

*Idon.* My father is dead;  
Why dost thou come to me with words like these?

*Eld.* A wicked man should answer for his crime.

*Idon.* Thou seest me what I am.

*Eld.* It was most heinous,  
And doth call out for vengeance.

*Idon.* Do not add,  
I prithee, to the harm thou 'st done already.

*Eld.* Hereafter you will thank me for this service.  
Hard by, a man I met, who, from plain proofs  
Of interfering Heaven, I have no doubt,  
Laid hands upon your father. Fit it were  
You should prepare to meet him.

*Idon.* I have nothing  
To do with others; help me to my father —

[She turns and sees MARMADUKE leaning on  
ELEANOR — throws herself upon his neck,  
and after some time,

In joy I met thee, but a few hours past;  
And thus we meet again; one human stay  
Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so.

*Mar.* In such a wilderness — to see no thing,  
No, not the pitying moon!

*Idon.* And perish so.

*Mar.* Without a dog to moan for him.

*Idon.* Think not of it,  
But enter there and see him how he sleeps,  
Tranquil as he had died in his own bed.

*Mar.* Tranquil — why not?

*Idon.* O, peace!

*Mar.* He is at peace;  
His body is at rest; there was a plot,  
A hideous plot, against the soul of man:  
It took effect — and yet I baffled it,  
In some degree.

*Idon.* Between us stood, I thought,

A cup of consolation, filled from Heaven  
For both our needs; must I, and in thy presence,  
Alone partake of it? — Beloved Marmaduke!

*Mar.* Give me a reason why the wisest thing  
That the earth owns shall never choose to die,  
But some one must be near to count his groans.  
The wounded deer retires to solitude,  
And dies in solitude: all things but man,  
All die in solitude. [*Moving towards the cottage door.*  
Mysterious God,

If she had never lived I had not done it! —

*Idon.* Alas, the thought of such a cruel death  
Has overwhelmed him. — I must follow.

*Eld.* Lady!  
You will do well; (*she goes*) unjust suspicion may  
Cleave to this stranger: if, upon his entering,  
The dead man heave a groan, or from his side  
Uplift his hand — that would be evidence.

*Elea.* Shame! Eldred, shame!

*Mar.* (*both returning.*) The dead have but  
one face. (*to himself.*)

And such a man — so meek and unoffending —  
Helpless and harmless as a babe: a man,  
By obvious signal to the world's protection,  
Solemnly dedicated — to decoy him! —

*Idon.* O, had you seen him living! —

*Mar.* I (*so filled*  
With horror is this world) am unto thee  
The thing most precious, that it now contains:  
Therefore through me alone must be revealed  
By whom thy parent was destroyed, Idonea!  
I have the proofs! —

*Idon.* O, miserable father!  
Thou didst command me to bless all mankind;  
Nor to this moment have I ever wished  
Evil to any living thing; but hear me,  
Hear me, ye Heavens! — (*kneeling.*) — may vengeance  
haunt the fiend

For this most cruel murder: let him live  
And move in terror of the elements;  
The thunder send him on his knees to prayer  
In the open streets, and let him think he sees,  
If e'er he entereth the house of God,  
The roof, self-moved, unsettling o'er his head;  
And let him, when he would lie down at night,  
Point to his wife the blood-drops on his pillow!

*Mar.* My voice was silent, but my heart hath joined  
thee.

*Idon.* (*leaning on MARMADUKE.*) Left to the mercy  
of that savage man!

How could he call upon his child! — O friend!

[*Turns to MARMADUKE.*

My faithful, true, and only comforter.

*Mar.* Ay, come to me and weep. (*He kisses her.*)  
(*To ELDERED.*) Yes, varlet, look,

The devils at such sights do clap their hands.

[*ELDERED retires alarmed.*

*Idon.* Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is deadly pale;  
Hast thou pursued the monster?

*Mar.* I have found him. —

Oh! would that thou hadst perished in the flames!

*Idon.* Here art thou, then can I be desolate? —

*Mar.* There was a time, when this protecting hand  
Availed against the mighty; never more  
Shall blessings wait upon a deed of mine.

*Idon.* Wild words for me to hear, for me, an orphan,  
Committed to thy guardianship by Heaven;  
And, if thou hast forgiven me, let me hope,  
In this deep sorrow, trust, that I am thine  
For closer care; — here, is no malady.

[*Taking his arm.*

*Mar.* There, is a malady —

(*Striking his heart and forehead.*) And here, and here,  
A mortal malady. — I am accurst:

All nature curses me, and in my heart  
Thy curse is fixed; the truth must be laid bare,  
It must be told, and borne. I am the man,  
(Abused, betrayed, but how it matters not)  
Presumptuous above all that ever breathed,  
Who, casting as I thought a guilty person  
Upon Heaven's righteous judgment, did become  
An instrument of fiends. Through me, through me  
Thy father perished.

*Idon.* Perished — by what mischance!

*Mar.* Belovèd! — if I dared, so would I call thee —  
Conflict must cease, and, in thy frozen heart,  
The extremes of suffering meet in absolute peace.

[*He gives her a letter.*

*Idon.* (*reads.*) 'Be not surprised if you hear that  
some signal judgment has befallen the man who calls  
himself your father; he is now with me, as his signa-  
ture will show: abstain from conjecture till you see me.

'HERBERT.

'MARMADUKE.'

The writing Oswald's; the signature my father's:

(*Looks steadily at the paper.*) And here is yours, — or  
do my eyes deceive me?

You have then seen my father?

*Mar.* He has leaned

Upon this arm.

*Idon.* You led him towards the convent?

*Mar.* That convent was Stone-Arthur Castle. Thither  
We were his guides. I on that night resolved  
That he should wait thy coming till the day  
Of resurrection.

*Idon.* Miserable woman,  
Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,  
I put denial on thy suit, and hence,  
With the disastrous issue of last night,  
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words.  
Be calm, I pray thee!

*Mar.* Oswald —

*Idon.* Name him not.

*Enter female Beggar.*

*Beg.* And he is dead! — that moor — how shall I  
cross it?

By night, by day, never shall I be able



To travel half a mile alone. — Good lady!  
 Forgive me! — Saints forgive me. Had I thought  
 It would have come to this! —

*Idon.* What brings you hither? speak!

*Beg. (pointing to MARMADUKE).* This innocent gentleman. Sweet heavens! I told him

Such tales of your dead father! — God is my judge,  
 I thought there was no harm: but that bad man,  
 He bribed me with his gold, and looked so fierce.  
 Mercy! I said I know not what — O, pity me —  
 I said, sweet lady, you were not his daughter —  
 Pity me, I am haunted; — thrice this day  
 My conscience made me wish to be struck blind;  
 And then I would have prayed, and had no voice.

*Idon. (to MARMADUKE.)* Was it my father! — no,  
 no, no, for he

Was meek, and patient, feeble, old and blind,  
 Helpless, and loved me dearer than his life.  
 — But hear me. For *one* question, I have a heart  
 That will sustain me. Did you murder him?

*Mar.* No, not by stroke of arm. But learn the  
 process:

Proof after proof was pressed upon me; guilt  
 Made evident, as seemed, by blacker guilt,  
 Whose impious folds enwrapped even thee; and truth  
 And innocence, embodied in his looks,  
 His words and tones and gestures, did but serve  
 With me to aggravate his crimes, and heaped  
 Ruin upon the cause for which they pleaded.  
 Then pity crossed the path of my resolve:  
 Confounded, I looked up to Heaven, and cast,  
 Idonea! thy blind father, on the ordeal  
 Of the bleak waste — left him — and so he died! —

[IDONEA sinks senseless; Beggar, ELEANOR, &c.,  
 crowd round, and bear her off.]

Why may we speak these things, and do no more;  
 Why should a thrust of the arm have such a power,  
 And words that tell these things be heard in vain?  
*She is not dead.* Why! — if I loved this woman,  
 I would take care she never woke again  
 But she *WILL* wake, and she will weep for me,  
 And say, no blame was mine — and so, poor fool,  
 Will waste her curses on another name.

[*He walks about distractedly.*]

*Enter OSWALD.*

OSWALD. (*to himself.*) Strong to o'erturn, strong  
 also to build up. [To MARMADUKE.]

The starts and sallies of our last encounter  
 Were natural enough; but that, I trust,  
 Is all gone by. You have cast off the chains  
 That fettered your nobility of mind —  
 Delivered heart and head!

Let us to Palestine;

This is a paltry field for enterprise.

*Mar.* Ay, what shall we encounter next? This  
 issue —

'T was nothing more than darkness deepening darkness,  
 And weakness crowned with the impotence of death! —

Your pupil is, you see, an apt proficient. (*ironically.*)  
 Start not! — Here is another face hard by;  
 Come, let us take a peep at both together,  
 And, with a voice at which the dead will quake,  
 Resound the praise of your morality —  
 Of this too much.

[Drawing OSWALD towards the cottage — stops  
 short at the door.]

Men are there, millions, Oswald,  
 Who with bare hands would have plucked out thy heart  
 And flung it to the dogs: but I am raised  
 Above, or sunk below, all further sense  
 Of provocation. Leave me, with the weight  
 Of that old man's forgiveness on thy heart,  
 Pressing as heavily as it doth on mine.  
 Coward I have been; know, there lies not now  
 Within the compass of a mortal thought  
 A deed that I would shrink from; — but to endure,  
 That is my destiny. May it be thine:  
 Thy office, thy ambition, be henceforth  
 To feed remorse, to welcome every sting  
 Of penitential anguish, yea with tears.  
 When seas and continents shall lie between us —  
 The wider space the better — we may find  
 In such a course fit links of sympathy,  
 An incommunicable rivalry  
 Maintained, for peaceful ends beyond our view.

[Confused voices — several of the band enter —  
 rush upon OSWALD and seize him.]

*One of them.* I would have dogged him to the jaws  
 of hell! —

*Osw.* Ha! is it so! — That vagrant hag! — this comes  
 Of having left a thing like her alive! [Aside.]

*Several voices.* Despatch him!

*Osw.* If I pass beneath a rock  
 And shout, and, with the echo of my voice,  
 Bring down a heap of rubbish, and it crush me,  
 I die without dishonour. Famished, starved,  
 A fool and coward blended to my wish!

[Smiles scornfully and exultingly at MARMADUKE.]

*Wal.* 'T is done! (*stabs him.*)

*Another of the band.* The ruthless traitor!

*Mar.* A rash deed!

With that reproof I do resign a station  
 Of which I have been proud.

*Wil. (approaching MARMADUKE.)* O, my poor  
 master!

*Mar.* Discerning monitor, my faithful Wilfred,  
 Why art thou here? [Turning to WALLACE.]  
 Wallace, upon these Borders,

Many there be whose eyes will not want cause  
 To weep that I am gone. Brothers in arms!  
 Raise on that dreary waste a monument  
 That may record my story: nor let words —  
 Few must they be, and delicate in their touch  
 As light itself — be there withheld from her  
 Who, through most wicked arts, was made an orphan  
 By one who would have died a thousand times,  
 To shield her from a moment's harm. To you,

Wallace and Wilfred, I commend the lady,  
By lowly nature reared, as if to make her  
In all things worthier of that noble birth,  
Whose long-suspended rights are now on the eve  
Of restoration: with your tenderest care  
Watch over her, I pray — sustain her —

*Several of the band (eagerly.)* Captain!

*Mar.* No more of that; in silence hear my doom:  
A hermitage has furnished fit relief  
To some offenders; other penitents,  
Less patient in their wretchedness, have fallen,

Like the old Roman, on their own sword's point.  
They had their choice: a wanderer *must I* go,  
The spectre of that innocent man, my guide.  
No human ear shall ever hear me speak;  
No human dwelling ever give me food,  
Or sleep, or rest: but, over waste and wild,  
In search of nothing that this earth can give,  
But expiation, will I wander on —  
A man by pain and thought compelled to live,  
Yet loathing life — till anger is appeased  
In Heaven, and mercy gives me leave to die.

## NOTES

TO

## POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

## Note 1, p. 25.

Of the Poems in this class, "THE EVENING WALK" and "DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES" were first published in 1793. They are reprinted with some unimportant alterations that were chiefly made very soon after their publication. It would have been easy to amend them, in many passages, both as to sentiment and expression, and I have not been altogether able to resist the temptation: but attempts of this kind are made at the risk of injuring those characteristic features which, after all, will be regarded as the principal recommendation of juvenile poems.

## Note 2, p. 39.

*'And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.'*

From a short MS. poem read to me when an undergraduate, by my schoolfellow and friend, Charles Farish, long since deceased. The verses were by a brother of his, a man of promising genius, who died young.

## Note 3, p. 45.

*'The Borderers.'*

This Dramatic Piece, as noticed in its title-page, was composed in 1795-6. It lay nearly from that time till

within the last two or three months unregarded among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions upon my mind which made me unwilling to destroy the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own life, rather than impose upon my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading persons of the drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that, as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart, and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while the revolution was rapidly advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while that knowledge was fresh upon my memory, that the Tragedy of "The Borderers" was composed. — 1842.

# POEMS

## REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD

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My heart leaps up when I behold  
A Rainbow in the sky :  
So was it when my life began ;  
So is it now I am a Man ;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !  
The Child is Father of the Man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.\*

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### TO A BUTTERFLY.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight !  
A little longer stay in sight !  
Much converse do I find in Thee,  
Historian of my Infancy !

Float near me : do not yet depart !  
Dead times revive in thee :  
Thou bringest, gay Creature as thou art :  
A solemn image to my heart,  
My Father's Family !  
Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,  
The time, when, in our childish plays,  
My Sister Emmeline and I  
Together chased the Butterfly !  
A very hunter did I rush  
Upon the prey :—with leaps and springs  
I followed on from brake to bush ;  
But she, God love her ! feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.

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### FORESIGHT,

#### OR THE CHARGE OF A CHILD TO HIS YOUNGER COMPANION.

THAT is work of waste and ruin—  
Do as Charles and I are doing !  
Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,  
We must spare them—here are many :  
Look at it—the Flower is small,  
Small and low, though fair as any :  
Do not touch it ! summers two  
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the Primrose, Sister Anne !  
Pull as many as you can.  
— Here are Daisies, take your fill ;  
Pansies, and the Cuckoo-flower :  
Of the lofty Daffodil  
Make your bed, and make your bower :  
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom ;  
Only spare the Strawberry-blossom !

Primroses, the spring may love them—  
Summer knows but little of them :  
Violets, a barren kind,  
Withered on the ground must lie ;  
Daisies leave no fruit behind  
When the pretty flowerets die ;  
Pluck them, and another year  
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power  
To the favoured Strawberry-flower.  
When the months of Spring are fled  
Hither let us bend our walk ;  
Lurking berries, ripe and red,  
Then will hang on every stalk,  
Each within its leafy bower ;  
And for that promise spare the Flower !

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### CHARACTERISTICS

#### OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild ;  
And Innocence hath privilege in her  
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes ;  
And feats of cunning ; and the pretty round  
Of trespasses, affected to provoke  
Mock-chastisement and partnership in play.  
And, as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,  
Not less if unattended and alone  
Than when both young and old sit gathered round  
And take delight in its activity,  
Even so this happy creature of herself  
Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her  
Is blithe society, who fills the air  
With gladness and involuntary songs.  
Light are her sallies as the tripping Fawn's

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\* See Note.



Forth-startled from the fern where she lay couched;  
 Unthought of, unexpected, as the stir  
 Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow flowers;  
 Or from before it chasing wantonly  
 The many-coloured images impressed  
 Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

### ADDRESS TO A CHILD,

DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

By my Sister.

WHAT way does the Wind come? What way does he go?  
 He rides over the water, and over the snow,  
 Through wood, and through vale; and o'er rocky  
 height,  
 Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;  
 He tosses about in every bare tree,  
 As, if you look up, you plainly may see;  
 But how he will come, and whither he goes,  
 There's never a Scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,  
 And rings a sharp 'larum; — but, if you should look,  
 There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow  
 Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,  
 And softer than if it were cover'd with silk.  
 Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,  
 Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;  
 — Yet seek him, — and what shall you find in the place?  
 Nothing but silence and empty space;  
 Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,  
 That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

As soon as 't is daylight, to-morrow with me,  
 You shall go the orchard, and then you will see  
 That he has been there, and made a great rout,  
 And cracked the branches, and strewn them about:  
 Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig  
 That looked up at the sky so proud and big  
 All last summer, as well you know,  
 Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,  
 And growls as if he would fix his claws  
 Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle  
 Drive them down, like men in a battle:  
 — But let him range round; he does us no harm,  
 We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;  
 Untouched by his breath see the candle shines bright,  
 And burns with a clear and steady light;  
 Books have we to read, — but that half-stifled knell,  
 Alas! 't is the sound of the eight o'clock bell.  
 — Come now we'll to bed! and when we are there  
 He may work his own will, and what shall we care?

He may knock at the door, — we'll not let him in;  
 May drive at the windows, — we'll laugh at his din;  
 Let him seek his own home wherever it be;  
 Here's a cozie warm house for Edward and me.

### THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

By the same.

A MONTH, sweet Little-ones, is passed  
 Since your dear Mother went away, —  
 And she to-morrow will return;  
 To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings! thought of joy!  
 The eldest heard with steady glee;  
 Silent he stood; then laughed again, —  
 And shouted, "Mother, come to me!"

Louder and louder did he shout,  
 With witless hope to bring her near;  
 "Nay, patience! patience, little boy!  
 Your tender mother cannot hear."

I told of hills, and far-off towns,  
 And long, long vales to travel through;  
 He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,  
 But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his Sister's breast;  
 She wars not with the mystery  
 Of time and distance, night and day,  
 The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy  
 Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;  
 She dances, runs, without an aim,  
 She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her Brother now takes up the note,  
 And echoes back his Sister's glee;  
 They hug the Infant in my arms,  
 As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,  
 We rested in the garden bower;  
 While sweetly shone the evening sun  
 In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done, —  
 Our rambles by the swift brook's side  
 Far as the willow-skirted pool,  
 Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,  
 Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,  
 Of birds that build their nests and sing,  
 And "all since Mother went away!"

To her these tales they will repeat,  
To her our new-born tribes will show,  
The gosling's green, the ass's colt,  
The lambs that in the meadow go.

— But see, the evening star comes forth!  
To bed the children must depart;  
A moment's heaviness they feel,  
A sadness at the heart:

'Tis gone — and in a merry fit  
They run up stairs in gamesome race;  
I, too, infected by their mood,  
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past — and, O the change!  
Asleep upon their beds they lie;  
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,  
And closed the sparkling eye.

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### ALICE FELL;

#### OR, POVERTY.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,  
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;  
When, as we hurried on, my ear  
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,  
I heard the sound, — and more and more;  
It seemed to follow with the chaise,  
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;  
He stopped his horse at the word,  
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast  
The horses scampered through the rain;  
But, hearing soon upon the blast  
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,  
"Whence comes," said I, "this piteous moan?"  
And there a little girl I found,  
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,  
But loud and bitterly she wept,  
As if her innocent heart would break;  
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?" — she sobbed "Look here!"  
I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
A weather-beaten rag as e'er  
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,  
It hung, nor could at once be freed;  
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,  
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,  
To-night along these lonesome ways?"  
"To Durham," answered she, half wild —  
"Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief  
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send  
Sob after sob, as if her grief  
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"  
She checked herself in her distress,  
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;  
I'm fatherless and motherless.

And I to Durham, Sir, belong."  
Again, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;  
And all was for her tattered cloak!

The chaise drove on; our journey's end  
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,  
As if she had lost her only friend,  
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;  
Of Alice and her grief I told;  
And I gave money to the host,  
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil grey,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"  
Proud creature was she the next day,  
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

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### LUCY GRAY;

#### OR, SOLITUDE.

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray;  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
— The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the Town must go;  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do;  
'T is scarcely afternoon—  
The Minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the Moon."

At this the Father raised his hook,  
And snapped a fagot-band;  
He plied his work;—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:  
She wandered up and down;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb;  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the Moor;  
And thence they saw the Bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and turning homeward, cried,  
"In Heaven we all shall meet:"  
—When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill's edge  
They tracked the foot-marks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those foot-marks one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living Child;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome Wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

## WE ARE SEVEN.

—A SIMPLE Child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl;  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad:  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many! Seven in all," she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little Maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side.



My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in Heaven?"  
The little Maiden did reply,  
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead, those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in Heaven!"  
'T was throwing words away: for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

#### ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS,

SHOWING HOW THE PRACTICE OF LYING MAY  
BE TAUGHT

I HAVE a boy of five years old;  
His face is fair and fresh to see;  
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,  
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,  
Our quiet home all full in view,  
And held such intermitted talk  
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;  
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,  
Our pleasant home when Spring began,  
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear  
Some fond regrets to entertain;  
With so much happiness to spare,  
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet  
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,  
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet  
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—every trace  
Of inward sadness had its charm;  
"Kilve," said I, "was a favoured place,  
And so is Liswyn farm."

My boy was by my side, so slim  
And graceful in his rustic dress!  
And, as we talked, I questioned him,  
In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had you rather be,"  
I said, and took him by the arm,  
"On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green sea,  
Or here at Liswyn farm?"

In careless mood he looked at me,  
While still I held him by the arm,  
And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be  
Than here at Liswyn farm."

"Now, little Edward, say why so;  
My little Edward, tell me why."—  
"I cannot tell, I do not know."—  
"Why, this is strange," said I;

"For, here are woods, and green-hills warm:  
There surely must some reason be  
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm  
For Kilve by the green sea."

At this, my Boy hung down his head,  
He blushed with shame, nor made reply;  
And five times to the Child I said,  
"Why, Edward, tell me why?"

His head he raised—there was in sight,  
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—  
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,  
A broad and gilded Vane.

Then did the Boy his tongue unlock;  
And thus to me he made reply:  
"At Kilve there was no weather-cock,  
And that's the reason why."

O dearest, dearest Boy! my heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn,  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn.

#### RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

THERE'S George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Regi-  
nald Shore,  
Three rosy-cheeked School-boys, the highest not more

Than the height of a Counsellor's bag;  
To the top of GREAT How\* did it please them to climb:  
And there they built up, without mortar or lime,  
A Man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up as they lay:  
They built him and christened him all in one day,  
An Urchin both vigorous and hale;  
And so without scruple they called him Ralph Jones.  
Now Ralph is renowned for the length of his bones;  
The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied forth,  
And, in anger or merriment, out of the North,  
Coming on with a terrible pother,  
From the peak of the crag blew the Giant away.  
And what did these School-boys?—The very next day  
They went and they built up another.

—Some little I've seen of blind boisterous works  
By Christian Disturbers more savage than Turks,  
Spirits busy to do and undo:  
At remembrance whereof my blood sometimes will flag;  
Then, light-hearted Boys, to the top of the crag;  
And I'll build up a Giant with you.

### THE PET-LAMB.

#### A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;  
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty Creature,  
drink!"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied  
A snow-white mountain Lamb with a Maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the Lamb was all alone,  
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;  
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,  
While to that Mountain Lamb she gave its evening meal.

The Lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper  
took,  
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with  
pleasure shook.

"Drink, pretty Creature, drink," she said in such a tone  
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a Child of beauty  
rare!

I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.  
Now with her empty Can the Maiden turned away:  
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

\* GREAT HOW is a single and conspicuous hill, which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on the western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

Right towards the Lamb she looked; and from a shady  
place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face:  
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,  
Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that little Maid might  
sing:

"What ails thee, Young One? what! Why pull so at  
thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board!  
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;  
Rest, little Young One, rest; what is't that aileth thee!

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to  
thy heart?

Thy limbs are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:  
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no  
peers;  
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the Sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen  
chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;  
For rain and mountain storms! the like thou needest  
not fear—

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come  
here.

"Rest, little Young One, rest; thou hast forgot the day  
When my Father found thee first in places far away;  
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by  
none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee  
home:

A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou  
roam?

A faithful Nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yearn  
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou knowest that twice a day I brought thee in this  
Can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;  
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with  
dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are  
now,

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the  
plough;

My Playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold  
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor Creature, can it be  
That 't is thy mother's heart which is working so in  
thee!

Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor  
hear

"Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and fair!  
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come  
there;

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,  
When they are angry, roar like Lions for their prey.

"Here thou needest not dread the raven in the sky;  
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.  
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?  
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,  
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;  
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,  
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was  
mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;  
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the *Damsel* must  
belong,  
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with  
such a tone,  
That I almost received her heart into my own."

### THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS;

OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.\*

A PASTORAL.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy;  
Among the hills the echoes play  
A never, never ending song,  
To welcome in the May.  
The Magpie chatters with delight;  
The mountain Raven's youngling brood  
Have left the Mother and the Nest;  
And they go rambling east and west  
In search of their own food;  
Or through the glittering Vapours dart  
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,  
Two Boys are sitting in the sun;  
Boys that have had no work to do,  
Or work that now is done.  
On pipes of sycamore they play  
The fragments of a Christmas Hymn;  
Or with that plant which in our dale  
We call Stag-horn, or Fox's Tail,  
Their rusty Hats they trim:  
And thus, as happy as the Day,  
Those Shepherds wear the time away.

\* *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for Waterfall.

Along the river's stony marge  
The Sand-lark chants a joyous song;  
The Thrush is busy in the wood,  
And carols loud and strong.  
A thousand Lambs are on the rocks,  
All newly born! both earth and sky  
Keep jubilee, and more than all,  
Those Boys with their green Coronal;  
They never hear the cry,  
That plaintive cry! which up the hill  
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground  
"Down to the stump of yon old yew  
We'll for our Whistles run a race."  
— Away the Shepherds flew:  
They leapt—they ran—and when they came  
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,  
Seeing that he should lose the prize,  
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries—  
He stopped with no good will:  
Said Walter then, "Your task is here,  
"T will baffle you for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—  
Come on, and in my footsteps tread!"  
The other took him at his word,  
And followed as he led.  
It was a spot which you may see  
If ever you to Langdale go;  
Into a chasm a mighty Block  
Hath fallen, and made a Bridge of rock:  
The gulf is deep below;  
And in a basin black and small  
Receives a lofty Waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft  
The Challenger pursued his march;  
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained  
The middle of the arch.  
When list! he hears a piteous moan—  
Again!—his heart within him dies—  
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,  
He totters, pallid as a ghost,  
And, looking down, espies  
A Lamb, that in the pool is pent  
Within that black and frightful Rent.

The Lamb had slipped into the stream,  
And safe without a bruise or wound  
The Cataract had borne him down  
Into the gulf profound.  
His Dam had seen him when he fell,  
She saw him down the torrent borne;



And, while with all a mother's love  
She from the lofty rocks above  
Sent forth a cry forlorn,  
The Lamb, still swimming round and round,  
Made answer to that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was,  
That sent this rueful cry; I ween  
The Boy recovered heart, and told  
The sight which he had seen.  
Both gladly now deferred their task;  
Nor was there wanting other aid —  
A Poet, one who loves the brooks  
Far better than the sages' books,  
By chance had hither strayed;  
And there the helpless Lamb he found  
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it gently from the pool,  
And brought it forth into the light:  
The Shepherds met him with his charge,  
An unexpected sight!  
Into their arms the Lamb they took,  
Said they, "He's neither maimed nor scarred."  
Then up the steep ascent they hied,  
And placed him at his Mother's side;  
And gently did the Bard  
Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,  
And bade them better mind their trade.

---

To H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are brought;  
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,  
And fittest to unutterable thought  
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;  
Thou faery Voyager! that dost float  
In such clear water, that thy Boat  
May rather seem  
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;  
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,  
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;  
O blessed Vision! happy Child!  
That art so exquisitely wild,  
I think of thee with many fears  
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,  
Lord of thy house and hospitality;  
And Grief, uneasy Lover! never rest  
But when she sate within the touch of thee.  
O too industrious folly!  
O vain and causeless melancholy!  
Nature will either end thee quite;

Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,  
Preserve for thee, by individual right,  
A young Lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.  
What hast Thou to do with sorrow,  
Or the injuries of to-morrow?  
Thou art a Dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,  
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks;  
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;  
A gem that glitters while it lives,  
And no forewarning gives;  
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife  
Slips in a moment out of life.

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### INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

#### IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

From an unpublished Poem.

(This extract is reprinted from "THE FRIEND.")

WISDOM and Spirit of the Universe  
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!  
And givest to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion! not in vain,  
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn  
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
The passions that build up our human soul;  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man,—  
But with high objects, with enduring things,  
With life and nature; purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying by such discipline  
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
With stinted kindness. In November days,  
When vapours rolling down the valleys made  
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods  
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling Lake,  
Beneath the gloomy hills, I homeward went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:  
'T was mine among the fields both day and night,  
And by the waters, all the summer long.  
And in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,  
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,  
I heeded not the summons;—happy time  
It was indeed for all of us; for me  
It was a time of rapture!—Clear and loud  
The village clock tolled six—I wheeled about,  
Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel,  
We hissed along the polished ice, in games  
Confederate, imitative of the Chase  
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,

The Pack loud-bellowing, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle: with the din  
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,  
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, — or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a Star,  
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed  
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round!  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.\*

### THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED TO —.

Let us quit the leafy Arbour,  
And the torrent murmuring by:  
Sol has dropped into his harbour,  
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters  
Fashioned by the glowing light;  
All that breathe are thankful debtors  
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended  
Eve renews her calm career;  
For the day that now is ended,  
Is the Longest of the Year.

Laura! sport, as now thou sportest,  
On this platform, light and free;  
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,  
Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling  
That inspires the linnet's song?  
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling  
On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet at this impressive season,  
Words which tenderness can speak  
From the truths of homely reason,  
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding,  
Steal the landscape from the sight,  
I would urge this moral pleading,  
Last forerunner of "Good night!"

SUMMER ebbs;—each day that follows  
Is a reflux from on high,  
Tending to the darksome hollows  
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,  
In His providence, assigned  
Such a gradual declination  
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,  
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,  
And the heart is loth to deaden  
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!  
And, when thy decline shall come,  
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,  
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,  
Fix thine eyes upon the sea  
That absorbs time, space, and number;  
Look towards Eternity.

Follow thou the flowing River  
On whose breast are thither borne  
All Deceived, and each Deceiver,  
Through the gates of Night and Morn;

Through the year's successive portals;  
Through the bounds which many a star  
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,  
When his light returns from far.

Thus when Thou with Time hast travelled  
Toward the mighty gulf of things,  
And the mazy Stream unravelled  
With thy best imaginings;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,  
Think how pitiful that stay,  
Did not virtue give the meanest  
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;  
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
While thy brow youth's roses crown.

Grasp it, — if thou shrink and tremble,  
 Fairest damsel of the green,  
 Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
 That proclaims a genuine Queen;

And ensures those palms of honour  
 Which selected spirits wear,  
 Bending low before the donor,  
 Lord of Heaven's unchanging year!

### THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,  
 Those bright blue eggs together laid!  
 On me the chance-discovered sight  
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.  
 I started — seeming to espy  
 The home and sheltered bed,  
 The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by  
 My father's house, in wet or dry,  
 My sister Emmeline and I  
 Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;  
 Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:  
 Such heart was in her, being then  
 A little prattler among men.  
 The blessing of my later years  
 Was with me when a boy:  
 She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
 And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
 And love, and thought, and joy.

### THE NORMAN BOY.\*

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted down,  
 Nor kept by nature for herself, nor made by man his own,  
 From home and company remote and every playful joy,  
 Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman  
 boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot, but from an English  
 dame,  
 Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,  
 With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered  
 child  
 Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary  
 wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics sprinkled  
 o'er  
 Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall  
 of more,

Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at  
 their feed,  
 And the poor boy was busier still, with work of anxious  
 heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and withered  
 and decayed,  
 For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut  
 had made.

A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be  
 A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such  
 as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly  
 lacked aught  
 That skill or means of his could add, but the architect  
 had wrought  
 Some limber twigs into a cross, well-shaped with  
 fingers nice,  
 To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice.

The cross he now was fastening there, as the surest  
 power and best  
 For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest  
 In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and  
 wide,  
 The innocent boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must  
 hide.

That cross belike he also raised as a standard for the  
 true  
 And faithful service of his heart in the worst that might  
 ensue  
 Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless waste  
 Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was  
 placed.

— Here, lady! might I cease; but nay, let us before  
 we part  
 With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a prayer of  
 earnest heart,  
 That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed way.  
 The cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing  
 stay.

### THE POET'S DREAM,

#### SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY.

JUST as those final words were penned, the sun broke  
 out in power,  
 And gladdened all things; but, as chanced, within that  
 very hour,  
 Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds  
 that hid the sky,  
 And, for the subject of my verse, I heaved a pensive sigh.  
 Nor could my heart by second thoughts from heaviness  
 be cleared,  
 For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-crowned hut  
 appeared;

\* See Note 3.



And, while around it storm as fierce seemed troubling  
earth and air,

I saw, within, the Norman boy kneeling alone in prayer.

The child, as if the thunder's voice spake with articu-  
late call,

Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before the Lord of All;  
His lips were moving; and his eyes, upraised to sue for  
grace,

With soft illumination cheered the dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what wonder if the sight,  
Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a dream at night?  
It came with sleep and showed the boy, no cherub, not  
transformed,

But the poor ragged thing whose ways my human heart  
had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him  
in my arms,

And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his faint alarms,  
And bore him high through yielding air my debt of love  
to pay,

By giving him for both our sakes, an hour of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear child! thou art  
my own,

To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in  
town.

What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or that holy place  
and calm

St Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the Church of  
Notre Dame?

"St Ouen's golden Shrine? Or choose what else would  
please thee most

Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud France, can  
boast!"

"My mother," said the boy, "was born near to a blessed  
tree,

The Chapel Oak of Allonville; good Angel, show it me!"

On wings, from broad and steadfast poise let loose by  
this reply,

For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away then did  
we fly;

O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in May's fresh  
verdure drest;

The wings they did not flag; the child, though grave,  
was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the gleam of light  
that broke

Forth from his eyes, when first the boy looked down on  
that huge oak,

For length of days so much revered, so famous where  
it stands

For twofold hallowing—Nature's care, and work of  
human hands?

Strong as an eagle with my charge I glided round and  
round

The wide-spread boughs, for view of door, window, and  
stair that wound

Gracefully up the gnarled trunk; nor left we unurveyed  
The pointed steeple peering forth from the centre of the  
shade.

I lighted—opened with soft touch the chapel's iron door,  
Past softly leading in the boy; and, while from roof to  
floor

From floor to roof all round his eyes the child with  
wonder cast,

Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier than  
the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the sanctuary  
showed,

By light of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered  
here, there glowed,

Shrine, altar, image, offerings hung in sign of gratitude;  
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts; and speech I  
thus renewed:

"Hither the afflicted come, as thou hast heard thy  
mother say,

And, kneeling, supplication make to our Lady de la  
Paix;

What mournful sighs have here been heard, and, when  
the voice was stopt

By sudden pangs; what bitter tears have on this pave-  
ment dropt!

"Poor shepherd of the naked down, a favoured lot is  
thine,

Far happier lot, dear boy, than brings full many to this  
shrine;

From body pains and pains of soul thou needest no  
release,

Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not in joy, in  
peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in thankfulness and  
praise,

Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts, in thy most  
busy days;

And in His sight the fragile cross, on thy small hut,  
will be

Holy as that which long hath crowned the chapel of  
this tree;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns the sumptuous  
Church in Rome

Where thousands meet to worship God under a mighty  
dome;

He sees the bending multitude, he hears the choral  
rites,

Yet not the less, in children's hymns and lonely prayer,  
delights.

"God for his service needeth not proud work of human skill;  
They please him best who labour most to do in peace his will:  
So let us strive to live, and to our spirits will be given  
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall bear us up to heaven."

The boy no answer made by words, but, so earnest was his look,  
Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream — recorded in this book,  
Lest all that passed should melt away in silence from my mind,  
As visions still more bright have done, and left no trace behind.

But oh! that country-man of thine, whose eye, loved child, can see  
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early piety,  
In verse, which to thy ear might come, would treat this simple theme,  
Nor leave untold our happy flight in that adventurous dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor boy! to thee from whom it flowed,  
Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet 't was bounteously bestowed,  
If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle eyes will read  
Not loth, and listening little-ones, heart-touched their fancies feed.

### THE WESTMORELAND GIRL.\*

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

#### PART I.

SEEK who will delight in fable,  
I shall tell you truth. A lamb  
Leapt from this steep bank to follow  
'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide on hill and valley  
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,  
And the bleating mother's young one  
Struggled with the flood in vain:

But, as chanced, a cottage maiden  
(Ten years scarcely had she told)  
Seeing plunged into the torrent,  
Clasped the lamb and kept her hold.

[\* In a letter to the editor, 31st July 1845, Mr. Wordsworth thus speaks of this poem: "The little poem which I ventured to send you lately, I thought, might interest you on account of the fact as exhibiting what sort of characters our mountains breed. It is truth to the letter."—H. R.]

Whirled adown the rocky channel,  
Sinking, rising, on they go,  
Peace and rest, as seems, before them  
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current  
Whose fierce wrath the girl had braved;  
Clap your hands with joy my hearers,  
Shout in triumph, both are saved;

Saved by courage that with danger  
Grew, by strength the gift of love,  
And belike a guardian angel  
Came with succour from above.

#### PART II.

Now, to a maturer audience,  
Let me speak of this brave child  
Left among her native mountains  
With wild nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,  
Mother's care no more her guide,  
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan  
Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame, — remembrance makes him  
Loth to rule by strict command;  
Still upon his cheek are living  
Touches of her infant hand,

Dear caresses given in pity,  
Sympathy that soothed his grief,  
As the dying mother witnessed  
To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on; the child was happy,  
Like a spirit of air she moved,  
Wayward, yet by all who knew her  
For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions,  
Bred in house, in grove, and field,  
Link her with the inferior creatures,  
Urge her powers their rights to shield.

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,  
Learn how she can feel alike  
Both for tiny harmless minnow  
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike.

Merciful protectress, kindling  
Into anger or disdain;  
Many a captive hath she rescued,  
Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile; — with patience  
Hear the homely truths I tell,  
She in Grasmere's old church-steeple  
Tolled this day the passing-bell.

Yes, the wild girl of the mountains  
To their echoes gave the sound,  
Notice punctual as the minute,  
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,  
Rang alone the far-heard knell,  
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,  
Paid to one who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed  
On that service she went forth;  
Nor will fail the like to render  
When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the child to temper,  
In her breast, unruly fire,  
To control the froward impulse  
And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training  
And a stedfast outward power  
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,  
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless lamb-deliv'rer,  
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,  
May become a blest example  
For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,  
Constant as a soaring lark,  
Should the country need a heroine,  
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be uttered  
Prayer that grace divine may raise  
Her humane courageous spirit,  
Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

## NOTES

TO

### POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

#### Note 1, p. 73.

[These lines are quoted by Coleridge in 'The Friend,' to illustrate a principle expressed in a passage of that work, which may be here inserted as a reciprocal illustration. "Men laugh at the falsehoods imposed on them during their childhood, because they are not good and wise enough to contemplate the past in the present, and so to produce by a virtuous and thoughtful sensibility that continuity in their self-consciousness, which nature has made the law of their animal life. Ingratitude, sensuality, and hardness of heart, all flow from this source. Men are ungrateful to others only when they have ceased to look back on their former selves with joy and tenderness. *They exist in fragments.* Annihilated as to the past, they are dead to the future, or seek for the proofs of it everywhere, only not (where alone it can be found) in themselves. A contemporary poet has expressed and illustrated this sentiment with equal fineness of thought and tenderness of feeling:

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky!  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man:  
So let it be when I grow old,  
Or let me die.

*The child is father of the man,  
And I would wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.*

WORDSWORTH.

"I am informed, that these very lines have been cited as a specimen of despicable puerility. So much the worse for the citer: not willingly in his presence would I behold the sun setting behind our mountains, or listen to a tale of distress or virtue; I should be ashamed of the quiet tear on my own cheek. But let the dead bury the dead! The poet sang for the living . . . . I was always pleased with the motto placed under the figure of the rosemary in old herbals:

'Sus apage! Haud tibi spiro.'"

'*The Friend*,' Vol. I. p. 58. — H. R.]

#### Note 2, p. 81.

[The impression made by the poem referred to upon the mind of Coleridge is in some measure shown by the fact that this extract and another on the French Revolution were first published in 'The Friend.' A record of his feelings — of the manner in which his spirit was moved by the perusal — may be found in his Poetical Works; and it forms so precious a comment — the best of all kinds — poet responding to poet — that I have appended it in this note. It is due to a poem so



worthy of its lofty theme, and of him who wrote and him who is addressed. In thus appending it, I cannot but hope that I am rendering a grateful service to every reflecting reader of this volume — a service too, which a restraining modesty might prevent Mr. Wordsworth from rendering in his own edition. — H. R.

The poem by Coleridge, referred to in the above note, is transferred in this edition to what has become a more appropriate place, and will be found as an introduction to 'THE PRELUDE.' — H. R.]

Note 3, p. 82.

'*The Norman Boy.*'

"Among ancient trees there are few, I believe, at least in France, so worthy of attention as an oak which may be seen in the 'Pays de Caux,' about a league from Yvetot, close to the church, and in the burial-ground of Allonville.

The height of this tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk, from the roots to the summit, forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height.

Such is the Oak of Allonville, in its state of nature.

The hand of man, however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally inspires.

The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a chapel of six or seven feet in diameter, carefully wainscoted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble sanctuary.

Leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the tree. At certain seasons of the year divine service is performed in this chapel.

The summit has been broken off many years, but there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron cross, that rises in a picturesque manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient hermitage above the surrounding wood.

Over the entrance to the chapel an inscription appears, which informs us it was erected by the Abbé du Détroit, Curate of Allonville, in the year 1696; and over a door is another, dedicating it 'To Our Lady of Peace.'"

*Vide 14 No. Saturday Magazine.*

# POEMS

## FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

### THE BROTHERS.\*

'THESE Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live

A profitable life: some glance along,  
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,  
And they were butterflies to wheel about  
Long as the summer lasted: some, as wise,  
Perched on the forehead of a jutting crag,  
Pencil in hand and book upon the knee,  
Will look and scribble, scribble on and look,  
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,  
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.  
But, for that moping Son of Idleness,  
Why can he tarry *yonder*? — In our church-yard  
Is neither epitaph nor monument,  
Tombstone nor name — only the turf we tread  
And a few natural graves." To Jane, his wife,  
Thus spake the homely Priest of Ennerdale.  
It was a July evening; and he sat  
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the eaves  
Of his old cottage, — as it chanced, that day,  
Employed in winter's work. Upon the stone  
His Wife sat near him, teasing matted wool,  
While, from the twin cards toothed with glittering  
wire,

He fed the spindle of his youngest Child,  
Who turned her large round wheel in the open air  
With back and forward steps. Towards the field  
In which the Parish Chapel stood alone,  
Girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall,  
While half an hour went by, the Priest had sent  
Many a long look of wonder; and at last,  
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-white ridge  
Of carded wool which the old man had piled  
He laid his implements with gentle care,  
Each in the other locked; and, down the path  
That from his cottage to the church-yard led,  
He took his way, impatient to accost  
The Stranger, whom he saw still lingering there.

'T was one well known to him in former days,  
A Shepherd-lad; — who ere his sixteenth year  
Had left that calling, tempted to entrust

\* This Poem was intended to conclude a series of pastorals, the scene of which was laid among the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. I mention this to apologise for the abruptness with which the poem begins.

His expectations to the fickle winds  
And perilous waters, — with the mariners  
A fellow-mariner, — and so had fared  
Through twenty seasons; but he had been reared  
Among the mountains, and he in his heart  
Was half a Shepherd on the stormy seas.  
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard  
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds  
Of caves and trees: — and, when the regular wind  
Between the tropics filled the steady sail,  
And blew with the same breath through days and  
weeks,  
Lengthening invisibly its weary line  
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those hours  
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang  
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze;  
And, while the broad green wave and sparkling foam  
Flashed round him images and hues that wrought  
In union with the employment of his heart.  
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,  
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,  
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,  
Saw mountains, — saw the forms of sheep that grazed  
On verdant hills — with dwellings among trees,  
And shepherds clad in the same country gray  
Which he himself had worn.†

And now, at last,

From perils manifold, with some small wealth  
Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian Isles,  
To his paternal home he is returned,  
With a determined purpose to resume  
The life he had lived there; both for the sake  
Of many darling pleasures, and the love  
Which to an only brother he has borne  
In all his hardships, since that happy time  
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two  
Were brother Shepherds on their native hills.  
— They were the last of all their race: and now,  
When Leonard had approached his home, his heart  
Failed in him; and, not venturing to enquire  
Tidings of one whom he so dearly loved,  
Towards the church-yard he had turned aside;  
That, as he knew in what particular spot  
His family were laid, he thence might learn

† This description of the Calenture is sketched from an imperfect recollection of an admirable one in prose, by Mr. Gilbert, author of *The Hurricane*

If still his Brother lived, or to the file  
 Another grave was added. — He had found  
 Another grave, — near which a full half-hour  
 He had remained; but, as he gazed, there grew  
 Such a confusion in his memory,  
 That he began to doubt; and hope was his  
 That he had seen this heap of turf before,  
 That it was not another grave; but one  
 He had forgotten. He had lost his path,  
 As up the vale, that afternoon, he walked  
 Through fields which once had been well known to him:  
 And oh what joy the recollection now  
 Sent to his heart! He lifted up his eyes,  
 And, looking round, imagined that he saw  
 Strange alteration wrought on every side  
 Among the woods and fields, and that the rocks  
 And everlasting hills themselves were changed.

By this the Priest, who down the field had come,  
 Unseen by Leonard, at the church-yard gate  
 Stopped short,—and thence, at leisure, limb by limb  
 Perused him with a gay complacency.  
 Ay, thought the Vicar, smiling to himself,  
 'Tis one of those who needs must leave the path  
 Of the world's business to go wild alone:  
 His arms have a perpetual holiday;  
 The happy man will creep about the fields,  
 Following his fancies by the hour, to bring  
 Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles  
 Into his face, until the setting sun  
 Write Fool upon his forehead. Planted thus  
 Beneath a shed that over-arched the gate  
 Of this rude church-yard, till the stars appeared  
 The good Man might have communed with himself,  
 But that the Stranger, who had left the grave,  
 Approached; he recognised the Priest at once,  
 And, after greetings interchanged, and given  
 By Leonard to the Vicar as to one  
 Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

LEONARD.

You live, Sir, in these dales, a quiet life:  
 Your years make up one peaceful family;  
 And who would grieve and fret, if, welcome come  
 And welcome gone, they are so like each other,  
 They cannot be remembered! Scarce a funeral  
 Comes to this church-yard once in eighteen months;  
 And yet, some changes must take place among you:  
 And you, who dwell here, even among these rocks,  
 Can trace the finger of mortality,  
 And see, that with our threescore years and ten  
 We are not all that perish. — I remember,  
 (For many years ago I passed this road)  
 There was a foot-way all along the fields  
 By the brook-side — 't is gone — and that dark cleft!  
 To me it does not seem to wear the face  
 Which then it had.

PRIEST.

Nay, Sir, for aught I know,  
 That chasm is much the same —

LEONARD.

But, surely, yonder —

PRIEST.

Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend  
 That does not play you false. — On that tall pike  
 (It is the loneliest place of all these hills)  
 There were two Springs which bubbled side by side,  
 As if they had been made that they might be  
 Companions for each other: the huge crag  
 Was rent with lightning — one hath disappeared;  
 The other, left behind, is flowing still.\*  
 For accidents and changes such as these,  
 We want not store of them; — a water-spout  
 Will bring down half a mountain; what a feast  
 For folks that wander up and down like you,  
 To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff  
 One roaring cataract! — a sharp May-storm  
 Will come with loads of January snow,  
 And in one night send twenty-score of sheep  
 To feed the ravens; or a Shepherd dies  
 By some untoward death among the rocks:  
 The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge —  
 A wood is felled: — and then for our own homes!  
 A Child is born or christened, a Field ploughed,  
 A Daughter sent to service, a Web spun,  
 The old House-clock is decked with a new face;  
 And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates  
 To chronicle the time, we all have here  
 A pair of diaries, — one serving, Sir,  
 For the whole dale, and one for each fire-side —  
 Yours was a stranger's judgment: for Historians,  
 Commend me to these valleys!

LEONARD.

Yet your Church-yard  
 Seems, if such freedom may be used with you,  
 To say that you are heedless of the past:  
 An orphan could not find his mother's grave:  
 Here's neither head nor foot-stone, plate of brass,  
 Cross-bones nor skull, — type of our earthly state  
 Nor emblem of our hopes: the dead man's home  
 Is but a fellow to that pasture field.

PRIEST.

Why, there, Sir, is a thought that's new to me!  
 The Stone-cutters, 't is true, might beg their bread  
 If every English Church-yard were like ours;  
 Yet your conclusion wanders from the truth:  
 We have no need of names and epitaphs;  
 We talk about the dead by our fire-sides.  
 And then, for our immortal part! we want  
 No symbols, Sir, to tell us that plain tale:  
 The thought of death sits easy on the man  
 Who has been born and dies among the mountains.

\* This actually took place upon Kidstow Pike at the head of Haweswater



LEONARD.

Your Dalesmen, then, do in each other's thoughts  
Possess a kind of second life: no doubt  
You, Sir, could help me to the history  
Of half these Graves.

PRIEST.

For eight-score winters past,  
With what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard,  
Perhaps I might; and, on a winter-evening,  
If you were seated at my chimney's nook,  
By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,  
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round;  
Yet all in the broad highway of the world.  
Now there's a grave — your foot is half upon it, —  
It looks just like the rest; and yet that Man  
Died broken-hearted.

LEONARD.

'Tis a common case.  
We'll take another: who is he that lies  
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those three graves?  
It touches on that piece of native rock  
Left in the church-yard wall.

PRIEST.

That's Walter Ewbank.

He had as white a head and fresh a cheek  
As ever were produced by youth and age  
Engendering in the blood of hale fourscore.  
Through five long generations had the heart  
Of Walter's forefathers o'erflowed the bounds  
Of their inheritance, that single cottage —  
You see it yonder! — and those few green fields.  
They toiled and wrought, and still, from Sire to Son,  
Each struggled, and each yielded as before  
A little — yet a little — and old Walter,  
They left to him the family heart, and land  
With other burthens than the crop it bore.  
Year after year the old man still kept up  
A cheerful mind, — and buffeted with bond,  
Interest, and mortgages; at last he sank,  
And went into his grave before his time.  
Poor Walter! whether it was care that spurred him  
God only knows, but to the very last  
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale:  
His pace was never that of an old man:  
I almost see him tripping down the path  
With his two Grandsons after him: — but You,  
Unless our Landlord be your host to-night,  
Have far to travel, — and on these rough paths  
Even in the longest day of midsummer —

LEONARD.

But those two Orphans?

PRIEST.

Orphans! — Such they were —  
Yet not while Walter lived: — for, though their pa-  
rents  
Lay buried side by side as now they lie,

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The old man was a father to the boys,  
Two fathers in one father: and if tears,  
Shed when he talked of them where they were not,  
And haunting from the infirmity of love,  
Are aught of what makes up a mother's heart,  
This old Man, in the day of his old age,  
Was half a mother to them. — If you weep, Sir,  
To hear a Stranger talking about Strangers,  
Heaven bless you when you are among your kindred!  
Ay — you may turn that way — it is a grave  
Which will bear looking at.

LEONARD.

These Boys — I hope  
They loved this good old Man? —

PRIEST.

They did — and truly:  
But that was what we almost overlooked,  
They were such darlings of each other. For,  
Though from their cradles they had lived with Walter,  
The only Kinsman near them, and though he  
Inclined to them by reason of his age,  
With a more fond, familiar tenderness,  
They, notwithstanding, had much love to spare,  
And it all went into each other's hearts.  
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen months,  
Was two years taller: 't was a joy to see,  
To hear, to meet them! — From their house the Schoo-  
Is distant three short miles — and in the time  
Of storm and thaw, when every water-course  
And unbridged stream, such as you may have noticed  
Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,  
Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,  
Would Leonard then, when elder boys perhaps  
Remained at home, go staggering through the fords,  
Bearing his Brother on his back. I have seen him,  
On windy days, in one of those stray brooks,  
Ay, more than once I have seen him, mid-leg deep,  
Their two books lying both on a dry stone,  
Upon the hither side: and once I said,  
As I remember, looking round these rocks  
And hills on which we all of us were born,  
That God who made the great book of the world  
Would bless such piety —

LEONARD.

It may be then —

PRIEST.

Never did worthier lads break English bread;  
The finest Sunday that the Autumn saw  
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,  
Could never keep these boys away from church,  
Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.  
Leonard and James! I warrant, every corner  
Among these rocks, and every hollow place  
Where foot could come, to one or both of them  
Was known as well as to the flowers that grow there.  
Like Roe-bucks they went bounding o'er the hills;  
They played like two young Ravens on the crags:

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Then they could write, ay and speak too, as well  
As many of their betters — and for Leonard!  
The very night before he went away,  
In my own house I put into his hand  
A Bible, and I'd wager house and field  
That, if he is alive, he has it yet.

LEONARD.

It seems, these Brothers have not lived to be  
A comfort to each other —

PRIEST.

That they might  
Live to such end, is what both old and young  
In this our valley all of us have wished,  
And what, for my part, I have often prayed:  
But Leonard —

LEONARD.

Then James still is left among you?

PRIEST.

'T is of the elder Brother I am speaking:  
They had an Uncle; — he was at that time  
A thriving man, and trafficked on the seas:  
And, but for that same Uncle, to this hour  
Leonard had never handled rope or shroud:  
For the Boy loved the life which we lead here;  
And though of unripe years, a stripling only,  
His soul was knit to this his native soil.  
But, as I said, old Walter was too weak  
To strive with such a torrent; when he died,  
The Estate and House were sold; and all their Sheep,  
A pretty flock, and which, for aught I know,  
Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thousand years: —  
Well — all was gone, and they were destitute.  
And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake,  
Resolved to try his fortune on the seas.  
Twelve years are past since we had tidings from him.  
If there was one among us who had heard  
That Leonard Ewbank was come home again,  
From the great Gavel\*, down by Leeza's Banks,  
And down the Enna, far as Egremont,  
The day would be a very festival;  
And those two bells of ours, which there you see —  
Hanging in the open air — but, O good Sir!  
This is sad talk — they'll never sound for him —  
Living or dead. — When last we heard of him,  
He was in slavery among the Moors  
Upon the Barbary Coast. — 'T was not a little  
That would bring down his spirit; and no doubt,  
Before it ended in his death, the Youth  
Was sadly crossed — Poor Leonard! when we parted,  
He took me by the hand, and said to me,

\* The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from its resemblance to the Gable end of a house, is one of the highest of the Cumberland mountains. It stands at the head of the several vales of Ennerdale, Watsdale, and Borrowdale.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the Lake of Ennerdale: on issuing from the Lake, it changes its name, and is called the End, Eyne, or Enna. It falls into the sea a little below Egremont.

If e'er he should grow rich, he would return,  
To live in peace upon his Father's Land,  
And lay his bones among us.

LEONARD.

If that day  
Should come, 't would needs be a glad day for him;  
He would himself, no doubt, be happy then  
As any that should meet him —

PRIEST.

Happy! Sir —

LEONARD.

You said his kindred all were in their graves,  
And that he had one Brother —

PRIEST.

That is but  
A fellow tale of sorrow. From his youth  
James, though not sickly, yet was delicate  
And Leonard being always by his side  
Had done so many offices about him,  
That, though he was not of a timid nature,  
Yet still the spirit of a Mountain Boy  
In him was somewhat checked; and, when his Brother  
Was gone to sea, and he was left alone,  
The little colour that he had was soon  
Stolen from his cheek; he drooped, and pined, and  
pined —

LEONARD.

But these are all the graves of full-grown men!

PRIEST.

Ay, Sir, that passed away: we took him to us,  
He was the child of all the dale — he lived  
Three months with one, and six months with another,  
And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor love:  
And many, many happy days were his.  
But, whether blithe or sad, 't is my belief  
His absent Brother still was at his heart.  
And, when he dwelt beneath our roof, we found  
(A practice till this time unknown to him)  
That often, rising from his bed at night,  
He in his sleep would walk about, and sleeping  
He sought his brother Leonard. — You are moved!  
Forgive me, Sir: before I spoke to you,  
I judged you most unkindly.

LEONARD.

But this Youth,  
How did he die at last?

PRIEST.

One sweet May morning,  
(It will be twelve years since when Spring returns)  
He had gone forth among the new-dropped lambs,  
With two or three companions, whom their course  
Of occupation led from height to height  
Under a cloudless sun, till he, at length,  
Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge  
The humour of the moment, lagged behind

You see yon precipice ; — it wears the shape  
Of a vast building made of many crags ;  
And in the midst is one particular rock  
That rises like a column from the vale,  
Whence by our shepherds it is called **THE PILLAR**.  
Upon its æry summit crowned with heath,  
The Loiterer, not unnoticed by his Comrades,  
Lay stretched at ease ; but, passing by the place  
On their return, they found that he was gone.  
No ill was feared ; but one of them by chance  
Entering, when evening was far spent, the house  
Which at that time was James's home, there learned  
That nobody had seen him all that day :  
The morning came, and still he was unheard of :  
The neighbours were alarmed, and to the Brook  
Some hastened, some towards the Lake : ere noon  
They found him at the foot of that same Rock  
Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third day after  
I buried him, poor Youth, and there he lies !

LEONARD.

And that then *is* his grave ! — Before his death  
You say that he saw many happy years ?

PRIEST.

Ay, that he did ! —

LEONARD.

And all went well with him ! —

PRIEST.

If he had one, the youth had twenty homes.

LEONARD.

And you believe, then, that his mind was easy ! —

PRIEST.

Yes, long before he died, he found that time  
Is a true friend to sorrow ; and unless  
His thoughts were turned on Leonard's luckless for-  
tune,  
He talked about him with a cheerful love.

LEONARD.

He could not come to an unhallowed end !

PRIEST.

Nay, God forbid ! — You recollect I mentioned  
A habit which disquietude and grief  
Had brought upon him ; and we all conjectured  
That, as the day was warm, he had lain down  
Upon the grass, — and waiting for his comrades,  
He there had fallen asleep ; that in his sleep  
He to the margin of the precipice  
Had walked, and from the summit had fallen headlong.  
And so, no doubt, he perished ; at the time,  
We guess, that in his hand he must have held  
His Shepherd's staff ; for midway in the cliff  
It had been caught ; and there for many years  
It hung — and mouldered there.

The Priest here ended —

The Stranger would have thanked him, but he felt  
A gushing from his heart that took away

The power of speech. Both left the spot in silence ;  
And Leonard, when they reached the church-yard gate,  
As the Priest lifted up the latch turned round, —  
And, looking at the grave, he said, " My Brother !"  
The Vicar did not hear the words : and now,  
Pointing towards the Cottage, he entreated  
That Leonard would partake his homely fare :  
The other thanked him with a fervent voice ;  
But added, that, the evening being calm,  
He would pursue his journey. So they parted.  
It was not long ere Leonard reached a grove  
That overhung the road : he there stopped short,  
And, sitting down beneath the trees, reviewed  
All that the Priest had said : his early years  
Were with him in his heart : his cherished hopes,  
And thoughts which had been his an hour before,  
All pressed on him with such a weight, that now,  
This vale, where he had been so happy, seemed  
A place in which he could not bear to live :  
So he relinquished all his purposes.  
He travelled on to Egremont : and thence,  
That night, he wrote a letter to the Priest,  
Reminding him of what had passed between them ;  
And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,  
That it was from the weakness of his heart  
He had not dared to tell him who he was.

This done, he went on shipboard, and is now  
A Seaman, a gray-headed Mariner.

## ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

[See the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Milton's History of England.]

WHERE be the Temples which, in Britain's Isle,  
For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised ?  
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile  
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed ! —  
Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,  
They sank, delivered o'er  
To fatal dissolution ; and, I ween,  
No vestige then was left that such had ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed  
In old Armorica, whose secret springs  
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed  
The wondrous current of forgotten things ;  
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,  
And Albion's giants quelled —  
A brood whom no civility could melt,  
" Who never tasted grace, and goodness ne'er had felt."

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,  
And rooted out the intolerable kind ;  
And this too-long-polluted land imbued  
With goodly arts and usages refined ;  
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike towers,  
And Pleasure's sumptuous bowers ;



Whence all the fixed delights of house and home,  
Friendships that will not break, and love that cannot  
    roam.

O, happy Britain! region all too fair  
For self-delighting fancy to endure  
That silence only should inhabit there,  
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure!  
But, intermingled with the generous seed,  
    Grew many a poisonous weed;  
Thus fares it still with all that takes its birth  
From human care, or grows upon the breast of earth.

Hence, and how soon! that war of vengeance waged  
By Guendolen against her faithless lord;  
Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged,  
Had slain his Paramour with ruthless sword:  
Then, into Severn hideously defiled,  
    She flung her blameless child,  
Sabrina — vowing that the stream should bear  
That name through every age, her hatred to declare.

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear  
By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.  
Ye lightnings, hear his voice! — they cannot hear,  
Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.  
But One there is, a Child of nature meek,  
    Who comes her Sire to seek;  
And he, recovering sense, upon her breast  
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's faery themes,  
And those that Milton loved in youthful years;  
The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes;  
The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;  
Of Arthur, — who, to upper light restored,  
    With that terrific sword  
Which yet he wields in subterranean war,  
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample field  
Of old tradition, one particular flower  
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,  
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?  
Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,  
    While I this flower transplant  
Into a garden stored with Poesy;  
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some  
    weeds be,  
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief  
free!

A King more worthy of respect and love  
Than wise Gorbonian ruled not in his day;  
And grateful Britain prospered far above  
All neighbouring countries through his righteous sway;  
He poured rewards and honours on the good;  
    The Oppressor he withstood;

And while he served the gods with reverence due,  
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities  
    grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds — his son;  
But how unworthy of such sire was he!  
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,  
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.  
From crime to crime he mounted, till at length  
    The nobles leagued their strength  
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased;  
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother  
    placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,  
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain;  
In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,  
He urged his persevering suit in vain.  
Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,  
    Dire poverty assailed;  
And, tired with slights which he no more could brook  
Towards his native soil he cast a longing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind — the voyage sped;  
He landed; and, by many dangers scared,  
"Poorly provided, poorly followed,"  
To Calaterium's forest he repaired.  
How changed from him who, born to highest place,  
    Had awayed the royal mace,  
Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,  
In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's side!

From that wild region where the crownless king  
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,  
Supporting life by water from the spring,  
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,  
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends  
    A messenger he sends;  
And from their secret loyalty requires  
Shelter and daily bread, — the amount of his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early morn  
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to hear  
A startling outcry made by hound and horn,  
From which the tusky boar hath fled in fear;  
And, scouring toward him o'er the grassy plain,  
    Behold the hunter train  
He bids his little company advance  
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,  
Hath checked his foaming courser — Can it be!  
Methinks that I should recognise that face,  
Though much disguised by long adversity!  
He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,  
    Confounded and amazed —  
"It is the king, my brother!" and, by sound  
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,  
 Feebly returned by daunted Artegal;  
 Whose natural affection doubts enslave,  
 And apprehensions dark and criminal.  
 Loth to restrain the moving interview,  
 The attendant lords withdrew;  
 And, while they stood upon the plain apart,  
 Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met;  
 —O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,  
 But neither lost to love, nor to regret,  
 Nor to my wishes lost; —forgive the wrong,  
 (Such it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,  
 Thy royal mantle worn:  
 I was their natural guardian; and 'tis just  
 That now I should restore what hath been held in  
 trust."

Awhile the astonished Artegal stood mute,  
 Then thus exclaimed — "To me, of titles shorn,  
 And stripped of power! — me, feeble, destitute,  
 To me a kingdom! — spare the bitter scorn!  
 If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,  
 Then, on the wide-spread wings  
 Of war, had I returned to claim my right;  
 This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite."

"I do not blame thee," Elidure replied;  
 "But, if my looks did with my words agree,  
 I should at once be trusted, not defied,  
 And thou from all disquietude be free.  
 May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,  
 Who to this blessed place  
 At this blest moment led me, if I speak  
 With insincere intent, on me her vengeance wreak!"

"Were this same spear, which in my hand I grasp,  
 The British sceptre, here would I to thee  
 The symbol yield; and would undo this clasp,  
 If it confined the robe of sovereignty.  
 Odious to me the pomp of regal court,  
 And joyless sylvan sport,  
 While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,  
 Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake — "I only sought,  
 Within this realm, a place of safe retreat;  
 Beware of rousing an ambitious thought;  
 Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet!  
 Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind  
 Art pitiably blind;  
 Full soon this generous purpose thou mayst rue,  
 When that which has been done no wishes can undo.

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,  
 Would balance claim with claim, and right with right?  
 But thou — I know not how inspired, how led —  
 Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight!"

And this for one who cannot imitate  
 Thy virtue, who may hate:  
 For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,  
 He reign, thou still must be his king, and sovereign lord.

"Lifted in magnanimity above  
 Aught that my feeble nature could perform,  
 Or even conceive; surpassing me in love  
 Far as in power the eagle doth the worm;  
 I, Brother! only should be king in name,  
 And govern to my shame;  
 A shadow in a hated land, while all  
 Of glad or willing service to thy share would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect  
 Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most  
 Attends on goodness with dominion decked,  
 Which stands the universal empire's boast;  
 This can thy own experience testify:  
 Nor shall thy foes deny  
 That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,  
 Our Father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

"And what if o'er that bright unbosoming  
 Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune past!  
 Have we not seen the glories of the spring  
 By veil of noontide darkness overcast?  
 The frith that glittered like a warrior's shield,  
 The sky, the gay green field,  
 Are vanished; — gladness ceases in the groves,  
 And trepidation strikes the blackened mountain coves.

"But is that gloom dissolved! how passing clear  
 Seems the wide world — far brighter than before!  
 Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,  
 Gladdening the people's heart from shore to shore;  
 For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;  
 Re-seated on thy throne,  
 Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,  
 And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.

"But, not to overlook what thou mayst know,  
 Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;  
 And circumspect must be our course, and slow,  
 Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.  
 Dismiss thy followers; — let them calmly wait  
 Such change in thy estate  
 As I already have in thought devised;  
 And which, with caution due, may soon be realised."

The Story tells what courses were pursued,  
 Until King Elidure, with full consent  
 Of all his Peers, before the multitude,  
 Rose, — and, to consummate this just intent,  
 Did place upon his Brother's head the Crown,  
 Relinquished by his own;  
 Then to his people cried, "Receive your Lord,  
 Gorbonian's first-born Son, your rightful King restored!"

The People answered with a loud acclaim:  
Yet more; — heart-smitten by the heroic deed,  
The reinstated Artegal became  
Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage freed  
Of vice — thenceforth unable to subvert

Or shake his high desert.\*

Long did he reign; and, when he died, the tear  
Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier.

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved;  
With whom a crown (temptation that hath set  
Discord in hearts of men till they have braved  
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)  
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem

A thing of no esteem;

And, from this triumph of affection pure,  
He bore the lasting name of "pious Elidure!"

#### FAREWELL LINES.

'High bliss is only for a higher state,'  
But, surely, if severe afflictions borne  
With patience merit the reward of peace,  
Peace ye deserve; and may the solid good,  
Sought by a wise though late exchange, and here  
With bounteous hand beneath a cottage roof  
To you accorded, never be withdrawn,  
Nor for the world's best promises renounced.  
Most soothing was it for a welcome friend,  
Fresh from the crowded city, to behold  
That lonely union, privacy so deep,  
Such calm employments, such entire content.  
So when the rain is over, the storm laid,  
A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,  
Upon a rocky islet, side by side,  
Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease;  
And so, when night with grateful gloom had fallen,  
Two glow-worms in such nearness that they shared,  
As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,  
Each with the other on the dewy ground,  
Where He that made them blesses their repose. —  
When wandering among lakes and hills I note,  
Once more, those creatures thus by nature paired,  
And guarded in their tranquil state of life,  
Even as your happy presence to my mind  
Their union brought, will they repay the debt,  
And send a thankful spirit back to you,  
With hope that we, dear friends! shall meet again.

#### TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;  
And, little Butterfly! indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed,

How motionless! — not frozen seas  
More motionless! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
And calls you forth again!

This plot of Orchard-ground is ours,  
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;  
Here rest your wings when they are weary;  
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!  
Come often to us, fear no wrong;  
Sit near us on the bough!  
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;  
And summer days, when we were young;  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now.

#### FAREWELL

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1802.

FAREWELL, thou little Nook of mountain-ground,  
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair  
Of that magnificent Temple which doth bound  
One side of our whole Vale with grandeur rare;  
Sweet Garden-orchard, eminently fair,  
The loveliest spot that Man hath ever found,  
Farewell! — we leave thee to Heaven's peaceful care  
Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,  
And safely will she ride when we are gone;  
The flowering shrubs that decorate our door  
Will prosper, though untended and alone:  
Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have none:  
These narrow bounds contain our private store  
Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine upon;  
Here are they in our sight — we have no more.

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell!  
For two months now in vain we shall be sought;  
We leave you here in solitude to dwell  
With these our latest gifts of tender thought;  
Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat,  
Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, farewell!  
Whom from the borders of the Lake we brought,  
And placed together near our rocky Well.

We go for One to whom ye will be dear,  
And she will prize this Bower, this Indian shed,  
Our own contrivance, Building without peer!  
— A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,  
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,  
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,  
Will come to you, — to you herself will wed, —  
And love the blessed life that we lead here.



Dear Spot ! which we have watched with tender heed,  
 Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms blown  
 Among the distant mountains, flower and weed,  
 Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,  
 Making all kindness registered and known;  
 Thou for our sakes, though Nature's Child indeed,  
 Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,  
 Hast taken gifts which thou dost little need.

And O most constant, yet most fickle Place,  
 That hast thy wayward moods, as thou dost show  
 To them who look not daily on thy face;  
 Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost know,  
 And sayest, when we forsake thee, "Let them go!"  
 Thou easy-hearted Thing, with thy wild race  
 Of weeds and flowers, till we return be slow,  
 And travel with the year at a soft pace.

Help us to tell her tales of years gone by,  
 And this sweet spring, the best beloved and best;  
 Joy will be flown in its mortality;  
 Something must stay to tell us of the rest.  
 Here, thronged with primroses, the steep rock's breast  
 Glittered at evening like a starry sky;  
 And in this Bush our Sparrow built her nest,  
 Of which I sang one Song that will not die.

O happy Garden ! whose seclusion deep  
 Hath been so friendly to industrious hours;  
 And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep  
 Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of flowers,  
 And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers;  
 Two burning months let summer overleap,  
 And, coming back with Her who will be ours,  
 Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

## STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON'S  
 CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

WITHIN our happy Castle there dwelt One  
 Whom without blame I may not overlook;  
 For never sun on living creature shone  
 Who more devout enjoyment with us took:  
 Here on his hours he hung as on a book;  
 On his own time here would he float away,  
 As doth a fly upon a summer brook;  
 But go to-morrow — or belike to-day —  
 Seek for him,—he is fled; and whither none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peaceful home,  
 And find elsewhere his business or delight;  
 Out of our Valley's limits did he roam:  
 Full many a time, upon a stormy night,  
 His voice came to us from the neighbouring height:

Oft did we see him driving full in view  
 At mid-day when the sun was shining bright;  
 What ill was on him, what he had to do,  
 A mighty wonder bred among our quiet crew.

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this man  
 When he came back to us, a withered flower,—  
 Or like a sinful creature, pale and wan.  
 Down would he sit; and without strength or power  
 Look at the common grass from hour to hour:  
 And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,  
 Where apple-trees in blossom made a bower,  
 Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay;  
 And, like a naked Indian, slept himself away.

Great wonder to our gentle Tribe it was  
 Whenever from our Valley he withdrew;  
 For happier soul no living creature has  
 Than he had, being here the long day through.  
 Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:  
 Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong;  
 But Verse was what he had been wedded to;  
 And his own mind did like a tempest strong  
 Come to him thus, and drove the weary Wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly guise,  
 Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,  
 A noticeable man with large gray eyes,  
 And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly  
 As if a blooming face it ought to be;  
 Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear  
 Deprest by weight of musing Phantasy;  
 Profound his forehead was, though not severe;  
 Yet some did think that he had little business here:

Sweet heaven forefend! his was a lawful right;  
 Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy;  
 His limbs would toss about him with delight  
 Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy.  
 Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy  
 To banish listlessness and irksome care;  
 He would have taught you how you might employ  
 Yourself; and many did to him repair,—  
 And certes not in vain; he had inventions rare.

Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried:  
 Long blades of grass, plucked round him as he lay,  
 Made — to his ear attentively applied —  
 A pipe on which the wind would deftly play;  
 Glasses he had, that little things display,  
 The beetle panoplied in gems and gold,  
 A mailed angel on a battle day;  
 The mysteries that cups of flowers enfold,  
 And all the gorgeous sights which fairies do behold.

He would entice that other Man to hear  
 His music, and to view his imagery:  
 And, sooth, these two did love each other dear,  
 As far as love in such a place could be;

There did they dwell — from earthly labour free,  
 As happy spirits as were ever seen;  
 If but a bird, to keep them company,  
 Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,  
 As pleased as if the same had been a Maiden Queen.

---

LOUISA.

I MET Louisa in the shade;  
 And, having seen that lovely Maid,  
 Why should I fear to say  
 That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong;  
 And down the rocks can leap along,  
 Like rivulets in May?

And she hath smiles to earth unknown;  
 Smiles, that with motion of their own  
 Do spread, and sink, and rise;  
 That come and go with endless play,  
 And ever, as they pass away,  
 Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her Cottage-home;  
 Yet o'er the moorland will she roam  
 In weather rough and bleak;  
 And, when against the wind she strains,  
 Oh! might I kiss the mountain rains  
 That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"  
 If I with her but half a noon  
 May sit beneath the walls  
 Of some old cave, or mossy nook,  
 When up she winds along the brook  
 To hunt the waterfalls.

---

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:  
 And I will dare to tell,  
 But in the Lover's ear alone,  
 What once to me befel.

When she I loved was strong and gay,  
 And like a rose in June,  
 I to her cottage bent my way,  
 Beneath the evening Moon.

Upon the Moon I fixed my eye,  
 All over the wide lea;  
 My Horse trudged on — and we drew nigh  
 Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard plot;  
 And, as we climbed the hill,  
 Towards the roof of Lucy's cot  
 The Moon descended still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
 Kind Nature's gentlest boon!  
 And all the while my eyes I kept  
 On the descending Moon.

My Horse moved on; hoof after hoof  
 He raised, and never stopped:  
 When down behind the cottage roof,  
 At once, the bright Moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide  
 Into a Lover's head! —  
 "O mercy!" to myself I cried,  
 "If Lucy should be dead!"

---

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove,  
 A Maid whom there were none to praise,  
 And very few to love:

A Violet by a mossy stone  
 Half hidden from the eye!  
 — Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
 When Lucy ceased to be;  
 But she is in her Grave, and, oh,  
 The difference to me!

---

I TRAVELLED among unknown Men,  
 In Lands beyond the Sea;  
 Nor, England! did I know till then  
 What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
 Nor will I quit thy shore  
 A second time; for still I seem  
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
 The joy of my desire;  
 And she I cherished turned her wheel  
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
 The bowers where Lucy played;  
 And thine is too the last green field  
 That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

---

ERE with cold beads of midnight dew  
 Had mingled tears of thine,  
 I grieved, fond Youth! that thou shouldst see  
 To haughty Geraldine.

Immoveable by generous sighs,  
 She glories in a train  
 Who drag, beneath our native skies,  
 An oriental Chain.

Pine not like them with arms across,  
 Forgetting in thy care  
 How the fast-rooted trees can toss  
 Their branches in mid air.

The humblest Rivulet will take  
 Its own wild liberties;  
 And, every day, the imprisoned Lake  
 Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,  
 But scorn with scorn outbrave;  
 A Briton, even in love, should be  
 A subject, not a slave!

To ———.

Look at the fate of summer Flowers,  
 Which blow at daybreak, droop ere even-song:  
 And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours,  
 Measured by what we are and ought to be,  
 Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,  
 Is not so long!

If human Life do pass away,  
 Perishing yet more swiftly than the Flower,  
 Whose frail existence is but of a day;  
 What space hath Virgin's Beauty to disclose  
 Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing Rose?  
 Not even an hour!

The deepest grove whose foliage hid  
 The happiest Lovers Arcady might boast,  
 Could not the entrance of this thought forbid:  
 O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid!  
 Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,  
 So soon be lost.

Then shall Love teach some virtuous Youth  
 "To draw, out of the Object of his eyes,"  
 The whilst on Thee they gaze in simple truth,  
 Hues more exalted, "a refined Form,"  
 That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm,  
 And never dies.

'T is said, that some have died for love:  
 And here and there a church-yard grave is found  
 In the cold North's unhallowed ground,  
 Because the wretched Man himself had slain,  
 His love was such a grievous pain.  
 And there is one whom I five years have known;  
 He dwells alone  
 Upon Helvellyr's side:

N

He loved — the pretty Barbara died,  
 And thus he makes his moan:  
 Three years had Barbara in her grave been laid  
 When thus his moan he made:

"Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind that oak!  
 Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,  
 That in some other way yon smoke  
 May mount into the sky!  
 The clouds pass on; they from the heavens depart;  
 I look — the sky is empty space;  
 I know not what I trace;  
 But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.

"O! what a weight is in these shades! Ye leaves,  
 When will that dying murmur be suppress!  
 Your sound my heart of peace bereaves,  
 It robs my heart of rest.  
 Thou Thrush, that singest loud — and loud and free,  
 Into yon row of willows flit,  
 Upon that alder sit;  
 Or sing another song, or choose another tree.

"Roll back, sweet Rill! back to thy mountain bounds,  
 And there for ever be thy waters chained!  
 For thou dost haunt the air with sounds  
 That cannot be sustained;  
 If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged bough  
 Headlong yon waterfall must come,  
 Oh, let it then be dumb! —  
 Be any thing, sweet Rill, but that which thou art now!

"Thou Eglantine, whose arch so proudly towers  
 (Even like a rainbow spanning half the vale)  
 Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,  
 And stir not in the gale.  
 For thus to see thee nodding in the air, —  
 To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,  
 Thus rise and thus descend, —  
 Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear."

The man who makes this feverish complaint  
 Is one of giant stature, who could dance  
 Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.  
 Ah, gentle Love! if ever thought was thine  
 To store up kindred hours for me, thy face  
 Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me walk  
 Within the sound of Emma's voice, or know  
 Such happiness as I have known to-day.

#### THE FORSAKEN.

THE peace which others seek they find;  
 The heaviest storms not longest last;  
 Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind  
 An amnesty for what is past;  
 When will my sentence be reversed?  
 I only pray to know the worst;  
 And wish as if my heart would burst.



O weary struggle! silent years  
Tell seemingly no doubtful tale;  
And yet they leave it short, and fears  
And hopes are strong and will prevail.  
My calmest faith escapes not pain;  
And, feeling that the hope is vain,  
I think that he will come again.

#### A COMPLAINT.

THERE is a change—and I am poor;  
Your love hath been, nor long ago,  
A fountain at my fond heart's door,  
Whose only business was to flow;  
And flow it did; not taking heed  
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!  
Blest was I then all bliss above!  
Now, for that consecrated fount  
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,  
What have I! shall I dare to tell?  
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep—  
I trust it is,—and never dry:  
What matter? if the waters sleep  
In silence and obscurity.  
—Such change, and at the very door  
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

#### TO —

LET other bards of angels sing,  
Bright suns without a spot;  
But thou art no such perfect thing:  
Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not tho' none should call thee fair;  
So, Mary, let it be  
If nought in loveliness compare  
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
Whose veil is unremoved  
Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
And the lover is beloved.

Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved  
To scorn the declaration,  
That sometimes I in thee have loved  
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;  
Dear maid, this truth believe,  
Minds that have nothing to confer  
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit  
To feed my heart's devotion,  
By laws to which all forms submit  
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!  
How bright that heaven-directed glance!  
—Waft her to glory, winged Powers,  
Ere sorrow be renewed,  
And intercourse with mortal hours  
Bring back a humbler mood!  
So looked Cecilia when she drew  
An Angel from his station;  
So looked; not ceasing to pursue  
Her tuneful adoration!

But hand and voice alike are still;  
No sound *here* sweeps away the will  
That gave it birth: in service meek  
One upright arm sustains the cheek,  
And one across the bosom lies—  
That rose, and now forgets to rise,  
Subdued by breathless harmonies  
Of meditative feeling;  
Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies  
Through the pure light of female eyes,  
Their sanctity revealing!

WHAT heavenly smiles! O Lady mine,  
Through my very heart they shine;  
And, if my brow gives back their light,  
Do thou look gladly on the sight;  
As the clear moon with modest pride  
Beholds her own bright beams  
Reflected from the mountain's side  
And from the headlong streams.

#### TO —

O DEARER far than light and life are dear,  
Full oft our human foresight I deplore;  
Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear  
That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more!

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,  
Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest;  
While all the future, for thy purer soul,  
With 'sober certainties' of love is blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for human ear,  
Tells that these words thy humbleness offend;  
Yet bear me up—else faltering in the rear  
Of a steep march: support me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,  
 And love is dutiful in thought and deed;  
 Through thee communion with that love I seek:  
 The faith Heaven strengthens where *he* moulds the  
 creed.

### LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

#### ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

SMILE of the moon — for so I name  
 That silent greeting from above;  
 A gentle flash of light that came  
 From her whom drooping captives love;  
 Or art thou of still higher birth?  
 Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,  
 My torpor to reprove!

Bright boon of pitying Heaven! — alas,  
 I may not trust thy placid cheer!  
 Pondering that Time to-night will pass  
 The threshold of another year;  
 For years to me are sad and dull;  
 My very moments are too full  
 Of hopelessness and fear.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,  
 That struck perchance the farthest cone  
 Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem  
 To visit me, and me alone;  
 Me, unapproached by any friend,  
 Save those who to my sorrows lend  
 Tears due unto their own.

To-night the church-tower bells will ring  
 Through these wide realms a festive peal;  
 To the new year a welcoming;  
 A tuneful offering for the weal  
 Of happy millions lulled in sleep;  
 While I am forced to watch and weep,  
 By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
 Still higher — to be cast thus low!  
 Would that mine eyes had never gazed  
 On aught of more ambitious show  
 Than the sweet flowerets of the fields!  
 — It is my royal state that yields  
 This bitterness of woe.

Yet how! — for I, if there be truth  
 In the world's voice, was passing fair;  
 And beauty for confiding youth,  
 Those shocks of passion can prepare  
 That kill the bloom before its time;  
 And blanch, without the owner's crime,  
 The most resplendent hair.

Unblest distinction! showered on me  
 To bind a lingering life in chains:  
 All that could quit my grasp, or flee,  
 Is gone; — but not the subtle stains

Fixed in the spirit; for even here  
 Can I be proud that jealous fear  
 Of what I was remains.

A woman rules my prison's key;  
 A sister queen, against the bent  
 Of law and holiest sympathy,  
 Detains me, doubtful of the event;  
 Great God, who feel'st for my distress,  
 My thoughts are all that I possess,  
 O keep them innocent!

Farewell desire of human aid,  
 Which abject mortals vainly court!  
 By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
 Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;  
 Nought but the world-redeeming cross  
 Is able to supply my loss,  
 My burthen to support.

Hark! the death-note of the year  
 Sounded by the castle-clock!  
 From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
 Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;  
 But oft the woods renewed their green,  
 Ere the tired head of Scotland's queen  
 Reposed upon the block!

### THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE.

#### I.

How beautiful when up a lofty height  
 Honour ascends among the humblest poor,  
 And feeling sinks as deep! See there the door  
 Of one, a widow, left beneath a weight  
 Of blameless debt. On evil fortune's spite  
 She wasted no complaint, but strove to make  
 A just repayment, both for conscience-sake  
 And that herself and hers should stand upright  
 In the world's eye. Her work when daylight failed  
 Paused not, and through the depth of night she kept  
 Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed  
 With some, the noble creature never slept;  
 But, one by one, the hand of death assailed  
 Her children from her inmost heart bewept.

#### II.

The mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,  
 Till a winter's noon-day placed her buried son  
 Before her eyes, last child of many gone —  
 His raiment of angelic white, and lo!  
 His very feet bright as the dazzling snow  
 Which they are touching; yea far brighter, even  
 As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,  
 Surpasses aught these elements can show.  
 Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour  
 Whate'er befel she could not grieve or pine;  
 But the transfigured, in and out of season,  
 Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power  
 Over material forms that mastered reason.  
 O, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thine!

## III.

But why that prayer! as if to her could come  
 No good but by the way that leads to bliss  
 Through death, — so judging we should judge amiss.  
 Since reason failed want is her threatened doom,  
 Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:  
 Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss  
 The air or laugh upon a precipice;  
 No, passing through strange sufferings toward the tomb,  
 She smiles as if a martyr's crown were won:  
 Oft, when light breaks through clouds or waving trees,  
 With outspread arms and fallen upon her knees  
 The mother hails in her descending son  
 An angel, and in earthly ecstasies  
 Her own angelic glory seems begun.

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

In distant countries have I been,  
 And yet I have not often seen  
 A healthy Man, a Man full grown,  
 Weep in the public roads alone.  
 But such a one, on English ground,  
 And in the broad highway, I met;  
 Along the broad highway he came,  
 His cheeks with tears were wet:  
 Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;  
 And in his arms a Lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,  
 As if he wished himself to hide:  
 Then with his coat he made essay  
 To wipe those briny tears away.  
 I followed him, and said, "My Friend,  
 What ails you! wherefore weep you so?"  
 — "Shame on me, Sir! this lusty Lamb,  
 He makes my tears to flow.  
 To-day I fetched him from the rock;  
 He is the last of all my flock.

When I was young, a single Man,  
 And after youthful follies ran,  
 Though little given to care and thought,  
 Yet, so it was, an Ewe I bought;  
 And other sheep from her I raised,  
 As healthy sheep as you might see;  
 And then I married, and was rich  
 As I could wish to be:  
 Of sheep I numbered a full score,  
 And every year increased my store.

Year after year, my stock it grew;  
 And from this one, this single Ewe,  
 Full fifty comely sheep I raised,  
 As sweet a flock as ever grazed!  
 Upon the mountain did they feed;  
 They throve, and we at home did thrive:

— This lusty Lamb of all my store  
 Is all that is alive;  
 And now I care not if we die,  
 And perish all of poverty.

Six Children, Sir! had I to feed;  
 Hard labour in a time of need!  
 My pride was tamed, and in our grief  
 I of the Parish asked relief.  
 They said, I was a wealthy man;  
 My sheep upon the mountain fed,  
 And it was fit that thence I took  
 Whereof to buy us bread.  
 "Do this: how can we give to you,"  
 They cried, "what to the poor is due?"

I sold a sheep, as they had said,  
 And bought my little children bread,  
 And they were healthy with their food;  
 For me — it never did me good.  
 A woeful time it was for me,  
 To see the end of all my gains,  
 The pretty flock which I had reared  
 With all my care and pains,  
 To see it melt like snow away  
 For me it was a woeful day.

Another still! and still another!  
 A little lamb, and then its mother!  
 It was a vein that never stopped —  
 Like blood-drops from my heart they dropped!  
 Till thirty were not left alive  
 They dwindled, dwindled, one by one,  
 And I may say, that many a time  
 I wished they all were gone —  
 Reckless of what might come at last  
 Were but the bitter struggle past.

To wicked deeds I was inclined,  
 And wicked fancies crossed my mind;  
 And every man I chanced to see,  
 I thought he knew some ill of me:  
 No peace, no comfort could I find,  
 No ease, within doors or without;  
 And crazily and wearily,  
 I went my work about,  
 Bent oftentimes to flee from home,  
 And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

Sir! 't was a precious flock to me,  
 As dear as my own children be;  
 For daily with my growing store  
 I loved my children more and more.  
 Alas! it was an evil time;  
 God cursed me in my sore distress;  
 I prayed, yet every day I thought  
 I loved my children less;  
 And every week, and every day,  
 My flock it seemed to melt away.



They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see !  
 From ten to five, from five to three,  
 A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;  
 And then at last from three to two;  
 And, of my fifty, yesterday  
 I had but only one:  
 And here it lies upon my arm,  
 Alas! and I have none;—  
 To-day I fetched it from the rock;  
 It is the last of all my flock."

### REPENTANCE.

#### A PASTORAL BALLAD.

THE fields which with covetous spirit we sold,  
 These beautiful fields, the delight of the day,  
 Would have brought us more good than a burthen of  
 gold,  
 Could we but have been as contented as they.

When the troublesome Tempter beset us, said I,  
 "Let him come, with his purse proudly grasped in his  
 hand;

But, Allan, be true to me, Allan,—we'll die  
 Before he shall go with an inch of the land!"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their bowers;  
 Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide;  
 We could do what we chose with the land, it was ours;  
 And for us the brook murmured that ran by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late;  
 And often, like one overburthened with sin,  
 With my hand on the latch of the half-opened gate,  
 I look at the fields—but I cannot go in!

When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer's day,  
 Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,  
 A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,  
 "What ails you, that you must come creeping to me?"

With our pastures about us, we could not be sad;  
 Our comfort was near, if we ever were crost;  
 But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we had,  
 We slighted them all,—and our birth-right was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son  
 Who must now be a wanderer!—but peace to that  
 strain!

Think of evening's repose when our labour was done,  
 The Sabbath's return—and its leisure's soft chain!

And in sickness, if night had been sparing of sleep,  
 How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I stood,  
 Looking down on the kine, and our treasure of sheep  
 That besprinkled the field—'t was like youth in my  
 blood!

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as a snail;  
 And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with a sigh,  
 That follows the thought—We've no land in the vale,  
 Save six feet of earth where our forefathers lie!

### THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET.

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,  
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead?  
 Oh find me, prosperous or undone!  
 Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
 Why am I ignorant of the same  
 That I may rest; and neither blame  
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

Seven years, alas! to have received  
 No tidings of an only child;  
 To have despaired, and have believed,  
 And be for evermore beguiled;  
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!  
 I catch at them, and then I miss;  
 Was ever darkness like to this?

He was among the prime in worth,  
 An object beauteous to behold;  
 Well born, well bred; I sent him forth  
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold:  
 If things ensued that wanted grace,  
 As hath been said, they were not base;  
 And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the Young-one dream,  
 When full of play and childish cares,  
 What power is in his wildest scream,  
 Heard by his Mother unawares!  
 He knows it not, he cannot guess:  
 Years to a Mother bring distress;  
 But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffered long  
 From that ill thought; and, being blind,  
 Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong:  
 Kind mother have I been, as kind  
 As ever breathed:" and that is true;  
 I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
 Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
 Hopeless of honour and of gain,  
 Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;  
 Think not of me with grief and pain:  
 I now can see with better eyes;  
 And worldly grandeur I despise,  
 And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of Heaven have wings,  
And blasts of Heaven will aid their flight;  
They mount—how short a voyage brings  
The Wanderers back to their delight!  
Chains tie us down by land and sea;  
And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,  
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;  
Or thou upon a Desert thrown  
Inheritest the Lion's den;  
Or hast been summoned to the deep,  
Thou, Thou and all thy mates, to keep  
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for Ghosts; but none will force  
Their way to me:—'tis falsely said  
That there was ever intercourse  
Between the living and the dead;  
For, surely, then I should have sight  
Of Him I wait for day and night,  
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;  
I dread the rustling of the grass;  
The very shadows of the clouds  
Have power to shake me as they pass:  
I question things, and do not find  
One that will answer to my mind;  
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie  
My troubles, and beyond relief:  
If any chance to heave a sigh,  
They pity me, and not my grief.  
Then come to me, my Son, or send  
Some tidings that my woes may end;  
I have no other earthly friend!

### THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY MY SISTER.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,  
The north-wind sings a doleful song;  
Then hush again upon my breast;  
All merry things are now at rest,  
Save thee, my pretty Love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;  
There's nothing stirring in the house  
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,  
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;  
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
On the window pane bedropped with rain:  
Then, little Darling! sleep again,  
And wake when it is day.

### THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,  
A foggy day in winter time)  
A Woman on the road I met,  
Not old, though something past her prime:  
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;  
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait

The ancient Spirit is not dead;  
Old times, thought I, are breathing there;  
Proud was I that my country bred  
Such strength, a dignity so fair:  
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate;  
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
"What treasure," said I, "do you bear,  
Beneath the covert of your Cloak,  
Protected from the cold damp air?"  
She answered, soon as she the question heard,  
"A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-bird"

And, thus continuing, she said,  
"I had a Son, who many a day  
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;  
In Denmark he was cast away:  
And I have travelled weary miles to see  
If aught which he had owned might still remain  
for me.

"The Bird and Cage they both were his:  
'Twas my Son's Bird; and neat and trim  
He kept it: many voyages  
This Singing-bird had gone with him:  
When last he sailed, he left the Bird behind;  
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.

"He to a Fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it, to be watched and fed,  
And pipe its song in safety;—there  
I found it when my Son was dead;  
And now, God help me for my little wit!  
I bear it with me, Sir, he took so much delight in it."

### THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

"Up, Timothy, up with your Staff and away!  
Not a soul in the village this morning will stay;  
The Hare has just started from Hamilton's grounds,  
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds."

—Of coats and of jackets gray, scarlet, and green,  
On the slopes of the pastures all colours were seen;  
With their comely blue aprons, and caps white as snow,  
The girls on the hills made a holiday show.

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not six months before,

Filled the funeral basin\* at Timothy's door;  
A Coffin through Timothy's threshold had past;  
One Child did it bear, and that Child was his last.

Now fast up the dell came the noise and the fray,  
The horse and the horn, and the hark! hark away!  
Old Timothy took up his staff, and he shut  
With a leisurely motion the door of his hut.

Perhaps to himself at that moment he said,  
"The key I must take, for my Ellen is dead."  
But of this in my ears not a word did he speak,  
And he went to the chase with a tear on his cheek.

### THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

Once in a lonely Hamlet I sojourned  
In which a Lady driven from France did dwell;  
The big and lesser griefs with which she mourned,  
In friendship she to me would often tell.

This Lady, dwelling upon English ground,  
Where she was childless, daily would repair  
To a poor neighbouring Cottage; as I found,  
For sake of a young Child whose home was there.

Once having seen her take with fond embrace,  
This Infant to herself, I framed a lay,  
Endeavouring, in my native tongue, to trace  
Such things as she unto the Child might say:  
And thus, from what I knew, had heard, and guessed,  
My song the workings of her heart expressed.

"Dear Babe, thou Daughter of another,  
One moment let me be thy Mother!  
An Infant's face and looks are thine;  
And sure a Mother's heart is mine:  
Thy own dear Mother's far away,  
At labour in the harvest field:  
Thy little Sister is at play;—  
What warmth, what comfort would it yield  
To my poor heart, if thou would'st be  
One little hour a Child to me!

Across the waters I am come,  
And I have left a Babe at home:

\* In several parts of the North of England, when a funeral takes place, a basin full of Sprigs of Box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a Sprig of this Box-wood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased.

A long, long way of land and sea!  
Come to me—I'm no enemy:  
I am the same who at thy side  
Sate yesterday, and made a nest  
For thee, sweet Baby!—thou hast tried,  
Thou knowest the pillow of my breast;  
Good, good art thou:—alas! to me  
Far more than I can be to thee.

Here, little Darling, dost thou lie;  
An Infant Thou, a Mother I!  
Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears;  
Mine art thou—spite of these my tears.  
Alas! before I left the spot,  
My baby and its dwelling-place;  
The Nurse said to me, 'Tears should not  
Be shed upon an infant's face,  
It was unlucky'—no, no, no;  
No truth is in them who say so!

My own dear Little-one will sigh,  
Sweet Babe! and they will let him die.  
'He pinea,' they'll say, 'it is his doom,  
And you may see his hour is come.'  
Oh! had he but thy cheerful smiles,  
Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,  
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,  
And countenance like a summer's day,  
They would have hopes of him—and then  
I should behold his face again!

'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget;  
There was a smile or two—yet—yet  
I can remember them, I see  
The smiles, worth all the world to me.  
Dear Baby! I must lay thee down;  
Thou troublest me with strange alarms;  
Smiles hast Thou, bright ones of thy own;  
I cannot keep thee in my arms,  
By those bewildering glances crost  
In which the light of his is lost.

Oh! how I love thee!—we will stay  
Together here this one half day.  
My Sister's Child, who bears my name,  
From France to sheltering England came;  
She with her mother crossed the sea;  
The Babe and Mother near me dwell:  
My Darling, she is not to me  
What thou art! though I love her well:  
Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here!  
Never was any Child more dear!

—I cannot help it—ill intent  
I've none, my pretty Innocent!  
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,  
These tears—and my poor idle tongue  
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek  
How cold it is! but thou art good;



Thine eyes are on me — they would speak,  
I think, to help me if they could.  
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,  
My heart again is in its place!

While thou art mine, my little Love,  
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;  
Contentment, hope, and Mother's glee,  
I seem to find them all in thee:  
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers;  
I'll call thee by my Darling's name;  
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,  
Thy features seem to me the same;  
His little Sister thou shalt be;  
And, when once more my home I see,  
I'll tell him many tales of Thee."

### VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

The following tale was written as an Episode, in a work from which its length may perhaps exclude it. The facts are true; no invention as to these has been exercised, as none was needed.

O HAPPY time of youthful lovers (thus  
My story may begin) O balmy time,  
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow  
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven!  
To such inheritance of blessed fancy  
(Fancy that sports more desperately with minds  
Than ever fortune hath been known to do)  
The high-born Vaudracour was brought, by years  
Whose progress had a little overstepped  
His stripling prime. A town of small repute,  
Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,  
Was the Youth's birth-place. There he wooed a Maid  
Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit  
With answering vows. Plebeian was the stock,  
Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,  
From which her graces and her honours sprung:  
And hence the father of the enamoured Youth,  
With haughty indignation, spurned the thought  
Of such alliance. — From their cradles up,  
With but a step between their several homes,  
Twins had they been in pleasure; after strife  
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;  
Each other's advocate, each other's stay;  
And strangers to content if long apart,  
Or more divided than a sportive pair  
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering  
Within the eddy of a common blast,  
Or hidden only by the concave depth  
Of neighbouring billows from each other's sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age  
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given

By ready nature for a life of love,  
For endless constancy, and placid truth;  
But whatsoe'er of such rare treasure lay  
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support  
Of their maturer years, his present mind  
Was under fascination; — he beheld  
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.  
Arabian fiction never filled the world  
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.  
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;  
Life turned the meanest of her implements,  
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;  
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;  
Her chamber window did surpass in glory  
The portals of the dawn; all paradise  
Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,  
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,  
Surcharged, within him, — overblest to move  
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world  
To its dull round of ordinary cares;  
A man too happy for mortality!

So passed the time, till, whether through effect  
Of some unguarded moment that dissolved  
Virtuous restraint — ah, speak it — think it not!  
Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who saw  
So many bars between his present state  
And the dear haven where he wished to be  
In honourable wedlock with his Love,  
Was in his judgment tempted to decline  
To perilous weakness, and entrust his cause  
To nature for a happy end of all;  
Deem that by such fond hope the Youth was swayed  
And bear with their transgression, when I add  
That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,  
Carried about her for a secret grief  
The promise of a mother.

To conceal  
The threatened shame, the parents of the Maid  
Found means to hurry her away by night,  
And unforewarned, that in some distant spot  
She might remain shrouded in privacy,  
Until the babe was born. When morning came,  
The Lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,  
And all uncertain whither he should turn,  
Chafed like a wild beast in the toils; but soon  
Discovering traces of the fugitives,  
Their steps he followed to the Maid's retreat.  
The sequel may be easily divined —  
Walks to and fro — watchings at every hour;  
And the fair Captive, who, whene'er she may,  
Is busy at her casement as the swallow  
Fluttering its pinions, almost within reach,  
About the pendent nest, did thus espy  
Her Lover! — thence a stolen interview,  
Accomplished under friendly shade of night.

I pass the raptures of the Pair ; — such theme  
Is, by innumerable poets, touched  
In more delightful verse than skill of mine  
Could fashion, chiefly by that darling bard  
Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,  
And of the lark's note heard before its time,  
And of the streaks that laced the severing clouds  
In the unrelenting east. — Through all her courts  
The vacant city slept; the busy winds,  
That keep no certain intervals of rest,  
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed  
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat  
Aloft; — momentous but uneasy bliss!  
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung  
On that brief meeting's slender filament!

They parted; and the generous Vaudracour  
Reached speedily the native threshold, bent  
On making (so the Lovers had agreed)  
A sacrifice of birthright to attain  
A final portion from his Father's hand;  
Which granted, Bride and Bridegroom then would flee  
To some remote and solitary place,  
Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,  
Where they may live, with no one to behold  
Their happiness, or to disturb their love.  
But now of this no whisper; not the less,  
If ever an obtrusive word were dropped  
Touching the matter of his passion, still,  
In his stern Father's hearing, Vaudracour  
Persisted openly that death alone  
Should abrogate his human privilege  
Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,  
Upon the altar, to the Maid he loved.

"You shall be baffled in your mad intent  
If there be justice in the Court of France,"  
Muttered the Father. — From these words the Youth  
Conceived a terror, — and, by night or day,  
Stirred nowhere without weapons — that full soon  
Found dreadful provocation: for at night  
When to his chamber he retired, attempt  
Was made to seize him by three armed men,  
Acting, in furtherance of the Father's will,  
Under a private signet of the State.  
One, did the Youth's ungovernable hand  
Assault and slay; — and to a second, gave  
A perilous wound, — he shuddered to behold  
The breathless corse; then peacefully resigned  
His person to the law, was lodged in prison,  
And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you beheld a tuft of winged seed  
That, from the dandelion's naked stalk,  
Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use  
Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,  
Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and fro  
Through the wide element! or have you marked  
The heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,

Within the vortex of a foaming flood,  
Tormented! by such aid you may conceive  
The perturbation of each mind: — ah, no!  
Desperate the Maid — the Youth is stained with blood;  
But as the troubled seed and tortured bough  
Is Man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence with the Court  
Was pardon gained, and liberty procured;  
But not without exaction of a pledge,  
Which liberty and love dispersed in air.  
He flew to her from whom they would divide him —  
He clove to her who could not give him peace —  
Yea, his first word of greeting was, — "All right  
Is gone from me; my lately-towering hopes,  
To the least fibre of their lowest root,  
Are withered; — thou no longer canst be mine,  
I thine — the Conscience-stricken must not woo  
The unruffled Innocent, — I see thy face,  
Behold thee, and my misery is complete!"

"One, are we not?" exclaimed the Maiden — "One  
For innocence and youth, for weal and woe!"  
Then with the Father's name she coupled words  
Of vehement indignation; but the Youth  
Checked her with filial meekness; for no thought  
Uncharitable, no presumptuous rising  
Of hasty censure, modelled in the eclipse  
Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er  
Find place within his bosom. — Once again  
The persevering wedge of tyranny  
Achieved their separation; — and once more  
Were they united, — to be yet again  
Disparted — pitiable lot! But here  
A portion of the Tale may well be left  
In silence, though my memory could add  
Much how the Youth, in scanty space of time,  
Was traversed from without; much, too, of thoughts  
That occupied his days in solitude  
Under privation and restraint; and what,  
Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come,  
And what, through strong compunction for the past,  
He suffered — breaking down in heart and mind!

Doomed to a third and last captivity,  
His freedom he recovered on the eve  
Of Julia's travail. When the babe was born,  
Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes  
Of future happiness. "You shall return,  
Julia," said he, "and to your Father's house  
Go with the Child. — You have been wretched, yet  
The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs  
Too heavily upon the lily's head,  
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.  
Malice, beholding you, will melt away.  
Go! — 't is a Town where both of us were born;  
None will reproach you, for our truth is known;

And if, amid those once-bright bowers, our fate  
 Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.  
 With ornaments — the prettiest, nature yields  
 Or art can fashion, shall you deck our Boy,  
 And feed his countenance with your own sweet looks  
 Till no one can resist him. — Now, even now,  
 I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;  
 My Father from the window sees him too;  
 Startled, as if some new-created Thing  
 Enriched the earth, or Faery of the woods  
 Bounded before him; — but the unweeeting Child  
 Shall by his beauty win his Grandsire's heart  
 So that it shall be softened, and our loves  
 End happily — as they began!" These gleams  
 Appeared but seldom; oftener was he seen  
 Propping a pale and melancholy face  
 Upon the Mother's bosom; resting thus  
 His head upon one breast, while from the other  
 The Babe was drawing in its quiet food.  
 — That pillar is no longer to be thine,  
 Fond Youth! that mournful solace now must pass  
 Into the list of things that cannot be!  
 Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears  
 The sentence, by her Mother's lip pronounced,  
 That dooms her to a Convent. — Who shall tell,  
 Who dares report, the tidings to the Lord  
 Of her affections? So they blindly asked  
 Who knew not to what quiet depths a weight  
 Of agony had pressed the Sufferer down; —  
 The word, by others dreaded, he can hear  
 Composed and silent, without visible sign  
 Of even the least emotion. Noting this,  
 When the impatient Object of his love  
 Upbraided him with slackness, he returned  
 No answer, only took the Mother's hand  
 And kissed it — seemingly devoid of pain,  
 Or care, that what so tenderly he pressed,  
 Was a dependant on the obdurate heart  
 Of One who came to disunite their lives  
 For ever — sad alternative! preferred,  
 By the unbending Parents of the Maid,  
 To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed.  
 — So be it!

In the city he remained  
 A season after Julia had withdrawn  
 To those religious walls. He, too, departs —  
 Who with him? — even the senseless Little-one!  
 With that sole Charge he passed the city-gates,  
 For the last time, attendant by the side  
 Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,  
 In which the Babe was carried. To a hill,  
 That rose a brief league distant from the town,  
 The Dwellers in that house where he had lodged  
 Accompanied his steps, by anxious love  
 Impelled, — they parted from him there, and stood  
 Watching below, till he had disappeared

On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely took,  
 Throughout that journey, from the vehicle  
 (Slow-moving ark of all his hopes!) that veiled  
 The tender Infant: and at every inn,  
 And under every hospitable tree  
 At which the Bearers halted or reposed,  
 Laid him with timid care upon his knees,  
 And looked, as mothers ne'er were known to look,  
 Upon the Nursling which his arms embraced.  
 — This was the manner in which Vaudracour  
 Departed with his Infant; and thus reached  
 His Father's house, where to the innocent Child  
 Admittance was denied. The young Man spake  
 No words of indignation or reproof,  
 But of his Father begged, a last request,  
 That a retreat might be assigned to him  
 Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell,  
 With such allowance as his wants required;  
 For wishes he had none. To a Lodge that stood  
 Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the age  
 Of four-and-twenty summers, he withdrew;  
 And thither took with him his infant Babe,  
 And one Domestic for their common needs,  
 An aged Woman. It consoled him here  
 To attend upon the Orphan, and perform  
 Obsequious service to the precious Child,  
 Which, after a short time, by some mistake  
 Or indiscretion of the Father, died. —  
 The Tale I follow to its last recess  
 Of suffering, or of peace, I know not which:  
 Theirs be the blame who caused the woe, not mine!

From this time forth, he never shared a smile  
 With mortal creature. An Inhabitant  
 Of that same Town, in which the Pair had left  
 So lively a remembrance of their griefs,  
 By chance of business, coming within reach  
 Of his retirement, to the forest lodge  
 Repaired, but only found the Matron there,  
 Who told him that his pains were thrown away,  
 For that her Master never uttered word  
 To living Thing — not even to her. — Behold!  
 While they were speaking, Vaudracour approached;  
 But, seeing some one near, even as his hand  
 Was stretched towards the garden gate, he shrunk —  
 And, like a shadow, glided out of view.  
 Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place  
 The Visitor retired.

Thus lived the Youth  
 Cut off from all intelligence with man,  
 And shunning even the light of common day;  
 Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France  
 Full speedily resounded, public hope,  
 Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,  
 Rouse him: but in those solitary shades  
 His days he wasted, an imbecile mind!



## THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

The subject of the following poem is from the *Orlandus* of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby; and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him, as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time.]

## 1.

You have heard "a Spanish Lady  
How she wooed an English Man;\*  
Hear now of a fair Armenian,  
Daughter of the proud Soldàn;  
How she loved a Christian Slave, and told her pain  
By word, look, deed, with hope that he might love again.

## 2.

"Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,"  
Said she, lifting up her veil;  
"Pluck it for me, gentle Gardener,  
Ere it wither and grow pale."  
"Princess fair, I till the ground, but may not take  
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even for your  
sake."

## 3.

"Grieved am I, submissive Christian!  
To behold thy captive state;  
Women, in your land, may pity  
(May they not!) the unfortunate."  
"Yes, kind Lady! otherwise Man could not bear  
Life, which to every one that breathes is full of care."

## 4.

"Worse than idle is compassion,  
If it end in tears and sighs;  
Thee from bondage would I rescue  
And from vile indignities;  
Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high degree,  
Look up — and help a hand that longs to set thee free."

## 5.

"Lady, dread the wish, nor venture  
In such peril to engage;  
Think how it would stir against you  
Your most loving Father's rage:  
Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked with shame,  
Should troubles overflow on her from whom it came."

## 6.

"Generous Frank! the just in effort  
Are of inward peace secure;

Hardships for the brave encountered,

Even the feeblest may endure:

If Almighty Grace through me thy chains unbind,  
My Father for slave's work may seek a slave in  
mind."

## 7.

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,  
My long-frozen heart grows warm!"  
"Yet you make all courage fruitless,  
Me to save from chance of harm;  
Leading such Companion I that gilded Dome,  
Yon Minarets, would gladly leave for his worst home."

## 8.

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess!  
And your brow is free from scorn,  
Else these words would come like mockery,  
Sharper than the pointed thorn."  
"Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too wide apart  
Our faith hath been, — O would that eyes could see  
the heart!"

## 9.

"Tempt me not, I pray; my doom is  
These base implements to wield;  
Rusty Lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,  
Ne'er assoil my cobwebb'd shield!  
Never see my native land, nor castle towers,  
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts widowed  
hours."

## 10.

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;  
Wedded! If you *can*, say no! —  
Blessed is and be your Consort;  
Hopes I cherished — let them go!  
Handmaid's privilege would leave my purpose free,  
Without another link to my felicity."

## 11.

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,  
Lady, is a mystery rare;  
Body, heart, and soul in union,  
Make one being of a pair."  
"Humble love in me would look for no return,  
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but cannot burn."

## 12.

"Gracious Allah! by such title  
Do I dare to thank the God,  
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,  
Flower of an unchristian sod!  
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in heaven dost  
wear?  
What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt? where am  
I? where?"

\* See, in Percy's *Reliques*, that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love;" from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted.

## 13.

Here broke off the dangerous converse :  
 Less impassioned words might tell  
 How the pair escaped together,  
 Tears not wanting, nor a knell  
 Of sorrow in her heart while through her Father's door,  
 And from her narrow world, she passed for evermore.

## 14.

But affections higher, holier,  
 Urged her steps; she shrunk from trust  
 In a sensual creed that trampled  
 Woman's birthright into dust.  
 Little be the wonder then, the blame be none,  
 If she, a timid Maid, hath put such boldness on.

## 15.

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge :  
 In those old romantic days  
 Mighty were the soul's commandments  
 To support, restrain, or raise.  
 Foes might hang upon their path, snakes rustle near,  
 But nothing from their inward selves had they to fear.

## 16.

Thought infirm ne'er came between them,  
 Whether printing desert sands  
 With accordant steps, or gathering  
 Forest-fruit with social hands;  
 Or whispering like two reeds that in the cold moon-  
 beam  
 Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a crystal  
 stream.

## 17.

On a friendly deck reposing,  
 They at length for Venice steer;  
 There, when they had closed their voyage,  
 One, who daily on the Pier  
 Watched for tidings from the East, beheld his Lord,  
 Fell down and clasped his knees for joy, not uttering  
 word.

## 18.

Mutual was the sudden transport;  
 Breathless questions followed fast,  
 Years contracting to a moment,  
 Each word greedier than the last;  
 "Hie thee to the Countess, Friend! return with speed,  
 And of this Stranger speak by whom her Lord was freed.

## 19.

"Say that I, who might have languished,  
 Drooped and pined till life was spent,  
 Now before the gates of Stolberg  
 My Deliverer would present  
 For a crowning recompense, the precious grace  
 Of her who in my heart still holds her ancient place.

## 20.

"Make it known that my Companion  
 Is of royal Eastern blood,  
 Thirsting after all perfection,  
 Innocent, and meek, and good,  
 Though with misbelievers bred; but that dark night  
 Will Holy Church disperse by beams of Gospel Light."

## 21.

Swiftly went that gray-haired Servant,  
 Soon returned a trusty Page  
 Charged with greetings, benedictions,  
 Thanks and praises, each a gage  
 For a sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's way,  
 Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears allay.

## 22.

Fancy (while, to banners floating  
 High on Stolberg's Castle walls,  
 Deafening noise of welcome mounted,  
 Trumpets, Drums, and Atabals,)  
 The devout embraces still, while such tears fell  
 As made a meeting seem, most like a dear farewell.

## 23.

Through a haze of human nature,  
 Glorified by heavenly light,  
 Looked the beautiful Deliverer  
 On that overpowering sight,  
 While across her virgin cheek pure blushes strayed,  
 For every tender sacrifice her heart had made.

## 24.

On the ground the weeping Countess  
 Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's hand;  
 Act of soul-devoted homage,  
 Pledge of an eternal band:  
 Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie.  
 Which, with a generous shout, the crowd did ratify.

## 25.

Constant to the fair Armenian,  
 Gentle pleasures round her moved,  
 Like a tutelary Spirit  
 Reverenced, like a Sister, loved.  
 Christian meekness smoothed for all the path of life,  
 Who, loving most, should wiseliest love, their only  
 strife.

## 26.

Mute Memento of that union  
 In a Saxon Church survives,  
 Where a cross-legged Knight lies sculptured  
 As between two wedded Wives —  
 Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,  
 And the vain rank the Pilgrims bore while yet on  
 earth.

## THE SOMNAMBULIST.

1.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower\*  
 At eve; how softly then  
 Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,  
 Speak from the woody glen!  
 Fit music for a solemn vale!  
 And holier seems the ground  
 To him who catches on the gale  
 The spirit of a mournful tale,  
 Embodied in the sound.

2.

Not far from that fair sight whereon  
 The Pleasure-house is reared,  
 As Story says, in antique days,  
 A stern-brow'd house appeared;  
 Foil to a jewel rich in light  
 There set, and guarded well;  
 Cage for a bird of plumage bright,  
 Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight  
 Beyond her native dell.

3.

To win this bright bird from her cage,  
 To make this gem their own,  
 Came Barons bold, with store of gold,  
 And Knights of high renown;  
 But one she prized, and only One;  
 Sir Eglamore was he;  
 Full happy season, when was known,  
 Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone  
 Their mutual loyalty —

4.

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,  
 Thy brook, and bowers of holly;  
 Where Passion caught what Nature taught,  
 That all but Love is folly;  
 Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play,  
 Doubt came not, nor regret;  
 To trouble hours that winged their way,  
 As if through an immortal day  
 Whose sun could never set.

5.

But in old times Love dwelt not long  
 Sequester'd with repose;  
 Best throve the fire of chaste desire,  
 Fanned by the breath of foes.  
 "A conquering lance is beauty's test,  
 "And proves the Lover true;"

So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed  
 The drooping Emma to his breast,  
 And looked a blind adieu.

6.

They parted.—Well with him it fared  
 Through wide-spread regions errant;  
 A knight of proof in love's behoof,  
 The thirst of fame his warrant:  
 And she her happiness can build  
 On woman's quiet hours;  
 Though faint, compared with spear and shield,  
 The solace beads and masses yield,  
 And needlework and flowers.

7.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard  
 Her Champion's praise recounted;  
 Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim  
 And high her blushes mounted;  
 Or when a bold heroic lay  
 She warbled from full heart:  
 Delightful blossoms for the *May*  
 Of absence! but they will not stay,  
 Born only to depart.

8.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills  
 Whatever path he chooses;  
 As if his orb, that owns no curb,  
 Received the light hers loses.  
 He comes not back; an ampler space  
 Requires for nobler deeds;  
 He ranges on from place to place,  
 Till of his doings is no trace  
 But what her fancy breeds.

9.

His fame may spread, but in the past  
 Her spirit finds its centre;  
 Clear sight she has of what he was,  
 And that would now content her.  
 "Still is he my devoted knight!"  
 The tear in answer flows;  
 Month falls on month with heavier weight;  
 Day sickens round her, and the night  
 Is empty of repose.

10.

In sleep she sometimes walked abroad,  
 Deep sighs with quick words blending,  
 Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen  
 With fancied spots contending;  
 But *she* is innocent of blood,—  
 The moon is not more pure  
 That shines aloft, while through the wood  
 She thrids her way, the sounding Flood  
 Her melancholy lure! 10

\* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. FORCE is the word used in the Lake District for Water-fall.



## 11.

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,  
 And owls alone are waking,  
 In white arrayed, glides on the Maid  
 The downward pathway taking,  
 That leads her to the torrent's side  
 And to a holly bower;  
 By whom on this still night descried?  
 By whom in that lone place espied?  
 By thee, Sir Eglamore!

## 12.

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,  
 His coming step has thwarted,  
 Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,  
 Within whose shade they parted.  
 Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!  
 Perplexed her fingers seem,  
 As if they from the holly tree  
 Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly  
 Flung from her to the stream.

## 13.

What means the Spectre? Why intent  
 To violate the Tree,  
 Thought Eglamore, by which I swore  
 Unfading constancy?  
 Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,  
 To her I left, shall prove  
 That bliss is ne'er so surely won  
 As when a circuit has been run  
 Of valour, truth, and love.

## 14.

So from the spot whereon he stood,  
 He moved with stealthy pace;  
 And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,  
 He recognised the face;  
 And whispers caught, and speeches small,  
 Some to the green-leaved tree,  
 Some muttered to the torrent fall,—  
 "Roar on, and bring him with thy call;  
 "I heard, and so may he!"

## 15.

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew  
 If Emma's Ghost it were,  
 Or boding Shade, or if the Maid  
 Her very self stood there.  
 He touched, what followed who shall tell?  
 The soft touch snatched the thread  
 Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,  
 And the Stream whirled her down the dell  
 Along its foaming bed.

## 16.

In plunged the Knight! when on firm ground  
 The rescued Maiden lay,  
 Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,  
 Confusion passed away;  
 She heard, ere to the throne of grace  
 Her faithful Spirit flew,  
 His voice; beheld his speaking face,  
 And, dying, from his own embrace,  
 She felt that he was true.

## 17.

So was he reconciled to life:  
 Brief words may speak the rest;  
 Within the dell he built a cell,  
 And there was Sorrow's guest;  
 In hermits' weeds repose he found,  
 From vain temptations free;  
 Beside the torrent dwelling—bound  
 By one deep heart-controlling sound,  
 And awed to piety.

## 18.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,  
 Nor fear memorial lays,  
 Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,  
 Are edged with golden rays!  
 Dear art thou to the light of Heaven,  
 Though minister of sorrow;  
 Sweet is thy voice at pensive Even;  
 And thou, in Lovers' hearts forgiven,  
 Shall take thy place with Yarrow!

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 THE IDIOT BOY.

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,  
 The Moon is up,—the Sky is blue,  
 The Owlet, in the moonlight air,  
 Shouts, from nobody knows where;  
 He lengthens out his lonely shout,  
 Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

—Why bustle thus about your door,  
 What means this bustle, Betty Foy?  
 Why are you in this mighty fret?  
 And why on horseback have you set  
 Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy?

There's scarce a soul that's out of bed;  
 Good Betty, put him down again;  
 His lips with joy they burr at you;  
 But, Betty! what has he to do  
 With stirrup, saddle, or with rein?

But Betty's bent on her intent;  
For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,  
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,  
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,  
As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,  
No hand to help them in distress;  
Old Susan lies abed in pain,  
And sorely puzzled are the twain,  
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's Husband's at the wood,  
Where by the week he doth abide,  
A woodman in the distant vale;  
There's none to help poor Susan Gale;  
What must be done! what will betide?

And Betty from the lane has fetched  
Her Pony, that is mild and good,  
Whether he be in joy or pain,  
Feeding at will along the lane,  
Or bringing fagots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—  
And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy  
Has up upon the saddle set  
(The like was never heard of yet)  
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay  
Across the bridge and through the dale,  
And by the church, and o'er the down,  
To bring a Doctor from the town,  
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,  
There is no need of whip or wand;  
For Johnny has his holly-bough,  
And with a *hurly-burly* now  
He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told  
The Boy, who is her best delight,  
Both what to follow, what to shun,  
What do, and what to leave undone,  
How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,  
Was, "Johnny! Johnny! mind that you  
Come home again, nor stop at all,—  
Come home again, whate'er befall,  
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,  
Both with his head and with his hand,  
And proudly shook the bridle too;  
And then! his words were not a few,  
Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,  
Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,  
She gently pats the Pony's side,  
On which her Idiot Boy must ride,  
And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the Pony moved his legs,  
Oh! then for the poor Idiot Boy!  
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
For joy his head and heels are idle,  
He's idle all for very joy.

And while the Pony moves his legs,  
In Johnny's left hand you may see  
The green bough motionless and dead:  
The Moon that shines above his head  
Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,  
That till full fifty yards were gone,  
He quite forgot his holly whip,  
And all his skill in horsemanship.  
Oh! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door,  
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,  
Proud of herself, and proud of him,  
She sees him in his travelling trim,  
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,  
What hope it sends to Betty's heart!  
He's at the Guide-post—he turns right,  
She watches till he's out of sight,  
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,  
As loud as any mill, or near it;  
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,  
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,  
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:  
Her messenger's in merry tune;  
The Owlets hoot, the Owlets curr,  
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,  
As on he goes beneath the Moon.

His Steed and He right well agree;  
For of this Pony there's a rumour,  
That, should he lose his eyes and ears,  
And should he live a thousand years,  
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a Horse that thinks!  
And when he thinks his paco is slack;  
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,  
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell  
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,  
And far into the moonlight dale,  
And by the church, and o'er the down,  
To bring a Doctor from the town,  
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,  
Is in the middle of her story,  
What comfort soon her Boy will bring,  
With many a most diverting thing,  
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,  
By this time is not quite so flurried:  
Demure with porringer and plate  
She sits, as if in Susan's fate  
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good Woman! she,  
You plainly in her face may read it,  
Could lend out of that moment's store  
Five years of happiness or more  
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then  
With Betty all was not so well;  
And to the road she turns her ears,  
And thence full many a sound she hears,  
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;  
"As sure as there's a moon in heaven,"  
Cries Betty, "he'll be back again;  
They'll both be here — 't is almost ten —  
Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;  
The clock gives warning for eleven;  
'T is on the stroke — "He must be near,"  
Quoth Betty, "and will soon be here,  
As sure as there's a moon in heaven."

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,  
And Johnny is not yet in sight,  
— The Moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,  
But Betty is not quite at ease;  
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,  
On Johnny vile reflections cast:  
"A little idle sauntering Thing!"  
With other names, an endless string;  
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,  
That happy time all past and gone,  
"How can it be he is so late!  
The Doctor he has made him wait,  
Susan! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and worse,  
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*;  
And then there's nobody to say  
If she must go, or she must stay!  
She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one;  
But neither Doctor nor his Guide  
Appears along the moonlight road;  
There's neither horse nor man abroad,  
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear  
Of sad mischances not a few,  
That Johnny may perhaps be drowned,  
Or lost, perhaps, and never found;  
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this  
With, "God forbid it should be true!"  
At the first word that Susan said,  
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,  
"Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

"I must be gone, I must away,  
Consider, Johnny's but half-wise;  
Susan, we must take care of him,  
If he is hurt in life or limb" —  
"Oh God forbid!" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do?" says Betty, going,  
"What can I do to ease your pain!  
Good Susan, tell me, and I'll stay;  
I fear you're in a dreadful way,  
But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go! good Betty, go!  
There's nothing that can ease my pain."  
Then off she hies; but with a prayer  
That God poor Susan's life would spare,  
Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,  
And far into the moonlight dale;  
And how she ran, and how she walked,  
And all that to herself she talked,  
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,  
In great and small, in round and square,  
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,  
In brush and brake, in black and green,  
'T was Johnny, Johnny, everywhere.

The bridge is past — far in the dale;  
And now the thought torments her sore,  
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,  
To hunt the moon within the brook,  
And never will be heard of more.



Now is she high upon the down,  
Alone amid a prospect wide :  
There's neither Johnny nor his Horse  
Among the fern or in the gorse ;  
There's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

"Oh saints! what is become of him ?  
Perhaps he's climbed into an oak,  
Where he will stay till he is dead ;  
Or, sadly he has been misled,  
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.

"Or him that wicked Pony's carried  
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall ;  
Or in the castle he's pursuing  
Among the ghosts his own undoing ;  
Or playing with the waterfall."

At poor old Susan then she railed,  
While to the town she posts away ;  
"If Susan had not been so ill,  
Alas! I should have had him still,  
My Johnny, till my dying day."

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,  
The Doctor's self could hardly spare ;  
Unworthy things she talked, and wild ;  
Even he, of cattle the most mild,  
The Pony had his share.

And now she's got into the town,  
And to the Doctor's door she hies ;  
'Tis silence all on every side ;  
The town so long, the town so wide,  
Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the Doctor's door,  
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap ;  
The Doctor at the casement shows  
His glimmering eyes that peep and doze !  
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"Oh Doctor! Doctor! where's my Johnny?"  
"I'm here, what is't you want with me?"  
"Oh Sir! you know I'm Betty Foy,  
And I have lost my poor dear Boy,  
You know him — him you often see;"

"He's not so wise as some folks be."  
"The devil take his wisdom!" said  
The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,  
"What, Woman! should I know of him?"  
And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

"O woe is me! O woe is me!  
Here will I die; here will I die;  
I thought to find my lost one here,  
But he is neither far nor near,  
Oh! what a wretched Mother I!"

P

She stops, she stands, she looks about ;  
Which way to turn she cannot tell.  
Poor Betty! it would ease her pain  
If she had heart to knock again ;  
— The clock strikes three — a dismal knell!

Then up along the town she hies,  
No wonder if her senses fail,  
This piteous news so much it shocked her,  
She quite forgot to send the Doctor,  
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,  
And she can see a mile of road :  
"Oh cruel! I'm almost threescore ;  
Such night as this was ne'er before,  
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear  
The foot of horse, the voice of man ;  
The streams with softest sound are flowing,  
The grass you almost hear it growing,  
You hear it now, if e'er you can.

The Owlets through the long blue night  
Are shouting to each other still :  
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob,  
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,  
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,  
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin,  
A green-grown pond she just has past,  
And from the brink she hurries fast,  
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps ;  
Such tears she never shed before ;  
"Oh dear, dear Pony! my sweet joy!  
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy!  
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head :  
"The Pony he is mild and good,  
And we have always used him well :  
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,  
And carried Johnny to the wood."

Then up she springs as if on wings ;  
She thinks no more of deadly sin ;  
If Betty fifty ponds should see,  
The last of all her thoughts would be  
To drown herself therein.

O Reader! now that I might tell  
What Johnny and his Horse are doing!  
What they've been doing all this time,  
O could I put it into rhyme,  
A most delightful tale pursuing!

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought!  
He with his Pony now doth roam  
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,  
To lay his hands upon a star,  
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,  
His face unto his horse's tail,  
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,  
All like a silent Horseman-Ghost,  
He travels on along the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,  
A fierce and dreadful hunter he;  
Yon valley, now so trim and green,  
In five months' time, should he be seen,  
A desert wilderness will be!

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,  
And like the very soul of evil,  
He's galloping away, away,  
And so will gallop on for aye,  
The bane of all that dread the devil!

I to the Muses have been bound  
These fourteen years, by strong indentures:  
O gentle Muses! let me tell  
But half of what to him befel;  
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses! is this kind?  
Why will ye thus my suit repel?  
Why of your further aid bereave me?  
And can ye thus unfriended leave me;  
Ye Muses! whom I love so well!

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,  
Which thunders down with headlong force,  
Beneath the Moon, yet shining fair,  
As careless as if nothing were,  
Sits upright on a feeding Horse?

Unto his Horse, there feeding free,  
He seems, I think, the rein to give;  
Of Moon or Stars he takes no heed;  
Of such we in romances read:  
—"T is Johnny! Johnny! as I live.

And that's the very Pony, too!  
Where is she, where is Betty Foy?  
She hardly can sustain her fears;  
The roaring waterfall she hears,  
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony's worth his weight in gold:  
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!  
She's coming from among the trees,  
And now all full in view she sees  
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too:  
Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy?  
It is no goblin, 't is no ghost,  
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,  
He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—  
She screams—she cannot move for joy.  
She darts, as with a torrent's force,  
She almost has o'eturned the Horse,  
And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud;  
Whether in cunning or in joy  
I cannot tell; but while he laughs,  
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs  
To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she's at the Pony's tail  
And now is at the Pony's head,—  
On that side now, and now on this;  
And, almost stifled with her bliss,  
A few sad tears does Betty shed

She kisses o'er and o'er again  
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy;  
She's happy here, is happy there,  
She is uneasy everywhere;  
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when  
She knows not, happy Betty Foy!  
The little Pony glad may be,  
But he is milder far than she,  
You hardly can perceive his joy.

"Oh! Johnny never mind the Doctor;  
You've done your best, and that is all."  
She took the reins, when this was said,  
And gently turned the Pony's head  
From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,  
The moon was setting on the hill,  
So pale you scarcely looked at her:  
The little birds began to stir,  
Though yet their tongues were still.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,  
Wind slowly through the woody dale;  
And who is she, betimes abroad,  
That hobbles up the steep rough road?  
Who is it, but old Susan Gale?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought,  
And many dreadful fears beset her,  
Both for her Messenger and Nurse;  
And, as her mind grew worse and worse,  
Her body—it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,  
On all sides doubts and terrors met her;  
Point after point did she discuss;  
And, while her mind was fighting thus,  
Her body still grew better.

"Alas! what is become of them?  
These fears can never be endured,  
I'll to the wood."—The word scarce said,  
Did Susan rise up from her bed,  
As if by magic cured.

Away she posts up hill and down,  
And to the wood at length is come;  
She spies her Friends, she shouts a greeting;  
Oh me! it is a merry meeting  
As ever was in Christendom.

The Owls have hardly sung their last,  
While our four Travellers homeward wend;  
The Owls have hooted all night long,  
And with the Owls began my song,  
And with the Owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,  
Cried Betty, "Tell us, Johnny, do,  
Where all this long night you have been,  
What you have heard, what you have seen,  
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true."

Now Johnny all night long had heard  
The Owls in tuneful concert strive;  
No doubt too he the Moon had seen;  
For in the moonlight he had been  
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he  
Made answer, like a Traveller bold,  
(His very words I give to you.)  
"The Cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,  
And the sun did shine so cold."  
—Thus answered Johnny in his glory,  
And that was all his travel's story.

## MICHAEL.

### A PASTORAL POEM.

On the public way you turn your steps  
To the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,  
Will suppose that with an upright path  
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent  
Pastoral Mountains front you, face to face.  
Courage! for around that boisterous Brook  
Mountains have all opened out themselves,  
Made a hidden valley of their own.  
Habitation can be seen; but they  
On journey thither find themselves alone

With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites  
That overhead are sailing in the sky.  
It is in truth an utter solitude;  
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell  
But for one object which you might pass by,  
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook  
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!  
And to that place a story appertains,  
Which, though it be ungarnished with events,  
Is not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,  
Or for the summer shade. It was the first  
Of those domestic tales that spake to me  
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men  
Whom I already loved;—not verily  
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills  
Where was their occupation and abode.  
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy  
Careless of books, yet having felt the power  
Of Nature, by the gentle agency  
Of natural objects led me on to feel  
For passions that were not my own, and think  
(At random and imperfectly indeed)  
On man, the heart of man, and human life.  
Therefore, although it be a history  
Homely and rude, I will relate the same  
For the delight of a few natural hearts;  
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake  
Of youthful Poets, who among these Hills  
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the Forest-side in Grasmere Vale  
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;  
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.  
His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,  
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,  
And in his Shepherd's calling he was prompt  
And watchful more than ordinary men.  
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,  
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,  
When others heeded not, he heard the South  
Make subterraneous music, like the noise  
Of Bagpipers on distant Highland hills.  
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock  
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,  
"The winds are now devising work for me!"  
And, truly, at all times, the storm—that drives  
The Traveller to a shelter—summoned him  
Up to the mountains: he had been alone  
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,  
That came to him and left him on the heights.  
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.  
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose  
That the green Valleys, and the Streams and Rocks,  
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.  
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed  
The common air; the hills, which he so oft  
Had climbed with vigorous steps; which had impressed



So many incidents upon his mind  
 Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;  
 Which, like a book, preserved the memory  
 Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,  
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts,  
 The certainty of honourable gain,  
 Those fields, those hills — what could they less! had  
     laid  
 Strong hold on his affections, were to him  
 A pleasurable feeling of blind love,  
 The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been past in singleness.  
 His helpmate was a comely Matron, old —  
 Though younger than himself full twenty years.  
 She was a woman of a stirring life,  
 Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had  
 Of antique form, this large for spinning wool,  
 That small for flax; and if one wheel had rest,  
 It was because the other was at work.  
 The Pair had but one inmate in their house,  
 An only Child, who had been born to them,  
 When Michael, telling o'er his years, began  
 To deem that he was old, — in Shepherd's phrase,  
 With one foot in the grave. This only Son,  
 With two brave Sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,  
 The one of an inestimable worth,  
 Made all their Household. I may truly say,  
 That they were as a proverb in the vale  
 For endless industry. When day was gone,  
 And from their occupations out of doors  
 The Son and Father were come home, even then,  
 Their labour did not cease; unless when all  
 Turned to their cleanly supper-board, and there,  
 Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,  
 Sat round their basket piled with oaten cakes,  
 And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when their meal  
 Was ended, LUKE (for so the Son was named)  
 And his old Father both betook themselves  
 To such convenient work as might employ  
 Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card  
 Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair  
 Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,  
 Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge,  
 That in our ancient uncouth country style  
 Did with a huge projection overbrow  
 Large space beneath, as duly as the light  
 Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a Lamp;  
 An aged utensil, which had performed  
 Service beyond all others of its kind.  
 Early at evening did it burn and late,  
 Surviving Comrade of uncounted Hours,  
 Which, going by from year to year, had found,  
 And left the couple neither gay perhaps  
 Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,  
 Living a life of eager industry.

And now, when LUKE had reached his eighteenth year  
 There by the light of this old Lamp they sat,  
 Father and Son, while late into the night  
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,  
 Making the cottage through the silent hours  
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.  
 This Light was famous in its neighbourhood,  
 And was a public Symbol of the life  
 That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,  
 Their Cottage on a plot of rising ground  
 Stood single, with large prospect, North and South  
 High into Easedale, up to Dummail-Raise,  
 And westward to the village near the Lake;  
 And from this constant light, so regular  
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all  
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,  
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years,  
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs  
 Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart  
 This Son of his old age was yet more dear —  
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same  
 Blind Spirit, which is in the blood of all —  
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts,  
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,  
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they  
 By tendency of nature needs must fail.  
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,  
 His Heart and his Heart's joy! For oftentimes  
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,  
 Had done him female service, not alone  
 For pastime and delight, as is the use  
 Of Fathers, but with patient mind enforced  
 To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked  
 His cradle with a woman's gentle hand.  
 And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy  
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,  
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,  
 To have the Young-one in his sight, when he  
 Had work by his own door, or when he sat  
 With sheep before him on his Shepherd's stool.  
 Beneath that large old Oak, which near their door  
 Stood, — and, from its enormous breadth of shade  
 Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,  
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called  
 The CLIPPING TREE\*, a name which yet it bears.  
 There, while they two were sitting in the shade,  
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,  
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks  
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed  
 Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep  
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts  
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the Boy grew up  
 A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek

\* Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing.

Two steady roses that were five years old,  
 Then Michael from a winter coppice cut  
 With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped  
 With iron, making it throughout in all  
 Due requisites a perfect Shepherd's Staff,  
 And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt  
 He as a Watchman oftentimes was placed  
 At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;  
 And, to his office prematurely called.  
 There stood the Urchin, as you will divine,  
 Something between a hinderance and a help;  
 And for this cause not always, I believe,  
 Receiving from his Father hire of praise;  
 Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,  
 Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform. >

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand  
 Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights,  
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,  
 He with his father daily went, and they  
 Were as companions, why should I relate  
 That objects which the Shepherd loved before  
 Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came  
 Feelings and emanations—things which were  
 Light to the sun and Music to the wind;  
 And that the Old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up:  
 And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year,  
 He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple Household lived  
 From day to day, to Michael's ear there came  
 Distressful tidings. \ Long before the time  
 Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound  
 In surety for his Brother's Son, a man  
 Of an industrious life, and ample means,—  
 But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly  
 Had prest upon him,—and old Michael now  
 Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,  
 A grievous penalty, but little less  
 Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,  
 At the first hearing, for a moment took  
 More hope out of his life than he supposed  
 That any old man ever could have lost.  
 As soon as he had gathered so much strength  
 That he could look his trouble in the face,  
 It seemed that his sole refuge was to sell  
 A portion of his patrimonial fields.  
 Such was his first resolve; he thought again,  
 And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,  
 Two evenings after he had heard the news,  
 "I have been toiling more than seventy years,  
 And in the open sunshine of God's love  
 Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours  
 Should pass into a Stranger's hand, I think  
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.  
 Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself

Has scarcely been more diligent than I;  
 And I have lived to be a fool at last  
 To my own family. An evil Man  
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he  
 Were false to us; and if he were not false,  
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like this  
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him—but  
 'T were better to be dumb than to talk thus.  
 When I began, my purpose was to speak  
 Of remedies, and of a cheerful hope.  
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land  
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;  
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind  
 That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,  
 Another Kinsman—he will be our friend  
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,  
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,  
 And with his Kinsman's help and his own thrift  
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then  
 May come again to us. If here he stay,  
 What can be done? Where every one is poor,  
 What can be gained?" At this the Old Man paused,  
 And Isabel sat silent; for her mind  
 Was busy, looking back into past times.  
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,  
 He was a Parish-boy—at the Church-door  
 They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence,  
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought  
 A Basket, which they filled with Pedlar's wares;  
 And, with this Basket on his arm, the Lad  
 Went up to London, found a Master there,  
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty Boy  
 To go and overlook his merchandise  
 Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,  
 And left estates and moneys to the poor,  
 And, at his birth-blaze, built a Chapel floored  
 With Marble, which he sent from foreign lands.  
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,  
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,  
 And her face brightened. The Old Man was glad,  
 And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel, this scheme,  
 These two days, has been meat and drink to me.  
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.  
 —We have enough—I wish indeed that I  
 Were younger,—but this hope is a good hope.  
 —Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best  
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth  
 To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:  
 —If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."  
 Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth  
 With a light heart. The Housewife for five days  
 Was restless morn and night, and all day long  
 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare  
 Things needful for the journey of her son.  
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came  
 To stop her in her work: for, when she lay  
 By Michael's side, she through the two last nights  
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep.

And when they rose at morning she could see  
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon  
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves  
Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go:  
We have no other Child but thee to lose,  
None to remember — do not go away,  
For if thou leave thy Father he will die."  
The Youth made answer with a jocund voice;  
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,  
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare  
Did she bring forth, and all together sat  
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;  
And all the ensuing week the house appeared  
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length  
The expected letter from their Kinsman came,  
With kind assurances that he would do  
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;  
To which, requests were added, that forthwith  
He might be sent to him. Ten times or more  
The letter was read over; Isabel  
Went forth to show it to the neighbours round;  
Nor was there at that time on English land  
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel  
Had to her house returned, the Old Man said,  
"He shall depart to-morrow." To this word  
The Housewife answered, talking much of things  
Which, if at such short notice he should go,  
Would surely be forgotten. But at length  
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,  
In that deep Valley, Michael had designed  
To build a Sheep-fold; and before he heard  
The tidings of his melancholy loss,  
For this same purpose he had gathered up  
A heap of stones, which by the Streamlet's edge  
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.  
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked;  
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,  
And thus the Old Man spake to him: — "My Son,  
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart  
I look upon thee, for thou art the same  
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,  
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.  
I will relate to thee some little part  
Of our two histories; 't will do thee good  
When thou art from me, even if I should speak  
Of things thou canst not know of. — After thou  
First camest into the world — as oft befalls  
To new-born infants — thou didst sleep away  
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue  
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,  
And still I loved thee with increasing love.  
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds  
Than when I heard thee by our own fire-side  
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;

When thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy  
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month  
And in the open fields my life was passed  
And on the mountains; else I think that thou  
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.  
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills  
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young  
Have played together, nor with me didst thou  
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."  
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words  
He sobbed aloud. The Old Man grasped his hand,  
And said, "Nay, do not take it so — I see  
That these are things of which I need not speak  
— Even to the utmost I have been to thee  
A kind and a good Father: and herein  
I but repay a gift which I myself  
Received at others' hands; for, though now old  
Beyond the common life of man, I still  
Remember them who loved me in my youth.  
Both of them sleep together: here they lived.  
As all their Forefathers had done; and when  
At length their time was come, they were not loth  
To give their bodies to the family mould.  
I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived.  
But, 't is a long time to look back, my Son,  
And see so little gain from threescore years.  
These fields were burthened when they came to me  
Till I was forty years of age, not more  
Than half of my inheritance was mine.  
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,  
And till these three weeks past the land was free.  
— It looks as if it never could endure  
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,  
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good  
That thou shouldst go." At this the Old Man paused  
Then, pointing to the Stones near which they stood.  
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:  
"This was a work for us; and now, my Son,  
It is a work for me. But, lay one Stone —  
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.  
Nay, Boy, be of good hope; — we both may live  
To see a better day." At eighty-four  
I still am strong and hale; — do thou thy part:  
I will do mine. — I will begin again  
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:  
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,  
Will I without thee go again, and do  
All works which I was wont to do alone,  
Before I knew thy face. — Heaven bless thee, Boy!  
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast  
With many hopes — It should be so — Yes — yes —  
I knew that thou couldst never have a wish  
To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me  
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,  
What will be left to us! — But, I forget  
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,  
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,



When thou art gone away, should evil men  
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,  
 And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,  
 And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear  
 And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou  
 Mayst bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,  
 (Who, being innocent, did for that cause  
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well —  
 When thou returnest, thou in this place wilt see  
 A work which is not here: a covenant  
 'T will be between us — But, whatever fate  
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,  
 And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,  
 And, as his Father had requested, laid  
 The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight,  
 The Old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart  
 He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept; }  
 And to the house together they returned.  
 —Hushed was that house in peace, or seeming peace,  
 Ere the night fell; — with morrow's dawn the Boy  
 Began his journey, and when he had reached  
 The public Way, he put on a bold face;  
 And all the Neighbours, as he passed their doors,  
 Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,  
 That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman come  
 Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy  
 Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news, }  
 Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout  
 "The prettiest letters that were ever seen." }  
 Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.  
 So, many months passed on: (and once again,  
 The Shepherd went about his daily work  
 With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now  
 Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour  
 He to that valley took his way, and there  
 Wrought at the Sheep-fold. } Meantime Luke began  
 To slacken in his duty; and, at length,  
 He in the dissolute city gave himself  
 To evil courses: ignominy and shame  
 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last  
 To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of Love;  
 'T will make a thing endurable, which else  
 Would upset the brain, or break the heart; }  
 I have conversed with more than one who well  
 Remember the Old Man, and what he was  
 Years after he had heard this heavy news.  
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
 Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks  
 He went, and still looked up towards the sun,  
 And listened to the wind; and, as before,  
 Performed all kinds of labour for his Sheep,  
 And for the land his small inheritance. }

And to that hollow Dell from time to time  
 Did he repair, to build the Fold of which  
 His flock had need. 'T is not forgotten yet  
 The pity which was then in every heart  
 For the Old Man — and 't is believed by all  
 That many and many a day he thither went,  
 And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen  
 Sitting alone, with that his faithful Dog,  
 Then old, beside him, lying at his feet, }  
 The length of full seven years, from time to time,  
 He at the building of this sheep-fold wrought,  
 And left the work unfinished when he died.  
 Three years, or little more, did Isabel  
 Survive her Husband: at her death the estate  
 Was sold, and went into a Stranger's hand.  
 The Cottage which was named the EVENING STAR  
 Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the ground  
 On which it stood; great changes have been wrought  
 In all the neighbourhood: — yet the Oak is left  
 That grew beside their Door; and the remains  
 Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen  
 Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll

### THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

[Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs  
 the substance of the following Tale, affirms, that, besides the  
 concurring reports of others, he had the story from the Lady's  
 own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, was the  
 famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged  
 Wife of Peter the Great.]

#### PART I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes  
 Like harebells bathed in dew,  
 Of cheek that with carnation vies,  
 And veins of violet hue;  
 Earth wants not beauty that may scorn  
 A likening to frail flowers;  
 Yea, to the stars, if they were born  
 For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,  
 Stepped one at dead of night,  
 Whom such high beauty could not guard  
 From meditated blight;  
 By stealth she passed, and fled as fast  
 As doth the hunted fawn,  
 Nor stopped, till in the dappling east  
 Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,  
 Seven nights her course renewed,  
 Sustained by what her scrip might yield,  
 Or berries of the wood;  
 At length, in darkness travelling on,  
 When lowly doors were shut,  
 The haven of her hope she won,  
 Her Foster-mother's hut.

"To put your love to dangerous proof  
 I come," said she, "from far;  
 For I have left my Father's roof,  
 In terror of the Czar."  
 No answer did the Matron give,  
 No second look she cast;  
 She hung upon the Fugitive,  
 Embracing and embraced.

She led the Lady to a seat  
 Beside the glimmering fire,  
 Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,  
 Prevented each desire:  
 The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,  
 And on that simple bed,  
 Where she in childhood had reposed,  
 Now rests her weary head.

When she, whose couch had been the sod,  
 Whose curtain pine or thorn,  
 Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,  
 Who comforts the forlorn;  
 While over her the Matron bent  
 Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole  
 Feeling from limbs with travel spent,  
 And trouble from the soul.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,  
 And soon again was dight  
 In those unworthy vestments worn  
 Through long and perilous flight;  
 And "O beloved Nurse," she said,  
 "My thanks with silent tears  
 Have unto Heaven and You been paid:  
 Now listen to my fears!"

"Have you forgot"—and here she smiled—  
 "The babbling flatteries  
 You lavished on me when a child  
 Disporting round your knees?  
 I was your lambkin, and your bird,  
 Your star, your gem, your flower;  
 Light words, that were more lightly heard  
 In many a cloudless hour!

The blossom you so fondly praised  
 Is come to bitter fruit;  
 A mighty One upon me gazed;  
 I spurned his lawless suit,  
 And must be hidden from his wrath:  
 You, Foster-father dear,  
 Will guide me in my forward path;  
 I may not tarry here!

I cannot bring to utter woe  
 Your proved fidelity."—  
 "Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so!  
 For you we both would die."  
 "Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned  
 And cheek embrowned by art;  
 Yet, being inwardly unstained,  
 With courage will depart."

"But whither would you, could you, flee?  
 A poor Man's counsel take;  
 The Holy Virgin gives to me  
 A thought for your dear sake;  
 Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace;  
 And soon shall you be led  
 Forth to a safe abiding-place,  
 Where never foot doth tread."

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## PART II.

THE Dwelling of this faithful pair  
 In a straggling village stood,  
 For One who breathed unquiet air  
 A dangerous neighbourhood;  
 But wide around lay forest ground  
 With thickets rough and blind;  
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade  
 Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,  
 Was spread a treacherous swamp,  
 On which the noonday sun shed light  
 As from a lonely lamp;  
 And midway in the unsafe morass,  
 A single Island rose  
 Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass  
 Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft  
 This Russian Vassal plied,  
 That never fowler's gun, nor shaft  
 Of archer, there was tried;

A sanctuary seemed the spot,  
From all intrusion free;  
And there he planned an artful Cot  
For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread  
Of Power's far-stretching hand,  
The bold good Man his labour sped  
At nature's pure command;  
Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,  
While, in a hollow nook,  
She moulds her sight-eluding den  
Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,  
The twain ere break of day  
Creep forth, and through the forest wind  
Their solitary way;  
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack  
Their pace from mile to mile,  
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,  
And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed  
A bright and cheerful face;  
And Ina looked for her abode,  
The promised hiding-place;  
She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled;  
No threshold could be seen,  
Nor roof, nor window; all seemed wild  
As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,  
The front with such nice care  
Is masked, "if house it be or bower,"  
But in they entered are;  
As shaggy as were wall and roof  
With branches intertwined,  
So smooth was all within, air-proof,  
And delicately lined.

And hearth was there, and maple dish,  
And cups in seemly rows,  
And couch—all ready to a wish  
For nurture or repose;  
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant  
That here she may abide  
In solitude, with every want  
By cautious love supplied.

No Queen, before a shouting crowd,  
Led on in bridal state,  
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,  
Entering her palace gate; Q

Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,  
No saintly Anchoress  
E'er took possession of her cell  
With deeper thankfulness.

"Father of all, upon thy care  
And mercy am I thrown;  
Be thou my safeguard!"—such her prayer  
When she was left alone,  
Kneeling amid the wilderness  
When joy had passed away,  
And smiles, fond efforts of distress  
To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,  
Diffused through form and face,  
Resolves devotedly serene;  
That monumental grace  
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame  
That Reason *should* control;  
And shows in the untrembling frame  
A statue of the soul

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### PART III.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy  
That Phœbus wont to wear  
"The leaves of any pleasant tree  
Around his golden hair,"\*  
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit  
Of his imperious love,  
At her own prayer transformed, took root,  
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn  
His brow with laurel green;  
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn  
No meaner leaf was seen;  
And Poets sage, through every age,  
About their temples wound  
The bay; and Conquerors thanked the Gods,  
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time  
So far runs back the praise  
Of Beauty, that disdains to climb  
Along forbidden ways;  
That scorns temptation; power defies  
Where mutual love is not;  
And to the tomb for rescue flies,  
When life would be a blot.

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\* From Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. So also his Dedicatory Epistle prefixed to the same work.



To this fair Votress, a fate  
 More mild doth Heaven ordain  
 Upon her Island desolate;  
 And words, not breathed in vain,  
 Might tell what intercourse she found,  
 Her silence to endear;  
 What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground  
 Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,  
 Her soothed affections clung,  
 A picture on the Cabin wall  
 By Russian usage hung —  
 The Mother-maid, whose countenance bright  
 With love abridged the day;  
 And, communed with by taper light,  
 Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either Guardian came,  
 The joy in that retreat  
 Might any common friendship shame,  
 So high their hearts would beat;  
 And to the lone Recluse, whate'er  
 They brought, each visiting  
 Was like the crowding of the year  
 With a new burst of spring.

But, when she of her Parents thought,  
 The pang was hard to bear;  
 And, if with all things not enwrought,  
 That trouble still is near.  
 Before her flight she had not dared  
 Their constancy to prove,  
 Too much the heroic Daughter feared  
 The weakness of their love.

Dark is the Past to them, and dark  
 The future still must be,  
 Till pitying Saints conduct her bark  
 Into a safer sea —  
 Or gentle Nature close her eyes,  
 And set her Spirit free  
 From the altar of this sacrifice,  
 In vestal purity.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms  
 The white swans southward passed,  
 High as the pitch of their swift plumes  
 Her fancy rode the blast;  
 And bore her tow'rd the fields of France,  
 Her Father's native land,  
 To mingle in the rustic dance,  
 The happiest of the band!

Of those beloved fields she oft  
 Had heard her Father tell  
 In phrase that now with echoes soft  
 Haunted her lonely Cell;  
 She saw the hereditary bowers,  
 She heard the ancestral stream;  
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers  
 Forgotten like a dream!

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#### PART IV.

THE ever-changing Moon had traced  
 Twelve times her monthly round,  
 When through the unfrequented Waste  
 Was heard a startling sound;  
 A shout thrice sent from one who chased  
 At speed a wounded Deer,  
 Bounding through branches interlaced,  
 And where the wood was clear.

The fainting Creature took the marsh,  
 And toward the Island fled,  
 While plovers screamed with tumult harsh  
 Above his antlered head;  
 This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,  
 Shrunk to her citadel;  
 The desperate Deer rushed on, and near  
 The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in view,  
 The Hunter followed fast,  
 Nor paused, till o'er the Stag he blew  
 A death-proclaiming blast:  
 Then, resting on her upright mind,  
 Came forth the Maid — "In me  
 Behold," she said, "a stricken Hind  
 Pursued by destiny!

From your deportment, Sir! I deem  
 That you have worn a sword,  
 And will not hold in light esteem  
 A suffering woman's word;  
 There is my covert, there perchance  
 I might have lain concealed,  
 My fortunes hid, my countenance  
 Nor even to you revealed.

Tears might be shed, and I might pray,  
 Crouching and terrified,  
 That what has been unveiled to day,  
 You would in mystery hide;

But I will not defile with dust  
The knee that bends to adore  
The God in heaven;—attend, be just:  
This ask I, and no more!

I speak not of the winter's cold,  
For summer's heat exchanged,  
While I have lodged in this rough hold,  
From social life estranged;  
Nor yet of trouble and alarms:  
High Heaven is my defence;  
And every season has soft arms  
For injured Innocence.

From Moscow to the Wilderness  
It was my choice to come,  
Lest virtue should be harbourless,  
And honour want a home;  
And happy were I, if the Czar  
Retain his lawless will,  
To end life here like this poor Deer,  
Or a Lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,  
"From Gallic Parents sprung,  
Whose vanishing was rumoured wide  
Sad theme for every tongue;  
Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?  
You, Lady, forced to wear  
These rude habiliments, and rest  
Your head in this dark lair!"

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;  
And in her face and mien  
The soul's pure brightness he beheld  
Without a veil between:  
He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame  
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;  
The passion of a moment came  
As on the wings of years.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"  
Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,  
Preparing your deliverance,  
To me the charge hath given.  
The Czar full oft in words and deeds  
Is stormy and self-willed;  
But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,  
His violence is stilled.

"Leave open to my wish the course,  
And I to her will go;  
From that humane and heavenly source,  
Good, only good, can flow."

Faint sanction given, the Cavalier  
Was eager to depart,  
Though question followed question, dear  
To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step,—his hopes, more light,  
Kept pace with his desires;  
And the third morning gave him sight  
Of Moscow's glittering spires.  
He sued:—heart-smitten by the wrong,  
To the lorn Fugitive  
The Emperor sent a pledge as strong  
As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er  
Amazement rose to pain,  
And over-joy produced a fear  
Of something void and vain,  
'Twas when the Parents, who had mourned  
So long the lost as dead,  
Beheld their only Child returned,  
The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love  
Within the Maiden's breast:  
Delivered and Deliverer move  
In bridal garments drest;  
Meek Catherine had her own reward;  
The Czar bestowed a dower;  
And universal Moscow shared  
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground; the nuptial feast  
Was held with costly state;  
And there, 'mid many a noble Guest,  
The Foster Parents sate;  
Encouraged by the imperial eye,  
They shrank not into shade;  
Great was their bliss, the honour high  
To them and nature paid!

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#### GRACE DARLING.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields  
The natural heart is touched, and public way  
And crowded streets resound with ballad strains,  
Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks  
Favour divine, exalting human love;  
Whom since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,  
Known unto few but prized as far as known,  
A single act endears to high and low  
Through the whole land—to Manhood, moved in spite  
Of the world's freezing cares—to generous Youth—

To Infancy, that lisps her praise — to Age  
 Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear  
 Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame  
 Awaits her *now*; but, verily, good deeds  
 Do no imperishable record find  
 Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live  
 A theme for angels, when they celebrate  
 The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth  
 Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could speak  
 Of things which their united power call forth  
 From the pure depths of her humanity!  
 A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,  
 Firm and unflinching, as the lighthouse reared  
 On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;  
 Or like the invincible rock itself, that braves  
 Age after age the hostile elements,  
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,  
 When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,  
 Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,  
 Beating on one of those disastrous isles —  
 Half of a vessel, half — no more; the rest  
 Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
 Had for the common safety striven in vain,  
 Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance  
 Daughter and sire through optic-glass discern,  
 Clinging about the remnant of this ship,  
 Creatures — how precious in the maiden's sight!  
 For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more  
 Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed  
 Where every parting agony is hushed,  
 And hope and fear mix not in further strife.  
 "But courage, father! let us out to sea —  
 A few may yet be saved." The daughter's words,  
 Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,  
 Dispel the father's doubts: nor do they lack  
 The noble-minded mother's helping hand  
 To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,  
 And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,  
 Together they put forth, father and child!  
 Each grasp an oar, and struggling on they go —  
 Rivals in effort; and, alike intent  
 Here to elude and there surmount, they watch  
 The billows lengthening, mutually crossed  
 And shattered, and re-gathering their might;  
 As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will  
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged  
 That woman's fortitude — so tried, so proved —  
 May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,  
 They stem the current of that perilous gorge,  
 Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening  
 heart,  
 Though danger as the wreck is near'd, becomes  
 More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;  
 And rapture, with varieties of fear  
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames

Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
 Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed  
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
 That of the pair — tossed on the waves to bring  
 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life —  
 One is a woman, a poor earthly sister,  
 Or, be the visitant other than she seems,  
 A guardian spirit sent from pitying Heaven,  
 In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,  
 Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts  
 Armed to repel them! Every hazard faced  
 And difficulty mastered, with resolve  
 That no one breathing should be left to perish,  
 This last remainder of the crew are all  
 Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep  
 Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,  
 And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged  
 Within the sheltering lighthouse. — Shout ye waves!  
 Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and winds,  
 Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith  
 In Him whose Providence your rage hath served!  
 Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join!  
 And would that some immortal voice — a voice  
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude  
 Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips  
 Of the survivors — to the clouds might bear —  
 Blended with praise of that parental love,  
 Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew  
 Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,  
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute —  
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,  
 Yea, to celestial choirs, GRACE DARLING'S name!

## THE COMPLAINT

### OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he be unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work HEARNE'S JOURNEY from HUDSON'S BAY to the NORTHERN OCEAN. In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

#### I.

BEFORE I see another day,  
 O let my body die away!  
 In sleep I heard the northern gleams;  
 The stars, they were among my dreams;  
 In rustling conflict through the skies,  
 I heard, I saw the flashes drive,  
 And yet they are upon my eyes,  
 And yet I am alive;  
 Before I see another day,  
 O let my body die away!



## II.

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;  
 Yet is it dead, and I remain:  
 All stiff with ice the ashes lie;  
 And they are dead, and I will die.  
 When I was well, I wished to live,  
 For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire;  
 But they to me no joy can give,  
 No pleasure now, and no desire.  
 Then here contented will I lie!  
 Alone, I cannot fear to die.

## III.

Alas! ye might have dragged me on  
 Another day, a single one!  
 'Too soon I yielded to despair;  
 Why did ye listen to my prayer!  
 When ye were gone, my limbs were stronger;  
 And O, how grievously I rue,  
 That, afterwards, a little longer,  
 My friends, I did not follow you!  
 For strong and without pain I lay,  
 Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

## IV.

My child! they gave thee to another,  
 A woman who was not thy mother.  
 When from my arms my babe they took,  
 On me how strangely did he look!  
 Through his whole body something ran,  
 A most strange working did I see;  
 —As if he strove to be a man,  
 That he might pull the sledge for me:  
 And then he stretched his arms, how wild!  
 O mercy! like a helpless child.

## V.

My little joy! my little pride!  
 In two days more I must have died.  
 Then do not weep and grieve for me;  
 I feel I must have died with thee.  
 O wind, that o'er my head art flying  
 The way my friends their course did bend,  
 I should not feel the pain of dying,  
 Could I with thee a message send;  
 Too soon, my friends, ye went away;  
 For I had many things to say.

## VI.

I'll follow you across the snow;  
 Ye travel heavily and slow;  
 In spite of all my weary pain,  
 I'll look upon your tents again.  
 —My fire is dead, and snowy white  
 The water which beside it stood:  
 The wolf has come to me to-night,  
 And he has stolen away my food.  
 For ever left alone am I;  
 Then wherefore should I fear to die?

## VII.

Young as I am, my course is run,  
 I shall not see another sun;  
 I cannot lift my limbs to know  
 If they have any life or no.  
 My poor forsaken child, if I  
 For once could have thee close to me,  
 With happy heart I then would die,  
 And my last thought would happy be;  
 But thou, dear babe, art far away,  
 Nor shall I see another day

## MATERNAL GRIEF.

DEPARTED child! I could forget thee once  
 Though at my bosom nursed; this woeful gain  
 Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul  
 Is present and perpetually abides  
 A shadow, never, never to be displaced  
 By the returning substance, seen or touched,  
 Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my embrace.  
 Absence and death how differ they! and how  
 Shall I admit that nothing can restore  
 What one short sigh so easily removed! —  
 Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,  
 Assist me, God, their boundaries to know,  
 O teach me calm submission to thy Will!

The child she mourned had overstepped the pale  
 Of infancy, but still did breathe the air  
 That sanctifies its confines, and partook  
 Reflected beams of that celestial light  
 To all the little-ones on sinful earth  
 Not unvouchsafed — a light that warmed and cheered  
 Those several qualities of heart and mind  
 Which, in her own blest nature, rooted deep,  
 Daily before the mother's watchful eye,  
 And not hers only, their peculiar charms  
 Unfolded, — beauty, for its present self,  
 And for its promises to future years,  
 With not unfrequent rapture fondly hailed.

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn  
 A pair of Leverets each provoking each  
 To a continuance of their fearless sport,  
 Two separate creatures in their several gifts  
 Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all  
 That nature prompts them to display, their looks,  
 Their starts of motion and their fits of rest,  
 An undistinguishable style appears  
 And character of gladness, as if spring  
 Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and the spirit  
 Of the rejoicing morning were their own.

Such union, in the lovely girl maintained  
 And her twin brother, had the parent seen,  
 Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird of prey,  
 Death in a moment parted them, and left

The mother, in her turns of anguish, worse  
 Than desolate; for oftentimes from the sound  
 Of the survivor's sweetest voice (dear child,  
 He knew it not) and from his happiest looks,  
 Did she extract the food of self-reproach,  
 As one that lived ungrateful for the stay  
 By Heaven afforded to uphold her maimed  
 And tottering spirit. And full oft the boy,  
 Now first acquainted with distress and grief,  
 Shrunk from his mother's presence, shunned with fear  
 Her sad approach, and stole away to find,  
 In his known haunts of joy where'er he might,  
 A more congenial object. But, as time  
 Softened her pangs and reconciled the child  
 To what he saw, he gradually returned,  
 Like a scared bird encouraged to renew  
 A broken intercourse; and, while his eyes  
 Were yet with pensive fear and gentle awe  
 Turned upon her who bore him, she would stoop  
 To imprint a kiss that lacked not power to spread  
 Faint colour over both their pallid cheeks,  
 And stilled his tremulous lip. Thus they were calmed  
 And cheered; and now together breathe fresh air  
 In open fields; and when the glare of day  
 Is gone, and twilight to the mother's wish  
 Befriends the observance, readily they join  
 In walks whose boundary is the lost one's grave,  
 Which he with flowers hath planted, finding there  
 Amusement, where the mother does not miss  
 Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf  
 In prayer, yet blending with that solemn rite  
 Of pious faith the vanities of grief;  
 For such, by pitying Angels and by Spirits  
 Transferred to regions upon which the clouds  
 Of our weak nature rest not, must be deemed  
 Those willing tears, and unforbidden sighs,  
 And all those tokens of a cherished sorrow,  
 Which, soothed and sweetened by the grace of Heaven  
 As now it is, seems to her own fond heart,  
 Immortal as the love that gave it being.

### LOVING AND LIKING:

IRREGULAR VERSES, ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

BY MY SISTER.

THERE'S more in words than I can teach:  
 Yet listen, child! — I would not preach;  
 But only give some plain directions  
 To guide your speech and your affections.  
 Say not you *love* a roasted fowl,  
 But you may love a screaming owl,  
 And, if you can, the unwieldy toad  
 That crawls from his secure abode  
 Within the mossy garden wall  
 When evening dews begin to fall.  
 O mark the beauty of his eye:  
 What wonders in that circle lie!

So clear, so bright, our fathers said  
 He wears a jewel in his head!  
 And when, upon some showery day,  
 Into a path or public way  
 A frog leaps out from bordering grass,  
 Startling the timid as they pass,  
 Do you observe him, and endeavour  
 To take the intruder into favour;  
 Learning from him to find a reason  
 For a light heart in a dull season.  
 And you may love him in the pool,  
 That is for him a happy school,  
 In which he swims as taught by nature,  
 Fit pattern for a human creature,  
 Glancing amid the water bright,  
 And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing  
 A love for things that have no feeling:  
 The Spring's first rose by you espied,  
 May fill your breast with joyful pride;  
 And you may love the strawberry-flower,  
 And love the strawberry in its bower;  
 But when the fruit, so often praised  
 For beauty, to your lip is raised,  
 Say not you *love* the delicate treat,  
 But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner mouse,  
 Though one of a tribe that torment the house:  
 Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,  
 Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;  
 Remember she follows the law of her kind,  
 And instinct is neither wayward nor blind.  
 Then think of her beautiful gliding form,  
 Her tread that would scarcely crush a worm,  
 And her soothing song by the winter fire,  
 Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love:  
 It may soar with the eagle and brood with the dove,  
 May pierce the earth with the patient mole,  
 Or track the hedgehog to his hole.  
 Loving and liking are the solace of life,  
 Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-bed of strife.  
 You love your father and your mother,  
 Your grown-up and your baby brother;  
 You love your sister, and your friends,  
 And countless blessings which God sends:  
 And while these right affections play,  
 You *live* each moment of your day;  
 They lead you on to full content,  
 And likings fresh and innocent,  
 That store the mind, the memory feed,  
 And prompt to many a gentle deed:  
 But *likings* come, and pass away;  
 'Tis *love* that remains till our latest day:  
 Our heavenward guide is holy love,  
 And will be our bliss with saints above.

## THE REDBREAST.

SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND COTTAGE.

DRIVEN in by Autumn's sharpening air  
 From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,  
 Brisk robin seeks a kindlier home :  
 Not like a beggar is he come,  
 But enters as a looked-for guest,  
 Confiding in his ruddy breast,  
 As if it were a natural shield  
 Charged with a blazon on the field,  
 Due to that good and pious deed  
 Of which we in the ballad read.  
 But pensive fancies putting by,  
 And wild-wood sorrows, speedily  
 He plays the expert ventriloquist ;  
 And, caught by glimpses now — now missed,  
 Puzzles the listener with a doubt  
 If the soft voice he throws about  
 Comes from within doors or without !  
 Was ever such a sweet confusion,  
 Sustained by delicate illusion ?  
 He's at your elbow — to your feeling  
 The notes are from the floor or ceiling ;  
 And there 's a riddle to be guessed,  
 'Till you have marked his heaving chest,  
 And busy throat whose sink and swell  
 Betray the elf that loves to dwell  
 In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the bird  
 If seen, and with like pleasure stirred  
 Commend him, when he's only heard.  
 But small and fugitive our gain  
 Compared with *hers* who long hath lain,  
 With languid limbs and patient head  
 Reposing on a lone sick-bed ;  
 Where now, she daily hears a strain  
 That cheats her of too busy cares,  
 Eases her pain, and helps her prayers.  
 And who but this dear bird beguiled  
 The fever of that pale-faced child ;  
 Now cooling with his passing wing,  
 Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring :  
 Recalling now, with descant soft  
 Shed round her pillow from aloft,  
 Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,  
 And the invisible sympathy  
 Of 'Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
 Blessing the bed she lies upon ?'\*  
 And sometimes, just as listening ends  
 In slumber, with the cadence blends  
 A dream of that low-warbled hymn

Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim  
 Lamps of faith, now burning dim,  
 Say that the cherubs carved in stone,  
 When clouds gave way at dead of night  
 And the ancient church was filled with light,  
 Used to sing in heavenly tone,  
 Above and round the sacred places  
 They guard, with winged baby-faces.

Thrice happy creature ! in all lands  
 Nurtured by hospitable hands :  
 Free entrance to this cot has he,  
 Entrance and exit both yet free ;  
 And, when the keen unruffled weather  
 That thus brings man and bird together,  
 Shall with its pleasantness be past,  
 And casement closed and door made fast,  
 To keep at bay the howling blast,  
 He needs not fear the season's rage,  
 For the whole house is Robin's cage.  
 Whether the bird flit here or there,  
 O'er table *lilt*, or perch on chair,  
 Though some may frown and make a stir,  
 To scare him as a trespasser,  
 And he belike will flinch or start,  
 Good friends he has to take his part ;  
 One chiefly, who with voice and look  
 Pleads for him from the chimney-nook,  
 Where sits the dame, and wears away  
 Her long and vacant holiday ;  
 With images about her heart,  
 Reflected from the years gone by,  
 On human nature's second infancy.

## HER EYES ARE WILD.

I.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,  
 The sun has burnt her coal-black hair ;  
 Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,  
 And she came far from over the main.  
 She has a baby on her arm,  
 Or else she were alone :  
 And underneath the hay-stack warm,  
 And on the greenwood stone,  
 She talked and sung the woods among,  
 And it was in the English tongue.

II.

"Sweet babe ! they say that I am mad,  
 But nay, my heart is far too glad ;  
 And I am happy when I sing  
 Full many a sad and doleful thing :  
 Then, lovely baby, do not fear !  
 I pray thee have no fear of me ;  
 But safe as in a cradle, here  
 My lovely baby ! thou shalt be :  
 To thee I know too much I owe ;  
 I cannot work thee any woe.

\* The words —

'Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
 Bless the bed that I lie on,'

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use through the  
 northern counties.



## III.

A fire was once within my brain;  
 And in my head a dull, dull pain;  
 And fiendish faces, one, two, three,  
 Hung at my breast, and pulled at me;  
 But then there came a sight of joy;  
 It came at once to do me good;  
 I waked, and saw my little boy,  
 My little boy of flesh and blood;  
 O joy for me that sight to see!  
 For he was here, and only he.

## IV.

Suck, little babe, O suck again!  
 It cools my blood; it cools my brain;  
 Thy lips I feel them, baby! they  
 Draw from my heart the pain away.  
 Oh! press me with thy little hand;  
 It loosens something at my chest;  
 About that tight and deadly band  
 I feel thy little fingers prest.  
 The breeze I see is in the tree:  
 It comes to cool my babe and me.

## V.

Oh! love me, love me, little boy!  
 Thou art thy mother's only joy;  
 And do not dread the waves below,  
 When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go:  
 The high crag cannot work me harm,  
 Nor leaping torrents when they howl;  
 The babe I carry on my arm,  
 He saves for me my precious soul;  
 Then happy lie; for blest am I;  
 Without me my sweet babe would die.

## VI.

Then do not fear, my boy! for thee  
 Bold as a lion will I be;  
 And I will always be thy guide,  
 'Through hollow snows and rivers wide.  
 I'll build an Indian bower; I know  
 The leaves that make the softest bed:  
 And, if from me thou wilt not go,  
 But still be true till I am dead,  
 My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing  
 As merry as the birds in spring.

## VII.

Thy father cares not for my breast,  
 'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest;  
 'Tis all thine own!—and, if its hue  
 Be changed, that was so fair to view,  
 'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove!  
 My beauty, little child, is flown,  
 But thou wilt live with me in love;  
 And what if my poor cheek be brown?  
 'Tis well for me, thou canst not see  
 How pale and wan it else would be.

## VIII.

Dread not their taunts, my little life;  
 I am thy father's wedded wife;  
 And underneath the spreading tree  
 We two will live in honesty.  
 If his sweet boy he could forsake,  
 With me he never would have stayed:  
 From him no harm my babe can take;  
 But he, poor man! is wretched made;  
 And every day we two will pray  
 For him that's gone and far away.

## IX.

I'll teach my boy the sweetest things:  
 I'll teach him how the owlet sings,  
 My little babe! thy lips are still,  
 And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.  
 —Where art thou gone, my own dear child?  
 What wicked looks are those I see?  
 Alas! alas! that look so wild,  
 It never, never came from me:  
 If thou art mad, my pretty lad,  
 Then I must be for ever sad.

## X.

Oh! smile on me, my little lamb!  
 For I thy own dear mother am:  
 My love for thee has well been tried:  
 I've sought thy father far and wide.  
 I know the poisons of the shade;  
 I know the earth-nuts fit for food:  
 Then, pretty dear, be not afraid:  
 We'll find thy father in the wood.  
 Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!  
 And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

## NOTES

TO •

## POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

Note, p. 87.

*"The Brothers."*

[Extract from a letter addressed by Wordsworth to Charles James Fox in 1802, and accompanying a copy of the Poems:

"In the two poems, 'The Brothers' and 'Michael,' I have attempted to draw a picture of the domestic affections, as I know they exist amongst a class of men who are now almost confined to the north of England. They are small independent *proprietors* of land, here called 'statesmen,' men of respectable education, who daily labour on their own little properties. The domestic affections will always be strong amongst men who live in a country not crowded with population; if these men are placed above poverty. But, if they are proprietors of small estates which have descended to them from their ancestors, the power which these affections will acquire amongst such men, is inconceivable by those who have only had an opportunity of observing hired labourers, farmers, and the manufacturing poor. Their little tract of land serves as a kind of permanent rallying point for their domestic feelings, as a tablet upon which they are written, which makes them objects of memory in a thousand instances when they would otherwise be forgotten. It is a fountain fitted to the nature of social man, from which supplies of affection as pure as his heart was intended for, are daily drawn. This class of men is rapidly disappearing. You, Sir, have a consciousness, upon which every good man will congratulate you, that the whole of your public conduct has in one way or other been directed to the preservation of this class of men, and those who hold similar situations. You have felt that the most sacred of all property is the property of the poor. The two poems that I have mentioned were written with a view to show that men who do not wear fine cloaths can feel deeply. 'Pectus enim est quod desertos facit, et vis mentis. Ideoque imperitis quoque, si modo sint aliquo affectu concitati, verba non desunt.' The poems are faithful copies from nature; and I hope whatever effect they may have upon you, you will at least be able to perceive that they may excite profitable sympathies in many kind and good hearts; and may in some small degree enlarge our feelings of reverence for our species, and our knowledge of human nature, by showing that our best qualities are possessed by men whom we are too apt to consider, not with reference to the points in which they resemble us, but to those in which they manifestly differ from us."

R

The letter from which this extract is made, was published in 1838, by Sir Henry Bunbury, among some miscellaneous letters in his "Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer, etc.," p. 436.

It is this poem of which Coleridge said—"THE BROTHERS, that model of English pastoral, which I never yet read with unclouded eye." *Biographia Literaria*, Vol. II., chap. v., p. 85, Note, Edit. of 1847. And Southey, writing to Coleridge, July 11, 1801, says:—"God bless Wordsworth for that poem! ('THE BROTHERS.')" *Life and Correspondence of Southey*, Vol. II., p. 150, chap. viii.—H. R.]

Page 96.

*'I travelled among unknown men.'*

["Amongst the Poems founded on the Affections is one called, from its first line, 'I travelled among unknown men,' which ends with these lines, wherein the poet addresses his native land:

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

A friend, a true poet himself, to whom I owe some new insight into the merits of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, and who showed me to my surprise, that there were nooks in that rich and varied region, some of the shy treasures of which I was not perfectly acquainted with, first made me feel the great beauty of this stanza; in which the poet, as it were, *spreads day and night* over the object of his affections, and seems, under the influence of passionate feeling, to think of England, whether in light or darkness, only as her play-place and verdant home.—S. C." (Sara Coleridge.) *Biographia Literaria* of S. T. Coleridge, Vol. II., chap. ix., p. 173, Note, Edit. of 1847.—H. R.]

Page 98.

*'Let other bards of angels sing.'*

[In his editions of 1845 and 1850, the author has excluded the following stanza, which was the second in this piece in the earlier editions, to the readers of which it had become familiar, and is therefore preserved in this note:

Such if thou wert in all men's view,  
A universal show,  
What would my fancy have to do?  
My feelings to bestow! — H. R.]

## POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

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### ADVERTISEMENT.

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By persons resident in the country and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little Incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such Incidents, or renew the gratification of such Feelings, Names have been given to Places by the Author and some of his Friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

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#### I.

It was an April morning: fresh and clear  
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,  
Ran with a young man's speed; and yet the voice  
Of waters which the winter had supplied  
Was softened down into a vernal tone.  
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,  
And hopes and wishes, from all living things  
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.  
The budding groves appeared as if in haste  
To spur the steps of June; as if their shades  
Of various green were hinderances that stood  
Between them and their object: yet, meanwhile,  
There was such deep contentment in the air,  
That every naked ash, and tardy tree  
Yet leafless, seemed as though the countenance  
With which it looked on this delightful day  
Were native to the summer. — Up the brook  
I roamed in the confusion of my heart,  
Alive to all things and forgetting all.  
At length I to a sudden turning came  
In this continuous glen, where down a rock  
The Stream, so ardent in its course before,  
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that all  
Which I till then had heard, appeared the voice  
Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the Lamb,  
The Shepherd's Dog, the Linnet and the Thrush  
Vied with this Waterfall, and made a song  
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild growth  
Or like some natural produce of the air,  
That could not cease to be. Green leaves were here;

But 't was the foliage of the rocks, the birch,  
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,  
With hanging islands of resplendent furze:  
And on a summit, distant a short space,  
By any who should look beyond the dell,  
A single mountain Cottage might be seen.  
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,  
“Our thoughts at least are ours; and this wild nook,  
My EMMA, I will dedicate to thee.”

— Soon did the spot become my other home,  
My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.  
And, of the Shepherds who have seen me there,  
To whom I sometimes in our idle talk  
Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,  
Years after we are gone and in our graves,  
When they have cause to speak of this wild place,  
May call it by the name of EMMA'S DELL.

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#### II.

#### TO JOANNA.

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass  
The time of early youth; and there you learned,  
From years of quiet industry, to love  
The living Beings by your own fire-side,  
With such a strong devotion, that your heart  
Is slow toward the sympathies of them  
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,  
And make dear friendships with the streams and groves.  
Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,  
Dwelling retired in our simplicity  
Among the woods and fields, we love you well,  
Joanna! and I guess, since you have been  
So distant from us now for two long years,  
That you will gladly listen to discourse,  
However trivial, if you thence are taught  
That they, with whom you once were happy, talk  
Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days past,  
Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop  
Their ancient neighbour, the old Steeple tower,  
The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by  
Came forth to greet me; and when he had asked,  
“How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid!



And when will she return to us?" he paused;  
 And, after short exchange of village news,  
 He with grave looks demanded, for what cause  
 Reviving obsolete Idolatry,  
 I, like a Runic Priest, in characters  
 Of formidable size had chiselled out  
 Some uncouth name upon the native rock,  
 Above the Rotha, by the forest side.\*  
 — Now, by those dear immunities of heart  
 Engendered betwixt malice and true love,  
 I was not loth to be so catechised,  
 And this was my reply: — "As it befel,  
 One summer morning we had walked abroad  
 At break of day, Joanna and myself.  
 — 'T was that delightful season when the broom,  
 Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,  
 Along the copses runs in veins of gold.  
 Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks;  
 And when we came in front of that tall rock  
 Which looks towards the East, I there stopped short,  
 And traced the lofty barrier with my eye  
 From base to summit; such delight I found  
 To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,  
 That intermixture of delicious hues,  
 Along so vast a surface, all at once,  
 In one impression, by connecting force  
 Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.  
 — When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,  
 Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
 That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.  
 The Rock, like something starting from a sleep,  
 Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed again;  
 That ancient Woman seated on Helm-Crag  
 Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-Scar,  
 And the tall Steep of Silver-How, sent forth  
 A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,  
 And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone:  
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
 Carried the Lady's voice, — old Skiddaw blew  
 His speaking trumpet; — back out of the clouds  
 Of Glaramara southward came the voice;  
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.†

\* In Cumberland and Westmoreland are several Inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of Time, and the rudeness of the workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are without doubt Roman.

The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the River which, flowing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydale, falls into Wyander. On Helm-Crag, that impressive single Mountain at the head of the Vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an Old Woman cowering. Close by this rock is one of those Fissures or Caverns, which in the language of the country are called Dungeons. Most of the Mountains here mentioned immediately surround the Vale of Grasmere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

† [\* — a noble imitation of Drayton, (if it was not rather a coincidence)."] COLERIDGE, 'Biographia Literaria,' chap 20 — It matters little which, though there seems to be greater proba-

— Now whether (said I to our cordial friend,  
 Who in the heyday of astonishment  
 Smiled in my face) this were in simple truth  
 A work accomplished by the brotherhood  
 Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touched  
 With dreams and visionary impulses  
 To me alone imparted, sure I am  
 That there was a loud uproar in the hills:  
 And, while we both were listening, to my side  
 The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished  
 To shelter from some object of her fear.  
 — And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen moons  
 Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone  
 Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm  
 And silent morning, I sat down, and there,  
 In memory of affections old and true,  
 I chiselled out in those rude characters  
 Joanna's name upon the living stone.  
 And I, and all who dwell by my fire-side,  
 Have called the lovely rock, JOANNA'S ROCK."

### III.

THERE is an Eminence, — of these our hills  
 The last that parleys with the setting sun.  
 We can behold it from our Orchard-seat;  
 And, when at evening we pursue our walk  
 Along the public way, this Cliff, so high  
 Above us, and so distant in its height,  
 Is visible; and often seems to send  
 Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.  
 The meteors make of it a favourite haunt:  
 The star of Jove, so beautiful and large  
 In the mid heavens, is never half so fair  
 As when he shines above it. 'T is in truth  
 The loneliest place we have among the clouds.  
 And She who dwells with me, whom I have loved  
 With such communion, that no place on earth  
 Can ever be a solitude to me,  
 Hath to this lonely Summit given my Name.

bility in the latter supposition. The passage in Drayton, alluded to, is as follows:

"—Till to your shouts the hills with echo all reply,  
 Which Copland scarce had spoke, but quickly every hill  
 Upon her verge that stands, the neighbouring valleys fill;  
 Helvillon from his height, it through the mountains threw,  
 From whom as soon again, the sound Dunbalsse drew,  
 From whose stone-trophied head, it on to Wendross went,  
 Which tow'rs the sea again, resounded it to Dent,  
 That Broadwater therewith within her banks astound,  
 In sailing to the sea, told it in Egremound,  
 Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes loud and  
 long.  
 Did mightily commend old Copland for her song."

'Polyolbion,' Song XXX. — H. R.]

## IV.

A **NARROW** girdle of rough stones and crags,  
 A rude and natural causeway, interposed  
 Between the water and a winding slope  
 Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern shore  
 Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy :  
 And there, myself and two beloved Friends,  
 One calm September morning, ere the mist  
 Had altogether yielded to the sun,  
 Sauntered on this retired and difficult way.  
 — Ill suits the road with one in haste, but we  
 Played with our time; and, as we strolled along,  
 It was our occupation to observe  
 Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore,  
 Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered bough,  
 Each on the other heaped, along the line  
 Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant mood,  
 Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft  
 Of dandelion seed or thistle's-beard,  
 That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake,  
 Suddenly halting now — a lifeless stand !  
 And starting off again with freak as sudden ;  
 In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,  
 Making report of an invisible breeze  
 That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,  
 Its playmate, rather say its moving soul.  
 — And often, trifling with a privilege  
 Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,  
 And now the other, to point out, perchance  
 To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too fair  
 Either to be divided from the place  
 On which it grew, or to be left alone  
 To its own beauty. Many such there are,  
 Fair Ferns and Flowers, and chiefly that tall Fern,  
 So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named ;  
 Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode  
 On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the side  
 Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,  
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old Romance.  
 — So fared we that bright morning : from the fields,  
 Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy mirth  
 Of Reapers, Men and Women, Boys and Girls.  
 Delighted much to listen to those sounds,  
 And feeding thus our fancies, we advanced  
 Along the indented shore ; when suddenly,  
 Through a thin veil of glittering haze was seen  
 Before us, on a point of jutting land,  
 The tall and upright figure of a Man  
 Attired in peasant's garb, who stood alone,  
 Angling beside the margin of the lake.  
 Improvident and reckless, we exclaimed,  
 The Man must be, who thus can lose a day  
 Of the mid harvest, when the labourer's hire  
 Is ample, and some little might be stored  
 Wherewith to cheer him in the winter time.  
 Thus talking of that Peasant, we approached  
 Close to the spot where with his rod and line

He stood alone ; whereat he turned his head  
 To greet us — and we saw a Man worn down  
 By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken cheeks  
 And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean  
 That for my single self I looked at them,  
 Forgetful of the body they sustained. —  
 Too weak to labour in the harvest field,  
 The Man was using his best skill to gain  
 A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake  
 That knew not of his wants. I will not say  
 What thoughts immediately were ours, nor how  
 The happy idleness of that sweet morn,  
 With all its lovely images, was changed  
 To serious musing and to self-reproach.  
 Nor did we fail to see within ourselves  
 What need there is to be reserved in speech,  
 And temper all our thoughts with charity.  
 — Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,  
 My Friend, Myself, and She who then received  
 The same admonishment, have called the place  
 By a memorial name, uncouth indeed  
 As e'er by Mariner was given to Bay  
 Or Foreland, on a new-discovered coast ;  
 And **POINT RASH-JUDGMENT** is the Name it bears.

## V.

## TO M. H.

OUR walk was far among the ancient trees ;  
 There was no road, nor any woodman's path ;  
 But the thick umbrage, checking the wild growth  
 Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf  
 Beneath the branches, of itself had made  
 A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,  
 And a small bed of water in the woods.  
 All round this pool both flocks and herds might drink  
 On its firm margin, even as from a Well,  
 Or some Stone-basin which the Herdsman's hand  
 Had shaped for their refreshment ; nor did sun,  
 Or wind from any quarter, ever come,  
 But as a blessing, to this calm recess,  
 This glade of water and this one green field.  
 The spot was made by Nature for herself ;  
 The travellers know it not, and 't will remain  
 Unknown to them : but it is beautiful ;  
 And if a man should plant his cottage near,  
 Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,  
 And blend its waters with his daily meal,  
 He would so love it, that in his death hour  
 Its image would survive among his thoughts :  
 And therefore, my sweet MARY, this still Nook  
 With all its beeches, we have named from You

## VI.

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy World,  
 Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen

A habitation in this peaceful Vale,  
 Sharp season followed of continual storm  
 In deepest winter; and, from week to week,  
 Pathway, and lane, and public road, were clogged  
 With frequent showers of snow. Upon a hill  
 At a short distance from my Cottage, stands  
 A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont  
 To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof  
 Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place  
 Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.  
 Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,  
 And, sometimes, on a speck of visible earth,  
 The redbreast near me hopped; nor was I loth  
 To sympathise with vulgar coppice Birds  
 That, for protection from the nipping blast,  
 Hither repaired. — A single beech-tree grew  
 Within this grove of firs; and, on the fork  
 Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's nest;  
 A last year's nest, conspicuously built  
 At such small elevation from the ground  
 As gave sure sign that they, who in that house  
 Of nature and of love had made their home  
 Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long  
 Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,  
 A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-flock,  
 Would watch my motions with suspicious stare,  
 From the remotest outskirts of the grove, —  
 Some nook where they had made their final stand,  
 Huddling together from two fears — the fear  
 Of me and of the storm. Full many an hour  
 Here did I lose. But in this grove the trees  
 Had been so thickly planted, and had thriven  
 In such perplexed and intricate array,  
 That vainly did I seek, between their stems,  
 A length of open space, where to and fro  
 My feet might move without concern or care;  
 And, baffled thus, before the storm relaxed,  
 I ceased the shelter to frequent, — and prized,  
 Less than I wished to prize, that calm recess.

The snows dissolved, and genial Spring returned  
 To clothe the fields with verdure. Other haunts  
 Meanwhile were mine; till, one bright April day,  
 By chance retiring from the glare of noon  
 To this forsaken covert, there I found  
 A hoary path-way traced between the trees,  
 And winding on with such an easy line  
 Along a natural opening, that I stood  
 Much wondering how I could have sought in vain  
 For what was now so obvious. To abide,  
 For an allotted interval of ease,  
 Beneath my cottage roof, had newly come  
 From the wild sea a cherished Visitant;  
 And with the sight of this same path — begun,  
 Begun and ended, in the shady grove,  
 Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind  
 That, to this opportune recess allured,

He had surveyed it with a finer eye,  
 A heart more wakeful; and had worn the track  
 By pacing here, unwearied and alone,  
 In that habitual restlessness of foot  
 With which the Sailor measures o'er and o'er  
 His short domain upon the vessel's deck,  
 While she is travelling through the dreary sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's pleasant shore,  
 And taken thy first leave of those green hills  
 And rocks that were the play-ground of thy Youth,  
 Year followed year, my Brother! and we two,  
 Conversing not, knew little in what mould  
 Each other's minds were fashioned; and at length,  
 When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,  
 Between us there was little other bond  
 Than common feelings of fraternal love.  
 But thou, a School-boy, to the sea hadst carried  
 Undying recollections; Nature there  
 Was with thee; she, who loved us both, she still  
 Was with thee; and even so didst thou become  
 A silent Poet; from the solitude  
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart  
 Still couchant, an inevitable ear,  
 And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.  
 — Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone;  
 Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours  
 Could I withhold thy honoured name, and now  
 I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.  
 Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns  
 Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong:  
 And there I sit at evening, when the steep  
 Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful Lake,  
 And one green Island, gleam between the stems  
 Of the dark firs, a visionary scene!  
 And, while I gaze upon the spectacle  
 Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight  
 Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,  
 My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.  
 Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,  
 Muttering the verses which I muttered first  
 Among the mountains, through the midnight watch  
 Art pacing thoughtfully the Vessel's deck  
 In some far region, here, while o'er my head,  
 At every impulse of the moving breeze,  
 The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,  
 Alone I tread this path; — for aught I know,  
 Timing my steps to thine; and, with a store  
 Of undistinguishable sympathies,  
 Mingling most earnest wishes for the day  
 When we, and others whom we love, shall meet  
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.\*

\* This wish was not granted; the lamented Person not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Company's Vessel, the Earl of Abergavenny.



## VII.

Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base  
 Winds our deep vale, two heath-clad rocks ascend  
 In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair  
 Rising to no ambitious height; yet both,  
 O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,  
 Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes  
 Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,  
 To one or other brow of those twin peaks  
 Were two adventurous sisters wont to climb,  
 And took no note of the hour while thence they gazed,  
 The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side by side,  
 In speechless admiration. I, a witness

And frequent sharer of their calm delight  
 With thankful heart, to either eminence  
 Gave the baptismal name each sister bore.  
 Now are they parted, far as death's cold hand  
 Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love  
 As they did love. Ye kindred pinnacles —  
 That, while the generations of mankind  
 Follow each other to their hiding-place  
 In time's abyss, are privileged to endure  
 Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced  
 With like command of beauty — grant your aid  
 For MARY's humble, SARAH's silent, claim,  
 That their pure joy in nature may survive  
 From age to age in blended memory.

## POEMS OF THE FANCY.

### A MORNING EXERCISE.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,  
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw;  
Sending sad shadows after things not sad,  
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe;  
Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry  
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death; and when the owl  
Tries his two voices for a favourite strain —  
*Tu-whit — Tu-whoo!* the unsuspecting fowl  
Forebodes mishap, or seems but to complain:  
Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,  
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,  
Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill;  
A feathered task-master cries, "WORK AWAY!"  
And, in thy iteration, "WHIP POOR WILL,"\*  
Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,  
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave!

What wonder? at her bidding ancient lays  
Steeped in dire griefs the voice of Philomel;  
And that fleet messenger of summer days,  
The swallow, twittered subject to like spell;  
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant lark  
To melancholy service — hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,  
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed;  
But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,  
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud;  
Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark;  
The happiest bird that sprang out of the ark!

Hail, blest above all kinds! — Supremely skilled  
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low.  
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build  
On such forbearance as the deep may show;  
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,  
Leavest to the wandering Bird of Paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove;  
Yet more hath nature reconciled in thee;  
So constant with thy downward eye of love,  
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free;  
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice  
In power of wing and never-weary voice!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler! — that love-prompted strain,  
(*'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond*)  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

How would it please old ocean to partake,  
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,  
The harmony thy notes most gladly make  
Where earth resembles most his own domain!  
Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear  
These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars  
To day-light known deter from that pursuit,  
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars  
Come forth at evening, keeps thee still and mute;  
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine!

### TO THE DAISY.

"Her† divine skill taught me this,  
That from every thing I saw  
I could some instruction draw,  
And raise pleasure to the height  
Through the meanest object's sight.  
By the murmur of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustelling;  
By a daisy whose leaves spread  
Shut when Titan goes to bed;  
Or a shady bush or tree;  
She could more infuse in me  
Than all nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man." G. WITHERS.

In youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
Most pleased when most uneasy;  
But now my own delights I make, —  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake  
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

When Winter decks his few gray hairs,  
Thee in the scanty wreath he wears;  
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,  
That she may sun thee;

\* See Waterton's Wanderings in South America.

† His muse.

Whole summer fields are thine by right;  
And Autumn, melancholy Wight!  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
Thou greetest the Traveller in the lane;  
If welcome thou countest it gain;  
Thou art not daunted,  
Nor carest if thou be set at naught:  
And oft alone in nooks remote  
We meet thee like a pleasant thought,  
When such are wanted.

Be Violets in their secret mews  
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;  
Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews  
Her head impearling;  
Thou livest with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie  
Near the green holly,  
And wearily at length should fare;  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art!—a Friend at hand, to scare  
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension;  
Come steady love; some brief delight;  
Some memory that had taken flight;  
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to Thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life our nature breeds;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning ray,  
I see thee rise, alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play  
With kindred gladness:  
And when, at dusk, by dews oppress'd  
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt,  
Which I, wherever thou art met,  
To thee am owing;  
An instinct call it, a blind sense;  
A happy, genial influence,  
Coming one knows not how, nor whence  
Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run  
Thy course bold lover of the sun,  
And cheerful when the days begun  
As morning Leveret,  
Thy long-lost praise\* thou shalt regain;  
Dear shalt thou be to future men  
As in old time;—thou not in vain  
Art Nature's favourite.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill  
Rushed o'er the wood with startling sound;  
Then—all at once the air was still,  
And showers of hail-stones pattered round.  
Where leafless Oaks towered high above.  
I sat within an undergrove  
Of tallest hollies, tall and green;  
A fairer bower was never seen.  
From year to year the spacious floor  
With withered leaves is covered o'er,  
And all the year the bower is green.  
But see! where'er the hail-stones drop  
The withered leaves all skip and hop;  
There's not a breeze—no breath of air—  
Yet here, and there, and everywhere  
Along the floor, beneath the shade  
By those embowering hollies made,  
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,  
As if with pipes and music rare  
Some Robin Good-fellow were there,  
And all those leaves, in festive glee,  
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

#### THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit tree boughs that shed  
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
With brightest sunshine round me spread  
Of spring's unclouded weather,  
In this sequestered nook how sweet  
To sit upon my Orchard-seat!  
And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
My last year's Friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest Guest  
In all this covert of the blest:  
Hail to Thee, far above the rest

\* See, in Chaucer and the older Poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower



In joy of voice and pinion,  
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,  
Presiding Spirit here to-day,  
Dost lead the revels of the May,  
And this is thy dominion.

While Birds, and Butterflies, and Flowers,  
Make all one Band of Paramours,  
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
Art sole in thy employment;  
A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too blest with any one to pair,  
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,  
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
Yet seeming still to hover;  
There! where the flutter of his wings  
Upon his back and body flings  
Shadows and sunny glimmerings  
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight the Bird deceives,  
A Brother of the dancing Leaves;  
Then flits, and from the Cottage eaves  
Pours forth his song in gushes;  
As if by that exulting strain  
He mocked and treated with disdain  
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,  
While fluttering in the bushes.

### THE CONTRAST.

#### THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

##### I.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined,  
I saw a dazzling Belle,  
A Parrot of that famous kind  
Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;  
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,  
With pearl or gleaming agate vies  
Her finely-curved bill.

Her plummy Mantle's living hues  
In mass opposed to mass,  
Outshine the splendour that imbues  
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate  
Did never tempt the choice  
Of feathered Thing most delicate  
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian Bowers,  
And singleness her lot,  
She trills her song with tutored powers,  
Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets  
With which she may have striven!  
Now but in wantonness she frets,  
Or spite, if cause be given;

Arch, volatile, a sportive Bird  
By social glee inspired;  
Ambitious to be seen or heard,  
And pleased to be admired!

##### II.

This moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,  
Harbours a self-contented Wren,  
Not shunning man's abode, though shy,  
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared  
She never tried; the very nest  
In which this Child of Spring was reared,  
Is warmed, thro' winter, by her feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives  
A slender unexpected strain;  
That tells the Hermitess still lives,  
Though she appear not, and be sought in vain.

Say, Dora! tell me by yon placid Moon,  
If called to choose between the favoured pair,  
Which would you be, — the Bird of the Saloon,  
By Lady fingers tended with nice care,  
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,  
Or Nature's DARLING of this mossy Shed?

#### TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.\*

PANSIES, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises;  
Long as there's a sun that sets,  
Primroses will have their glory;  
Long as there are Violets,  
They will have a place in story:  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
For the finding of a star;  
Up and down the heavens they go,  
Men that keep a mighty rout!  
I'm as great as they, I trow,  
Since the day I found thee out,  
Little flower! — I'll make a stir,  
Like a great Astronomer.

\* Common Pilewort.

Modest, yet withal an Elf  
 Bold, and lavish of thyself;  
 Since we needs must first have met  
 I have seen thee, high and low,  
 Thirty years or more, and yet  
 'T was a face I did not know;  
 Thou hast now, go where I may,  
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
 In the time before the Thrush  
 Has a thought about her nest,  
 Thou wilt come with half a call,  
 Spreading out thy glossy breast  
 Like a careless Prodigal;  
 Telling tales about the sun,  
 When we've little warmth or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!  
 Travel with the multitude;  
 Never heed them; I aver  
 That they are all wanton Wooers;  
 But the thrifty Cottager,  
 Who stirs little out of doors,  
 Joys to spy thee near her home;  
 Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
 Kindly, unassuming Spirit!  
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
 On the moor, and in the wood,  
 In the lane—there's not a place,  
 Howsoever mean it be,  
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow Flowers,  
 Children of the flaring hours!  
 Buttercups, that will be seen,  
 Whether we will see or no;  
 Others, too, of lofty mien;  
 They have done as worldlings do,  
 Taken praise that should be thine,  
 Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
 Ill-requited upon earth;  
 Herald of a mighty band,  
 Of a joyous train ensuing,  
 Serving at my heart's command,  
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,  
 I will sing as doth behove,  
 Hymns in praise of what I love!

#### TO THE SAME FLOWER.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet  
 When they lie about our feet:  
 February last, my heart  
 First at sight of thee was glad;  
 All unheard of as thou art,  
 Thou must needs, I think, have had,

Celandine! and long ago,  
 Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,  
 Whosoe'er the man might be,  
 Who the first with pointed rays  
 (Workmen worthy to be sainted)  
 Set the sign-board in a blaze,  
 When the rising sun he painted,  
 Took the fancy from a glance  
 At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring  
 News of winter's vanishing,  
 And the children build their bowers,  
 Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould  
 All about with full-blown flowers,  
 Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!  
 With the proudest thou art there,  
 Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure  
 By myself a lonely pleasure,  
 Sighed to think, I read a book  
 Only read, perhaps, by me;  
 Yet I long could overlook  
 Thy bright coronet and Thee,  
 And thy arch and wily ways,  
 And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart from week to week  
 Thou dost play at hide-and-seek;  
 While the patient primrose sits  
 Like a Beggar in the cold,  
 Thou, a Flower of wiser wits,  
 Slip'st into thy sheltering hold;  
 Liveliest of the vernal train  
 When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,  
 By what charm of sight or smell,  
 Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,  
 Labouring for her waxen cells,  
 Fondly settle upon Thee,  
 Prized above all buds and bells  
 Opening daily at thy side,  
 By the season multiplied?

Thou art not beyond the moon,  
 But a thing "beneath our shoon:"  
 Let the bold Discoverer thrud  
 In his bark the polar sea;  
 Rear who will a pyramid;  
 Praise it is enough for me,  
 If there be but three or four  
 Who will love my little Flower.

#### THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE

"BE GONE, thou fond presumptuous Elf,"  
 Exclaimed an angry Voice,  
 "Nor dare to trust thy foolish self  
 Between me and my choice."

A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows  
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,  
That, all bespattered with his foam,  
And dancing high and dancing low,  
Was living, as a child might know,  
In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block?  
Off, off! or, puny Thing!  
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock  
To which thy fibres cling."  
The Flood was tyrannous and strong;  
The patient Briar suffered long,  
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,  
Hoping the danger would be past:  
But, seeing no relief, at last  
He ventured to reply.

"Ah!" said the Briar, "blame me not;  
Why should we dwell in strife?  
We who in this sequestered spot  
Once lived a happy life!  
You stirred me on my rocky bed—  
What pleasure through my veins you spread!  
The Summer long, from day to day,  
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;  
Nor was it common gratitude  
That did your cares repay.

"When Spring came on with bud and bell,  
Among these rocks did I  
Before you hang my wreaths, to tell  
That gentle days were nigh!  
And in the sultry summer hours,  
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;  
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,  
The Linnet lodged, and for us two  
Chanted his pretty songs, when You  
Had little voice or none.

"But now proud thoughts are in your breast—  
What grief is mine you see.  
Ah! would you think, even yet how blest  
Together we might be!  
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,  
Some ornaments to me are left—  
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,  
With which I, in my humble way,  
Would deck you many a winter's day,  
A happy Eglantine!"

What more he said I cannot tell,  
The Torrent thundered down the dell  
With aggravated haste;  
I listened, nor aught else could hear;  
The Briar quaked—and much I fear  
Those accents were his last.

## THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

## A PASTORAL.

His simple truths did Andrew glean  
Beside the babbling rills;  
A careful student he had been  
Among the woods and hills.  
One winter's night, when through the trees  
The wind was roaring, on his knees  
His youngest born did Andrew hold:  
And while the rest, a ruddy quire,  
Were seated round their blazing fire,  
This Tale the Shepherd told.

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone  
As ever tempest beat!  
Out of its head an Oak had grown,  
A Broom out of its feet.  
The time was March, a cheerful noon—  
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,  
Breathed gently from the warm south-west:  
When, in a voice sedate with age,  
This Oak, a giant and a sage,  
His neighbour thus addressed:—

'Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay,  
Along this mountain's edge,  
The Frost hath wrought both night and day,  
Wedge driving after wedge.  
Look up! and think, above your head  
What trouble, surely, will be bred;  
Last night I heard a crash—'tis true,  
The splinters took another road—  
I see them yonder—what a load  
For such a Thing as you!

You are preparing, as before,  
To deck your slender shape;  
And yet, just three years back—no more—  
You had a strange escape.  
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke;  
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,  
And hitherward pursued its way:  
This ponderous Block was caught by me,  
And o'er your head, as you may see,  
'Tis hanging to this day!

The Thing had better been asleep,  
Whatever thing it were,  
Or Breeze, or Bird, or Dog, or Sheep,  
That first did plant you there.  
For you and your green twigs decoy  
The little witless Shepherd-boy  
To come and slumber in your bower;  
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,  
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon!  
Will perish in one hour.



From me this friendly warning take'—  
 The Broom began to doze,  
 And thus, to keep herself awake,  
 Did gently interpose:  
 'My thanks for your discourse are due;  
 That more than what you say is true,  
 I know, and I have known it long;  
 Frail is the bond by which we hold  
 Our being, whether young or old,  
 Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

Disasters, do the best we can,  
 Will reach both great and small  
 And he is oft the wisest man,  
 Who is not wise at all.  
 For me, why should I wish to roam!  
 This spot is my paternal home,  
 It is my pleasant heritage;  
 My Father, many a happy year,  
 Here spread his careless blossoms, here  
 Attained a good old age.

Even such as his may be my lot.  
 What cause have I to haunt  
 My heart with terrors? Am I not  
 In truth a favoured plant!  
 On me such bounty Summer pours,  
 That I am covered o'er with flowers;  
 And, when the Frost is in the sky,  
 My branches are so fresh and gay  
 That you might look at me, and say  
 This plant can never die.

The Butterfly, all green and gold,  
 To me hath often flown,  
 Here in my Blossoms to behold  
 Wings lovely as his own.  
 When grass is chill with rain or dew,  
 Beneath my shade, the mother Ewe  
 Lies with her infant Lamb; I see  
 The love they to each other make,  
 And the sweet joy, which they partake,  
 It is a joy to me.'

Her voice was blithe, her heart was light;  
 The Broom might have pursued  
 Her speech, until the stars of night  
 Their journey had renewed;  
 But in the branches of the Oak  
 Two Ravens now began to croak  
 Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;  
 And to her own green bower the breeze  
 That instant brought two stripling Bees  
 To rest, or murmur there.

One night, my Children! from the North  
 There came a furious blast;  
 At break of day I ventured forth,  
 And near the Cliff I passed.

The storm had fallen upon the Oak,  
 And struck him with a mighty stroke,  
 And whirled, and whirled him far away;  
 And, in one hospitable cleft,  
 The little careless Broom was left  
 To live for many a day."

### SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL

Founded upon a Belief prevalent among the Pastoral Vales of  
 Westmoreland.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel!  
 Night has brought the welcome hour,  
 When the weary fingers feel  
 Help, as if from faery power;  
 Dewy night o'ershades the ground:  
 Turn the swift wheel round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky,  
 Couch the widely-scattered sheep;—  
 Ply the pleasant labour, ply!  
 For the spindle, while they sleep,  
 Runs with speed more smooth and fine,  
 Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred  
 By a glance from fickle eyes;  
 But true love is like the thread  
 Which the kindly wool supplies,  
 When the flocks are all at rest  
 Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

### THE REDBREAST AND BUTTERFLY.

ART thou the Bird whom Man loves best,  
 The pious Bird with the scarlet breast,  
 Our little English Robin;  
 The Bird that comes about our doors  
 When Autumn winds are sobbing?  
 Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors;  
 Their Thomas in Finland,  
 And Russia far inland?

The Bird, who by some name or other  
 All men who know thee call their Brother,  
 The Darling of Children and men!  
 Could Father Adam\* open his eyes  
 And see this sight beneath the skies,  
 He'd wish to close them again.

If the Butterfly knew but his friend,  
 Hither his flight he would bend;  
 And find his way to me,  
 Under the branches of the tree:

\* See Paradise Lost, Book XI., where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the Eagle chasing "two Birds of gayest plume," and the gentle Hart and Hind pursued by their enemy.

In and out, he darts about;  
Can this be the Bird, to man so good,  
That, after their bewildering,  
Covered with leaves the little children,  
So painfully in the wood!

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st pursue  
A beautiful Creature,  
That is gentle by nature?  
Beneath the summer sky  
From flower to flower let him fly;  
'Tis all that he wishes to do.  
The Cheerer Thou of our in-door sadness,  
He is the Friend of our summer gladness:  
What hinders, then, that ye should be  
Playmates in the sunny weather,  
And fly about in the air together!  
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,  
A crimson as bright as thine own:  
If thou would'st be happy in thy nest,  
O pious Bird! whom man loves best,  
Love him or leave him alone!

### THE KITTEN

AND

### THE FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my Infant, lo!  
What a pretty baby show!  
See the Kitten on the Wall,  
Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—  
From the lofty Elder-tree!  
Through the calm and frosty air,  
Of this morning bright and fair,  
Eddying round and round they sink  
Softly, slowly: one might think,  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf conveyed  
Sylph or Faery hither tending,—  
To this lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute,  
In his wavering parachute.  
—But the Kitten, how she starts,  
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!  
First at one, and then its fellow  
Just as light and just as yellow;  
There are many now—now one—  
Now they stop and there are none;  
What intenseness of desire  
In her upward eye of fire!  
With a tiger-leap half way  
Now she meets the coming prey,  
Lets it go as fast, and then  
Has it in her power again:

Now she works with three or four,  
Like an Indian Conjuror;  
Quick as he in feats of art,  
Far beyond in joy of heart.  
Were her antics played in the eye,  
Of a thousand Standers-by,  
Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
What would little Tabby care  
For the plaudits of the Crowd?  
Over happy to be proud,  
Over wealthy in the treasure  
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty Baby-treat;  
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;  
Here, for neither Babe nor me,  
Other Play-mate can I see.  
Of the countless living things,  
That with stir of feet and wings  
(In the sun or under shade,  
Upon bough or grassy blade)  
And with busy revellings,  
Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
Made this Orchard's narrow space,  
And this Vale so blithe a place;  
Multitudes are swept away,  
Never more to breathe the day:  
Some are sleeping; some in Bands  
Travelled into distant Lands;  
Others slunk to moor and wood,  
Far from human neighbourhood;  
And, among the Kinds that keep  
With us closer fellowship,  
With us openly abide,  
All have laid their mirth aside.  
—Where is he that giddy Sprite,  
Blue cap, with his colours bright,  
Who was blest as bird could be,  
Feeding in the apple-tree;  
Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
Turning blossoms inside out;  
Hung with head towards the ground,  
Fluttered, perched, into a round  
Bound himself, and then unbound;  
Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!  
Prettiest Tumbler ever seen!  
Light of heart and light of limb;  
What is now become of Him?  
Lambs, that through the mountains went  
Frisking, bleating merriment,  
When the year was in its prime,  
They are sobered by this time.  
If you look to vale or hill,  
If you listen, all is still,  
Save a little neighbouring Rill,  
That from out the rocky ground  
Strikes a solitary sound.

Vainly glitter hill and plain,  
And the air is calm in vain;  
Vainly Morning spreads the lure  
Of a sky serene and pure;  
Creature none can she decoy  
Into open sign of joy:  
Is it that they have a fear  
Of the dreary season near?  
Or that other pleasures be  
Sweeter even than gaiety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
In the impenetrable cell  
Of the silent heart which Nature  
Furnishes to every Creature;  
Whatsoever we feel and know  
Too sedate for outward show,  
Such a light of gladness breaks,  
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—  
Spreads with such a living grace  
O'er my little Laura's face;  
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,  
That almost I could repine  
That your transports are not mine,  
That I do not wholly fare  
Even as ye do, thoughtless Pair!  
And I will have my careless season  
Spite of melancholy reason,  
Will walk through life in such a way  
That, when time brings on decay,  
Now and then I may possess  
Hours of perfect gladness.  
—Pleased by any random toy;  
By a Kitten's busy joy,  
Or an Infant's laughing eye  
Sharing in the ecstasy;  
I would fare like that or this,  
Find my wisdom in my bliss;  
Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
And have faculties to take,  
Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
Matter for a jocund thought,  
Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

#### A FLOWER GARDEN.

TELL me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,  
While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,  
Pinions that fanned the teeming mould  
Of Eden's blissful wilderness,  
Did only softly-stealing Hours  
There close the peaceful lives of flowers!

Say, when the *moving* Creatures saw  
All kinds commingled without fear,  
Prevailed a like indulgent law  
For the still Growths that prosper here!  
Did wanton Fawn and Kid forbear  
The half-blown Rose, the Lily spare?

Or peeped they often from their beds  
And prematurely disappeared,  
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads  
A bosom to the Sun endeared!  
If such their harsh untimely doom,  
It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All Summer long the happy Eve  
Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,  
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,  
From the next glance she casts, to find  
That love for little Things by Fate  
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian Fence is wound,  
So subtly is the eye beguiled  
It sees not nor suspects a Bound,  
No more than in some forest wild;  
Free as the light in semblance.—cross:  
Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse  
By random footsteps to be prest,  
And feeds on never-sullied dews,  
Ye, gentle breezes from the West,  
With all the ministers of Hope,  
Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throngs of birds resort;  
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,  
Some, perched on stems of stately port  
That nod to welcome transient guests;  
While Hare and Leveret, seen at play,  
Appear not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)  
This delicate Enclosure shows  
Of modest kindness, that would hide  
The firm protection she bestows;  
Of manners, like its viewless fence,  
Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse—her wing  
Abruptly spreading to depart,  
She left that farewell offering,  
Memento for some docile heart;  
That may respect the good old age  
When Fancy was Truth's willing Page;  
And Truth would skim the flowery glade  
Though entering but as Fancy's Shade.



## TO THE DAISY.

With little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee,

For thou art worthy,  
Thou unassuming Common-place  
Of Nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace,  
Which Love makes for thee!

On the dappled turf at ease  
I sit, and play with similes,  
Loose types of Things through all degrees,  
Thoughts of thy raising:  
And many a fond and idle name  
I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
As is the humour of the game,  
While I am gazing.

A Nun demure, of lowly port;  
Or sprightly Maiden, of Love's Court,  
In thy simplicity the sport  
Of all temptations;  
A Queen in crown of rubies drest;  
A Starveling in a scanty vest;  
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye  
Staring to threaten and defy,  
That thought comes next—and instantly  
The freak is over,  
The shape will vanish, and behold  
A silver Shield with boss of gold,  
That spreads itself, some Faery bold  
In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar;—  
And then thou art a pretty Star;  
Not quite so fair as many are  
In heaven above thee!  
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—  
May peace come never to his nest,  
Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last,  
When all my reveries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
Sweet silent Creature!  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature!

T

## TO THE SAME FLOWER.

Bright flower, whose home is everywhere!  
A Pilgrim bold in Nature's care,  
And oft, the long year through, the heir  
Of joy or sorrow,  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other Flower I see  
The forest through!

And wherefore! Man is soon deprest;  
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,  
Does little on his memory rest,  
Or on his reason;  
But Thou wouldst teach him how to find  
A shelter under every wind,  
A hope for times that are unkind  
And every season.

Thou wander'st this wide world about,  
Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
With friends to greet thee, or without,  
Yet pleased and willing;  
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
And all things suffering from all,  
Thy function apostolical  
In peace fulfilling.

## TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!  
For thy song, Lark, is strong;  
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!  
Singing, singing,  
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,  
Lift me, guide me till I find  
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary  
And to-day my heart is weary;  
Had I now the wings of a Faery,  
Up to thee would I fly.  
There's madness about thee, and joy divine  
In that song of thine;  
Lift me, guide me high and high  
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,  
Thou art laughing and scorning;  
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,  
And, though little troubled with sloth,  
Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth  
To be such a Traveller as I.  
Happy, happy Liver,  
With a soul as strong as a mountain River,  
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,  
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;  
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,  
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,  
And hope for higher raptures when Life's day is done.

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### TO A SEXTON.

Let thy wheel-barrow alone —  
Wherefore, Sexton, piling still  
In thy Bone-house bone on bone  
'Tis already like a hill  
In a field of battle made,  
Where three thousand skulls are laid;  
These died in peace each with the other,—  
Father, Sister, Friend, and Brother.

Mark the spot to which I point!  
From this platform, eight feet square,  
Take not even a finger-joint:  
Andrew's whole fire-side is there.  
Here, alone, before thine eyes,  
Simon's sickly daughter lies,  
From weakness now, and pain defended,  
Whom he twenty winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride —  
How he glories, when he sees  
Roses, Lilies, side by side,  
Violets in families!  
By the heart of Man, his tears,  
By his hopes and by his fears,  
Thou, old Gray-beard! art the Warden  
Of a far superior garden.

Thus then, each to other dear,  
Let them all in quiet lie,  
Andrew there, and Susan here,  
Neighbours in mortality.  
And, should I live through sun and rain  
Seven widowed years without my Jane,  
O Sexton, do not then remove her,  
Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover!

---

Who fancied what a pretty sight  
This Rock would be if edged around  
With living Snow-drops! circlet bright!  
How glorious to this Orchard-ground!  
Who loved the little Rock, and set  
Upon its head this Coronet!

Was it the humour of a Child?  
Or rather of some love-sick Maid,  
Whose brows, the day that she was styled  
The Shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed!

Of Man mature, or Matron sage!  
Or Old-man toying with his age!

I asked — 't was whispered, The device  
To each and all might well belong:  
It is the Spirit of Paradise  
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,  
That gives to all the self-same bent  
Where life is wise and innocent.

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### SONG

#### FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

Though the torrents from their fountains  
Roar down many a craggy steep,  
Yet they find among the mountains  
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,  
Ere the storm its fury stills,  
Helmet-like themselves will fasten  
On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre  
Of the Alps the Chamois bound,  
Yet he has a home to enter  
In some nook of chosen ground.

If on windy days the Raven  
Gambol like a dancing skiff,  
Not the less she loves her haven  
In the bosom of the cliff.

Though the Sea-horse in the Ocean  
Own no dear domestic cave,  
Yet he slumbers — by the motion  
Rocked of many a gentle wave.

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes,  
Vagrant over Desert sands,  
Brooding on her eggs reposes  
When chill night that care demand.

Day and night my toils redouble,  
Never nearer to the goal;  
Night and day, I feel the trouble  
Of the Wanderer in my soul.

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### THE SEVEN SISTERS;

OR,

#### THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE

SEVEN Daughters had Lord Archibald,  
All Children of one Mother:  
I could not say in one short day  
What love they bore each other.  
A Garland of Seven Lilies wrought!

Seven Sisters that together dwell;  
 But he, bold Knight as ever fought,  
 Their Father, took of them no thought,  
 He loved the Wars so well.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The Solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,  
 And from the shores of Erin,  
 Across the wave, a Rover brave  
 To Binnorie is steering:  
 Right onward to the Scottish strand  
 The gallant ship is borne;  
 The Warriors leap upon the land,  
 And hark! the Leader of the Band  
 Hath blown his bugle horn.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a Grotto of their own,  
 With boughs above them closing,  
 The Seven are laid, and in the shade  
 They lie like Fawns reposing.  
 But now, upstarting with affright  
 At noise of man and steed,  
 Away they fly to left, to right —  
 Of your fair household, Father Knight,  
 Methinks you take small heed!  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,  
 And, over Hill and Hollow,  
 With menace proud, and insult loud,  
 A youthful Rovers follow.  
 Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam:  
 Enough for him to find  
 The empty House when he comes home;  
 For us your yellow ringlets comb,  
 For us be fair and kind!"  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,  
 Like clouds in stormy weather;  
 They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,  
 And let us die together."  
 A Lake was near; the shore was steep;  
 There never foot had been;  
 They ran, and with a desperate leap  
 Together plunged into the deep,  
 Nor ever more were seen.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

The Stream that flows out of the Lake,  
 As through the glen it rambles,  
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,  
 For those seven lovely Campbells.

Seven little Islands, green and bare,  
 Have risen from out the deep:  
 The Fishers say, those Sisters fair,  
 By Faeries all are buried there,  
 And there together sleep.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

## THE DANISH BOY.

### A FRAGMENT.

THESE Stanzas were designed to introduce a Ballad upon the Story of a Danish Prince who had fled from Battle, and for the sake of the valuables about him, was murdered by the Inhabitant of a Cottage in which he had taken refuge. The House fell under a curse, and the Spirit of the Youth, it was believed, haunted the Valley where the crime had been committed.

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills  
 There is a spot that seems to lie  
 Sacred to flowerets of the hills,  
 And sacred to the sky.  
 And in this smooth and open dell  
 There is a tempest-stricken tree;  
 A corner-stone by lightning cut,  
 The last stone of a cottage hut;  
 And in this dell you see  
 A thing no storm can e'er destroy,  
 The Shadow of a Danish Boy.

In clouds above, the Lark is heard,  
 But drops not here to earth for rest;  
 Within this lonesome nook the Bird  
 Did never build her nest.  
 No Beast, no Bird hath here his home,  
 Bees, wafted on the breezy air,  
 Pass high above those fragrant bells  
 To other flowers; — to other dells  
 Their burthens do they bear;  
 The Danish Boy walks here alone:  
 The lovely dell is all his own.

A Spirit of noon-day is he;  
 He seems a form of flesh and blood;  
 Nor piping Shepherd shall he be,  
 Nor Herd-boy of the wood.  
 A regal vest of fur he wears,  
 In colour like a raven's wing;  
 It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;  
 But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue  
 As budding pines in Spring;  
 His helmet has a vernal grace,  
 Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

A harp is from his shoulder slung;  
 He rests the harp upon his knee;  
 And there, in a forgotten tongue,  
 He warbles melody.



Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill  
He is the darling and the joy;  
And often, when no cause appears,  
The mountain ponies prick their ears,  
— They hear the Danish Boy,  
While in the dell he sings alone  
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

There sits he: in his face you spy  
No trace of a ferocious air,  
Nor ever was a cloudless sky  
So steady or so fair.  
The lovely Danish Boy is blest  
And happy in his flowery cove:  
From bloody deeds his thoughts are far;  
And yet he warbles songs of war,  
That seem like songs of love,  
For calm and gentle is his mien;  
Like a dead Boy he is serene.

### TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD WRITE HER A POEM  
UPON SOME DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS  
IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

FAIR Lady! can I sing of flowers  
That in Madeira bloom and fade,  
I who ne'er ate within their bowers,  
Nor through their sunny lawns have strayed?  
How they in sprightly dance are worn  
By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,  
Or holy festal pomps adorn,  
These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art  
No like remembrances can give,  
Your portraits still may reach the heart  
And there for gentle pleasure live;  
While Fancy ranging with free scope  
Shall on some lovely Alien set  
A name with us endeared to hope,  
To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,  
Some new resemblance we may trace:  
A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,  
A *Speedwell* may not want its place.  
And so may we, with charmed mind  
Beholding what your skill has wrought,  
Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,  
A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet  
From heaven to earth our thoughts will pass,  
A *Holy-thistle* here we meet  
And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;

And haply some familiar name  
Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, plant  
Whose presence cheers the drooping frame  
Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile  
Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier breath;  
Alas! that meek, that tender smile  
Is but a harbinger of death:  
And pointing with a feeble hand  
She says, in faint words by sighs broken,  
Bear for me to my native land  
This precious flower, true love's last token.

GLAD sight wherever new with old  
Is joined through some dear homeborn tie;  
The life of all that we behold  
Depends upon that mystery.  
Vain is the glory of the sky,  
The beauty vain of field and grove  
Unless, while with admiring eye  
We gaze, we also learn to love.

### THE PILGRIM'S DREAM;

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A PILGRIM, when the summer day  
Had closed upon his weary way,  
A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof;  
But him the haughty Warder spurned;  
And from the gate the Pilgrim turned,  
To seek such covert as the field  
Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,  
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along; and, pensively,  
Halting beneath a shady tree,  
Whose moss-grown root might serve for couch or seat,  
Fixed on a Star his upward eye;  
Then, from the tenant of the sky  
He turned, and watched with kindred look,  
A Glow-worm in a dusky nook,  
Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream  
Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,  
A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy bounds  
He recognised the earth-born Star,  
And *That* which glittered from afar;  
And (strange to witness!) from the frame  
Of the ethereal Orb, there came  
Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble Light  
That now, when day was fled, and night  
Hushed the dark earth — fast closing weary eyes,

A very Reptile could presume  
To show her taper in the gloom,  
As if in rivalry with One  
Who sate a Ruler on his throne  
Erected in the skies.

"Exalted Star!" the Worm replied,  
"Abate this unbecoming pride,  
Or with a less uneasy lustre shine;  
Thou shrink'st as momentarily thy rays  
Are mastered by the breathing haze;  
While neither mist, nor thickest cloud  
That shapes in Heaven its murky shroud,  
Hath power to injure mine.

But not for this do I aspire  
To match the spark of local fire,  
That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,  
With thy acknowledged glories;—No!  
Yet, thus upbraided, I may show  
What favours do attend me here,  
Till, like thyself, I disappear  
Before the purple dawn."

When this in modest guise was said,  
Across the welkin seemed to spread  
A boding sound—for aught but sleep unfit!  
Hills quaked—the rivers backward ran—  
That Star, so proud of late, looked wan;  
And reeled with visionary stir  
In the blue depth, like Lucifer  
Cast headlong to the pit!

Fire raged,—and, when the spangled floor  
Of ancient ether was no more,  
New heavens succeeded, by the dream brought forth:  
And all the happy Souls that rode  
Transfigured through that fresh abode,  
Had heretofore, in humble trust,  
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,  
The Glow-worms of the earth!

This knowledge, from an Angel's voice  
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice  
Of Him who slept upon the open lea:  
Waking at morn he murmured not;  
And, till life's journey closed, the spot  
Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,  
Where by that dream he had been cheered  
Beneath the shady tree.

## HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

"Who but hails the sight with pleasure  
When the wings of genius rise,  
Their ability to measure  
With great enterprise;

But in man was ne'er such daring  
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing  
His brave spirit with the war in  
The stormy skies!

Mark him, how his power he uses,  
Lays it by, at will resumes!  
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses  
Clouds and utter glooms!  
There, he wheels in downward mazes;  
Sunward now his flight he raises,  
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes  
With uninjured plumes!"—

ANSWER.

"Stranger, 'tis no act of courage  
Which aloft thou dost discern;  
No bold *bird* gone forth to forage  
Mid the tempest stern;  
But such mockery as the Nations  
See, when public perturbations  
Lift men from their native stations,  
Like yon TUFT OF FERN;

Such it is;—the aspiring Creature  
Soaring on undaunted wing,  
(So you fancied) is by nature  
A dull helpless Thing,  
Dry and withered, light and yellow;—  
*That* to be the tempest's fellow!  
Wait—and you shall see how hollow  
Its endeavouring!"

## STRAY PLEASURES.

"—Pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find."

By their floating Mill,  
That lies dead and still,  
Behold yon Prisoners three,  
The Miller with two Dames, on the breast of the  
Thames!  
The platform is small, but gives room for them all;  
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes  
To their Mill where it floats,  
To their House and their Mill tethered fast;  
To the small wooden Isle where, their work to beguile,  
They from morning to even take whatever is given;—  
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the Spires,  
All alive with the fires  
Of the Sun going down to his rest,

In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,  
They dance,—there are three, as jocund as free  
While they dance on the calm river's breast,

Man and Maidens wheel,  
They themselves make the Reel,  
And their Music's a prey which they seize;  
It plays not for them,—what matter! 'tis theirs;  
And if they had care, it has scattered their cares,  
While they dance, crying, "Long as ye please!"

They dance not for me,  
Yet mine is their glee!  
Thus pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find;  
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,  
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The Showers of the Spring  
Rouse the Birds, and they sing;  
If the Wind do but stir for his proper delight,  
Each Leaf, that and this, his neighbour will kiss;  
Each Wave, one and t' other, speeds after his brother;  
They are happy, for that is their right!

---

ON SEEING A

NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF E.M.S.

Frowns are on every Muse's face,  
Reproaches from their lips are sent,  
That mimicry should thus disgrace  
The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size!  
Needles for strings in apt gradation!  
Minerva's self would stigmatize  
The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* Needle that subdued  
Arachne's rival spirit,  
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,  
Like station could not merit.

And this, too, from the Laureate's child,  
A living Lord of melody!  
How will her Sire be reconciled  
To the refined indignity!

I spake, when whispered a low voice,  
"Bard! moderate your ire;  
"Spirits of all degrees rejoice  
"In presence of the Lyre.

"The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,  
"Dwarf Genii, moonlight-loving Fays,  
"Have shells to fit their tiny hands  
"And suit their slender lays.

Some, still more delicate of ear,  
"Have lutes (believe my words)  
"Whose framework is of gossamer,  
"While sunbeams are the chords.

"Gay Sylphs this Miniature will court,  
"Made vocal by their brushing wings,  
"And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport  
"Around its polished strings:

"Whence strains to love-sick Maiden dear,  
"While in her lonely bower she tries  
"To cheat the thought she cannot cheer,  
"By fanciful embroideries.

"Trust, angry Bard! a knowing Sprite,  
"Nor think the Harp her lot deplores;  
"Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine bright,  
"Love *stoops* as fondly as he soars."

---

THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE

As often as I murmur here  
My half-formed melodies,  
Straight from her osier mansion near,  
The Turtledove replies:  
Though silent as a leaf before,  
The captive promptly coos;  
Is it to teach her own soft lore,  
Or second my weak Muse?

I rather think, the gentle Dove  
Is murmuring a reproof,  
Displeased that I from lays of love  
Have dared to keep aloof,  
That I, a bard of hill and dale,  
Have caroll'd, fancy free,  
As if nor dove, nor nightingale,  
Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,  
Sweet Bird! to do me wrong;  
Love, blessed Love, is everywhere  
The spirit of my song:  
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,  
Love animates my lyre;  
That coo again! — 't is not to chide,  
I feel, but to inspire.

---

A WREN'S NEST.

Among the dwellings framed by birds  
In field or forest with nice care,  
Is none that with the little Wren's  
In snugness may compare.



No door the tenement requires,  
And seldom needs a laboured roof;  
Yet is it to the fiercest sun  
Impervious and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,  
In perfect fitness for its aim,  
That to the Kind by special grace  
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek  
An opportune recess,  
The Hermit has no finer eye  
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied Abbey walls,  
A canopy in some still nook;  
Others are pent-housed by a bae  
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding Bird her Mate  
Warbles by fits his low clear song;  
And by the busy Streamlet both  
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,  
Where, till the flitting Bird's return,  
Her eggs within the nest repose,  
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,  
There is a better and a best;  
And, among fairest objects, some  
Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small builders prove  
In a green covert, where, from out  
The forehead of a pollard oak,  
The leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy Lodge,  
Mistrusting her evasive skill,  
Had to a Primrose looked for aid  
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,  
And fixed an infant's span above  
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest  
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show  
To some whose minds without disdain  
Can turn to little things, but once  
Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone—a ruthless Spoiler's prey,  
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,  
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved  
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by  
In clearer light the moss-built cell  
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,  
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread  
The largest of her upright leaves;  
And thus, for purposes benign,  
A simple Flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb  
Thy quiet with no ill intent,  
Secure from evil eyes and hands  
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, mother bird! and when thy young  
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,  
When withered is the guardian flower,  
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,  
Amid the unviolated grove  
Housed near the growing primrose tuft,  
In foresight or in love.

---

### LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may,  
Though the red flower, not prostrate, only droops,  
As we have seen it here from day to day,  
From month to month, life passing not away:  
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops,  
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power)  
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent  
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,  
The dying Gladiator. So, sad flower!  
('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,  
Though by a slender thread,)  
So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew  
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air  
The gentlest breath of resignation drew;  
While Venus in a passion of despair  
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair  
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.  
She suffered, as immortals sometimes do;  
But pangs more lasting far, *that* Lover knew  
Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone  
bower  
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart  
Into the service of his constant heart,  
His own dejection, downcast flower! could share  
With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou  
wilt ever bear.

## COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING.

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray  
 That fosters growth or checks or cheers decay,  
 Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more deprest,  
 This flower, that first appeared as summer's guest,  
 Preserves her beauty mid autumnal leaves  
 And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves.  
 When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom,  
 One after one submitting to their doom,  
 When her coevals each and all are fled,  
 What keeps her thus reclined upon her lonesome bed?

The old mythologists, more impress'd than we  
 Of this late day by character in tree  
 Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,  
 Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,  
 Or with the language of the viewless air  
 By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause  
 To solve the mystery, not in nature's laws  
 But in man's fortunes. Hence a thousand tales  
 Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales.  
 Nor doubt that something of their spirit awayed  
 The fancy-stricken youth or heart-sick maid,  
 Who, while each stood companionless and eyed  
 This undeparting flower in crimson dyed,  
 Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure,  
 A fate that has endured and will endure,  
 And, patience coveting yet passion feeding  
 Called the dejected Lingerer, *Love lies bleeding*.

## RURAL ILLUSIONS.

SYLPH was it? or a bird more bright  
 Than those of fabulous stock?  
 A second darted by; — and lo!  
 Another of the flock,  
 Through sunshine flitting from the bough  
 To nestle in the rock.  
 Transient deception! a gay freak  
 Of April's mimicries!  
 Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy  
 Among the budding trees,  
 Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the spray  
 To frolic on the breeze.

Maternal Flora! show thy face,  
 And let thy hand be seen,  
 Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,  
 That, as they touch the green,  
 Take root (so seems it) and look up  
 In honour of their queen.  
 Yet, sooth, those little starry specks  
 That not in vain aspired  
 To be confounded with live growths,  
 Most dainty, most admired,  
 Were only blossoms dropped from twigs  
 Of their own offspring tired.

Not such the world's illusive shows;  
 Her wingless flutterings,  
 Her blossoms which, though shed, outbrave  
 The floweret as it springs,  
 For the undeceived, smile as they may,  
 Are melancholy things:  
 But gentle nature plays her part  
 With ever-varying wiles,  
 And transient feignings with plain truth  
 So well she reconciles,  
 That those fond idlers most are pleased  
 Whom oftenest she beguiles.

## ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER, DORA.

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD ON THAT DAY  
 (SEPTEMBER 16TH.)

— HAST thou then survived —  
 Mild offspring of infirm humanity,  
 Meek infant! among all forlornest things  
 The most forlorn — one life of that bright star,  
 The second glory of the Heavens? — Thou hast:  
 Already hast survived that great decay,  
 That transformation through the wide earth felt,  
 And by all nations. In that Being's sight  
 From whom the Race of human kind proceed,  
 A thousand years are but as yesterday;  
 And one day's narrow circuit is to Him  
 Not less capacious than a thousand years.  
 But what is time? What outward glory! neither  
 A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend  
 Through "Heaven's eternal year." — Yet hail to Thee,  
 Frail, feeble, monthling! — by that name, methinks,  
 Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out  
 Not idly. — Hadst thou been of Indian birth,  
 Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,  
 And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,  
 Or to the churlish elements exposed  
 On the blank plains, — the coldness of the night,  
 Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face  
 Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,  
 Would, with imperious admonition, then  
 Have scored thine age, and punctually timed  
 Thine infant history, on the minds of those  
 Who might have wandered with thee. — Mother's love,  
 Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,  
 Will, among us warm-clad and warmly housed,  
 Do for thee what the finger of the heavens  
 Doth all too often harshly execute  
 For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds  
 Where fancy hath small liberty to grace  
 The affections, to exalt them or refine;  
 And the maternal sympathy itself,  
 Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie  
 Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.  
 Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!  
 Even now — to solemnise thy helpless state,  
 And to enliven in the mind's regard  
 Thy passive beauty — parallels have risen,

Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,  
 Within the region of a father's thoughts,  
 Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.  
 And first; — thy sinless progress, through a world  
 By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,  
 Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered clouds,  
 Moving untouched in silver purity,  
 And cheering oftentimes their reluctant gloom.  
 Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain:  
 But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn  
 With brightness! leaving her to post along,  
 And range about, disquieted in change,  
 And still impatient of the shape she wears.  
 Once up, once down the hill, one journey, babe  
 That will suffice thee; and it seems that now  
 Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task is thine;  
 Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleep'st  
 In such a heedless peace. Alas! full soon  
 Hath this conception, grateful to behold,  
 Changed countenance, like an object sullied o'er  
 By breathing mist; and thine appears to be  
 A mournful labour, while to her is given  
 Hope and a renovation without end.  
 — That smile forbids the thought; for on thy face  
 Smiles are beginning, like the beams of dawn,  
 To shoot and circulate; smiles have there been seen;  
 Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports  
 The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers  
 Thy loneliness: or shall those smiles be called  
 Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore  
 This untried world, and to prepare thy way  
 Through a strait passage intricate and dim?  
 Such are they; and the same are tokens, signs,  
 Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,  
 Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;  
 And reason's godlike power be proud to own.

### THE WAGGONER.\*

In Cairo's crowded streets  
 The impatient Merchant wondering waits in vain,  
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay. THOMSON.

TO CHARLES LAMB, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN I sent you, a few weeks ago, the Tale of Peter Bell, you asked "why THE WAGGONER was not

\*Several years after the event that forms the subject of the poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr. Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his waggon, he said:—"They could not do without me; and as to the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him; he was a man of no ideas."

added!"—To say the truth,—from the higher tone of imagination, and the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former, I apprehend, this little Piece could not accompany it without disadvantage. In the year

The fact of my discarded hero's getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the poem, was told me by an eye-witness.

["Due honour is done to Peter Bell, at this time, by students of poetry in general; but some, even of Mr. Wordsworth's greatest admirers, do not quite satisfy me in their admiration of *The Waggoner*, a poem which my dear uncle, Mr. Southey, preferred even to the former. *Ich will meine Denkungsart hierin niemanden aufdringen*, as Lessing says; I will force my way of thinking on nobody, but take the liberty, for my own gratification, to express it. The sketches of hill and valley in this poem have a lightness and spirit,—an allegro touch,—distinguishing them from the grave and elevated splendour which characterizes Mr. Wordsworth's representations of nature in general, and from the pensive tenderness of those in *The White Doe*, while it harmonizes well with the human interest of the piece; indeed, it is the harmonious sweetness of the composition which is most dwelt upon by its special admirers. In its course it describes, with bold brief touches, the striking mountain tract from Grasmere to Keswick; it commences with an evening storm among the mountains, presents a lively interior of a country inn during midnight, and concludes after bringing us in sight of St. John's Vale and the Vale of Keswick seen by day-break.—'Skiddaw touched with rosy light,' and the prospect from Nathdale Fell, 'hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn:' thus giving a beautiful and well contrasted panorama, produced by the most delicate and masterly strokes of the pencil. Well may Mr. Ruskin, a fine observer and eloquent describer of various classes of natural appearances, speak of Mr. Wordsworth as the great poetic landscape painter of the age. But Mr. Ruskin has found how seldom the great landscape painters are powerful in expressing human passions and affections on canvass, or even successful in the introduction of human figures into their foregrounds; whereas in the poetic paintings of Mr. Wordsworth, the landscape is always subordinate to a higher interest; certainly, in *The Waggoner*, the little sketch of human nature which occupies, as it were, the front of that encircling background, the picture of Benjamin and his temptations, his humble friends and the mute companions of his way, has a character of its own, combining with sportiveness, a homely pathos, which must ever be delightful to some of those who are thoroughly conversant with the spirit of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry. It may be compared with the ale-house scene in *Tam O'Shanter*, parts of *Voss's Luise*, or *Ovid's Baucis and Philemon*; though it differs from each of them as much as they differ from each other. The Epilogue carries on the feeling of the piece very beautifully."—S. C.

This fine criticism—worthy of the Sire—is from the pen of the daughter of Coleridge, the widow of Henry Nelson Coleridge; it is part of a note in Coleridge's "*Biographia Literaria*." Edition of 1847. Vol. II. p. 183.

See also a letter from Coleridge to Southey, April 13, 1801, in which an account is given of the "master" in this poem. His name was Jackson. Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, Vol. II. p. 148, Chap. viii., where in a note it is added that the circumstances of the poem are accurately correct.—H. R.]



1806, if I am not mistaken, *THE WAGGONER* was read to you in manuscript; and, as you have remembered it for so long a time, I am the more encouraged to hope, that, since the localities on which it partly depends did not prevent its being interesting to you, it may prove acceptable to others. Being therefore in some measure the cause of its present appearance, you must allow me the gratification of inscribing it to you: in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived from your Writings, and of the high esteem with which I am

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, May 20, 1819.

### CANTO FIRST.

'Tis spent—this burning day of June!  
Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing;  
The dor-hawk, solitary bird,  
Round the dim crags on heavy pinions wheeling,  
Buzzes incessantly, a tiresome tune;  
That constant voice is all that can be heard  
In silence deeper far than that of deepest noon!

Confiding Glow-worms! 'tis a night  
Propitious to your earth-born light;  
But where the scattered stars are seen  
In hazy straits the clouds between,  
Each, in his station twinkling not  
Seems changed into a pallid spot.  
The air, as in a lion's den,  
Is close and hot;—and now and then  
Comes a tired and sultry breeze  
With a haunting and a panting,  
Like the stifling of disease;  
The mountains rise to wondrous height,  
And in the heavens there hangs a weight;  
But the dews allay the heat,  
And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir!  
'Tis Benjamin the Waggoner;  
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,  
Companion of the night and day.  
That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,  
Mixed with a faint yet grating sound  
In a moment lost and found,  
The Wain announces—by whose side,  
Along the banks of Rydal Mere,  
He paces on, a trusty Guide,—  
Listen! you can scarcely hear!  
Hither he his course is bending;—  
Now he leaves the lower ground,  
And up the craggy hill ascending  
Many a stop and stay he makes,  
Many a breathing-fit he takes;—  
Steep the way and wearisome,  
Yet all the while his whip is dumb!

The Horses have worked with right good-will,  
And now have gained the top of the hill,  
He was patient—they were strong—  
And now they smoothly glide along,  
Gathering breath, and pleased to win  
The praises of mild Benjamin.  
Heaven shield him from mishap and snare!  
But why so early with this prayer!—  
Is it for threatenings in the sky!—  
Or for some other danger nigh!  
No, none is near him yet, though he  
Be one of much infirmity;  
For at the bottom of the Brow,  
Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH  
Offered a greeting of good ale  
To all who entered Grasmere Vale;  
And called on him who must depart  
To leave it with a jovial heart;—  
There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH  
Once hung, a Poet harbours now,—  
A simple water-drinking Bard;  
Why need our Hero then (though frail  
His best resolves) be on his guard!—  
He marches by, secure and bold,—  
Yet while he thinks on times of old,  
It seems that all looks wondrous cold;  
He shrugs his shoulders—shakes his head—  
And, for the honest folk within,  
It is a doubt with Benjamin  
Whether they be alive or dead!

Here is no danger,—none at all!  
Beyond his wish is he secure;  
But pass a mile—and then for trial,—  
Then for the pride of self-denial;  
If he resist that tempting door,  
Which with such friendly voice will call,  
If he resist those casement panes,  
And that bright gleam which thence will fall  
Upon his Leaders' bells and manes,  
Inviting him with cheerful lure:  
For still, though all be dark elsewhere,  
Some shining notice will be there,  
Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin full well  
Is known, and by as strong a spell  
As used to be that sign of love  
And hope—the OLIVE-BOUGH and DOVE,  
He knows it to his cost, good Man!  
Who does not know the famous SWAN?  
Uncouth although the object be,  
An image of perplexity;  
Yet not the less it is our boast,  
For it was painted by the Host;  
His own conceit the figure planned,  
'Twas coloured all by his own hand;

And that frail Child of thirsty clay,  
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,  
Could tell with self-dissatisfaction  
Quaint stories of the Bird's attraction!\*

Well! that is past—and in despite  
Of open door and shining light,  
And now the Conqueror essays  
The long ascent of Dunmail-raise;  
And with his Team is gentle here  
As when he clomb from Rydal Mere;  
His whip they do not dread—his voice  
They only hear it to rejoice.  
To stand or go is at *their* pleasure  
Their efforts and their time they measure  
By generous pride within the breast;  
And, while they strain, and while they rest,  
He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night—  
And never was my heart more light.  
I trespassed lately worse than ever—  
But Heaven will bless a good endeavour;  
And, to my soul's delight, I find  
The Evil One is left behind.  
Yes, let my master fume and fret,  
Here am I—with my Horses yet!  
My jolly Team, he finds that *ye*  
Will work for nobody but me!  
Good proof of this the Country gained,  
One day, when *ye* were vexed and strained—  
Entrusted to another's care,  
And forced unworthy stripes to bear.  
Here was it—on this rugged spot  
Which now, contented with our lot,  
We climb—that, piteously abused,  
Ye plunged in anger and confused:  
As chance would have it, passing by  
I saw you in your jeopardy:  
A word from me was like a charm—  
The ranks were taken with one mind;  
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,  
Moved like a vessel in the wind!  
—Yes, without me, up hills so high  
Tis vain to strive for mastery.  
Then grieve not, jolly Team! though tough  
The road we travel, steep and rough,  
Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,  
And all their fellow Banks and Braes,  
Full often make you stretch and strain,  
And halt for breath and halt again,  
Yet to their sturdiness 't is owing  
That side by side we still are going!

While Benjamin in earnest mood  
His meditations thus pursued,

A storm, which had been smothered long  
Was growing inwardly more strong;  
And, in its struggles to get free,  
Was busily employed as he.  
The thunder had begun to growl—  
He heard not, too intent of soul;  
The air was now without a breath—  
He marked not that 't was still as death.  
But soon large drops upon his head  
Fell with the weight of drops of lead;—  
He starts—and, at the admonition,  
Takes a survey of his condition.  
The road is black before his eyes,  
Glimmering faintly where it lies;  
Black is the sky—and every hill,  
Up to the sky, is blacker still—  
A huge and melancholy room,  
Hung round and overhung with gloom;  
Save that above a single height  
Is to be seen a lurid light,  
Above Helm-crag\*—a streak half dead,  
A burning of portentous red;  
And near that lurid light, full well  
The **ASTROLOGER**, sage Sidrophel,  
Where at his desk and book he sits,  
Puzzling on high his curious wits;  
He whose domain is held in common  
With no one but the **ANCIENT WOMAN**,  
Cowering beside her rifted cell;  
As if intent on magic spell;—  
Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,  
Still sit upon Helm-crag together!

The **ASTROLOGER** was not unseen  
By solitary Benjamin:  
But total darkness came anon,  
And he and every thing was gone.  
And suddenly a ruffling breeze,  
(That would have sounded through the trees  
Had aught of sylvan growth been there)  
Was felt throughout the region bare:  
The rain rushed down—the road was battered,  
As with the force of billows shattered;  
The horses are dismayed, nor know  
Whether they should stand or go;  
And Benjamin is groping near them,  
Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them.  
He is astounded,—wonder not,—  
With such a charge in such a spot;  
Astounded in the mountain gap  
By peals of thunder, clap on clap!  
And many a terror-striking flash;—  
And somewhere, as it seems, a crash,  
Among the rocks; with weight of rain,

\* This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement) has been supplanted by a professional production.

\* A mountain of Grasmere, the broken summit of which presents two figures, full as distinctly shaped as that of the famous Cobbler, near Arroquhar in Scotland.

And sullen motions long and slow,  
That to a dreary distance go—  
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,  
A rending o'er his head begins the fray again.  
Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,  
And oftentimes compelled to halt,  
The horses cautiously pursue  
Their way, without mishap or fault!  
And now have reached that pile of stones,  
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones;  
He who had once supreme command,  
Last king of rocky Cumberland;  
His bones, and those of all his Power,  
Slain here in a disastrous hour!

When, passing through this narrow strait,  
Stony, and dark, and desolate,  
Benjamin can faintly hear  
A voice that comes from some one near,  
A female voice:—"Whoe'er you be,  
Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me."  
And, less in pity than in wonder,  
Amid the darkness and the thunder,  
The Waggoner with prompt command,  
Summons his horses to a stand.

The voice, to move commiseration,  
Prolonged its earnest supplication—  
"This storm that beats so furiously—  
This dreadful place! oh pity me!"

While this was said, with sobs between,  
And many tears, by one unseen;  
There came a flash—a startling glare,  
And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare!  
'Tis not a time for nice suggestion,  
And Benjamin, without further question,  
Taking her for some way-worn rover,  
Said, "Mount, and get you under cover!"

Another voice, in tone as hoarse  
As a swollen brook with rugged course,  
Cried out, "Good brother, why so fast!  
I've had a glimpse of you—*avast!*  
Or, since it suits you to be civil,  
Take her at once—for good and evil!"

"It is my Husband," softly said  
The Woman, as if half afraid:  
By this time she was snug within,  
Through help of honest Benjamin;  
She and her Babe, which to her breast  
With thankfulness the Mother pressed;  
And now the same strong voice more near  
Said cordially, "My Friend, what cheer!  
Rough doings these! as God's my judge,  
The sky owes somebody a grudge!  
We've had in half an hour or less  
A twelvemonth's terror and distress!"

Then Benjamin entreats the Man  
Would mount, too, quickly as he can:  
The Sailor, Sailor now no more,  
But such he had been heretofore,  
To courteous Benjamin replied,  
"Go you your way, and mind not me;  
For I must have, whate'er betide,  
My Ass and fifty things beside,—  
Go, and I'll follow speedily!"

The Waggon moves—and with its load  
Descends along the sloping road:  
And to a little tent hard by  
Turns the sailor instantly;  
For when, at closing-in of day,  
The family had come that way,  
Green pasture and the soft warm air  
Had tempted them to settle there.—  
Green is the grass for beast to graze,  
Around the stones of Dunmail-raise!

The Sailor gathers up his bed,  
Takes down the canvas overhead;  
And, after farewell to the place,  
A parting word—though not of grace,  
Pursues, with Ass and all his store,  
The way the Waggon went before.

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## CANTO SECOND.

In Wytheburn's modest House of Prayer,  
As lowly as the lowliest Dwelling,  
Had, with its belfry's humble stock,  
A little pair that hang in air,  
Been mistress also of a Clock,  
(And one, too, not in crazy plight)  
Twelve strokes that Clock would have been telling  
Under the brow of old Helvellyn—  
Its bead-roll of midnight,  
Then, when the Hero of my tale  
Was passing by, and down the vale  
(The vale now silent, hushed I ween  
As if a storm had never been)  
Proceeding with an easy mind;  
While he, who had been left behind,  
Intent to use his utmost haste,  
Gained ground upon the Waggon fast,  
And gives another lusty cheer;  
For spite of rumbling of the wheels,  
A welcome greeting he can hear;—  
It is a fiddle in its glee  
Dinning from the CHERRY TREE!

Thence the sound—the light is there—  
As Benjamin is now aware,  
Who, to his inward thoughts confined,



Had almost reached the festive door,  
When, startled by the Sailor's roar,  
He hears a sound and sees the light,  
And in a moment calls to mind  
That 't is the village MERRY-NIGHT!\*

Although before in no dejection,  
At this insidious recollection  
His heart with sudden joy is filled,—  
His ears are by the music thrilled,  
His eyes take pleasure in the road  
Glittering before him bright and broad;  
And Benjamin is wet and cold.  
And there are reasons manifold  
That make the good, tow'ards which he's yearning,  
Look fairly like a lawful earning.

Nor has thought time to come and go,  
To vibrate between yes and no;  
"For," cries the sailor, "Glorious chance  
That blew us hither! let him dance  
Who can or will;—my honest soul,  
Our treat shall be a friendly Bowl!"  
He draws him to the door—"Come in,  
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin;  
And Benjamin—ah, woe is me!  
Gave the word,—the horses heard  
And halted, though reluctantly.

"Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have we,  
Feasting at the CHERRY TREE!"  
This was the outside proclamation,  
This was the inside salutation;  
What bustling—jostling—high and low!  
A universal overflow!  
What tankards foaming from the tap!  
What store of cakes in every lap!  
What thumping—stumping—overhead!  
The thunder had not been more busy:  
With such a stir, you would have said,  
This little place may well be dizzy!  
Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—  
Tis what can be most prompt and eager;—  
As if it heard the fiddle's call,  
The pewter clatters on the wall;  
The very bacon shows its feeling,  
Swinging from the smoky ceiling!

A streaming Bowl—a blazing fire—  
What greater good can heart desire?  
Twere worth a wise man's while to try  
The utmost anger of the sky;  
To seek for thoughts of painful cast,  
If such be the amends at last.  
Now should you think I judge amiss,  
The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this;

For, soon of all the happy there,  
Our Travellers are the happiest pair.  
All care with Benjamin is gone—  
A Cæsar past the Rubicon!  
He thinks not of his long, long strife;—  
The Sailor, Man by nature gay,  
Hath no resolves to throw away;  
And he hath now forgot his Wife,  
Hath quite forgotten her—or may be  
Deems that she is happier, laid  
Within that warm and peaceful bed;  
Under cover,  
Terror over,  
Sleeping by her sleeping Baby.

With bowl in hand,  
(It may not stand)  
Gladdest of the gladsome band,  
Amid their own delight and fun,  
They hear—when every dance is done—  
They hear—when every fit is o'er—  
The fiddle's *squeak*\*—that call to bliss,  
Ever followed by a kiss;  
They envy not the happy lot,  
But enjoy their own the more!

While thus our jocund Travellers fare,  
Up springs the Sailor from his Chair—  
Limps (for I might have told before  
That he was lame) across the floor—  
Is gone—returns—and with a prize;  
With what!—a Ship of lusty size;  
A gallant stately Man of War.  
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.  
Surprise to all, but most surprise  
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,  
Not knowing that he had befriended  
A Man so gloriously attended!

"This," cries the Sailor, "a Third-rate is—  
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis!  
This was the Flag-Ship at the Nile,  
The Vanguard—you may smirk and smile,  
But, pretty Maid, if you look near,  
You'll find you've much in little here!  
A nobler Ship did never swim,  
And you shall see her in full trim:  
I'll set, my Friends, to do you honour,  
Set every inch of sail upon her."  
So said, so done; and masts, sails, yards,  
He names them all; and interlards  
His speech with uncouth terms of art,  
Accomplished in the Showman's part;  
And then as from a sudden check,  
Cries out—"T is there, the Quarter-deck

\* A term well known in the North of England, and applied to rural Festivals where young persons meet in the evening for the purpose of dancing

\* At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the Rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his Partner

On which brave Admiral Nelson stood —  
 A sight that would have roused your blood!  
 One eye he had, which, bright as ten,  
 Burnt like a fire among his men;  
 Let this be Land, and that be Sea,  
 Here lay the French — and *thus* came we!"

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,  
 The Dancers, who were gathered round,  
 And, such the stillness of the house,  
 You might have heard a nibbling mouse;  
 While, borrowing helps where'er he may,  
 The Sailor through the story runs  
 Of Ships to Ships and guns to guns;  
 And does his utmost to display  
 The dismal conflict, and the might  
 And terror of that wondrous night!  
 "A Bowl, a Bowl of double measure,"  
 Cries Benjamin, "a draught of length,  
 To Nelson, England's pride and treasure,  
 Her bulwark and her tower of strength!  
 When Benjamin had seized the bow',  
 The Mastiff, from beneath the Waggon,  
 Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,  
 Rattled his chain — 't was all in vain,  
 For Benjamin, triumphant soul!  
 He heard the monitory growl;  
 Heard — and in opposition quaffed  
 A deep, determined, desperate draught!  
 Nor did the battered Tar forget,  
 Or flinch from what he deemed his debt:  
 Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,  
 Back to her place the ship he led;  
 Wheeled her back in full apparel;  
 And so, flag flying at mast-head,  
 Re-yoked her to the Ass; — anon,  
 Cries Benjamin, "We must be gone."  
 Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,  
 Again behold them on their way!

### CANTO THIRD.

RIGHT gladly had the horses stirred,  
 When they the wished-for greeting heard,  
 The whip's loud notice from the door,  
 That they were free to move once more.  
 You think, these doings must have bred  
 In them disheartening doubts and dread;  
 No, not a horse of all the eight,  
 Although it be a moonless night,  
 Fears either for himself or freight;  
 For this they know (and let it hide,  
 In part, the offences of their Guide)  
 That Benjamin, with clouded brains,  
 Is worth the best with all their pains;  
 And, if they had a prayer to make,  
 The prayer would be that they may take

With him whatever comes in course,  
 The better fortune or the worse;  
 That no one else may have business near them,  
 And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,  
 And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,  
 The triumph of your late devotion!  
 Can aught on earth impede delight,  
 Still mounting to a higher height;  
 And higher still — a greedy flight!  
 Can any low-born care pursue her,  
 Can any mortal clog come to her!  
 No notion have they — not a thought,  
 That is from joyless regions brought!  
 And, while they coast the silent lake,  
 Their inspiration I partake;  
 Share their empyreal spirits — yea,  
 With their enraptured vision, see —  
 O fancy — what a jubilee!  
 What shifting pictures — clad in gleams  
 Of colour bright as feverish dreams!  
 Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,  
 Involved and restless all — a scene  
 Pregnant with mutual exaltation,  
 Rich change, and multiplied creation!  
 This sight to me the Muse imparts;  
 And then, what kindness in their hearts!  
 What tears of rapture, what vow-making,  
 Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking!  
 What solemn, vacant, interlacing,  
 As if they'd fall asleep embracing!  
 Then, in the turbulence of glee,  
 And in the excess of amity,  
 Says Benjamin, "That ass of thine,  
 He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine:  
 If he were tethered to the Waggon,  
 He'd drag as well what he is dragging;  
 And we, as brother should with brother,  
 Might trudge it alongside each other!"

Forthwith, obedient to command,  
 The horses made a quiet stand;  
 And to the Waggon's skirts was tied  
 The Creature, by the Mastiff's side,  
 (The Mastiff not well pleased to be  
 So very near such company.)  
 This new arrangement made, the Wain  
 Through the still night proceeds again;  
 No Moon hath risen her light to lend;  
 But indistinctly may be kenned  
 The VANGUARD, following close behind,  
 Sails spread, as if to catch the wind!

"Thy Wife and Child are snug and warm,  
 Thy Ship will travel without harm;

I like," said Benjamin, "her shape and stature :  
 And this of mine—this bulky Creature  
 Of which I have the steering—this,  
 Seen fairly, is not much amiss!  
 We want your streamers, Friend, you know ;  
 But, altogether, as we go,  
 We make a kind of handsome show !  
 Among these hills, from first to last,  
 We've weathered many a furious blast ;  
 Hard passage forcing on, with head  
 Against the storm, and canvas spread.  
 I hate a boaster—but to thee  
 Will say 't, who knowest both land and sea,  
 The unluckiest Hulk that sails the brine  
 Is hardly worse beset than mine.  
 When cross winds on her quarter beat ;  
 And, fairly lifted from my feet,  
 I stagger onward—Heaven knows how—  
 But not so pleasantly as now—  
 Poor Pilot I, by snows confounded,  
 And many a foundrous pit surrounded !  
 Yet here we are, by night and day  
 Grinding through rough and smooth our way,  
 Through foul and fair our task fulfilling ;  
 And long shall be so yet—God willing!"

"Ay," said the Tar, "through fair and foul—  
 But save us from yon screeching Owl!"  
 That instant was begun a fray  
 Which called their thoughts another way:  
 The Mastiff, ill-conditioned carl!  
 What must he do but growl and snarl,  
 Still more and more dissatisfied  
 With the meek comrade at his side!  
 Till, not incensed though put to proof,  
 The Ass, uplifting a hind hoof,  
 Salutes the Mastiff on the head ;  
 And so were better manners bred,  
 And all was calmed and quieted.

"Yon Screech-Owl," says the Sailor, turning  
 Back to his former cause of mourning,  
 "Yon Owl!—pray God that all be well!  
 'Tis worse than any funeral bell ;  
 As sure as I've the gift of sight,  
 We shall be meeting Ghosts to-night!"  
 —Said Benjamin, "This whip shall lay  
 A thousand, if they cross our way.  
 I know that Wanton's noisy station,  
 I know him and his occupation ;  
 The jolly Bird hath learned his cheer  
 On the banks of Windermere ;  
 Where a tribe of them make merry,  
 Mocking the Man that keeps the Ferry ;  
 Hallooing from an open throat,  
 Like Travellers shouting for a Boat.  
 —The tricks he learned at Windermere  
 This vagrant Owl is playing here—

That is the worst of his employment :  
 He's in the height of his enjoyment!

This explanation stilled the alarm,  
 Cured the foreboder like a charm ;  
 This, and the manner, and the voice,  
 Summoned the Sailor to rejoice ;  
 His heart is up—he fears no evil  
 From life or death, from man or devil ;  
 He wheeled—and, making many stops,  
 Brandished his crutch against the mountain tops ;  
 And, while he talked of blows and scars,  
 Benjamin, among the stars,  
 Beheld a dancing—and a glancing ;  
 Such retreating and advancing  
 As, I ween, was never seen  
 In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars!

#### CANTO FOURTH.

Thus they, with freaks of proud delight,  
 Beguile the remnant of the night ;  
 And many a snatch of jovial song  
 Regales them as they wind along ;  
 While to the music, from on high,  
 The echoes make a glad reply.—  
 But the sage Muse the revel heeds  
 No farther than her story needs ;  
 Nor will she servilely attend  
 The loitering journey to its end.  
 —Blithe Spirits of her own impel  
 The Muse, who scents the morning air,  
 To take of this transported Pair  
 A brief and unreprieved farewell ;  
 To quit the slow-paced Waggon's side,  
 And wander down yon hawthorn dell,  
 With murmuring Greta for her guide.  
 —There doth she ken the awful form  
 Of Raven-crag—black as the storm—  
 Glimmering through the twilight pale ;  
 And Gimmer-crag\*, his tall twin brother,  
 Each peering forth to meet the other :—  
 And, while she roves through St. John's Vale,  
 Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,  
 By sheep-track or through cottage lane,  
 Where no disturbance comes to intrude  
 Upon the pensive solitude,  
 Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,  
 With the rude Shepherd's favoured glance,  
 Beholds the Faeries in array,  
 Whose party-coloured garments gay  
 The silent company betray ;  
 Red, green, and blue ; a moment's sight!  
 For Skiddaw-top with rosy-light  
 Is touched—and all the band take flight.

\* The crag of the ewe lamb.

—Fly also, Muse! and from the dell  
Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell;  
Thence, look thou forth o'er wood and lawn  
Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn;  
Across yon meadowy bottom look  
Where close fogs hide their parent brook;  
And see, beyond that hamlet small,  
The ruined towers of Threlkeld-hall,  
Lurling in a double shade,  
By trees and lingering twilight made!  
There, at Blencathra's rugged feet,  
Sir Launcelot gave a safe retreat  
To noble Clifford; from annoy  
Concealed the persecuted Boy,  
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed  
His flock, and pipe on Shepherd's reed;  
Among this multitude of hills,  
Craggs, woodlands, water-falls, and rills;  
Which soon the morning shall enfold,  
From east to west, in ample vest  
Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the Streamlet's bed  
Hung low, begin to rise and spread;  
Even while I speak, their skirts of gray  
Are smitten by a silver ray;  
And lo!—up Castrigg's naked steep  
(Where, smoothly urged, the vapours sweep  
Along—and scatter and divide,  
Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)  
The stately Waggon is ascending,  
With faithful Benjamin attending,  
Apparent now beside his team—  
Now lost amid a glittering steam.—  
And with him goes his Sailor Friend,  
By this time near their journey's end,  
And, after their high-minded riot,  
Sickening into thoughtful quiet;  
As if the morning's pleasant hour  
Had for their joys a killing power.

They are drooping, weak, and dull;  
But the horses stretch and pull;  
With increasing vigour climb,  
Eager to repair lost time;  
Whether, by their own desert,  
Knowing there is cause for shame,  
They are labouring to avert  
At least a portion of the blame,  
Which full surely will alight  
Upon *his* head, whom, in despite  
Of all his faults, they love the best;  
Whether for him they are distrest;  
Or, by length of fasting roused,  
Are impatient to be housed;  
Up against the hill they strain—  
Tugging at the iron chain—  
Tugging all with might and main—

Last and foremost, every horse  
To the utmost of his force!  
And the smoke and respiration  
Rising like an exhalation,  
Blends with the mist—a moving shroud,  
To form—an undissolving cloud;  
Which, with slant ray, the merry sun  
Takes delight to play upon.  
Never Venus or Apollo,  
Pleased a favourite chief to follow  
Through accidents of peace or war,  
In a time of peril threw,  
Round the object of his care,  
Veil of such celestial hue;  
Interposed so bright a screen  
Him and his enemies between!

Alas! what boots it?—who can hide  
When the malicious Fates are bent  
On working out an ill intent?  
Can destiny be turned aside?  
No—~~and~~ progress of my story!  
Benjamin, this outward glory  
Cannot shield thee from thy Master,  
Who from Keswick has pricked forth,  
Sour and surly as the north;  
And, in fear of some disaster,  
Comes to give what help he may,  
Or to hear what thou canst say;  
If, as needs he must forebode,  
Thou hast loitered on the road!  
His doubts—his fears may now take flight—  
The wished-for object is in sight;  
Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath  
Stirred him up to livelier wrath;  
Which he stifles, moody man!  
With all the patience that he can;  
To the end that, at your meeting,  
He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,  
Till the Waggon gains the top;  
But stop he cannot—must advance:  
Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,  
Espies—and instantly is ready,  
Self-collected, poised, and steady;  
And, to be the better seen,  
Issues from his radiant shroud,  
From his close-attending cloud,  
With careless air and open mien.  
Erect his port, and firm his going;  
So struts yon Cock that now is crowing;  
And the morning light in grace  
Strikes upon his lifted face,  
Hurrying the pallid hue away  
That might his trespasses betray.  
But what can all avail to clear him,



Or what need of explanation,  
Parley or interrogation?  
For the Master sees, alas!  
That unhappy Figure near him,  
Limping o'er the dewy grass,  
Where the road it fringes, sweet,  
Soft and cool to wayworn feet;  
And, O indignity! an Ass,  
By his noble Mastiff's side,  
Tethered to the Waggon's tail;  
And the Ship, in all her pride,  
Following after in full sail!  
Not to speak of Babe and Mother,  
Who, contented with each other,  
And snug as birds in leafy harbour,  
Find, within, a blessed harbour!

With eager eyes the Master pries;  
Looks in and out—and through and through;  
Says nothing—till at last he spies  
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,  
A wound—where plainly might be read  
What feats an Ass's hoof can do!  
But drop the rest:—this aggravation,  
This complicated provocation,  
A hoard of grievances unsealed;  
All past forgiveness it repealed;—  
And thus, and through distempered blood  
On both sides, Benjamin the good,  
The patient, and the tender-hearted,  
Was from his Team and Waggon parted:  
When duty of that day was o'er,  
Laid down his whip—and served no more.—  
Nor could the Waggon long survive  
Which Benjamin had ceased to drive:  
It lingered on;—Guide after Guide  
Ambitiously the office tried;  
But each unmanageable hill  
Called for *his* patience and *his* skill;—  
And sure it is, that through this night,  
And what the morning brought to light,  
Two losses had we to sustain,  
We lost both WAGGONER and WAIN!

Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,  
The gift of this adventurous song;  
A record which I dared to frame,  
Though timid scruples checked me long;  
They checked me—and I left the theme  
Untouched—in spite of many a gleam  
Of fancy which thereon was shed,  
Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still  
Upon the side of a distant hill:  
But Nature might not be gainsaid;  
For what I have and what I miss  
I sing of these—it makes my bliss!

V

Nor is it I who play the part,  
But a shy spirit in my heart,  
That comes and goes—will sometimes leap  
From hiding-places ten years deep;  
Or haunts me with familiar face—  
Returning, like a ghost unladen,  
Until the debt I owe be paid.  
Forgive me, then; for I had been  
On friendly terms with this Machine:  
In him, while he was wont to trace  
Our roads, through many a long year's space,  
A living Almanack had we;  
We had a speaking Diary,  
That, in this uneventful place,  
Gave to the days a mark and name  
By which we knew them when they came.  
—Yes, I, and all about me here,  
Through all the changes of the year,  
Had seen him through the mountains go,  
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,  
Majestically huge and slow:  
Or, with milder grace adorning  
The Landscape of a summer's morning;  
While Graasmere smoothed her liquid plain  
The moving image to detain;  
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime  
Of echoes, to his march kept time;  
When little other business stirred,  
And little other sound was heard;  
In that delicious hour of balm,  
Stillness, solitude, and calm,  
While yet the Valley is arrayed,  
On this side with a sober shade;  
On that is prodigally bright—  
Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.—  
But most of all, thou lordly Wain!  
I wish to have thee here again,  
When windows flap and chimney roars,  
And all is dismal out of doors;  
And, sitting by my fire, I see  
Eight sorry Carts, no less a train!  
Unworthy Successors of thee,  
Come straggling through the wind and rain;  
And oft, as they passed slowly on,  
Beneath my window—one by one—  
See, perched upon the naked height,  
The summit of a cumbrous freight,  
A single Traveller—and there  
Another—then perhaps a Pair—  
The lame, the sickly, and the old;  
Men, Women, heartless with the cold;  
And Babes in wet and starveling plight;  
Which once, be weather as it might,  
Had still a nest within a nest,  
Thy shelter—and their mother's breast!  
Then most of all, then far the most,  
Do I regret what we have lost;

14\*

Am grieved for that unhappy sin  
Which robbed us of good Benjamin;—

And of his stately Charge, which none  
Could keep alive when he was gone!

## NOTES

TO

## POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Page 145.

*'To the Daisy.'*

This poem, and two others to the same Flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a Poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled, a Field Flower. This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him; I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets.

"Though it happe me to rehersin —  
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,  
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaied,  
Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour  
Of Love, and eke in service of the Flour."

1807.

Page 146.

*'The Seven Sisters.'*

The Story of this Poem is from the German of  
FREDERICA BRUN.

Page 154.

*'The buzzing Dor-hawk round and round, is wheel-  
ing,—'*

When the Poem was first written the note of the bird  
was thus described:—

'The night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,  
Twirling his watchman's rattle about—'

but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the out-  
set by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was  
altered as it now stands.

Page 158.

After this line, *'Can any mortal clog come to her,'*  
followed in the MS. an incident which has been kept  
back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given  
as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-  
disposed reader will find no difficulty in excusing.  
They are now printed for the first time.

*'Can any mortal clog come to her?'*

It can: \* \* \* \*

But Benjamin in his vexation,  
Possesses inward consolation;  
He knows his ground, and hopes to find  
A spot with all things to his mind,  
An upright mural block of stone,  
Moist with pure water trickling down.  
A slender spring; but kind to man  
It is a true Samaritan;  
Close to the highway, pouring out  
Its offering from a chink or spout;  
Whence all, howe'er athirst, or drooping  
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.

Cries Benjamin "Where is it, where?  
Voice it hath none, but must be near."  
—A star declining towards the west,  
Upon the watery surface threw  
Its image tremulously impress,  
That just marked out the object and withdrew:  
Right welcome service! \* \* \*

ROCK OF NAMES!

Light is the strain, but not unjust  
To Thee and thy memorial-trust  
That once seemed only to express  
Love that was love in idleness;  
Tokens, as year hath followed year  
How changed, alas, in character!  
For they were graven on thy smooth breast  
By hands of those my soul loved best;  
Meek women, men as true and brave  
As ever went to a hopeful grave:  
Their hands and mine, when side by side  
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,  
We worked until the Initials took  
Shapes that defied a scornful look.—  
Long as for us a genial feeling  
Survives, or one in need of healing,  
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,  
Thy monumental power, shall last  
For me and mine! O thought of pain,  
That would impair it or profane!  
Take all in kindness then, as said  
With a staid heart but playful head;  
And fail not Thou, loved Rock! to keep  
Thy charge when we are laid asleep.'

## POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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THERE was a Boy ; ye knew him well, ye Cliffs  
And islands of Winander ! — many a time,  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,  
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake ;  
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands  
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him. — And they would shout  
Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call, — with quivering peals,  
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud  
Redoubled and redoubled ; concourse wild  
Of mirth and jocund din ! And, when it chanced  
That pauses of deep silence mocked his skill,  
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents ; or the visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his Mates, and died  
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.  
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the Vale  
Where he was born : the grassy Church-yard hangs  
Upon a slope above the village-school ;  
And, through that Church-yard when my way has led  
At evening, I believe, that oftentimes  
A long half-hour together I have stood  
Mute — looking at the grave in which he lies !

---

TO ———,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF  
HELVELLYN.

ISMATE of a mountain Dwelling,  
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed,  
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn ;  
Awed, delighted, and amazed !

Potent was the spell that bound thee,  
Not unwilling to obey ;  
For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee  
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo ! the dwindled woods and meadows !  
What a vast abyss is there !  
Lo ! the clouds, the solemn shadows,  
And the glistenings — heavenly fair !

And a record of commotion  
Which a thousand ridges yield ;  
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean  
Gleaming like a silver shield !

— Take thy flight ; — possess, inherit  
Alps or Andes — they are thine !  
With the morning's roseate Spirit,  
Sweep their length of snowy line ;

Or survey the bright dominions  
In the gorgeous colours drest  
Flung from off the purple pinions,  
Evening spreads throughout the west !

Thine are all the coral fountains  
Warbling in each sparry vault  
Of the untrodden lunar mountains ;  
Listen to their songs ! — or halt,

To Niphate's top invited,  
Whither spiteful Satan steered ;  
Or descend where the ark alighted,  
When the green earth re-appeared ;

For the power of hills is on thee,  
As was witnessed through thine eye  
Then, when old Helvellyn won thee  
To confess their majesty !

---

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
That seems to fill the whole air's space,  
As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only, to the Vale,  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No Bird: but an invisible Thing,  
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my School-boy days  
I listened to; that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place;  
That is fit home for Thee!

### A NIGHT-PIECE.

—— THE sky is overcast

With a continuous cloud of texture close,  
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,  
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,  
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light  
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,  
Checkering the ground — from rock, plant, tree, or  
tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam  
Startles the pensive traveller while he treads  
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye  
Bent earthwards; he looks up — the clouds are split  
Asunder, — and above his head he sees  
The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens.  
There, in a black blue vault she sails along,  
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small  
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss  
Drive as she drives; — how fast they wheel away,  
Yet vanish not! — the wind is in the tree,  
But they are silent; — still they roll along  
Immeasurably distant; — and the vault,

Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,  
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.  
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,  
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

### WATER-FOWL

“Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter.” — *Extract from the Author's Book on the Lakes.*

MARK how the feathered tenants of the flood,  
With grace of motion that might scarcely seem  
Inferior to angelical, prolong  
Their curious pastime! shaping in mid air  
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars  
High as the level of the mountain tops)  
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,  
Their own domain; — but ever, while intent  
On tracing and retracing that large round,  
Their jubilant activity evolves  
Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,  
Upward and downward, progress intricate  
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed  
Their indefatigable flight. — 'T is done —  
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;  
But lo! the vanished company again  
Ascending; — they approach — I hear their wings  
Faint, faint at first; and then an eager sound  
Past in a moment — and as faint again!  
They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes;  
They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,  
To show them a fair image; — 't is themselves,  
Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering plain,  
Painted more soft and fair as they descend  
Almost to touch; — then up again aloft,  
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,  
As if they scorned both resting-place and rest!

### YEW-TREES.

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,  
Which to this day stands single, in the midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,  
Not loth to furnish weapons for the Bands  
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched  
To Scotland's Heaths; or those that crossed the Sea  
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,  
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.  
Of vast circumference and gloom profound  
This solitary Tree! — a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay;



Of form and aspect too magnificent  
 To be destroyed. But worthier still of note  
 Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,  
 Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;  
 Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk a growth  
 Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
 Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved, —  
 Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks  
 That threaten the profane; — a pillared shade,  
 Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,  
 By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged  
 Perennially — beneath whose sable roof  
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked  
 With unrejoicing berries, ghostly Shapes  
 May meet at noontide — Fear and trembling Hope,  
 Silence and Foresight — Death the Skeleton  
 And Time the Shadow, — there to celebrate,  
 As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
 United worship; or in mute repose  
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood  
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

#### VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK COMB\*.

Thus Height a ministering Angel might select:  
 For from the summit of **BLACK COMB** (dread name  
 Derived from clouds and storms!) the amplest range  
 Of unobstructed prospect may be seen  
 That British ground commands: — low dusky tracts,  
 Where Trent is nursed, far southward! Cambrian  
 Hills

To the south-west, a multitudinous show;  
 And, in a line of eye-sight linked with these,  
 The hoary Peaks of Scotland that give birth  
 To Tiviot's Stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde; —  
 Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth  
 Gigantic Mountains rough with crags; beneath,  
 Right at the imperial Station's western base,  
 Main Ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched  
 Far into silent regions blue and pale; —  
 And visibly engirding Mona's Isle  
 That, as we left the Plain, before our sight  
 Stood like a lofty Mount, uplifting slowly  
 (Above the convex of the watery globe)  
 Into clear view the cultured fields that streak  
 Her habitable shores; but now appears  
 A dwindled object, and submits to lie  
 At the Spectator's feet. — Yon azure Ridge,  
 Is it a perishable cloud? Or, there  
 Do we behold the line of Erin's Coast?

\* Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumbria: its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in these parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain.

Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-swain  
 (Like the bright confines of another world)  
 Not doubtfully perceived. — Look homeward now!  
 In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene  
 The spectacle, how pure! — Of Nature's works,  
 In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,  
 A revelation infinite it seems;  
 Display august of man's inheritance,  
 Of Britain's calm felicity and power!

#### NUTTING.

It seems a day  
 (I speak of one from many singled out)  
 One of those heavenly days which cannot die;  
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
 I left our Cottage-threshold, sallying forth  
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,  
 A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps  
 Toward the distant woods, a Figure quaint,  
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds  
 Which for that service had been husbanded,  
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame;  
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile  
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, — and, in truth,  
 More ragged than need was! Among the woods,  
 And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way  
 Until, at length, I came to one dear nook  
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
 Of devastation, but the hazels rose  
 Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,  
 A virgin scene! — A little while I stood,  
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart  
 As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint  
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
 The banquet, — or beneath the trees I sate  
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;  
 A temper known to those, who, after long  
 And weary expectation, have been blest  
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope. —  
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves  
 The violets of five seasons re-appear  
 And fade, unseen by any human eye;  
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
 For ever, — and I saw the sparkling foam,  
 And with my cheek on one of those green stones  
 That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,  
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep,  
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
 Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,  
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
 Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,  
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
 And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash

And merciless ravage; and the shady nook  
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
Their quiet being: and, unless I now  
Confound my present feelings with the past,  
Even then, when from the bower I turned away  
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees and the intruding sky. —  
Then, dearest Maiden! move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand  
Touch — for there is a spirit in the woods.

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A Creature, not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art  
A Creature of a fiery heart: —  
These notes of thine — they pierce and pierce;  
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!  
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine  
Had heaped thee to a Valentine;

A song in mockery and despite  
Of shades, and dews, and silent Night;  
And steady bliss, and all the loves  
Now sleeping in these peaceful Groves.  
I heard a Stock-dove sing or say  
His homely tale, this very day;  
His voice was buried among trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze:  
He did not cease; but cooed — and cooed,  
And somewhat pensively he wooed:  
He sang of love with quiet blending,  
Slow to begin, and never ending;  
Of serious faith and inward glee;  
That was the Song — the Song for me!

THREE years she grew in sun and shower  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown;  
This Child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse: and with me  
The Girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the Fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And her's shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

The Floating Clouds their state shall lend  
To her; for her the willow bend:  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the Storm  
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

The Stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where Rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy Dell."

Thus Nature spake — The work was done —  
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
 She died, and left to me  
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;  
 The memory of what has been,  
 And never more will be.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal,  
 I had no human fears:  
 She seemed a thing that could not feel  
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;  
 She neither hears nor sees,  
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
 With rocks, and stones, and trees!

### THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

WHEN the Brothers reached the gateway,  
 Eustace pointed with his lance  
 To the Horn which there was hanging;  
 Horn of the inheritance.  
 Horn it was which none could sound,  
 No one upon living ground,  
 Save He who came as rightful Heir  
 To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from ages without record  
 Had the House of Lucie born,  
 Who of right had claimed the Lordship  
 By the proof upon the Horn:  
 Each at the appointed hour  
 Tried the Horn,—it owned his power;  
 He was acknowledged: and the blast,  
 Which good Sir Eustace sounded, was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,  
 And to Hubert thus said he,  
 "What I speak this Horn shall witness  
 For thy better memory.  
 Hear, then, and neglect me not!  
 At this time, and on this spot,  
 The words are uttered from my heart,  
 As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

On good service we are going  
 Life to risk by sea and land,  
 In which course if Christ our Saviour  
 Do my sinful soul demand,  
 Hither come thou back straightway,  
 Hubert, if alive that day;  
 Return, and sound the Horn, that we  
 May have a living House still left in thee!"

"Fear not," quickly answered Hubert;  
 "As I am thy Father's son,  
 What thou askest, noble Brother,  
 With God's favour shall be done."  
 So were both right well content:  
 From the Castle forth they went.  
 And at the head of their Array  
 To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies  
 Were a line for valour famed)  
 And where'er their strokes alighted,  
 There the Saracens were tamed.  
 Whence, then, could it come — the thought —  
 By what evil spirit brought?  
 Oh! can a brave Man wish to take  
 His Brother's life, for Lands' and Castle's sake?

"Sir!" the Ruffians said to Hubert,  
 "Deep he lies in Jordan flood."  
 Stricken by this ill assurance,  
 Pale and trembling Hubert stood.  
 "Take your earnings." — Oh! that I  
 Could have seen my Brother die!  
 It was a pang that vexed him then;  
 And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!  
 Nor of him were tidings heard.  
 Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer  
 Back again to England steered.  
 To his Castle Hubert sped;  
 He has nothing now to dread.  
 But silent and by stealth he came,  
 And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,  
 Night or day, at even or morn;  
 For the sound was heard by no one  
 Of the proclamation-horn.  
 But bold Hubert lives in glee:  
 Months and years went smilingly;  
 With plenty was his table spread;  
 And bright the Lady is who shares his bee.

Likewise he had Sons and Daughters;  
 And, as good men do, he sate  
 At his board by these surrounded,  
 Flourishing in fair estate.  
 And while thus in open day  
 Once he sate, as old books say,  
 A blast was uttered from the Horn,  
 Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace!  
 He is come to claim his right:  
 Ancient Castle, Woods, and Mountains  
 Hear the challenge with delight.

Hubert! though the blast be blown,  
He is helpless and alone:  
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!  
And there he may be lodged, and thou be Lord.

Speak! — astounded Hubert cannot;  
And, if power to speak he had,  
All are daunted, all the household  
Smitten to the heart, and sad.  
'Tis Sir Eustace; if it be  
Living Man, it must be he!  
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,  
And by a Postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of:  
To his Brother then he came,  
Made confession, asked forgiveness,  
Asked it by a brother's name,  
And by all the saints in heaven;  
And of Eustace was forgiven:  
Then in a Convent went to hide  
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels  
Had preserved from Murderers' hands,  
And from Pagan chains had rescued,  
Lived with honour on his lands.  
Sons he had, saw Sons of theirs:  
And through ages, Heirs of Heirs,  
A long posterity renowned,  
Sounded the Horn which they alone could sound.

### GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

#### A TRUE STORY.

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?  
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?  
That evermore his teeth they chatter,  
Chatter, chatter, chatter still!  
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,  
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;  
He has a blanket on his back,  
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,  
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;  
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.  
At night, at morning, and at noon,  
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;  
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,  
And who so stout of limb as he?  
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;  
His voice was like the voice of three.

Old Goody Blake was old and poor;  
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;  
And any man who passed her door  
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling;  
And then her three hours' work at night,  
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,  
It would not pay for candle-light.  
Remote from sheltering village green,  
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,  
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean  
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,  
Two poor old Dames, as I have known,  
Will often live in one small cottage;  
But she, poor Woman! housed alone.  
'Twas well enough when summer came,  
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,  
Then at her door the *canty* Dame  
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,  
Oh! then how her old bones would shake,  
You would have said, if you had met her,  
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.  
Her evenings then were dull and dead!  
Sad case it was, as you may think,  
For very cold to go to bed;  
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her! whene'er in winter  
The winds at night had made a rout;  
And scattered many a lusty splinter  
And many a rotten bough about.  
Yet never had she, well or sick,  
As every man who knew her says,  
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,  
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,  
And made her poor old bones to ache,  
Could any thing be more alluring  
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?  
And, now and then, it must be said,  
When her old bones were cold and chill,  
She left her fire, or left her bed,  
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected  
This trespass of old Goody Blake;  
And vowed that she should be detected,  
And he on her would vengeance take.  
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,  
And to the fields his road would take;  
And there, at night, in frost and snow,  
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.



And once, behind a rick of barley,  
Thus looking out did Harry stand:  
The moon was full and shining clearly,  
And crisp with frost the stubble land.  
— He hears a noise—he's all awake  
Again!—on tip-toe down the hill  
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake,  
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her:  
Stick after stick did Goody pull:  
He stood behind a bush of elder,  
Till she had filled her apron full.  
When with her load she turned about,  
The by-way back again to take;  
He started forward with a shout,  
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,  
And by the arm he held her fast,  
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,  
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"  
Then Goody who had nothing said,  
Her bundle from her lap let fall;  
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed,  
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,  
While Harry held her by the arm—  
"God! who art never out of hearing,  
O may he never more be warm!"  
The cold, cold moon above her head,  
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,  
Young Harry heard what she had said:  
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow  
That he was cold and very chill:  
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,  
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!  
That day he wore a riding-coat,  
But not a whit the warmer he:  
Another was on Thursday brought,  
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,  
And blankets were about him pinned;  
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,  
Like a loose casement in the wind.  
And Harry's flesh it fell away;  
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,  
That, live as long as live he may,  
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,  
A-bed or up, to young or old;  
But ever to himself he mutters,  
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."

W

A-bed or up, by night or day;  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.  
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,  
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

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I WANDERED lonely as a Cloud  
That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden Daffodils;  
Beside the Lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the Daffodils.

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#### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,  
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three  
years:

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale.  
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;  
And a single small Cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The one only Dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her Heart is in heaven: but they fade.  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

15

## POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus!—yes, Faith may grow  
bold,  
And take to herself all the wonders of old;—  
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the same  
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there;—and he works on the crowd,  
He sways them with harmony merry and loud;  
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—  
Was aught ever heard like his Fiddle and him?

What an eager assembly! what an empire is this!  
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss;  
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest;  
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppress.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the  
night,  
So he, where he stands, is a centre of light;  
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed Jack,  
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in haste—  
What matter! he's caught—and his time runs to  
waste—

The Newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret,  
And the half-breathless Lamplighter—he's in the net!

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore;  
The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her store;—  
If a Thief could be here, he might pilfer at ease;  
She sees the Musician, 't is all that she sees!

He stands, backed by the Wall;—he abates not  
his din;

His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in,  
From the Old and the Young, from the Poorest; and  
there!

The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare.

O blest are the Hearers, and proud be the Hand  
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a Band;  
I am glad for him, blind as he is!—all the while  
If they speak 't is to praise, and they praise with a  
smile.

That tall Man, a Giant in bulk and in height,  
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;  
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!  
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his Crutch; like a  
Tower

That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour!—  
That Mother, whose Spirit in fetters is bound,  
While she dandles the Babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, Coaches and Chariots! roar on like a stream;  
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream:  
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for  
you,  
Nor what ye are flying, nor what you pursue!

## STAR-GAZERS.

WHAT crowd is this! what have we here! we must  
not pass it by;

A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:  
Long is it as a Barber's Pole, or Mast of little Boat,  
Some little Pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thames's  
waters float.

The Showman chooses well his place, 't is Leicester's  
busy square;

And is as happy in his night, for the heavens are blue  
and fair;

Calm, though impatient, is the Crowd; each stands  
ready with the fee,

Impatient till his moment comes—what an insight  
must it be!

Yet, Showman, where can lie the cause? Shall thy  
Implement have blame,

A Boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is put to  
shame!

Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in fault?  
Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is yon resplendent  
Vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have  
here?

Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be  
dear!

The silver Moon, with all her Vales, and Hills of  
mightiest fame,

Doth she betray us when they're seen? or are they  
but a name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and strong,

And Bounty never yields so much but it seems to do  
her wrong?

Or is it, that when human Souls a journey long have  
had

And are returned into themselves, they cannot but  
be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think that these Specta-  
tors rude,

Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,  
Have souls which never yet have risen, and therefore  
prostrate lie?

No, no, this cannot be—Men thirst for power and  
majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful  
mind employ  
Of him who gazes, or has gazed! a grave and steady  
joy,  
That doth reject all show of pride, admits no outward  
sign,  
Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they who pry  
and pore  
Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy than  
before:  
One after One they take their turn, nor have I one  
espied  
That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.

### THE HAUNTED TREE

to ———.

THOSE silver clouds collected round the sun  
His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming less  
To overshadow than multiply his beams  
By soft reflection — grateful to the sky,  
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our human sense  
Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy  
More ample than the time-dismantled Oak  
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now, attired  
In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords  
Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use  
Was fashioned; whether by the hand of Art,  
That Eastern Sultan, amid flowers enwrought  
On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs  
In languor; or, by Nature, for repose  
Of panting Wood-nymph, wearied by the chase.  
O Lady! fairer in thy Poet's sight  
Than fairest spiritual Creature of the groves,  
Approach — and, thus invited, crown with rest  
The noon-tide hour: — though truly some there are  
Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid  
This venerable Tree; for, when the wind  
Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking sound  
(Above the general roar of woods and crags)  
Distinctly heard from far — a doleful note!  
As if (so Grecian shepherds would have deemed)  
The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed  
Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbelieved,  
By ruder fancy, that a troubled Ghost  
Haunts this old Trunk; lamenting deeds of which  
The flowery ground is conscious. But no wind  
Sweeps now along this elevated ridge;  
Not even a zephyr stirs; — the obnoxious Tree  
Is mute, — and, in his silence would look down,  
O lovely Wanderer of the trackless hills,  
On thy reclining form with more delight  
Than his Coevals, in the sheltered vale

Seem to participate, the whilst they view  
Their own far-stretching arms and leafy heads  
Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,  
That, for a brief space, checks the hurrying stream!

### WRITTEN IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF  
BROTHER'S WATER.

THE cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated  
The Snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The Ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon:  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!

### GIPSIES.

YET are they here the same unbroken knot  
Of human Beings, in the self-same spot!  
Men, Women, Children, yea the frame  
Of the whole Spectacle the same!  
Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,  
Now deep and red, the colouring of night;  
That on their Gipsy-faces falls,  
Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.  
— Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours, are gone  
while I  
Have been a Traveller under open sky,  
Much witnessing of change and cheer,  
Yet as I left I find them here!  
The weary Sun betook himself to rest.  
— Then issued Vesper from the fulgent West,  
Outshining like a visible God  
The glorious path in which he trod.  
And now, ascending, after one dark hour  
And one night's diminution of her power,  
Behold the mighty Moon! this way  
She looks as if at them — but they

Regard not her:—oh better wrong and strife,  
 (By nature transient) than such torpid life;  
     Life which the very stars reprove  
     As on their silent task they move!  
 Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth!  
 In scorn I speak not;—they are what their birth  
     And breeding suffers them to be;  
     Wild outcasts of society!

### BEGGARS.

BEFORE my eyes a Wanderer stood;  
 Her face from summer's noon-day heat  
 Nor bonnet shaded, nor the hood  
 Of that blue cloak which to her feet  
 Depended with a graceful flow;  
 Only she wore a cap as white as new-fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown;  
 Haughty as if her eye had seen  
 Its own light to a distance thrown,  
 She towered—fit person for a Queen,  
 To head those ancient Amazonian files:  
 Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian Isles.

She begged an alms no scruple checked  
 The current of her ready plea,  
 Words that could challenge no respect  
 But from a blind credulity;  
 And yet a boon I gave her; for the Creature  
 Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious feature!

I left her, and pursued my way;  
 And soon before me did espy  
 A pair of little Boys at play,  
 Chasing a crimson butterfly;  
 The Taller followed with his hat in hand,  
 Wreathed round with yellow flowers the gayest of the land.

The Other wore a rimless crown  
 With leaves of laurel stuck about;  
 And, while both followed up and down,  
 Each whooping with a merry shout,  
 In their fraternal features I could trace  
 Unquestionable lines of that wild Suppliant's face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit  
 For finest tasks of earth or air:  
 Wings let them have, and they might flit  
 Precursors of Aurora's Car,  
 Scattering fresh flowers; though happier far, I ween,  
 To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level green.

They dart across my path—but lo,  
 Each ready with a plaintive whine!  
 Said I, "not half an hour ago  
 Your Mother has had alms of mine."  
 "That cannot be," one answered—"she is dead:"—  
 I looked reproof—they saw—but neither hung his head.

"She has been dead, Sir, many a day."—  
 "Sweet Boys! Heaven hears that rash reply;  
 It was your Mother, as I say!"  
 And, in the twinkling of an eye,  
 "Come! come!" cried one, and without more ado,  
 Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants flew!

### SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING,

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

WHERE are they now, those wanton Boys!  
 For whose free range the dædal earth  
 Was filled with animated toys,  
 And implements of frolic mirth;  
 With tools for ready wit to guide;  
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,  
 More fresh, more bright, than Princes wear,  
 For what one moment flung aside,  
 Another could repair;  
 What good or evil have they seen  
 Since I their pastime witnessed here,  
 Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer!  
 I ask—but all is dark between!

Spirits of beauty and of grace!  
 Associates in that eager chase;  
 Ye, by a course to nature true,  
 The sterner judgment can subdue;  
 And waken a relenting smile  
 When she encounters fraud or guile;  
 And sometimes ye can charm away  
 The inward mischief, or allay,  
 Ye, who within the blameless mind  
 Your favourite seat of empire find!

They met me in a genial hour,  
 When universal nature breathed  
 As with the breath of one sweet flower,—  
 A time to overrule the power  
 Of discontent, and check the birth  
 Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,  
 The most familiar bane of life  
 Since parting Innocence bequeathed  
 Mortality to Earth!  
 Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,  
 Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran clear;  
 The lambs from rock to rock were bounding;  
 With songs the budded groves resounding;



And to my heart is still endeared  
 The faith with which it then was cheered;  
 The faith which saw that gladsome pair  
 Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.  
 Or, if such thoughts must needs deceive,  
 Kind Spirits! may we not believe  
 That they, so happy and so fair,  
 Through your sweet influence and the care  
 Of pitying Heaven, at least were free  
 From touch of *deadly* injury?  
 Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,  
 For mercy and immortal bloom!

### RUTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,  
 Her Father took another Mate;  
 And Ruth, not seven years old,  
 A slighted Child, at her own will  
 Went wandering over dale and hill,  
 In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a Pipe of straw,  
 And from that oaten Pipe could draw  
 All sounds of winds and floods;  
 Had built a bower upon the green,  
 As if she from her birth had been  
 An infant of the woods.

Beneath her Father's roof, alone  
 She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;  
 Herself her own delight;  
 Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;  
 And, passing thus the live-long day,  
 She grew to Woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore  
 A military Casque he wore,  
 With splendid feathers drest;  
 He brought them from the Cherokees;  
 The feathers nodded in the breeze,  
 And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:  
 Ah no! he spake the English tongue,  
 And bore a Soldier's name;  
 And, when America was free  
 From battle and from jeopardy,  
 He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek  
 In finest tones the Youth could speak:  
 —While he was yet a Boy,  
 The moon, the glory of the sun,  
 And streams that murmur as they run,  
 Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess  
 The panther in the Wilderness  
 Was not so fair as he;  
 And, when he chose to sport and play,  
 No dolphin ever was so gay  
 Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought  
 And with him many tales he brought  
 Of pleasure and of fear  
 Such tales as told to any Maid  
 By such a Youth, in the green shade,  
 Were perilous to hear.

He told of Girls—a happy rout!  
 Who quit their fold with dance and shout,  
 Their pleasant Indian Town,  
 To gather strawberries all day long;  
 Returning with a choral song  
 When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants divine and strange  
 That every hour their blossoms change,  
 Ten thousand lovely hues!  
 With budding, fading, faded flowers  
 They stand the wonder of the bowers  
 From morn to evening dew.

He told of the Magnolia\*, spread  
 High as a cloud, high over head!  
 The Cypress and her spire;  
 —Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam  
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem  
 To set the hills on fire.†

The Youth of green savannahs spake,  
 And many an endless, endless lake,  
 With all its fairy crowds  
 Of islands, that together lie  
 As quietly as spots of sky  
 Among the evening clouds.

And then he said, "How sweet it were  
 A fisher or a hunter there,  
 A gardener in the shade,  
 Still wandering with an easy mind  
 To build a household fire, and find  
 A home in every glade!"

"What days and what sweet years! Ah me!  
 Our life were life indeed, with thee  
 So passed in quiet bliss,  
 And all the while," said he, "to know  
 That we were in a world of woe,  
 On such an earth as this!"

\*Magnolia grandiflora.

†The splendid appearance of these scarlet flowers, which are scattered with such profusion over the Hills in the Southern parts of North America, is frequently mentioned by Bartram in his Travels.

And then he sometimes interwove  
Fond thoughts about a Father's love :  
"For there," said he, "are spun  
Around the heart such tender ties,  
That our own children to our eyes  
Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me  
My helpmate in the woods to be,  
Our shed at night to rear;  
Or run, my own adopted Bride,  
A sylvan Huntress at my side,  
And drive the flying deer!

"Beloved Ruth!"—No more he said.  
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed  
A solitary tear:  
She thought again—and did agree  
With him to sail across the sea,  
And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,  
We in the Church our faith will plight,  
A Husband and a Wife."  
Even so they did; and I may say  
That to sweet Ruth that happy day  
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,  
Delighted all the while to think  
That on those lonesome floods,  
And green savannahs, she should share  
His board with lawful joy, and bear  
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,  
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,  
And with his dancing crest  
So Beautiful, through savage lands  
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands  
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,  
The tumult of a tropic sky,  
Might well be dangerous food  
For him, a Youth to whom was given  
So much of earth—so much of Heaven,  
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found  
Irregular in sight or sound  
Did to his mind impart  
A kindred impulse, seemed allied  
To his own powers, and justified  
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,  
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,  
Fair trees and lovely flowers;

The breezes their own languor lent;  
The stars had feelings, which they sent  
Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween  
That sometimes there did intervene  
Pure hopes of high intent:  
For passions linked to forms so fair  
And stately, needs must have their share  
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,  
With men to whom no better law  
Nor better life was known;  
Deliberately, and undeceived,  
Those wild men's vices he received,  
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame  
Were thus impaired, and he became  
The slave of low desires:  
A Man who without self-control  
Would seek what the degraded soul  
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight  
Had wooed the Maiden, day and night  
Had loved her, night and morn:  
What could he less than love a Maid  
Whose heart with so much nature played?  
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,  
"O Ruth! I have been worse than dead;  
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,  
Encompassed me on every side  
When first, in confidence and pride,  
I crossed the Atlantic Main.

"It was a fresh and glorious world,  
A banner bright that was unfurled  
Before me suddenly:  
I looked upon those hills and plains,  
And seemed as if let loose from chains,  
To live at liberty.

"But wherefore speak of this! For now,  
Sweet Ruth! with thee, I know not how,  
I feel my spirit burn—  
Even as the east when day comes forth:  
And, to the west, and south, and north,  
The morning doth return."

Full soon that purer mind was gone;  
No hope, no wish remained, not one,—  
They stirred him now no more;  
New objects did new pleasure give,  
And once again he wished to live  
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,  
They for the voyage were prepared,  
And went to the sea-shore ;  
But, when they thither came, the Youth  
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth  
Could never find him more.

"God help thee, Ruth!"—Such pains she had  
That she in a half a year was mad,  
And in a prison housed ;  
And there she sang tumultuous songs,  
By recollection of her wrongs  
To fearful passion roused

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,  
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,  
Nor pastimes of the May,  
—They all were with her in her cell ;  
And a wild brook with cheerful knell  
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,  
There came a respite to her pain ;  
She from her prison fled ;  
But of the Vagrant none took thought ;  
And where it liked her best she sought  
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again :  
The master-current of her brain  
Ran permanent and free ;  
And, coming to the banks of Tone\*,  
There did she rest ; and dwell alone  
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools  
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,  
And airs that gently stir  
The vernal leaves, she loved them still,  
Nor ever taxed them with the ill  
Which had been done to her.

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies ;  
But, till the warmth of summer skies  
And summer days is gone,  
(And all do in this tale agree)  
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,  
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray !  
And Ruth will, long before her day,  
Be broken down and old :  
Sore aches she needs must have ! but less  
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,  
From damp, and rain, and cold.

\* The Tone is a River of Somersetshire, at no great distance from the Quantock Hills. These Hills, which are alluded to in four Stanzas below, are extremely beautiful, and in most places richly covered with coppice woods.

If she is prest by want of food,  
She from her dwelling in the wood  
Repairs to a road-side ;  
And there she begs at one steep place  
Where up and down with easy pace  
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten Pipe of hers is mute,  
Or thrown away ; but with a flute  
Her loneliness she cheers :  
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,  
At evening in his homeward walk  
The Quantock Woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills  
Setting her little water-mills  
By spouts and fountains wild —  
Such small machinery as she turned  
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,  
A young and happy Child !

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,  
Ill-fated Ruth ! in hallowed mould  
Thy corpse shall buried be ;  
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,  
And all the congregation sing  
A Christian psalm for thee.

### LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn  
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired ;  
And from the infernal Gods, mid shades forlorn  
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required :  
Celestial pity I again implore ; —  
Restore him to my sight — great Jove, restore !"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands ;  
While, like the Sun emerging from a Cloud,  
Her countenance brightens — and her eye expands ;  
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;  
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived ? — O joy !  
What doth she look on ? — whom doth she behold ?  
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?  
His vital presence — his corporeal mould ?  
It is — if sense deceive her not — 't is He !  
And a God leads him — winged Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake — and touched her with his wand  
That calms all fear, "Such grace hath crowned thy  
prayer,

Laodamia ! that at Jove's command  
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air :

He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;  
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;  
Again that consummation she essayed;  
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp  
As often as that eager grasp was made.  
The Phantom parts — but parts to re-unite,  
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaüs, lo! thy guide is gone!  
Confirm, I pray, the Vision with thy voice:  
This is our Palace, — yonder is thy throne;  
Speak, and the floor thou treadest on will rejoice.  
Not to appal me have the Gods bestowed  
This precious boon, — and blest a sad Abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave  
His gifts imperfect: — Spectre though I be,  
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;  
But in reward of thy fidelity.  
And something also did my worth obtain;  
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand  
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold;  
A generous cause a Victim did demand;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes — bravest, noblest, best!  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;  
Thou found'st — and I forgive thee — here thou art —  
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;  
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed  
That thou should'st cheat the malice of the grave;  
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No Spectre greets me, — no vain Shadow this;  
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!  
Give, on this well known couch, one nuptial kiss  
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"  
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:  
Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish. — Earth destroys  
Those raptures dully — Erebus disdains:  
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control  
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve  
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;  
A fervent, not ungovernable love.  
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn  
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn —"

"Ah, wherefore! — Did not Hercules by force  
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb  
Alcestis, a reanimated Corse,  
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?  
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,  
And Æson stood a Youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful — and they  
Yet further may relent: for mightier far  
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
And though his favourite seat be feeble Woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow —" "Peace!" he said —  
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered,  
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;  
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared  
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel  
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;  
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —  
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there  
In happier beauty: more pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned  
That privilege by virtue. — "Ill," said he,  
"The end of man's existence I discerned,  
Who from ignoble games and revelry  
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight  
While tears were thy best pastime — day and night:

And while my youthful peers, before my eyes  
(Each Hero following his peculiar bent)  
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,  
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;  
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

The wished-for wind was given: — I then revolved  
The oracle, upon the silent sea;



And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be  
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, —  
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang  
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!  
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,  
And on the joys we shared in mortal life, —  
The paths which we had trod — these fountains —  
flowers;  
My new-planned Cities, and unfinished Towers.

But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,  
'Behold they tremble! — haughty their array,  
Yet of their number no one dares to die!  
In soul I swept the indignity away:  
Old frailties then recurred: — but lofty thought,  
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak  
In reason, in self-government too slow;  
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
Our blest re-union in the shades below.  
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;  
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend  
Towards a higher object. — Love was given,  
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;  
For this the passion to excess was driven —  
That self might be annulled; her bondage prove  
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-appears!  
Round the dear shade she would have clung — 't is vain:  
The hours are past — too brief had they been years;  
And him no mortal effort can detain:  
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,  
He through the portal takes his silent way.  
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the Gods be moved;  
She who thus perished, not without the crime  
Of Lovers that in Reason's spite have loved,  
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,  
Apart from happy Ghosts — that gather flowers  
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;  
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown  
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,  
As fondly he believes. — Upon the side  
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;

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And ever, when such stature they had gained  
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,  
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;  
A constant interchange of growth and blight!\*

### THE TRIAD.

SHOW me the noblest Youth of present time  
Whose trembling fancy would to love give birth;  
Some God or Hero, from the Olympian clime  
Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth;  
Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see  
The brightest star of ages yet to be,  
And I will mate and match him blissfully.

I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood  
Pure as herself — (song lacks not mightier power)  
Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,  
Nor Sea-nymph glistening from her coral bower;  
Mere Mortals bodied forth in vision still,  
Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill  
The chaster coverts of a British hill.

"Appear! — obey my lyre's command!  
Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!  
For ye, though not by birth allied,  
Are Sisters in the bond of love;  
And not the boldest tongue of envious pride  
In you those interweavings could reprove  
Which They, the progeny of Jove,  
Learnt from the tuneful spheres that glide  
In endless union earth and sea above." —  
— I speak in vain, — the pines have hushed their  
waving:

A peerless Youth expectant at my side,  
Breathless as they, with unabated craving  
Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;  
And, with a wandering eye that seems to chide,  
Asks of the clouds what Occupants they hide: —  
But why solicit more than sight could bear,  
By casting on a moment all we dare?  
Invoke we those bright Beings one by one,  
And what was boldly promised, truly shall be done.

"Fear not this constraining measure!  
Drawn by a poetic spell,  
Lucida! from domes of pleasure,  
Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,

\* For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's *Natural History*, lib. xvi. cap. 44.; and for the features in the character of Proteus, see the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides. Virgil places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers,

————— His Laodamia  
It Comes. —————

Come to regions solitary,  
 Where the eagle builds her airy,  
 Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell!"  
 — She comes! — behold  
 That Figure, like a ship with silver sail!  
 Nearer she draws — a breeze uplifts her veil —  
 Upon her coming wait  
 As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale  
 As o'er on herbage covering earthly mould,  
 Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold  
 His richest splendour, when his veering gait  
 And every motion of his starry train  
 Seem governed by a strain  
 Of music, audible to him alone. —  
 O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne!  
 Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit  
 Beside an unambitious hearth to sit  
 Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown;  
 What living man could fear  
 The worst of Fortune's malice, wert thou near,  
 Humbling that lily stem, thy sceptre meek,  
 That its fair flowers may brush from off his cheek  
 The too, too happy tear!  
 — Queen and handmaid lowly!  
 Whose skill can speed the day with lively cares,  
 And banish melancholy  
 By all that mind invents or hand prepares;  
 O thou, against whose lip, without its smile,  
 And in its silence even, no heart is proof;  
 Whose goodness sinking deep, would reconcile  
 The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace  
 To the bare life beneath the hawthorn roof  
 Of Sherwood's archer, or in caves of Wallace —  
 Who that hath seen thy beauty could content  
 His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly day?  
 Who that hath loved thee, but would lay  
 His strong hand on the wind, if it were bent  
 To take thee in thy majesty away?  
 — Pass onward (even the glancing deer  
 Till we depart intrude not here;)  
 That mossy slope, o'er which the woodbine throws  
 A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!

Glad moment is it when the throng  
 Of warblers in full concert strong  
 Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout  
 The lagging shower, and force coy Phœbus out,  
 Met by the rainbow's form divine,  
 Issuing from her cloudy shrine; —  
 So may the thrillings of the lyre  
 Prevail to further our desire,  
 While to these shades a Nymph I call,  
 The youngest of the lovely Three. —  
 "Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,  
 Submissive to the might of verse,  
 By none more deeply felt than thee!"  
 — I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal

She hastens to the tents  
 Of nature, and the lonely elements.  
 Air sparkles round her with a dazzling sheen.  
 And mark her glowing cheek, her vesture green!  
 And, as if wishful to disarm  
 Or to repay the potent charm,  
 She bears the stringed lute of old romance,  
 That cheered the trellised arbour's privacy,  
 And soothed war-wearied knights in rafters hall,  
 How light her air! how delicate her glee!  
 So tripped the Muse, inventress of the dance;  
 So, truant in waste woods, the blithe Euphrosyne!

But the ringlets of that head  
 Why are they ungarlanded!  
 Why bedeck her temples less  
 Than the simplest shepherdess?  
 Is it not a brow inviting  
 Choicest flowers that ever breathed,  
 Which the myrtle would delight in  
 With Idalian rose enwreathed?  
 But her humility is well content  
 With *one* wild floweret (call it not forlorn)  
 FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her bosom worn,  
 Yet is it more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,  
 Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field and height!  
 For She, to all but those who love Her shy,  
 Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's sight;  
 Though where she is beloved, and loves, as free  
 As bird that rifles blossoms on a tree,  
 Turning them inside out with arch audacity.

Alas! how little can a moment show  
 Of an eye where feeling plays  
 In ten thousand dewy rays;  
 A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!  
 — She stops — is fastened to that rivulet's side;  
 And there (while, with sedater mien,  
 O'er timid waters that have scarcely left  
 Their birth-place in the rocky cleft  
 She bends) at leisure may be seen  
 Features to old ideal grace allied,  
 Amid their smiles and dimples dignified —  
 Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth,  
 The bland composure of eternal youth!

What more changeful than the sea?  
 But over his great tides  
 Fidelity presides;  
 And this light-hearted Maiden constant is as he. —  
 High is her aim as heaven above,  
 And wide as ether her good-will,  
 And, like the lowly reed, her love  
 Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill;  
 Insight as keen as frosty star  
 Is to her charity no bar,

Nor interrupts her frolic graces  
When she is, far from these wild places,  
Encircled by familiar faces.

O the charm that manners draw,  
Nature, from thy genuine law!  
If from what her hand would do,  
Her voice would utter, there ensue  
Aught untoward or unfit,  
She, in benign affections pure,  
In self-forgetfulness secure,  
Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance  
A light unknown to tutored elegance:  
Her's is not a cheek shame-stricken,  
But her blushes are joy-flushes —  
And the fault (if fault it be)  
Only ministers to quicken  
Laughter-loving gaiety,  
And kindle sportive wit —  
Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free  
As if she knew that Oberon king of Faery  
Had crossed her purpose with some quaint vagary,  
And heard his viewless bands  
Over their mirthful triumph clapping hands.

"Last of the Three, though eldest born,  
Reveal thyself, like pensive morn,  
Touched by the skylark's earliest note,  
Ere humbler gladness be afloat.  
But whether in the semblance drest  
Of dawn — or eve, fair vision of the west,  
Come with each anxious hope subdued  
By woman's gentle fortitude,  
Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest.  
— Or I would hail thee when some high-wrought page  
Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand  
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand  
Among the glories of a happier age."

— Her brow hath opened on me — see it there,  
Brightening the umbrage of her hair;  
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves  
To be descried through shady groves.  
— Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;  
Wish not for a richer streak —  
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;  
But let thy love, upon that azure field  
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield  
Its homage offered up in purity. —  
What would'st thou more! In sunny glade  
Or under leaves of thickest shade,  
Was such a stillness e'er diffused  
Since earth grew calm while angels mused!  
Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth  
To crush the mountain dew-drop, soon to melt  
On the flowers' breast; as if she felt  
That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,

With all their fragrance, all their glistening,  
Call to the heart for inward listening;  
And though for bridal wreaths and tokens true  
Welcomed wisely — though a growth  
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,  
As fitly spring from turf the mourner weeps on,  
And without wrong are cropped the marble tomb to  
strew.

The charm is over; the mute phantoms gone,  
Nor will return — but droop not, favoured Youth;  
The apparition that before thee shone  
Obeyed a summons covetous of truth.  
From these wild rocks thy footsteps I will guide  
To bowers in which thy fortune may be tried,  
And one of the bright Three become thy happy Bride!

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LYRE! though such power do in thy magic live  
As might from India's farthest plain  
Recall the most unwilling maid,  
Assist me to detain  
The lovely fugitive:

Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed  
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid.  
Here let me gaze enwrapped upon that eye,  
The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort  
Of contemplation, the calm port  
By reason fenced from winds that sigh  
Among the restless sails of vanity.  
But if no wish be hers that we should part,  
A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.

Where all things are so fair,  
Enough by her dear side to breathe the air  
Of this Elysian weather;  
And, on or in, or near, the brook, espy  
Shade upon the sunshine lying

Faint and somewhat pensively;  
And downward image gaily vying  
With its upright living tree  
Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky  
As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance  
Cast up the stream or down at her beseeching,  
To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily distressed  
By ever-changing shape and want of rest;  
Or watch, with mutual teaching,  
The current as it plays  
In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps  
Adown a rocky maze;  
Or note (translucent summer's happiest chance!)  
In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,  
Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,  
So vivid that they take from keenest sight  
The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.

## A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.)

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings  
Might bear thee to this glen,  
With faithful memory left of things  
To pencil dear and pen,  
Thou would'st forego the neighbouring Rhine,  
And all his majesty —  
A studious forehead to incline  
O'er this poor family.

The mother — her thou must have seen,  
In spirit, ere she came  
To dwell these rifted rocks between,  
Or found on earth a name;  
An image, too, of the sweet boy,  
Thy inspirations give —  
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,  
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,  
How beautiful his eyes,  
That blend the nature of the star  
With that of summer skies!  
I speak as if of sense beguiled;  
Uncounted months are gone,  
Yet am I with the Jewish child,  
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,  
The smooth transparent skin,  
Refined, as with intent to show  
The holiness within;  
The grace of parting infancy  
By blushes yet untamed;  
Age faithful to the mother's knee,  
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely sisters, still and sweet  
As flowers, stand side by side;  
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat  
The Christian of his pride:  
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured  
Upon them not forlorn,  
Though of a lineage once abhorred,  
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite  
Of poverty and wrong,  
Doth here preserve a living light,  
From Hebrew fountains sprung;  
That gives this ragged group to cast  
Around the dell a gleam  
Of Palestine, of glory past,  
And proud Jerusalem!

'WEAK is the will of man, his judgment blind;  
'Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays;  
'Heavy is woe; — and joy, for human-kind,  
'A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!' *Thus might he* paint our lot of mortal days  
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned  
To elevate the more-than-reasoning mind,  
And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.  
Imagination is that sacred power,  
Imagination lofty and refined:  
'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower  
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind  
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,  
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

## RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;  
The birds are singing in the distant woods;  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;  
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;  
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops; — on the moors  
The Hare is running races in her mirth;  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor;  
I saw the Hare that raced about with joy;  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;  
Or heard them not, as happy as a Boy:  
The pleasant season did my heart employ;  
My old remembrances went from me wholly;  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy!

But, as it sometime chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low,  
To me that morning did it happen so;  
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;  
Dim sadness — and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor  
could name.

I heard the Sky-lark warbling in the sky;  
And I bethought me of the playful Hare:  
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;  
Even as these blissful Creatures do I fare;  
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;  
But there may come another day to me —  
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.



My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,  
As if life's business were a summer mood;  
As if all needful things would come unsought  
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;  
But how can He expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,  
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;  
Of him who walked in glory and in joy  
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:  
By our own spirits are we deified:  
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;  
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
A leading from above, a something given,  
Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,  
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,  
Beside a Pool bare to the eye of Heaven  
I saw a Man before me unawares:  
The oldest Man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs.

As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;  
Wonder to all who do the same espy,  
By what means it could thither come, and whence;  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:  
Like a Sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead  
Nor all asleep — in his extreme old age:  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;  
As if some dire constraint of pain or rage  
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,  
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,  
Upon a long gray Staff of shaven wood:  
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish flood  
Motionless as a Cloud the Old-man stood;  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call;  
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the Pond  
Stirred with his Staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,  
As if he had been reading in a book:  
And now a Stranger's privilege I took;  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the Old-man make,  
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:  
And him with further words I thus bespake,  
"What occupation do you there pursue?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you."  
He answered, while a flash of mild surprise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
But each in solemn order followed each,  
With something of a lofty utterance drest —  
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach  
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;  
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,  
Religious men, who give to God and Man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come  
To gather Leeches, being old and poor:  
Employment hazardous and wearisome!  
And he had many hardships to endure:  
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;  
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The Old-man still stood talking by my side;  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;  
And the whole Body of the man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;  
Or like a man from some far region sent,  
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;  
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;  
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.  
— Perplexed, and longing to be comforted  
My question eagerly did I renew,  
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat;  
And said, that, gathering Leeches, far and wide  
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the Pools where they abide.  
"Once I could meet with them on every side;  
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
The Old-man's shape, and speech, all troubled me:  
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace  
About the weary moors continually,  
Wandering about alone and silently.  
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,  
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,  
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,  
 But stately in the main; and when he ended,  
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find  
 In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.  
 'God,' said I, "be my help and stay secure;  
 I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

### THE THORN.

"THERE is a Thorn—it looks so old,  
 In truth, you'd find it hard to say  
 How it could ever have been young,  
 It looks so old and gray.  
 Not higher than a two years' child  
 It stands erect, this aged Thorn;  
 No leaves it has, no thorny points;  
 It is a mass of knotty joints,  
 A wretched thing forlorn.  
 It stands erect, and like a stone  
 With lichens it is overgrown.

Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,  
 With lichens to the very top,  
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,  
 A melancholy crop:  
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,  
 And this poor Thorn they clasp it round  
 So close, you'd say that they were bent  
 With plain and manifest intent  
 To drag it to the ground;  
 And all had joined in one endeavour  
 To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

High on a mountain's highest ridge,  
 Where oft the stormy winter gale  
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds  
 It sweeps from vale to vale;  
 Not five yards from the mountain path,  
 This Thorn you on your left espy;  
 And to the left, three yards beyond,  
 You see a little muddy Pond  
 Of water—never dry,  
 Though but of compass small, and bare  
 To thirsty suns and parching air.

And, close beside this aged Thorn,  
 There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
 A beauteous heap, a Hill of moss,  
 Just half a foot in height.  
 All lovely colours there you see,  
 All colours that were ever seen;  
 And mossy network too is there,  
 As if by hand of lady fair  
 The work had woven been;  
 And cups, the darlings of the eye,  
 So deep is their vermilion dye.

Ah me! what lovely tints are there  
 Of olive green and scarlet bright,  
 In spikes, in branches, and in stars,  
 Green, red, and pearly white!  
 This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,  
 Which close beside the Thorn you see,  
 So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,  
 Is like an infant's grave in size,  
 As like as like can be:  
 But never, never any where,  
 An infant's grave was half so fair.

Now would you see this aged Thorn,  
 This Pond, and beauteous Hill of moss,  
 You must take care and choose your time  
 The mountain when to cross.  
 For oft there sits between the Heap  
 So like an infant's grave in size,  
 And that same Pond of which I spoke,  
 A Woman in a scarlet cloak,  
 And to herself she cries,  
 'Oh misery! oh misery!  
 Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

At all times of the day and night  
 This wretched Woman thither goes;  
 And she is known to every star,  
 And every wind that blows;  
 And, there, beside the Thorn, she sits  
 When the blue daylight's in the skies,  
 And when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
 Or frosty air is keen and still,  
 And to herself she cries,  
 'Oh misery! oh misery!  
 Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

"Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,  
 In rain, in tempest, and in snow,  
 Thus to the dreary mountain-top  
 Does this poor Woman go!  
 And why sits she beside the Thorn  
 When the blue daylight's in the sky,  
 Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
 Or frosty air is keen and still,  
 And wherefore does she cry!—  
 Oh wherefore! wherefore! tell me why  
 Does she repeat that doleful cry?

"I cannot tell; I wish I could;  
 For the true reason no one knows:  
 But would you gladly view the spot,  
 The spot to which she goes:  
 The hillock like an infant's grave,  
 The Pond—and Thorn so old and gray;  
 Pass by her door—'t is seldom shut—  
 And, if you see her in her hut—  
 Then to the spot away!  
 I never heard of such as dare  
 Approach the spot when she is there.

"But wherefore to the mountain-top  
Can this unhappy Woman go,  
Whatever star is in the skies,  
Whatever wind may blow?"  
"Tis known, that twenty years are past  
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)  
Gave with a maiden's true good will  
Her company to Stephen Hill;  
And she was blithe and gay,  
While friends and kindred all approved  
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

And they had fixed the wedding day,  
The morning that must wed them both;  
But Stephen to another Maid  
Had sworn another oath;  
And, with this other Maid, to church  
Unthinking Stephen went —  
Poor Martha! on that woeful day  
A pang of pitiless dismay  
Into her soul was sent;  
A Fire was kindled in her breast,  
Which might not burn itself to rest.

They say, full six months after this,  
While yet the summer leaves were green,  
She to the mountain-top would go,  
And there was often seen.  
Alas! her lamentable state  
Even to a careless eye was plain;  
She was with child, and she was mad:  
Yet often she was sober sad  
From her exceeding pain.  
O guilty Father — would that death  
Had saved him from that breach of faith!

Sad case for such a brain to hold  
Communion with a stirring child!  
Sad case, as you may think, for one  
Who had a brain so wild!  
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,  
And gray-haired Wilfred of the glen  
Held that the unborn Infant wrought  
About its mother's heart, and brought  
Her senses back again:  
And, when at last her time drew near,  
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

More know I not, I wish I did,  
And it should all be told to you;  
For what became of this poor Child  
No Mortal ever knew;  
Nay — if a Child to her was born  
No earthly tongue could ever tell;  
And if 'twas born alive or dead,  
Far less could this with proof be said;  
But some remember well,  
That Martha Ray about this time  
Would up the mountain often climb.

And all that winter, when at night  
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,  
'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,  
The churchyard path to seek:  
For many a time and oft were heard  
Cries coming from the mountain-head:  
Some plainly living voices were;  
And others, I've heard many swear,  
Were voices of the dead:  
I cannot think, whate'er they say,  
They had to do with Martha Ray.

But that she goes to this old Thorn,  
The Thorn which I described to you,  
And there sits in a scarlet cloak,  
I will be sworn is true.  
For one day with my telescope,  
To view the ocean wide and bright,  
When to this country first I came,  
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,  
I climbed the mountain's height;  
A storm came on, and I could see  
No object higher than my knee.

'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain;  
No screen, no fence could I discover;  
And then the wind! in faith, it was  
A wind full ten times over.  
I looked around, I thought I saw  
A jutting crag, — and off I ran,  
Head-foremost through the driving rain,  
The shelter of the crag to gain;  
And, as I am a man,  
Instead of jutting crag, I found  
A Woman seated on the ground.

I did not speak — I saw her face;  
Her face! — it was enough for me;  
I turned about and heard her cry,  
'Oh misery! oh misery!'  
And there she sits, until the moon  
Through half the clear blue sky will go;  
And, when the little breezes make  
The waters of the Pond to shake,  
As all the country know,  
She shudders, and you hear her cry,  
'Oh misery! oh misery!'

"But what's the Thorn? and what the Pond?  
And what the Hill of moss to her?  
And what the creeping breeze that comes  
The little Pond to stir?"  
"I cannot tell; but some will say  
She hanged her Baby on the tree;  
Some say she drowned it in the Pond,  
Which is a little step beyond:  
But all and each agree,  
The little babe was buried there,  
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

I've heard, the moss is spotted red  
 With drops of that poor infant's blood;  
 But kill a new-born infant thus,  
 I do not think she could!  
 Some say, if to the pond you go,  
 And fix on it a steady view,  
 The shadow of a babe you trace,  
 A baby and a baby's face,  
 And that it looks at you;  
 Whene'er you look on it, 't is plain  
 The baby looks at you again.

And some had sworn an oath that she  
 Should be to public justice brought;  
 And for the little infant's bones  
 With spades they would have sought.  
 But then the beauteous Hill of moss  
 Before their eyes began to stir!  
 And, for full fifty yards around,  
 The grass—it shook upon the ground!  
 Yet all do still aver  
 The little Babe is buried there,  
 Beneath that Hill of moss so fair.

I cannot tell how this may be;  
 But plain it is, the Thorn is bound  
 With heavy tufts of moss that strive  
 To drag it to the ground;  
 And this I know, full many a time,  
 When she was on the mountain high,  
 By day, and in the silent night,  
 When all the stars shone clear and bright,  
 That I have heard her cry,  
 'Oh misery! oh misery!  
 Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

### HART-LEAP WELL

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Aaskrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor  
 With the slow motion of a summer's cloud;  
 He turned aside towards a Vassal's door,  
 And "Bring another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the Vassal heard  
 And saddled his best Steed, a comely gray;  
 Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third  
 Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing Courser's eyes;  
 The Horse and Horseman are a happy pair;  
 But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,  
 There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,  
 That as they galloped made the echoes roar;  
 But Horse and Man are vanished, one and all;  
 Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
 Calls to the few tired Dogs that yet remain:  
 Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,  
 Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on  
 With suppliant gestures and upbraiding stern;  
 But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,  
 The Dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race!  
 The bugles that so joyfully were blown!  
 This Chase it looks not like an earthly Chase;  
 Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain side;  
 I will not stop to tell how far he fled,  
 Nor will I mention by what death he died:  
 But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn,  
 He had no follower, Dog, nor Man, nor Boy:  
 He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn  
 But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,  
 Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;  
 Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;  
 And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched:  
 His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,  
 And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched  
 The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
 (Never had living man such joyful lot!)  
 Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,  
 And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least  
 Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found  
 Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast  
 Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now  
 Such sight was never seen by living eyes:  
 Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,  
 Down to the very fountain where he lies.



I'll build a Pleasure-house upon this spot,  
And a small Arbour, made for rural joy;  
'Twill be the Traveller's shed, the Pilgrim's cot,  
A place of love for Damsels that are coy.

A cunning Artist will I have to frame  
A basin for that fountain in the dell!  
And they who do make mention of the same  
From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP WELL.

And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known,  
Another monument shall here be raised;  
Three several Pillars, each a rough-hewn Stone,  
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long,  
I will come hither with my Paramour;  
And with the Dancers and the Minstrel's song  
We will make merry in that pleasant Bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
My Mansion with its Arbour shall endure;—  
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,  
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,  
With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.  
—Soon did the Knight perform what he had said,  
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,  
A Cup of stone received the living Well;  
Three Pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,  
And built a house of Pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall  
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—  
Which soon composed a little sylvan Hall,  
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer-days were long,  
Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour;  
And with the Dancers and the Minstrel's song  
Made merriment within that pleasant Bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,  
And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—  
But there is matter for a second rhyme,  
And I to this would add another tale.

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PART SECOND.

THE moving accident is not my trade:  
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:  
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

Y

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,  
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell  
Three Aspens at three corners of a square;  
And one, not four yards distant near a Well.

What this imported I could ill divine:  
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,  
I saw three Pillars standing in a line,  
The last Stone Pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head;  
Half-wasted the square Mound of tawny green;  
So that you just might say, as then I said,  
"Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,  
More doleful place did never eye survey;  
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,  
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,  
When one, who was in Shepherd's garb attired,  
Came up the Hollow:—Him did I accost,  
And what this place might be I then inquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told  
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.  
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!  
But something ails it now; the spot is curst.

You see these lifeless Stumps of aspen wood—  
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—  
These were the Bower; and here a Mansion stood,  
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

The Arbour does its own condition tell;  
You see the Stones, the Fountain, and the Stream;  
But as to the great Lodge! you might as well  
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
Will wet his lips within that Cup of stone;  
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,  
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,  
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,  
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the Creature's brain  
have past!

Even from the topmost Stone, upon the Steep,  
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—  
—O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ;  
And in my simple mind we cannot tell  
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,  
And come and make his death-bed near the Well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
Lulled by the Fountain in the summer-tide ;  
This water was perhaps the first he drank  
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn  
He heard the birds their morning carols sing ;  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born  
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;  
The sun on drearier Hollow never shone ;  
So will it be, as I have often said,  
Till Trees, and Stones, and Fountain, all are gone."

"Gray-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;  
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :  
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell ;  
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverential care  
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The Pleasure-house is dust : — behind, before,  
This is no common waste, no common gloom ;  
But Nature, in due course of time, once more  
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
That what we are, and have been, may be known ;  
But, at the coming of the milder day,  
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

## SONG

AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE,

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD,  
TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.\*

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,  
And Emont's murmur mingled with the Song.—  
The words of ancient time I thus translate,  
A festal strain that hath been silent long.

\* See Note.

"From Town to Town from Tower to Tower,  
The Red Rose is a gladsome flower.  
Her thirty years of winter past,  
The Red Rose is revived at last ;  
She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming :  
Both Roses flourish, Red and White,  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended.—  
Joy ! Joy to both ! but most to her  
Who is the Flower of Lancaster !  
Behold her how She smiles to-day  
On this great throng, this bright array !  
Fair greeting doth she send to all  
From every corner of the Hall ;  
But, chiefly from above the Board  
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,  
A Clifford to his own restored !

"They came with banner, spear, and shield ;  
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.  
Not long the Avenger was withstood—  
Earth helped him with the cry of blood :  
St George was for us, and the might  
Of blessed Angels crowned the right.  
Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,  
We loudest in the faithful North :  
Our Fields rejoice, our Mountains ring,  
Our Streams proclaim a welcoming :  
Our Strong-abodes and Castles see  
The glory of their loyalty.

"How glad is Skipton at this hour—  
Though she is but a lonely Tower !  
To vacancy and silence left ;  
Of all her guardian sons bereft ;  
Knight, Squire, or Yeoman, Page or Groom :  
We have them at the feast of Brough'm.  
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep  
Of years be on her !—She shall reap  
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
As in a dream her own renewing.  
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem  
Beside her little humble Stream ;  
And she that keepeth watch and ward  
Her statelier Eden's course to guard ;  
They both are happy at this hour,  
Though each is but a lonely Tower :  
But here is perfect joy and pride  
For one fair house by Emont's side,  
This day distinguished without peer  
To see her Master and to cheer  
Him, and his Lady Mother dear !

\* This line is from the "The Battle of Bosworth Field," by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the Dramatist), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony ; and have deservedly been reprinted lately in Chalmers's Collection of English Poets.

"Oh! it was a time forlorn  
 When the fatherless was born—  
 Give her wings that she may fly,  
 Or she sees her infant die!  
 Swords that are with slaughter wild  
 Hunt the Mother and the Child!  
 Who will take them from the light?  
 —Yonder is a Man in sight—  
 Yonder is a House—but where?  
 No, they must not enter there.  
 To the Caves, and to the Brooks,  
 To the Clouds of Heaven she looks;  
 She is speechless, but her eyes  
 Pray in ghostly agonies.  
 Blissful Mary, Mother mild,  
 Maid and Mother undefiled,  
 Save a Mother and her Child!

"Now who is he that bounds with joy  
 On Carrock's side, a Shepherd Boy?  
 No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
 Light as the wind along the grass.  
 Can this be He who hither came  
 In secret, like a smothered flame!  
 O'er whom such thankful tears were shed  
 For shelter and a poor Man's bread!  
 God loves the Child; and God hath willed  
 That those dear words should be fulfilled,  
 The Lady's words, when forced away  
 The last she to her Babe did say,  
 'My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest  
 I may not be; but rest thee, rest,  
 For lowly Shepherd's life is best!'

"Alas! when evil men are strong  
 No life is good, no pleasure long.  
 The Boy must part from Mosedale's Groves,  
 And leave Blencathra's rugged Coves,  
 And quit the flowers that summer brings  
 To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;  
 Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
 Be turned to heaviness and fear.  
 —Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!  
 Hear it, good Man, old in days!  
 Thou Tree of covert and of rest!  
 For this young Bird that is distrest;  
 Among thy branches safe he lay,  
 And he was free to sport and play,  
 When falcons were abroad for prey.

"A recreant Harp, that sings of fear  
 And heaviness in Clifford's ear  
 I said, when evil Men are strong,  
 No life is good, no pleasure long,  
 A weak and cowardly untruth!  
 Our Clifford was a happy Youth,  
 And thankful through a weary time,  
 That brought him up to manhood's prime.

—Again he wanders forth at will,  
 And tends a Flock from hill to hill:  
 His garb is humble; ne'er was seen  
 Such garb with such a noble mien;  
 Among the Shepherd-grooms no Mate  
 Hath he, a Child of strength and state!  
 Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,  
 And a cheerful company,  
 That learned of him submissive ways;  
 And comforted his private days.  
 To his side the Fallow-deer  
 Came, and rested without fear;  
 The Eagle, Lord of land and sea,  
 Stooped down to pay him fealty;  
 And both the undying fish that swim  
 Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him;\*  
 The Pair were servants of his eye  
 In their immortality;  
 They moved about in open sight,  
 To and fro, for his delight.  
 He knew the Rocks which Angels haunt  
 On the Mountains visitant;  
 He hath kenned them taking wing:  
 And the Caves where Faeries sing  
 He hath entered; and been told  
 By Voices how men lived of old.  
 Among the Heavens his eye can see  
 Face of thing that is to be;  
 And, if Men report him right,  
 He could whisper words of might.  
 —Now another day is come,  
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom;  
 He hath thrown aside his Crook,  
 And hath buried deep his Book;  
 Armour rusting in his Halls  
 On the blood of Clifford calls;†—  
 'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance—  
 Bear me to the heart of France,  
 Is the longing of the Shield—  
 Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;  
 Field of death where'er thou be,  
 Groan thou with our victory!  
 Happy day and mighty hour,  
 When our Shepherd, in his power,  
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
 To his Ancestors restored

\* It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal Fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddle-back.

† The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines and what follows, that besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate Progenitors of the Person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the Field.

Like a re-appearing Star,  
Like a glory from afar,  
First shall head the Flock of War!"

Alas! the fervent harper did not know  
That for a tranquil Soul the Lay was framed,  
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,  
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor Men lie;  
His daily Teachers had been Woods and Rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,  
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:  
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place  
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the Vales, and every cottage hearth;  
The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more;  
And, ages after he was laid in earth,  
"The Good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

Yes, it was the mountain Echo,  
Solitary, clear, profound,  
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,  
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply  
To a babbling wanderer sent;  
Like her ordinary cry,  
Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?  
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures  
Slaves of Folly, Love, or Strife,  
Voices of two different Natures?

Have not We too?—yes, we have  
Answers, and we know not whence,  
Echoes from beyond the grave,  
Recognised intelligence!

Often as thy inward ear  
Catches such rebounds, beware,—  
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;  
For of God,—of God they are.

#### TO A SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring Warbler! that love-prompted strain,  
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine;  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

It is no Spirit who from Heaven hath flown,  
And is descending on his embassy;  
Nor Traveller gone from Earth the Heavens to espy!  
'T is Hesperus—there he stands with glittering crown  
First admonition that the sun is down,  
For yet it is broad daylight! clouds pass by;  
A few are near him still—and now the sky.  
He hath it to himself—'t is all his own.  
O most ambitious Star! thy Presence brought  
A startling recollection to my mind  
Of the distinguished few among mankind,  
Who dare to step beyond their natural race,  
As thou seem'st now to do:—nor was a thought  
Denied—that even I might one day trace  
Some ground not mine; and, strong her strength above,  
My Soul, an Apparition in the place,  
Tread there, with steps that no one shall reprove!

#### FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT.  
REPRINTED FROM "THE FRIEND."

OH! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!  
For mighty were the Auxiliars, which then stood  
Upon our side, we who were strong in love!  
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! times,  
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
Of custom, law, and stature, took at once  
The attraction of a country in Romance!  
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,  
When most intent on making of herself  
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work  
Which then was going forward in her name!  
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,  
The beauty wore of promise—that which sets

\* This, and the Extract, page 80, and the first Piece of this Class, are from the unpublished Poem of which some account is given in the preface to the EXCURSION.



(As at some moment might not be unfelt  
 Among the bowers of paradise itself)  
 The budding rose above the rose full blown.  
 What Temper at the prospect did not wake  
 To happiness unthought of? The inert  
 Were roused, and lively Nature rapt away!  
 They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,  
 The playfellows of fancy, who had made  
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty and strength  
 Their ministers, — who in lordly wise had stirred  
 Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
 And dealt with whatsoever they found there  
 As if they had within some lurking right  
 To wield it; — they, too, who of gentle mood,  
 Had watched all gentle motions, and to these  
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,  
 And in the region of their peaceful selves; —  
 Now was it that *both* found, the Meek and Lofty  
 Did both find helpers to their heart's desire,  
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish;  
 Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
 Not in Utopia, subterranean Fields,  
 Or some secreted Island, Heaven knows where!  
 But in the very world, which is the world  
 Of all of us, — the place where in the end  
 We find our happiness, or not at all!\*

### GOLD AND SILVER FISHES,

#### IN A VASE.

THE soaring Lark is blest as proud,  
 When at Heaven's gate she sings;  
 The roving Bee proclaims aloud  
 Her flight by vocal wings;  
 While Ye, in lasting durance pent,  
 Your silent lives employ  
 For something "more than dull content  
 Though haply less than joy."

Yet might your glassy prison seem  
 A place where joy is known,  
 Where golden flash and silver gleam  
 Have meanings of their own;  
 While, high and low, and all about,  
 Your motions, glittering Elves!  
 Ye weave — no danger from without,  
 And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast  
 Is your transparent Cell;  
 Where Fear is but a transient Guest,  
 No sullen humours dwell;  
 Where, sensitive of every ray  
 That smites this tiny sea,  
 Your scaly panoplies repay  
 The loan with usury.

See Note.

How beautiful! yet none knows why  
 This ever-graceful change,  
 Renewed — renewed incessantly —  
 Within your quiet range.  
 Is it that ye with conscious skill  
 For mutual pleasure glide;  
 And sometimes, not without your will  
 Are dwarfed, or magnified!

Fays — Genii of gigantic size —  
 And now, in twilight dim,  
 Clustering like constellated Eyes  
 In wings of Cherubim,  
 When they abate their fiery glare:  
 Whate'er your forms express,  
 Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are,  
 All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;  
 Your birthright is a fence  
 From all that haughtier kinds endure  
 Through tyranny of sense.  
 Ah! not alone by colours bright  
 Are ye to Heaven allied,  
 When, like essential Forms of light,  
 Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled  
 Day-thoughts while limbs repose;  
 For moonlight fascinations mild  
 Your gift, ere shutters close;  
 Accept, mute Captives! thanks and praise;  
 And may this tribute prove  
 That gentle admirations raise  
 Delight resembling love.

### LIBERTY.

#### (SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.)

[Addressed to a Friend; the Gold and Silver Fishes having been removed to a pool in the pleasure-ground of Rydal Mount.]

"The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse."—COWLEY.

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind regard,  
 (Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard;  
 Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling,  
 In lonely spots, become a slighted thing;)

Those silent Inmates now no longer share,  
 Nor do they need, our hospitable care,  
 Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell  
 To the fresh waters of a living Well ;  
 That spreads into an elfin pool opaque  
 Of which close boughs a glimmering mirror make,  
 On whose smooth breast with dimples light and small  
 The fly may settle, leaf or blossom fall.  
 — *There swims, of blazing sun and beating shower*  
*Fearless (but how obscured !)* the golden Power,  
 That from his bauble prison used to cast  
 Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpass ;  
 And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,  
 The silver Tenant of the crystal dome ;  
 Dissevered both from all the mysteries  
 Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.  
 They pined, perhaps, they languished while they shone ;  
 And, if not so, what matters beauty gone  
 And admiration lost, by change of place  
 That brings to the inward Creature no disgrace !  
 But if the change restore his birthright, then,  
 Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.  
 Who can divine what impulses from God  
 Reach the caged Lark, within a town-abode,  
 From his poor inch or two of daisied sod !  
 O yield him back his privilege ! No sea  
 Swells like the bosom of a man set free ;  
 A wilderness is rich with liberty.  
 Roll on, ye spouting Whales, who die or keep  
 Your independence in the fathomless Deep !  
 Spread, tiny Nautilus, the living sail ;  
 Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale !  
 If unproved the ambitious Eagle mount  
 Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,  
 Bays, gulfs, and Ocean's Indian width, shall be,  
 Till the world perishes, a field for thee !

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,  
 And watch these mute Companions, in the pool,  
 Among reflected boughs of leafy trees,  
 By glimpses caught — disporting at their ease —  
 Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,  
 I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell  
 Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal Cell ;  
 To wheel with languid motion round and round,  
 Beautiful, yet in a mournful durance bound.  
 Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred ;  
 On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred ;  
 And whither could they dart, if seized with fear !  
 No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.  
 When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room  
 They wore away the night in starless gloom  
 And, when the sun first dawned upon the streams,  
 How faint their portion of his vital beams !  
 Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,  
 While not one joy of ours by them was shared.

Is there a cherished Bird (I venture now  
 To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow) —  
 Is there a brilliant Fondling of the cage,  
 Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,  
 Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand  
 Of a kind Mistress, fairest of the land,  
 But gladly would escape ; and, if need were,  
 Scatter the colours from the plumes that bear  
 The emancipated captive through blithe air  
 Into strange woods, where he at large may live  
 On best or worst which they and Nature give !  
 The Beetle loves his unpretending track,  
 The Snail the house he carries on his back :  
 The far-fetched Worm with pleasure would disown  
 The bed we give him, though of softest down ;  
 A noble instinct ; in all Kinds the same,  
 All Ranks ! What Sovereign, worthy of the name.  
 If doomed to breathe against his lawful will  
 An element that flatters him — to kill,  
 But would rejoice to barter outward show  
 For the least boon that freedom can bestow !

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,  
 Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,  
 Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch  
 For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,  
 A natural meal — days, months, from Nature's hand,  
 Time, place, and business, all at his command  
 Who bends to happier duties, who more wise  
 Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,  
 Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed  
 By cares in which simplicity is lost !  
 That life — the flowery path which winds by stealth,  
 Which Horace needed for his spirit's health ;  
 Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome  
 By noise, and strife, and questions wearisome,  
 And the vain splendours of Imperial Rome !  
 Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,  
 And fiction animate his sportive lyre,  
 Attuned to verse that crowning light Distress  
 With garlands cheats her into happiness ;  
 Give *me* the humblest note of those sad strains  
 Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,  
 As a chance sunbeam from his memory fell  
 Upon the Sabine Farm he loved so well ;  
 Or when the prattle of Bandusia's spring  
 Haunted his ear — he only listening —  
 He proud to please, above all rivals, fit  
 To win the palm of gaiety and wit ;  
 He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,  
 Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,  
 By the World's Ruler, on his honoured head !

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,  
 Such earnest longings and regrets as keen  
 Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid  
 Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade ;

A doleful bower for penitential song,  
 Where Man and Muse complained of mutual wrong;  
 While Cam's ideal current glided by,  
 And antique towers nodded their foreheads high,  
 Citadels dear to studious privacy.  
 But Fortune, who had long been used to sport  
 With this tried servant of a thankless Court,  
 Relenting met his wishes; and to You  
 The *remnant* of his days at least was true;  
 You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best;  
 You, Muses, Books, Fields, Liberty, and Rest!  
 But happier they who, fixing hope and aim  
 On the humanities of peaceful fame  
 Enter *betimes* with more than martial fire  
 The generous course, aspire, and still aspire;  
 Upheld by warnings heeded not too late  
 Stifle the contradictions of their fate,  
 And to one purpose cleave, their Being's godlike mate!

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid brow  
 That Woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy* vow;  
 With modest scorn reject whate'er would blind  
 The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged mind!  
 Then, with a blessing granted from above  
 To every act, word, thought, and look of love,  
 Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till age  
 Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest page.\*

### ODE.

#### THE PASS OF KIRSTONE.

##### 1.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,  
 A deep delight the bosom thrills,  
 Oft as I pass along the fork  
 Of these fraternal hills:  
 Where, save the rugged road, we find  
 No appanage of human kind;  
 Nor hint of man, if stone or rock  
 Seem not his handy-work to mock

\*There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realised: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz., quickness in the motions of her mind, she was in the author's estimation unequalled.

By something cognizably shaped;  
 Mockery—or model roughly hewn,  
 And left as if by earthquake strewn,  
 Or from the Flood escaped:  
 Altars for Druid service fit;  
 (But where no fire was ever lit,  
 Unless the glow-worm to the skies  
 Thence offer nightly sacrifice;)  
 Wrinkled Egyptian monument;  
 Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;  
 Tents of a camp that never shall be raised;  
 On which four thousand years have gazed!

##### 2.

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!  
 Ye snow-white lambs that trip  
 Imprisoned 'mid the formal props  
 Of restless ownership!  
 Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall  
 To feed the insatiate Prodigal!  
 Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,  
 All that the fertile valley shields;  
 Wages of folly—baits of crime,—  
 Of life's uneasy game the stake,  
 Playthings that keep the eyes awake  
 Of drowsy, dotard Time;—  
 O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,  
 Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,  
 A Genius dwells, that can subdue  
 At once all memory of You,—  
 Most potent when mists veil the sky,  
 Mists that distort and magnify;  
 While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,  
 Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

##### 3.

List to those shriller notes!—*that* march  
 Perchance was on the blast,  
 When, through this Height's inverted arch,  
 Rome's earliest legion passed!  
 —They saw, adventurously impelled,  
 And older eyes than theirs beheld,  
 This block—and yon, whose Church-like frame  
 Gives to the savage Pass its name.  
 Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide  
 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,  
 Not seldom may the hour return  
 When thou shalt be my Guide:  
 And I (as often we find cause,  
 When life is at a weary pause,  
 And we have panted up the hill  
 Of duty with reluctant will)  
 Be thankful, even though tired and faint,  
 For the rich bounties of Constraint.  
 Whence oft invigorating transports flow  
 That Choice lacked courage to bestow!

## 4.

My soul was grateful for delight  
That wore a threatening brow;  
A veil is lifted — can she slight  
The scene that opens now?  
Though habitation none appear,  
The greenness tells, man must be there;  
The shelter — that the perspective  
Is of the clime in which we live;  
Where Toil pursues his daily round;  
Where Pity sheds sweet tears, and Love,  
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,  
Inflicts his tender wound.  
— Who comes not hither ne'er shall know  
How beautiful the world below;  
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps  
The brook adown the rocky steep.  
Farewell, thou desolate Domain!  
Hope, pointing to the cultured Plain,  
Carols like a shepherd boy;  
And who is she? — Can that be Joy!  
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,  
Smoothly skims the meadows wide;  
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,  
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,  
"Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,  
Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion fair!"

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD  
OF PARADISE.

THE gentlest poet, with free thoughts endowed,  
And a true master of the glowing strain,  
Might scan the narrow province with disdain  
That to the painter's skill is here allowed.  
This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim  
The daring thought, forget the name;  
This the sun's bird, whom Glendoveers might own  
As no unworthy partner in their flight  
Through seas of ether, where the ruffling sway  
Of nether air's rude billows is unknown;  
Whom sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime they  
Through India's spicy regions wing their way,  
Might bow to as their Lord. What character,  
O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,  
Of all thy feathered progeny  
Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair!  
So richly decked in variegated down,  
Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,  
Tints softly with each other blended,  
Hues doubtfully begun and ended;  
Or intershooting, and to sight  
Lost and recovered, as the rays of light  
Glance on the conscious plumes touched here and there?  
Full surely, when with such proud gifts of life  
Began the pencil's strife,  
O'erweening art was caught as in a snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong  
Gave the first impulse to the poet's song;

But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew  
A juster judgment from a calmer view;  
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,  
Thankfully took an effort that was meant  
Not with God's bounty, nature's love, to vie,  
Or made with hope to please that inward eye  
Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,  
But to recal the truth by some faint trace  
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,  
That in the living creature find on earth a place.

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY.

— Nor a breath of air  
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.  
From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees  
Are steadfast as the rocks; the brook itself,  
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,  
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm  
Where all things else are still and motionless.  
And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance  
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,  
Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,  
But to its gentle touch how sensitive  
Is the light ash! that, pendent from the brow  
Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes  
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,  
Powerful almost as vocal harmony  
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

WOULDEST thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight,  
By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,  
How far-off yet a glimpse of morning light,  
And if to lure the truant back be well,  
Forbear to covet a repeater's stroke,  
That, answering to thy touch will sound the hour;  
Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock  
For service hung behind thy chamber-door;  
And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,  
The double-note, as if with living power,  
Will to composure lead — or make thee blithe as bird  
in bower.

List, Cuckoo — Cuckoo! — oft tho' tempests howl,  
Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,  
How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,  
Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air:  
I speak with knowledge, — by that voice beguiled,  
Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng  
Into thy heart; and fancies, running wild  
Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,  
Will make thee happy, happy as a child;  
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song  
And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong.  
And know — that, even for him who shuns the day  
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;  
Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,  
Must come unhop'd for, if they come again;



Know — that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe  
As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,  
The mimic notes striking upon his ear  
In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,  
Could from sad regions send him to a dear  
Delightful land of verdure, shower and gleam,  
To mock the *wandering* voice beside some haunted  
stream.

O bounty without measure! while the grace  
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest springs,  
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace  
A mazy course along familiar things,  
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,  
Streaming from founts above the starry sky,  
With angels when their own untroubled home  
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy  
To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom?  
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,  
And those that seek his help, and for his mercy sigh.

### LINES,

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING  
THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR.

JULY 13, 1798.

Five years have past; five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
With a sweet inland murmur.\* — Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb  
The wild green landscape. Once again I see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
Of vagrant Dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous Forms,

Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration: — feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on, —  
Until the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,  
In darkness, and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again:  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all. — I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,

\* The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above  
Tintern.

And all its aching joys are now no more,  
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts  
 Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,  
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
 To look on nature, not as in the hour  
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
 The still, sad music of humanity,  
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
 And mountains; and of all that we behold  
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create\*,  
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise  
 In nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:  
 For thou art with me, here, upon the banks  
 Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,  
 My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch  
 The language of my former heart, and read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
 May I behold in thee what I was once,  
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,  
 Knowing that Nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her; 't is her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
 And let the misty mountain winds be free  
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,

\* This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young, the exact expression of which I do not recollect.

When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
 Thy memory be as a dwelling place  
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,  
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance  
 If I should be where I no more can hear  
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget  
 That on the banks of this delightful stream  
 We stood together; and that I, so long  
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
 Unwearied in that service: rather say  
 With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal  
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
 That after many wanderings, many years  
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

## PETER BELL.

### A TALE.

What's in a Name?

Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar!

TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY Esq. P.L.  
 &c. &c.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

THE Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the Public, has, in its Manuscript state, nearly survived its *minority*; — for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the Literature of my Country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavours in Poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of excellence in it, may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man, who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

The Poem of Peter Bell, as the Prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the Imagination not

only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as imperiously, and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life. Since that Prologue was written, you have exhibited most splendid effects of judicious daring, in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my peace with the lovers of the supernatural; and I am persuaded it will be admitted, that to you, as a Master in that province of the art, the following Tale, whether from contrast or congruity, is not an inappropriate offering. Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that life and health may be granted you to complete the many important works in which you are engaged, and with high respect,

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, April 7, 1819.

### PROLOGUE

THERE'S something in a flying horse,  
There's something in a huge balloon;  
But through the clouds I'll never float  
Until I have a little Boat,  
Whose shape is like the crescent-moon.

And now I *have* a little Boat,  
In shape a very crescent-moon:—  
Fast through the clouds my boat can sail;  
But if perchance your faith should fail,  
Look up—and you shall see me soon!

The woods, my Friends, are round you roaring,  
Rocking and roaring like a sea;  
The noise of danger fills your ears,  
And ye have all a thousand fears  
Both for my little Boat and me!

Meanwhile untroubled I admire  
The pointed horns of my canoe;  
And, did not pity touch my breast,  
To see how ye are all distressed,  
Till my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!

Away we go, my Boat and I—  
Frail man ne'er sate in such another;  
Whether among the winds we strive,  
Or deep into the clouds we dive,  
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we  
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?  
We are as calm in our delight  
As is the crescent moon so bright  
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat among the stars  
Through many a breathless field of light,  
Through many a long blue field of ether,  
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her.  
Up goes my little Boat so bright!

The Crab—the Scorpion—and the Bull—  
We pry among them all—have shot  
High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,  
Covered from top to toe with scars;  
Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are decayed,  
And melancholy Spectres throng them;  
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss  
Each other in the vast abyss,  
With joy I sail among them!

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,  
Great Jove is full of stately bowers;  
But these, and all that they contain,  
What are they to that tiny grain,  
That little Earth of ours?

Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth;  
Whole ages if I here should roam,  
The world for my remarks and me  
Would not a whit the better be;  
I've left my heart at home.

And there it is, the matchless Earth!  
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean!  
Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear  
Through the gray clouds—the Alps are here,  
Like waters in commotion!

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands—  
That silver thread the river Dnieper—  
And look, where clothed in brightest green  
Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen;  
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her!

And see the town where I was born!  
Around those happy fields we span  
In boyish gambols—I was lost  
Where I have been, but on this coast  
I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once  
Appear so lovely, never, never,—  
How tunefully the forests ring!  
To hear the earth's soft murmuring  
Thus could I hang for ever!

"Shame on you!" cried my little Boat,  
 "Was ever such a homesick Loon,  
 Within a living Boat to sit,  
 And make no better use of it,—  
 A Boat twin-sister of the crescent moon!

Ne'er in the breast of full-grown Poet  
 Fluttered so faint a heart before;—  
 Was it the music of the spheres  
 That overpowered your mortal ears?  
 —Such din shall trouble them no more.

These nether precincts do not lack  
 Charms of their own;—then come with me—  
 I want a Comrade, and for you  
 There's nothing that I would not do;  
 Nought is there that you shall not see.

Haste! and above Siberian snows  
 We'll sport amid the boreal morning,  
 Will mingle with her lustres, gliding  
 Among the stars, the stars now hiding,  
 And now the stars adorning.

I know the secrets of a land  
 Where human foot did never stray;  
 Fair is that land as evening skies,  
 And cool,—though in the depth it lies  
 Of burning Africa.

Or we'll into the realm of Faery,  
 Among the lovely shades of things;  
 The shadowy forms of mountains bare,  
 And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,  
 The shades of palaces and kings!

Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal  
 Less quiet regions to explore,  
 Prompt voyage shall to you reveal  
 How earth and heaven are taught to feel  
 The might of magic lore!"

"My little vagrant Form of light,  
 My gay and beautiful Canoe,  
 Well have you played your friendly part;  
 As kindly take what from my heart  
 Experience forces—then adieu!

Temptation lurks among your words;  
 But, while these pleasures you're pursuing  
 Without impediment or let,  
 My radiant Pinnacle, you forget  
 What on the earth is doing.

There was a time when all mankind  
 Did listen with a faith sincere  
 To tuneful tongues in mystery versed;  
 Then Poets fearlessly rehearsed  
 The wonders of a wild career.

Go—(but the world's a sleepy world,  
 And 'tis, I fear, an age too late)  
 Take with you some ambitious Youth;  
 For, restless Wanderer! I, in truth,  
 Am all unfit to be your mate.

Long have I loved what I behold,  
 The night that calms, the day that cheers;  
 The common growth of mother Earth  
 Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,  
 Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,  
 I shall not covet for my dower,  
 If I along that lowly way  
 With sympathetic heart may stray,  
 And with a soul of power.

These given, what more need I desire  
 To stir—to soothe—or elevate?  
 What nobler marvels than the mind  
 May in life's daily prospect find,  
 May find or there create!

A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;  
 What spell so strong as guilty fear!  
 Repentance is a tender Sprite;  
 If aught on earth have heavenly might,  
 'Tis lodged within her silent tear.

But grant my wishes,—let us now  
 Descend from this ethereal height;  
 Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,  
 More daring far than Hippogriff,  
 And be thy own delight!

To the stone-table in my garden,  
 Loved haunt of many a summer hour,  
 The Squire is come;—his daughter Bess  
 Beside him in the cool recess  
 Sits blooming like a flower.

With these are many more convened;  
 They know not I have been so far;—  
 I see them there, in number nine,  
 Beneath the spreading Weymouth pine—  
 I see them—there they are!

There sits the Vicar and his Dame;  
 And there my good friend, Stephen Otter;  
 And, ere the light of evening fail,  
 To them I must relate the Tale  
 Of Peter Bell the Potter."

Off flew my sparkling Boat in scorn,  
 Spurning her freight with indignation!  
 And I, as well as I was able,  
 On two poor legs, tow'rd my stone-table  
 Limped on with some vexation.



"O, here he is!" cried little Bess—  
She saw me at the garden door,  
"We've waited anxiously and long,"  
They cried, and all around me throng,  
Full nine of them or more!

"Reproach me not—your fears be still—  
Be thankful we again have met;—  
Resume, my Friends! within the shade  
Your seats, and quickly shall be paid  
The well-remembered debt."

I spake with faltering voice, like one  
Not wholly rescued from the Pale  
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion;  
But, straight, to cover my confusion,  
Began the promised Tale.

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PART FIRST.

ALL by the moonlight river side  
Groaned the poor Beast—alas! in vain;  
The staff was raised to loftier height,  
And the blows fell with heavier weight  
As Peter struck—and struck again.

Like winds that lash the waves, or smite  
The woods, autumnal foliage thinning—  
"Hold!" said the Squire, "I pray you hold!  
Who Peter was let that be told,  
And start from the beginning."

—"A Potter\*, Sir, he was by trade,"  
Said I, becoming quite collected;  
"And wheresoever he appeared,  
Full twenty times was Peter feared  
For once that Peter was respected.

He, two-and-thirty years or more,  
Had been a wild and woodland rover  
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar  
On farthest Cornwall's rocky shore,  
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,  
And well he knew the spire of Sarum;  
And he had been where Lincoln bell  
Flings o'er the fen its ponderous knell,  
Its far-renowned alarm!

At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,  
And merry Carlisle had he been;  
And all along the Lowlands fair,  
All through the bonny shire of Ayr—  
And far as Aberdeen.

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\* In the dialect of the North, a hawker of earthen-ware is thus designated.

And he had been at Inverness;  
And Peter, by the mountain rills,  
Had danced his round with Highland lasses;  
And he had lain beside his asses  
On lofty Cheviot Hills:

And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,  
Among the rocks and winding *scars*;  
Where deep and low the hamlets lie  
Beneath their little patch of sky  
And little lot of stars:

And all along the indented coast,  
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam;  
Where'er a knot of houses lay  
On headland, or in hollow bay;—  
Sure never man like him did roam!

As well might Peter, in the Fleet,  
Have been fast bound, a begging Debtor;—  
He travelled here, he travelled there;—  
But not the value of a hair  
Was heart or head the better.

He roved among the vales and streams,  
In the green wood and hollow dell;  
They were his dwellings night and day,—  
But Nature ne'er could find the way  
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,  
Did Nature lead him as before;  
A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

Small change it made in Peter's heart  
To see his gentle panniered train  
With more than vernal pleasure feeding,  
Where'er the tender grass was leading  
Its earliest green along the lane.

In vain, through water, earth, and air,  
The soul of happy sound was spread,  
When Peter, on some April morn,  
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,  
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when, by the forest's edge,  
He lay beneath the branches high,  
The soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his heart,—he never felt  
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

On a fair prospect some have looked  
And felt, as I have heard them say,  
As if the moving time had been  
A thing as steadfast as the scene  
On which they gazed themselves away.

Within the breast of Peter Bell  
These silent raptures found no place;  
He was a Carl as wild and rude  
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,  
As ever ran a felon's race.

Of all that lead a lawless life,  
Of all that love their lawless lives,  
In city or in village small,  
He was the wildest far of all  
He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and twelve!  
But how one wife could e'er come near him,  
In simple truth I cannot tell;  
For, be it said of Peter Bell,  
To see him was to fear him.

Though Nature could not touch his heart  
By lovely forms, and silent weather,  
And tender sounds, yet you might see  
At once, that Peter Bell and she  
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung  
As of a dweller out of doors;  
In his whole figure and his mien  
A savage character was seen  
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human thoughts  
Which solitary Nature feeds  
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,  
Had Peter joined whatever vice  
The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind  
That cuts along the hawthorn fence;  
Of courage you saw little there,  
But, in its stead, a medley air  
Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,  
And long and slouching was his gait;  
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,  
You might perceive, his spirit cold  
Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred;  
A work, one half of which was done  
By thinking of his *whens* and *hows*;  
And half, by knitting of his brows  
Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,  
There was a hardness in his eye,  
As if the man had fixed his face,  
In many a solitary place,  
Against the wind and open sky!

ONE NIGHT, (and now my little Bess!  
We've reached at last the promised Tale;)   
One beautiful November night,  
When the full moon was shining bright  
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river's winding banks  
Peter was travelling all alone;—  
Whether to buy or sell, or led  
By pleasure running in his head,  
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and brake,  
He trudged along o'er hill and dale;  
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle,  
And for the stars he cared as little,  
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path  
That promised to cut short the way,  
As many a wiser man hath done,  
He left a trusty guide for one  
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought  
Where cheerfully his course he weaves,  
And whistling loud may yet be heard,  
Though often buried like a bird  
Darkling among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed,  
And on he drives with cheeks that burn  
In downright fury and in wrath—  
There's little sign the treacherous path  
Will to the road return!

The path grows dim and dimmer still;  
Now up—now down—the Rover wends,  
With all the sail that he can carry  
Till brought to a deserted quarry—  
And there the pathway ends.

He paused—for shadows of strange shape,  
Massy and black, before him lay;  
But through the dark, and through the cold  
And through the yawning fissures old,  
Did Peter boldly press his way.

Right through the quarry;—and behold  
A scene of soft and lovely hue!  
Where blue and gray, and tender green,  
Together make as sweet a scene  
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw  
A little field of meadow ground;  
But field or meadow name it not;  
Call it of earth a small green plot,  
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the gray rocks,  
But he flowed quiet and unseen;—  
You need a strong and stormy gale  
To bring the noises of the Swale  
To that green spot, so calm and green!

And is there no one dwelling here,  
No hermit with his beads and glass?  
And does no little cottage look  
Upon this soft and fertile nook?  
Does no one live near this green grass—

Across the deep and quiet spot  
Is Peter driving through the grass—  
And now he is among the trees;  
When, turning round his head, he sees  
A solitary Ass.

"A prize," cried Peter, stepping back  
To spy about him far and near;  
There's not a single house in sight,  
No woodman's hut, no cottage light—  
Peter, you need not fear!

There's nothing to be seen but woods,  
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,  
And this one beast that from the bed  
Of the green meadow hangs his head  
Over the silent stream.

His head is with a halter bound;  
The halter seizing, Peter leapt  
Upon the Creature's back, and plied  
With ready heel his shaggy side;  
But still the Ass his station kept.

"What's this!" cried Peter, brandishing  
A new-peeled sapling;—though I deem  
This threat was understood full well,  
Firm, as before, the Sentinel  
Stood by the silent stream.

Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,  
A jerk that from a dungeon floor  
Would have pulled up an iron ring;  
But still the heavy-headed Thing  
Stood just as he had stood before!

Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat,  
"There is some plot against me laid;"  
Once more the little meadow ground  
And all the hoary cliffs around  
He cautiously surveyed.

All, all is silent—rocks and woods,  
All still and silent—far and near!  
Only the Ass, with motion dull,  
Upon the pivot of his skull  
Turns round his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What can mean all this!—  
Some ugly witchcraft must be here!  
Once more the Ass with motion dull,  
Upon the pivot of his skull  
Turned round his long left ear.

Suspicion ripened into dread;  
Yet with deliberate action slow,  
His staff high-raising, in the pride  
Of skill upon the sounding hide,  
He dealt a sturdy blow.

What followed!—yielding to the shock,  
The Ass, as if to take his ease,  
In quiet uncomplaining mood,  
Upon the spot where he had stood,  
Dropped gently down upon his knees.

And then upon his side he fell,  
And by the river's brink did lie;  
And, as he lay like one that mourned,  
The Beast on his tormentor turned  
His shining hazel eye.

'Twas but one mild reproachful look,  
A look more tender than severe;  
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,  
He turned the eye-ball in his head  
Towards the river deep and clear.

Upon the beast the sapling rings,—  
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they stirred;  
He gave a groan—and then another,  
Of that which went before the brother,  
And then he gave a third.

And Peter halts to gather breath,  
And, while he halts, was clearly shown  
(What he before in part had seen)  
How gaunt the Creature was, and lean,  
Yea, wasted to a skeleton.

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay:  
No word of kind commiseration  
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue;  
With hard contempt his heart was wrung,  
With hatred and vexation.

The meagre beast lay still as death—  
And Peter's lips with fury quiver—  
Quoth he, "You little mulish dog,  
I'll fling your carcass like a log  
Head-foremost down the river!"

An impious oath confirmed the threat:  
That instant, while outstretched he lay,  
To all the echoes, south and north,  
And east and west, the Ass sent forth  
A loud and piteous bray!

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,  
Seems like a note of joy to strike,—  
Joy at the heart of Peter knocks;  
But in the echo of the rocks  
Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,  
Or that he could not break the chain,  
In this serene and solemn hour,  
Twined round him by demoniac power,  
To the blind work he turned again.—

Among the rocks and winding crags—  
Among the mountains far away—  
Once more the Ass did lengthen out  
More ruefully an endless shout,  
The long dry see-saw of this horrible bray!

What is there now in Peter's heart!  
Or whence the might of this strange sound?  
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,  
The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,  
And the rocks staggered all around.

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped!  
Threat has he none to execute—  
"If any one should come and see  
That I am here, they'll think," quoth he,  
"I'm helping this poor dying brute."

He scans the Ass from limb to limb;  
And Peter now uplifts his eyes;  
Steady the moon doth look, and clear,  
And like themselves the rocks appear,  
And quiet are the skies.

Whereat, in resolute mood, once more,  
He stoops the Ass's neck to seize—  
Foul purpose, quickly put to flight!  
For in the pool a startling sight  
Meets him, beneath the shadowy trees.

Is it the moon's distorted face?  
The ghost-like image of a cloud?  
Is it the gallows there portrayed?  
Is Peter of himself afraid?  
Is it a coffin,—or a shroud?

A grisly idol hewn in stone?  
Or imp from witch's lap let fall?  
Or a gay ring of shining fairies,  
Such as pursue their brisk vagaries  
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall?

Is it a fiend that to a stake  
Of fire his desperate self is tethering?  
Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell  
In solitary ward or cell,  
Ten thousand miles from all his brethren?

Never did pulse so quickly throb,  
And never heart so loudly panted;  
He looks, he cannot choose but look;  
Like one intent upon a book—  
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!—  
He will be turned to iron soon,  
Meet Statue for the court of Fear!  
His hat is up—and every hair  
Bristles—and whitens in the moon!

He looks—he ponders—looks again;  
He sees a motion—hears a groan;—  
His eyes will burst—his heart will break—  
He gives a loud and frightful shriek,  
And drops, a senseless weight, as if his life were flown

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PART SECOND.

WE left our Hero in a trance,  
Beneath the alders, near the river;  
The Ass is by the river side,  
And, where the feeble breezes glide,  
Upon the stream the moonbeams quiver.

A happy respite!—but at length  
He feels the glimmering of the moon;  
Wakes with glazed eye, and feebly sighing—  
To sink, perhaps, where he is lying,  
Into a second swoon!

He lifts his head—he sees his staff;  
He touches—'tis to him a treasure!  
Faint recollection seems to tell  
That he is yet where mortals dwell—  
A thought received with languid pleasure!

His head upon his elbow propped,  
Becoming less and less perplexed,  
Sky-ward he looks—to rock and wood—  
And then—upon the glassy flood  
His wandering eye is fixed.

Thought he, that is the face of one  
In his last sleep securely bound!  
So toward the stream his head he bent,  
And downward thrust his staff, intent  
The river's depth to sound.

Now—like a tempest-shattered bark,  
That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,  
And in a moment to the verge  
Is lifted of a foaming surge—  
Full suddenly the Ass doth rise!



His staring bones all shake with joy —  
And close by Peter's side he stands:  
While Peter o'er the river bends,  
The little Ass his neck extends,  
And fondly licks his hands.

Such life is in the Ass's eyes —  
Such life is in his limbs and ears —  
That Peter Bell, if he had been  
The veriest coward ever seen,  
Must now have thrown aside his fears.

The Ass looks on — and to his work  
Is Peter quietly resigned;  
He touches here — he touches there —  
And now among the dead man's hair  
His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls — and looks — and pulls again;  
And he whom the poor Ass had lost,  
The Man who had been four days dead,  
Head foremost from the river's bed  
Uprises — like a ghost!

And Peter draws him to dry land;  
And through the brain of Peter pass  
Some poignant twitches, fast and faster,  
"No doubt," quoth he, "he is the Master  
Of this poor miserable Ass!"

The meagre Shadow all this while —  
What aim is his! what is he doing?  
His sudden fit of joy is flown, —  
He on his knees hath laid him down,  
As if he were his grief renewing.

But no — his purpose and his wish  
The Suppliant shows, well as he can;  
Thought Peter, whatsoe'er betide,  
I'll go, and he my way will guide  
To the cottage of the drowned man.

This hoping, Peter boldly mounts  
Upon the pleased and thankful Ass;  
And then, without a moment's stay,  
That earnest Creature turned away,  
Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,  
The Beast four days and nights had past;  
A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,  
And there the Ass four days had been,  
Nor ever once did break his fast.

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart;  
The mead is crossed — the quarry's mouth  
Is reached — but there the trusty guide  
Into a thicket turns aside,  
And takes his way towards the south.

2A

When hark a burst of doleful sound!  
And Peter honestly might say,  
The like came never to his ears,  
Though he has been, full thirty years,  
A Rover — night and day!

'Tis not a plover of the moors,  
'Tis not a bittern of the fen;  
Nor can it be a barking fox —  
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks —  
Nor wild-cat in a woody glen!

The Ass is startled — and stops short  
Right in the middle of the thicket;  
And Peter, wont to whistle loud  
Whether alone or in a crowd,  
Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Bess?  
Well may you tremble and look grave!  
This cry — that rings along the wood,  
This cry — that floats adown the flood,  
Comes from the entrance of a cave:

I see a blooming Wood-boy there,  
And, if I had the power to say  
How sorrowful the wanderer is,  
Your heart would be as sad as his  
Till you had kissed his tears away!

Holding a hawthorn branch in hand,  
All bright with berries ripe and red,  
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps —  
Thence back into the moonlight creeps;  
What seeks the boy! — the silent dead —

His father! — Him doth he require,  
Whom he hath sought with fruitless pains,  
Among the rocks, behind the trees,  
Now creeping on his hands and knees,  
Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,  
When he through such a day has gone,  
By this dark cave to be distressed  
Like a poor bird — her plundered nest  
Hovering around with dolorous moan!

Of that intense and piercing cry  
The listening Ass conjectures well;  
Wild as it is, he there can read  
Some intermingled notes that plead  
With touches irresistible;

But Peter, when he saw the Ass  
Not only stop but turn, and change  
The cherished tenor of his pace  
That lamentable noise to chase,  
It wrought in him conviction strange;

A faith that, for the dead man's sake  
And this poor slave who loved him well,  
Vengeance upon his head will fall,  
Some visitation worse than all  
Which ever till this night befel.

Meanwhile the Ass to reach his home,  
Is striving stoutly as he may;  
But, while he climbs the woody hill,  
The cry grows weak—and weaker still,  
And now at last it dies away.

So with his freight the Creature turns  
Into a gloomy grove of beech,  
Along the shade with footstep true  
Descending slowly, till the two  
The open moonlight reach.

And there, along a narrow dell,  
A fair smooth pathway you discern,  
A length of green and open road—  
As if it from a fountain flowed—  
Winding away between the fern.

The rocks that tower on either side  
Build up a wild fantastic scene;  
Temples like those among the Hindoos,  
And mosques, and spires, and abbey windows,  
And castles all with ivy green!

And, while the Ass pursues his way,  
Along this solitary dell,  
As pensively his steps advance,  
The mosques and spires change countenance,  
And look at Peter Bell!

That unintelligible cry  
Hath left him high in preparation,  
Convinced that he, or soon or late,  
This very night, will meet his fate—  
And so he sits in expectation!

The strenuous Animal hath clomb  
With the green path,—and now he wends  
Where, shining like the smoothest sea,  
In undisturbed immensity  
A level plain extends.

But whence that faintly-rustling sound  
Which, all too long, the pair hath chased!  
—A dancing leaf is close behind,  
Like plaything for the sportive wind  
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spies the withered leaf,  
It yields no cure to his distress;  
“Where there is not a bush or tree,  
The very leaves they follow me—  
So huge hath been my wickedness!”

To a close lane they now are come,  
Where, as before, the enduring Ass  
Moves on without a moment's stop,  
Nor once turns round his head to crop  
A bramble leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,  
The white dust sleeps upon the lane;  
And, Peter, ever and anon  
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone  
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain—as of a drop of blood  
By moonlight made more faint and wan—  
Ha! why this comfortless despair?  
He knows not how the blood comes there,  
And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding wound,  
Where he had struck the Creature's head;  
He sees the blood, knows what it is,—  
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,  
But then it quickly fled;

Of him whom sudden death had seized  
He thought,—of thee, O faithful Ass!  
And once again those darting pains,  
As meteors shoot through heaven's wide plains,  
Pass through his bosom—and repass!

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#### PART THIRD.

I've heard of one, a gentle Soul,  
Though given to sadness and to gloom,  
And for the fact will vouch,—one night  
It chanced that by a taper's light  
This man was reading in his room;

Bending, as you or I might bend  
At night o'er any pious book,  
When sudden blackness overspread  
The snow-white page on which he read,  
And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all round,—  
And to his book he turned again;  
—The light had left the good man's taper  
And formed itself upon the paper  
Into large letters—bright and plain!

The godly book was in his hand—  
And, on the page, more black than coal,  
Appeared, set forth in strange array,  
A word—which to his dying day  
Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, full plainly seen,  
Did never from his lips depart;  
But he hath said, poor gentle wight!  
It brought full many a sin to light  
Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread Spirits! to torment the good  
Why wander from your course so far,  
Disordering colour, form, and stature!  
— Let good men feel the soul of Nature,  
And see things as they are.

I know you, potent Spirits! well,  
How, with the feeling and the sense  
Playing, ye govern foes or friends,  
Yoked to your will, for fearful ends—  
And this I speak in reverence!

But might I give advice to you,  
Whom in my fear I love so well,  
From men of pensive virtue go,  
Dread Beings! and your empire show  
On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence I have often felt  
In darkness and the stormy night;  
And well I know, if need there be,  
Ye can put forth your agency  
When earth is calm, and heaven is bright.

Then, coming from the wayward world,  
That powerful world in which ye dwell,  
Come, spirits of the Mind! and try  
To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,  
What may be done with Peter Bell!

— O would that some more skilful voice  
My further labour might prevent!  
Kind Listeners, that around me sit,  
I feel that I am all unfit  
For such high argument.

I've played and danced with my narration—  
I loitered long ere I began:  
Ye waited then on my good pleasure,—  
Pour out indulgence, still, in measure  
As liberal as ye can!

Our travellers, ye remember well,  
Are thridding a sequestered lane;  
And Peter many tricks is trying,  
And many anodynes applying,  
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this his heart is lighter far;  
And, finding that he can account  
So clearly for that crimson stain,  
His evil spirit up again  
Does like an empty bucket mount.

And Peter is a deep logician  
Who hath no lack of wit mercurial;  
"Blood drops—leaves rustle—yet," quoth he,  
"This poor man never, but for me,  
"Could have had Christian burial.

"And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,  
"That here hath been some wicked dealing;  
"No doubt the devil in me wrought;  
"I'm not the man who could have thought  
"An Ass like this was worth the stealing!"

So from his pocket Peter takes  
His shining horn tobacco-box;  
And, in a light and careless way,  
As men who with their purpose play,  
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds—  
Whose cunning eye can see the wind—  
Tell to a curious world the cause  
Why, making here a sudden pause,  
The Ass turned round his head—and *grinned*.

Appalling process!—I have marked  
The like on heath—in lonely wood,  
And, verily, have seldom met  
A spectacle more hideous—yet  
It suited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth  
He in jocose defiance showed—  
When, to confound his spiteful mirth,  
A murmur, pent within the earth,  
In the dead earth beneath the road,

Rolled audibly!—it swept along—  
A muffled noise—a rumbling sound!  
'Twas by a troop of miners made,  
Plying with gunpowder their trade,  
Some twenty fathoms under ground.

Small cause of dire effect!—for, surely,  
If ever mortal, King or Cotter,  
Believed that earth was charged to quake  
And yawn for his unworthy sake,  
'Twas Peter Bell the Potter.

But, as an oak in breathless air  
Will stand though to the centre hewn;  
Or as the weakest things, if frost  
Have stiffened them, maintain their post;  
So he, beneath the gazing moon!—

Meanwhile the pair have reached a spot  
Where, sheltered by a rocky cove,  
A little chapel stands alone,  
With greenest ivy overgrown,  
And tufted with an ivy grove.

Dying insensibly away  
From human thoughts and purposes,  
The building seems, wall, roof, and tower,  
To bow to some transforming power,  
And blend with the surrounding trees.

Deep-sighing as he passed along,  
Quoth Peter, "In the shire of Fife,  
"Mid such a ruin, following still  
"From land to land a lawless will,  
"I married my sixth wife!"

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,  
And now is passing by an inn  
Brim-full of a carousing crew,  
That make, with curses not a few,  
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts  
Which Peter in those noises found; —  
A stifling power compressed his frame,  
And a confusing darkness came  
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound;  
The language of those drunken joys  
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,  
But a few hours ago, had been  
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,  
He finds no solace in his course;  
Like planet-stricken men of yore,  
He trembles, smitten to the core  
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung  
To think of one, almost a child;  
A sweet and playful Highland girl,  
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,  
As beauteous and as wild!

A lonely house her dwelling was,  
A cottage in a heathy dell;  
And she put on her gown of green,  
And left her mother at sixteen,  
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts  
Had she; and, in the kirk to pray,  
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or snow,  
To kirk she had been used to go,  
Twice every Sabbath-day.

And, when she followed Peter Bell,  
It was to lead an honest life;  
For he, with tongue not used to falter,  
Had pledged his troth before the altar  
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers; — but soon  
She drooped and pined like one forlorn;  
From Scripture she a name did borrow;  
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,  
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,  
And took it in most grievous part;  
She to the very bone was worn,  
And, ere that little child was born,  
Died of a broken heart.

And now the Spirits of the Mind  
Are busy with poor Peter Bell;  
Upon the rights of visual sense  
Usurping, with a prevalence  
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze  
(Above it shivering aspens play)  
He sees an unsubstantial creature,  
His very self in form and feature,  
Not four yards from the broad highway:

And stretched beneath the furze he sees  
The Highland girl — it is no other;  
And hears her crying as she cried,  
The very moment that she died,  
"My mother! oh my mother!"

The sweat pours down from Peter's face  
So grievous is his heart's contrition;  
With agony his eye-balls ache  
While he beholds by the furze-brake  
This miserable vision!

Calm is the well deserving brute,  
His peace, hath no offence betrayed;  
But now, while down that slope he wends,  
A voice to Peter's ear ascends,  
Resounding from the woody glade:

The voice, though clamorous as a horn  
Re-echoed by a naked rock,  
Is from that tabernacle — List!  
Within, a fervent Methodist  
Is preaching to no heedless flock

"Repent! repent!" he cries aloud,  
"While yet ye may find mercy; — strive  
"To love the Lord with all your might;  
"Turn to him, seek him day and night,  
"And save your souls alive!

"Repent! repent! though ye have gone,  
"Through paths of wickedness and woe,  
"After the Babylonian harlot,  
"And, though your sins be red as scarlet,  
"They shall be white as snow!"



Even as he passed the door, these words  
Did plainly come to Peter's ears;  
And they such joyful tidings were,  
The joy was more than he could bear! —  
He melted into tears.

Sweet tears of hope and tenderness!  
And fast they fell, a plenteous shower!  
His nerves, his sinews seemed to melt;  
Through all his iron frame was felt  
A gentle, a relaxing power!


Each fibre of his frame was weak;  
Weak all the animal within;  
But, in its helplessness, grew mild  
And gentle as an infant child,  
An infant that has known no sin.

'Tis said, that, through prevailing grace,  
He, not unmoved, did notice now  
The cross upon thy shoulders scored,  
Meek Beast! in memory of the Lord  
To whom all human-kind shall bow;

In memory of that solemn day  
When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,  
\* Entering the proud Jerusalem,  
By an immeasurable stream  
Of shouting people deified!

Meanwhile the persevering Ass,  
Towards a gate in open view,  
Turns up a narrow lane; his chest  
Against the yielding gate he pressed,  
And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes;  
No ghost more softly ever trod;  
Among the stones and pebbles, he  
Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,  
As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty Ass   
Had gone two hundred yards, not more;  
When to a lonely house he came;  
He turned aside towards the same,  
And stopped before the door.

Thought Peter, 'tis the poor man's home!  
He listens — not a sound is heard  
Save from the trickling household rill;  
But, stepping o'er the cottage-sill,  
Forthwith a little Girl appeared.

She to the Meeting-house was bound  
In hope some tidings there to gather; —  
No glimpse it is — no doubtful gleam —  
She saw — and uttered with a scream,  
"My father! here's my father!"

The very word was plainly heard,  
Heard plainly by the wretched Mother —  
Her joy was like a deep affright:  
And forth she rushed into the light,  
And saw it was another!

And, instantly, upon the earth,  
Beneath the full moon shining bright,  
Close to the Ass's feet she fell;  
At the same moment Peter Bell  
Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

As he beheld the Woman lie  
Breathless and motionless, the mind  
Of Peter sadly was confused;  
But, though to such demands unused  
And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up; and, while he held  
Her body propped against his knee,  
The Woman waked — and when she spied  
The poor Ass standing by her side,  
She moaned most bitterly.

"Oh! God be praised — my heart's at ease —  
"For he is dead — I know it well!"  
— At this she wept a bitter flood;  
And, in the best way that he could,  
His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles — he is pale as death —  
His voice is weak with perturbation —  
He turns aside his head — he pauses;  
Poor Peter from a thousand causes  
Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied  
The Ass in that small meadow ground;  
And that her husband now lay dead,  
Beside that luckless river's bed  
In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the Sufferer cast  
Upon the Beast that near her stands;  
She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same;  
She calls the poor Ass by his name,  
And wrings, and wrings her hands.

"O wretched loss — untimely stroke!  
"If he had died upon his bed!  
— "He knew not one forewarning pain —  
"He never will come home again —  
"Is dead — for ever dead!"

Beside the Woman Peter stands;  
His heart is opening more and more;  
A holy sense pervades his mind;  
He feels what he for human kind  
Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustained,  
The Woman rises from the ground—  
"Oh, mercy, something must be done,—  
"My little Rachael, you must run,—  
Some willing neighbour must be found.

"Make haste—my little Rachael—do,  
"The first you meet with—bid him come,—  
"Ask him to lend his horse to-night—  
"And this good Man, whom Heaven requite,  
"Will help to bring the body home."

Away goes Rachael weeping loud;—  
An Infant waked by her distress,  
Makes in the house a piteous cry;  
And Peter hears the Mother sigh,  
"Seven are they, and all fatherless!"

And now is Peter taught to feel  
That man's heart is a holy thing;  
And Nature, through a world of death,  
Breathes into him a second breath,  
More searching than the breath of spring.

Upon a stone the Woman sits  
In agony of silent grief—  
From his own thoughts did Peter start;  
He longs to press her to his heart,  
From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb  
Had passed a sudden shock of dread,  
The Mother o'er the threshold flies,  
And up the cottage stairs she hies,  
And to the pillow gives her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside  
Into a shade of darksome trees,  
Where he sits down, he knows not how,  
With his hands pressed against his brow,  
His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit  
Until no sign of life he makes,  
As if his mind were sinking deep  
Through years that have been long asleep!  
The trance is past away—he wakes,—

He lifts his head—and sees the Ass  
Yet standing in the clear moonshine;  
"When shall I be as good as thou!  
"Oh! would, poor beast, that I had now  
"A heart but half as good as thine!"

—But *He*—who deviously hath sought  
His Father through the lonesome woods,  
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear  
Of night his inward grief and fear—  
He comes—escaped from fields and floods;—

With weary pace is drawing nigh—  
He sees the Ass—and nothing living  
Had ever such a fit of joy  
As hath this little orphan Boy,  
For he has no misgiving!

Towards the gentle Ass he springs,  
And up about his neck he climbs;  
In loving words he talks to him,  
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—  
He kisses him a thousand times!

This Peter sees, while in the shade  
He stood beside the cottage-door;  
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,  
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,  
"Oh! God, I can endure no more!

—Here ends my Tale:—for in a trice  
Arrived a neighbour with his horse;  
Peter went forth with him straightway;  
And, with due care, ere break of day,  
Together they brought back the Corse.

And many years did this poor Ass,  
Whom once it was my luck to see  
Cropping the shrubs of Leming-Lane,  
Help by his labour to maintain  
The Widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,  
Had been the wildest of his clan,  
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,  
And, after ten months' melancholy,  
Became a good and honest man.

## THE EGYPTIAN MAID;

OR,

## THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY.

[For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable. only it may be proper to add, that the Lotus, with the bust of the goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.]

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish sands,  
Forth-looking toward the Rocks of Scilly,  
The pleased Enchanter was aware  
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in air,  
Yet was she work of mortal hands,  
And took from men her name—THE WATER LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew ;  
 And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,  
 Grows from a little edge of light  
 To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright  
 Became, as nearer to the Coast she drew,  
 More glorious, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

Upon this winged Shape so fair  
 Sage Merlin gazed with admiration :  
 Her lineaments, thought he, surpass  
 Aught that was ever shown in magic glass ;  
 Was ever built with patient care ;  
 Or, at a touch, set forth with wondrous transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill  
 Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science,  
 Grave Merlin (and belike the more  
 For practising occult and perilous lore)  
 Was subject to a freakish will  
 That napped good thoughts, or scared them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast  
 An altered look upon the advancing Stranger  
 Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,  
 "My Art shall help to tame her pride —"  
 Anon the breeze became a blast,  
 And the waves rose, and sky portended danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign  
 Traced on the beach, his work the Sorcerer urges ;  
 The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,  
 Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed  
 By Fiends of aspect more malign ;  
 And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore  
 Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley ;  
 Supreme in loveliness and grace  
 Of motion, whether in the embrace  
 Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er  
 The main flood roughened into hill and valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves  
 Her sides, the Wizard's craft confounding ;  
 Like something out of Ocean sprung  
 To be for ever fresh and young,  
 Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves  
 Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebounding !

But Ocean under magic heaves,  
 And cannot spare the Thing he cherished :  
 Ah ! what avails that She was fair,  
 Luminous, blithe, and debonair ?  
 The storm has stripped her of her leaves ;  
 The Lily floats no longer ! — She hath perished.

Grieve for her, — She deserves no less ;  
 So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature !  
 No heart had she, no busy brain ;  
 Though loved, she could not love again ;  
 Though pitied, *feel* her own distress ;  
 Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears ;  
 So richly was this Galley laden ;  
 A fairer than Herself she bore,  
 And, in her struggles, cast ashore ;  
 A lovely One, who nothing hears  
 Of wind or wave — a meek and guileless Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled  
 From mischief, caused by spells himself had muttered ;  
 And, while repentant all too late,  
 In moody posture there he sate,  
 He heard a voice, and saw, with half-raised head,  
 A Visitant by whom these words were uttered :

"On Christian service this frail Bark  
 Sailed" (hear me, Merlin!) "under high protection,  
 Though on her prow a sign of heathen power  
 Was carved — a Goddess with a Lily flower,  
 The old Egyptian's emblematic mark  
 Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

"Her course was for the British strand,  
 Her freight it was a Damsel peerless ;  
 God reigns above, and Spirits strong  
 May gather to avenge this wrong  
 Done to the Princess, and her Land  
 Which she in duty left, though sad not cheerless

"And to Caerleon's loftiest tower  
 Soon will the Knights of Arthur's Table  
 A cry of lamentation send ;  
 And all will weep who there attend,  
 To grace that Stranger's bridal hour,  
 For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

"Shame ! should a Child of Royal Line  
 Die through the blindness of thy malice :"  
 Thus to the Necromancer spake  
 Nina, the Lady of the Lake,  
 A gentle Sorceress, and benign,  
 Who ne'er embittered any good man's chalice.

"What boots," continued she, "to mourn ?  
 To expiate thy sin endeavour !  
 From the bleak isle where she is laid,  
 Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid  
 May yet to Arthur's court be borne  
 Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever

"My pearly Boat, a shining Light,  
That brought me down that sunless river,  
Will bear me on from wave to wave,  
And back with her to this sea-cave;  
Then, Merlin! for a rapid flight  
Through air to thee my charge will I deliver.

"The very swiftest of thy Cars  
Must, when my part is done, be ready;  
Meanwhile, for further guidance, look  
Into thy own prophetic book;  
And, if that fail, consult the Stars  
To learn thy course; farewell! be prompt and steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again  
Was seated in her gleaming Shallop,  
That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,  
Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,  
Or like a steed, without a rein,  
Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach  
That Isle without a house or haven;  
Landing, she found not what she sought,  
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught  
But a carved Lotus cast upon the shore  
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while!  
For gently each from each retreating  
With backward curve, the leaves revealed  
The bosom half, and half concealed,  
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile  
On Nina as she passed, with hopeful greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,  
Of tortured hope and purpose shaken;  
Following the margin of a bay,  
She spied the lonely Cast-away,  
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,  
But with closed eyes, — of breath and bloom forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,  
With tenderness and mild emotion,  
The Damsel, in that trance embound;  
And, while she raised her from the ground,  
And in the pearly shallop placed,  
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs  
Of music opened, and there came a blending  
Of fragrance, underived from earth,  
With gleams that owed not to the Sun their birth,  
And that soft rustling of invisible wings  
Which Angels make, on works of love descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice  
Than if the Goddess of the Flower had spoken  
"Thou hast achieved, fair Dame! what none  
Less pure in spirit could have done;  
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!  
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success betoken."

So cheered she left that Island bleak,  
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;  
And, as they traversed the smooth brine,  
The self-illuminated Brigantine  
Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek  
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they came  
To the dim cavern, whence the river  
Issued into the salt-sea flood,  
Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,  
Was thus accosted by the Dame:  
"Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver!

"But where attends thy chariot — where!"  
Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden,  
So have I done; as trusty as thy barge  
My vehicle shall prove — O precious Charge!  
If this be sleep, how soft! if death, how fair!  
Much have my books disclosed, but the end is hidden."

He spake, and gliding into view  
Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber  
Came two mute Swans, whose plumes of dusky white  
Changed, as the pair approached the light,  
Drawing an ebon car, their hue  
(Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift  
The Princess, passive to all changes:  
The Car received her; then up-went  
Into the ethereal element  
The Birds with progress smooth and swift  
As thought, when through bright regions memory  
ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,  
Instructs the Swans their way to measure;  
And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,  
And notes of minstrelsy were heard  
From rich pavilions spreading wide,  
For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and Dames  
Ere on firm ground the Car alighted;  
Eftsoons astonishment was past,  
For in that face they saw the last,  
Last lingering look of clay, that tames  
All pride, by which all happiness is blighted.



Said Merlin, "Mighty King, fair Lords,  
Away with feast and tilt and tourney!  
Ye saw, throughout this Royal House,  
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous  
Of turrets, and a clash of swords  
Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

"Lo! by a destiny well known  
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;  
This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid  
Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed  
Where she by shipwreck had been thrown;  
Ill sight! but grief may vanish ere the morrow."

"Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,"  
Exclaimed the King, "a mockery hateful;  
Dutiful Child! her lot how hard!  
Is this her piety's reward?  
Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek!  
O winds without remorse! O shore ungrateful!

"Rich robes are fretted by the moth;  
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder;  
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate  
A Father's sorrow for her fate?  
He will repent him of his troth;  
His brain will burn, his stout heart split asunder.

"Alas! and I have caused this woe;  
For, when my prowess from invading Neighbours  
Had freed his Realm, he plighted word  
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,  
And his dear daughter on a Knight bestow  
Whom I should choose for love and matchless labours.

"Her birth was heathen, but a fence  
Of holy angels round her hovered;  
A Lady added to my court  
So fair, of such divine report  
And worship, seemed a recompense  
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

"Ask not for whom, O champions true!  
She was reserved by me, her life's betrayer;  
She who was meant to be a bride  
Is now a corse; then put aside  
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due  
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close  
Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty;  
Not froward to thy sovereign will  
Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill  
Wafted her hither, interpose  
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

"My books command me to lay bare  
The secret thou art bent on keeping  
Here must a high attest be given,  
What Bridegroom was for her ordained by Heaven,  
And in my glass significant there are  
Of things that may to gladness turn this weeping.

"For this, approaching, One by One,  
Thy Knights must touch the cold hand of the Virgin,  
So, for the favoured One, the Flower may bloom  
Once more; but, if unchangeable her doom,  
If life departed be for ever gone,  
Some blest assurance, from this cloud emerging,

May teach him to bewail his loss;  
Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises  
And melts; but grief devout that shall endure,  
And a perpetual growth secure  
Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,  
A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises."

"So be it," said the King;—"anon,  
Here, where the Princess lies, begin the trial;  
Knights each in order as ye stand  
Step forth."—To touch the pallid hand  
Sir Agravaire advanced; no sign he won  
From Heaven or Earth;—Sir Kaye had like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;  
Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;  
Though he, devoutest of all Champions, ere  
He reached that ebon car, the bier  
Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel lay,  
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)  
How in still air the balance trembled;  
The wishes, peradventure the despites  
That overcame some not ungenerous Knights;  
And all the thoughts that lengthened out a span  
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!  
And there how many bosoms panted!  
While drawing toward the Car Sir Gawaine, mailed,  
For tournament, his Beaver veiled,  
And softly touched; but, to his princely cheer  
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,  
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a brother,  
Came to the proof, nor grieved that there ensued  
No change,—the fair Izonda he had wooed  
With love too true, a love with pangs too sharp,  
From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot; — from Heaven's grace  
 A sign he craved, tired slave of vain contrition;  
 The royal Guinever looked passing glad  
 When his touch failed. — Next came Sir Galahad;  
 He paused, and stood entranced by that still face  
 Whose features he had seen in noontide vision.

For late, as near a murmuring stream  
 He rested 'mid an arbour green and shady  
 Nina, the good Enchantress, shed,  
 A light around his mossy bed;  
 And, at her call, a waking dream  
 Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,  
 And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine,  
 As o'er the insensate Body hung  
 The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,  
 Belief sank deep into the crowd  
 That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange; the Youth had worn  
 That very mantle on a day of glory,  
 The day when he achieved that matchless feat,  
 The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,  
 Which whoso'er approached of strength was shorn,  
 Though King or Knight the most renowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand,  
 And lo! those Birds, far-famed through Love's  
     dominions,  
 The Swans, in triumph, clap their wings;  
 And their necks play, involved in rings,  
 Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land; —  
 "Mine is she," cried the Knight; — again they clapped  
     their pinions.

"Mine was she — mine she is, though dead,  
 And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow;"  
 Whereat, a tender twilight streak  
 Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;  
 And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,  
 Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,  
 Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,  
 When, to the mouth, relenting Death  
 Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,  
 Precursor to a timid sigh,  
 To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze  
 Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;

In silence watched the gentle strife  
 Of Nature leading back to life;  
 Then eased his Soul at length by praise  
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen — the blissful Mary

Then said he, "Take her to thy heart,  
 Sir Galahad! a treasure that God giveth,  
 Bound by indissoluble ties to thee  
 Through mortal change and immortality;  
 Be happy and unenvied, thou who art  
 A goodly Knight that hath no Peer that liveth!"

Not long the nuptials were delayed;  
 And sage tradition still rehearses  
 The pomp, the glory of that hour  
 When toward the Altar from her bower  
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,  
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses: —

Who shrinks not from alliance  
 Of evil with good Powers,  
 To God proclaims defiance,  
 And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted  
 From the Land of Nile did go;  
 Alas! the bright Ship floated,  
 An Idol at her Prow.

By magic domination,  
 The Heaven-permitted vent  
 Of purblind mortal passion,  
 Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower, the Form within it,  
 What served they in her need?  
 Her port she could not win it,  
 Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,  
 And she was seen no more;  
 But gently gently blame her,  
 She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,  
 And kept to him her faith,  
 Till sense in death was darkened,  
 Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow  
 Kept watch, a viewless band;  
 And, billow favouring billow,  
 She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,  
 Your faith in Him approve  
 Who from frail earth can call you,  
 To bowers of endless love!

## THE SIMPLON PASS.

## ——— BROOK and road

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy pass,  
 And with them did we journey several hours  
 At a slow step. The immeasurable height  
 Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
 The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
 And in the narrow rent, at every turn,  
 Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,  
 The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
 The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
 Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside  
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
 The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,  
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light —  
 Where all like workings of one mind, the features  
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,  
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
 The types and symbols of Eternity,  
 Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

## AN EVENING ODE.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLEN-  
 DOUR AND BEAUTY.

## I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
 With flying haste, I might have sent,  
 Among the speechless clouds, a look  
 Of blank astonishment;  
 But 't is endued with power to stay,  
 And sanctify one closing day,  
 That frail mortality may see —  
 What is? — ah no, but what *can* be!  
 Time was when field and watery cove  
 With modulated echoes rang,  
 While choirs of fervent angels sang  
 Their vespers in the grove;  
 Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,  
 Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,  
 Strains suitable to both. — Such holy rite,  
 Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
 From hill or valley, could not move  
 Sublimier transport, purer love,  
 Than doth this silent spectacle — the gleam —  
 The shadow — and the peace supreme!

## II.

No sound is uttered, — but a deep  
 And solemn harmony pervades  
 The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
 And penetrates the glades.  
 Far-distant images draw nigh,  
 Called forth by wondrous potency

Of beamy radiance, that imbues,  
 Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues!  
 In vision exquisitely clear,  
 Herds range along the mountain side;  
 And glistening antlers are descried;  
 And gilded flocks appear.  
 Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!  
 But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,  
 Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
 That this magnificence is wholly thine!  
 — From worlds not quickened by the sun  
 A portion of the gift is won;  
 An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread  
 On ground which British shepherds tread!

## III.

And if there be whom broken ties  
 Afflict, or injuries assail,  
 Yon hazy ridges to their eyes\*  
 Present a glorious scale,  
 Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
 To stop — no record hath told where!  
 And tempting fancy to ascend,  
 And with immortal spirits blend!  
 — Wings at my shoulders seem to play; †  
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
 On those bright steps that heaven-ward raise  
 Their practicable way.  
 Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,  
 And see to what fair countries ye are bound!  
 And if some traveller, weary of his road,  
 Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,  
 Ye Genii! to his covert speed;  
 And wake him with such gentle heed  
 As may attune his soul to meet the dower  
 Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

## IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn  
 Were wont to stream before mine eye,  
 Where'er it wandered in the morn  
 Of blissful infancy.  
 This glimpse of glory, why renewed!  
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude;  
 For, if a vestige of those gleams  
 Survived, 't was only in my dreams.

\* The multiplication of mountain-ridges described at the commencement of the third Stanza of this Ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze; — in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled 'Intimations of Immortality,' pervade the last stanza of the foregoing Poem.

† In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Allston, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.

Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve  
 No less than nature's threatening voice,  
 If aught unworthy be my choice,  
 From **THEE** if I would swerve;  
 O, let thy grace remind me of the light  
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;  
 Which, at this moment, on my waking sight  
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored;  
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,  
 Rejoices in a second birth!  
 — 'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades;  
 And night approaches with her shades.

### TO THE CLOUDS.

ARMY of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in troops  
 Ascending from behind the motionless brow  
 Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,  
 O whither with such eagerness of speed?  
 What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale  
 Companions, fear ye to be left behind,  
 Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field  
 Contend ye with each other? of the sea  
 Children, thus post ye over vale and height  
 To sink upon your mother's lap — and rest?  
 Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes  
 Beheld in your impetuous march the likeness  
 Of a wide army pressing on to meet  
 Or overtake some unknown enemy? —  
 But your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim;  
 And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares  
 Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds  
 Aerial, upon due migration bound  
 To milder climes; or rather do ye urge  
 In caravan your hasty pilgrimage  
 To pause at last on more aspiring heights  
 Than these, and utter your devotion there  
 With thunderous voice! Or are ye jubilant,  
 And would ye, tracking your proud lord the Sun,  
 Be present at his setting; or the pomp  
 Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and stand  
 Poising your splendours high above the heads  
 Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen God?  
 Whence, whence, ye clouds! this eagerness of speed?  
 Speak, silent creatures. — They are gone, are fled,  
 Buried together in yon gloomy mass  
 That loads the middle heaven; and clear and bright  
 And vacant doth the region which they thronged  
 Appear; a calm descent of sky conducting  
 Down to the unapproachable abyss,  
 Down to that hidden gulf from which they rose  
 To vanish — fleet as days and months and years,  
 Fleet as the generations of mankind,  
 Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,

The lingering world, when time hath ceased to be.  
 But the winds roar, shaking the rooted trees,  
 And see! a bright precursor to a train  
 Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock  
 That sullenly refuses to partake  
 Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life  
 Invisible, the long procession moves  
 Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale  
 Which they are entering, welcome to mine eye  
 That sees them, to my soul that owns in them,  
 And in the bosom of the firmament  
 O'er which they move, wherein they are contained,  
 A type of her capacious self and all  
 Her restless progeny.

### A humble walk

Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,  
 A little hoary line and faintly traced,  
 Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's foot  
 Or of his flock? — joint vestige of them both.  
 I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts  
 Admit no bondage and my words have wings.  
 Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,  
 To accompany the verse? The mountain blast  
 Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall sweep  
 The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy lake,  
 And search the fibres of the caves, and they  
 Shall answer, for our song is of the clouds  
 And the wind loves them; and the gentle gales —  
 Which by their aid re-clothe the naked lawn  
 With annual verdure, and revive the woods,  
 And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers —  
 Love them; and every idle breeze of air  
 Bends to the favourite burthen. Moon and stars  
 Keep their most solemn vigils when the clouds  
 Watch also, shifting peaceably their place  
 Like bands of ministering spirits, or when they lie,  
 As if some Protean art the change had wrought,  
 In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep  
 Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes  
 And all degrees of beauty. O ye lightnings!  
 Ye are their perilous offspring; and the sun —  
 Source inexhaustible of life and joy,  
 And type of man's far-darting reason, therefore  
 In old time worshipped as the god of verse,  
 A blazing intellectual deity —  
 Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers  
 Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood  
 Visions with all but beatific light  
 Enriched — too transient were they not renewed  
 From age to age, and did not while we gaze  
 In silent rapture, credulous desire  
 Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power  
 To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain thought!  
 Yet why repine, created as we are  
 For joy and rest, albeit to find them only  
 Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?



STANZAS  
ON  
THE POWER OF SOUND.

ARGUMENT.

The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in studied harmony. — Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of 6th Stanza). — The power of music, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot. — Origin of music, and its effect in early ages — how produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza). — The mind recalled to sounds acting casually and severally. — Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system for moral interests and intellectual contemplation. — (Stanza 12th.) The Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe — imaginations consonant with such a theory. — Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realized, in some degree, by the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator. — (Last Stanza) the destruction of earth and the planetary system — the survival of audible harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.

1.

THY functions are etherial,  
As if within thee dwelt a glancing Mind,  
Organ of Vision! And a Spirit aerial  
Informs the cell of hearing, dark and blind;  
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought  
To enter than oracular cave;  
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,  
And whispers, for the heart, their slave;  
And shrieks, that revel in abuse  
Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,  
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose  
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile  
Into the ambush of despair;  
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,  
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats  
Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

2.

The headlong Streams and Fountains  
Serve Thee, Invisible Spirit, with untired powers;  
Cheering the wakeful Tent on Syrian mountains,  
They lull perchance ten thousand thousand Flowers.  
That roar, the prowling Lion's *Here I am*,  
How fearful to the desert wide!  
That bleat, how tender! of the Dam  
Calling a straggler to her side.  
Shout, Cuckoo! let the vernal soul  
Go with thee to the frozen zone;  
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone Bell-bird, toll!  
At the still hour to Mercy dear,  
Mercy from her twilight throne  
Listening to Nun's faint sob of holy fear,  
To Sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,  
Or Widow's cottage lullaby.

3.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows,  
And Images of voice — to hound and horn  
From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows  
Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn,  
On with your pastime! till the church-tower bells  
A greeting give of *measured* glee;  
And milder echoes from their cells  
Repeat the bridal symphony.  
Then, or far earlier, let us rove  
Where mists are breaking up or gone,  
And from aloft look down into a cove  
Besprinkled with a careless quire,  
Happy Milk-maids, one by one  
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,  
A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,  
A stream as if from one full heart.

4.

Blest be the song that brightens  
The blind Man's gloom, exalts the Veteran's mirth.  
Unscorned the Peasant's whistling breath, that lightens  
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.  
For the tired Slave, Song lifts the languid oar,  
And bids it aptly fall, with chime  
That beautifies the fairest shore,  
And mitigates the harshest clime.  
Yon Pilgrims see — in lagging file  
They move; but soon the appointed way  
A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,  
And to their hope the distant shrine  
Glisten with a livelier ray:  
Nor friendless He, the Prisoner of the Mine,  
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast  
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

5.

When civic renovation  
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste  
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration  
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast  
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;  
Then starts the Sluggard, pleased to meet  
That voice of Freedom, in its power  
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!  
Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads  
Incitements of a battle-day,  
Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless heads,  
Even She whose Lydian airs inspire  
Peaceful striving, gentle play  
Of timid hope and innocent desire  
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move  
Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

6.

How oft along thy mazes,  
Regent of Sound, have dangerous Passions trod!

O Thou, through whom the Temple rings with praises,  
 And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,  
 Betray not by the cozenage of sense  
 Thy Votaries, woefully resigned  
 To a voluptuous influence  
 That taints the purer, better mind;  
 But lead sick Fancy to a harp  
 That hath in noble tasks been tried;  
 And, if the Virtuous feel a pang too sharp,  
 Soothe it into patience, — stay  
 The uplifted arm of Suicide;  
 And let some mood of thine in firm array  
 Knit every thought the impending issue needs,  
 Ere Martyr burns, or Patriot bleeds!

## 7.

As Conscience, to the centre  
 Of Being, smites with irresistible pain,  
 So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter  
 The mouldy vaults of the dull Idiot's brain,  
 Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled —  
 Convulsed as by a jarring din;  
 And then aghast, as at the world  
 Of reason partially let in  
 By concords winding with a sway  
 Terrible for sense and soul!  
 Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.  
 Point not these mysteries to an Art  
 Lodged above the starry pole;  
 Pure modulations flowing from the heart  
 Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth,  
 With Order dwell, in endless youth!

## 8.

Oblivion may not cover  
 All treasures hoarded by the Miser, Time.  
 Orphean Insight! Truth's undaunted Lover,  
 To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,  
 When Music deigned within this grosser sphere  
 Her subtle essence to enfold,  
 And Voice and Shell drew forth a tear  
 Softer than Nature's self could mould.  
 Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:  
 Art, daring because souls could feel,  
 Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage  
 Of rapt imagination sped her march  
 Through the realms of woe and weal:  
 Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch  
 Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse  
 Her wan disasters could disperse.

## 9.

The Gift to King Amphion  
 That walled a city with its melody  
 Was for belief no dream; thy skill, Arion!  
 Could humanise the creatures of the sea,  
 Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,  
 Leave for one chant; — the dulcet sound  
 Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,

And listening Dolphins gather round.  
 Self-cast, as with a desperate course,  
 'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides  
 A proud One docile as a managed horse;  
 And singing, while the accordant hand  
 Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;  
 So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,  
 And he, with his Preserver, shine star-bright  
 In memory, through silent night.

## 10.

The pipe of Pan, to Shepherds  
 Couched in the shadow of Menalian Pines,  
 Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the Leopards,  
 That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,  
 How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!  
 While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground  
 In cadence, — and Silenus swang  
 This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.  
 To life, to *life* give back thine Ear:  
 Ye who are longing to be rid  
 Of Fable, though to truth subservient, hear  
 The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell  
 Echoed from the coffin lid;  
 The Convict's summons in the steeple knell.  
 "The vain distress-gun," from a leeward shore,  
 Repeated — heard, and heard no more!

## 11.

For terror, joy, or pity,  
 Vast is the compass, and the swell of notes:  
 From the Babe's first cry to voice of regal City,  
 Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats  
 Far as the woodlands — with the trill to blend  
 Of that shy Songstress, whose love-tale  
 Might tempt an Angel to descend,  
 While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.  
 O for some soul-affecting scheme  
 Of *moral* music, to unite  
 Wanderers whose portion is the faintest dream  
 Of memory! — O that they might stoop to bear  
 Chains, such precious chains of sight  
 As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear!  
 O for a balance fit the truth to tell  
 Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

## 12.

By one pervading Spirit  
 Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,  
 As Sages taught, where faith was found to merit  
 Initiation in that mystery old  
 The Heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still  
 As they themselves *appear* to be,  
 Innumerable voices fill  
 With everlasting harmony;  
 The towering Headlands, crowned with mist,  
 Their feet among the billows, know

That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;  
 Thy pinions, universal Air,  
 Ever waving to and fro,  
 Are delegates of harmony, and bear  
 Strains that support the Seasons in their round:  
 Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

## 13.

Break forth into thanksgiving,  
 Ye banded Instruments of wind and chords;  
 Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,  
 Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!  
 Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,  
 Nor mute the forest hum of noon;  
 Thou too be heard, lone Eagle! freed  
 From snowy peak and cloud, attune  
 Thy hungry barkings to the hymn  
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls  
 The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim,  
 Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep  
 Shouting through one valley calls,

All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep  
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured  
 Into the ear of God, their Lord!

## 14.

A Voice to Light gave Being;  
 To Time, and Man his earth-born Chronicler;  
 A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,  
 And sweep away life's visionary stir;  
 The Trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,  
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)  
 To archangelic lips applied,  
 'The grave shall open, quench the stars.  
 'O Silence! are Man's noisy years  
 No more than moments of thy life!  
 Is Harmony, blest Queen of smiles and tears,  
 With her smooth tones and discords just,  
 Tempered into rapturous strife,  
 Thy destined Bond-slave? No! though Earth be dust  
 And vanish, though the Heavens dissolve, her stay  
 Is in the WORD, that shall not pass away.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

## PART FIRST.

## I.

To ———

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom thrown  
 In perfect shape, whose beauty Time shall spare  
 Though a breath made it, like a bubble blown  
 For summer pastime into wanton air;  
 Happy the thought best likened to a stone  
 Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,  
 Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,  
 Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone  
 That tempted first to gather it. O chief  
 Of Friends! such feelings if I here present,  
 Such thoughts, with others mixed less fortunate;  
 Then smile into my heart a fond belief  
 That thou, if not with partial joy elate,  
 Receivest the gift for more than mild content!

## II.

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;  
 And Hermits are contented with their cells;  
 And Students with their pensive citadels:  
 Maids at the wheel, the Weaver at his loom,  
 Sit blithe and happy; Bees that soar for bloom,

High as the highest Peak of Furness Fells,  
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:  
 In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
 Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,  
 In sundry moods, 't was pastime to be bound  
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground:  
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)  
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

## III.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I should rear  
 A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,  
 On favoured ground, thy gift, where I might dwell  
 In neighbourhood with One to me most dear,  
 That undivided we from year to year  
 Might work in our high Calling — a bright hope  
 To which our fancies, mingling, gave free scope  
 Till checked by some necessities severe.  
 And should these slacken, honoured BEAUMONT! still  
 Even then we may perhaps in vain implore  
 Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.  
 Whether this boon be granted us or not,  
 Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot  
 With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

## IV.

## ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the Perusal of those who may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.

YES, there is holy pleasure in thine eye !  
 — The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook  
 Hath stirred thee deeply ; with its own dear brook,  
 Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !  
 But covet not the Abode ; — forbear to sigh,  
 As many do, repining while they look ;  
 Intruders — who would tear from Nature's book  
 This precious leaf with harsh impiety.  
 Think what the Home must be if it were thine,  
 Even thine, though few thy wants ! — Roof, window,  
 door,  
 The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,  
 The roses to the porch which they entwine :  
 Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day  
 On which it should be touched, would melt, and melt  
 away.

## V.

"BELOVED Vale !" I said, "when I shall con  
 Those many records of my childish years,  
 Remembrance of myself and of my peers  
 Will press me down : to think of what is gone  
 Will be an awful thought, if life have one."  
 But, when into the Vale I came, no fears  
 Distressed me ; from mine eyes escaped no tears ;  
 Deep thought, or awful vision, had I none.  
 By doubts and thousand petty fancies cros'd,  
 I stood of simple shame the blushing Thrall ;  
 So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small.  
 A Juggler's balls old Time about him tossed ;  
 I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed ; and all  
 The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

## VI.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,  
 Together in immortal books enrolled ;  
 His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold ;  
 And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide  
 Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"  
 Shines with poetic radiance as of old ;  
 While not an English Mountain we behold  
 By the celestial Muses glorified.  
 Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds ;  
 What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,  
 Mount Skiddaw ! in his natural sovereignty  
 Our British Hill is fairer far ; he shrouds  
 His double front among Atlantic clouds,  
 And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

## VII.

THERE is a little unpretending Rill  
 Of limpid water, humbler far than aught  
 That ever among Men or Naiads sought  
 Notice or name ! — it quivers down the hill,  
 Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will ;  
 Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is brought  
 Oftener than Ganges or the Nile ; a thought  
 Of private recollection sweet and still !  
 Months perish with their moons ; year treads on year ;  
 But, faithful Emma, thou with me canst say  
 That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,  
 And flies their memory fast almost as they,  
 The immortal Spirit of one happy day  
 Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

## VIII.

HER only Pilot the soft breeze, the Boat  
 Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied ;  
 With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,  
 And the glad Muse at liberty to note  
 All that to each is precious, as we float  
 Gently along ; regardless who shall chide  
 If the Heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,  
 Happy Associates breathing air remote  
 From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse,  
 Why have I crowded this small Bark with you  
 And others of your kind, Ideal Crew !  
 While here sits One whose brightness owes its hues  
 To flesh and blood ; no Goddess from above,  
 No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love !

## IX.

THE fairest, brightest hues of ether fade ;  
 The sweetest notes must terminate and die ;  
 O Friend ! thy flute has breathed a harmony  
 Softly resounded through this rocky glade ;  
 Such strains of rapture as\* the Genius played  
 In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high ;  
 He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,  
 Never before to human sight betrayed.  
 Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread !  
 The visionary arches are not there,  
 Nor the green Islands, nor the shining seas ;  
 Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,  
 From which I have been lifted on the breeze  
 Of harmony, above all earthly care.

\* See the vision of Mirza, in the Spectator.



## X.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE,  
PAINTED BY SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

PRaised be the Art whose subtle power could stay  
Yon Cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;  
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,  
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day;  
Which stopped that Band of Travellers on their way,  
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;  
And showed the Bark upon the glassy flood  
For ever anchored in her sheltering Bay.  
Soul-soothing Art! which Morning, Noon-tide, Even,  
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry;  
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,  
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given  
To one brief moment caught from fleeting time  
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

## XI.

"Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings —  
Dull, flagging notes that with each other jar!  
"Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far  
From its own Country, and forgive the strings."  
A simple Answer! but even so forth springs,  
From the Castalian fountain of the heart,  
The Poetry of Life, and all that Art  
Divine of words quickening insensate Things.  
From the submissive necks of guiltless Men  
Stretched on the block, the glittering axe recoils;  
Sun, Moon, and Stars, all struggle in the toils  
Of mortal sympathy; what wonder then  
If the poor Harp distempered music yields  
To its sad Lord, far from his native Fields?

## XII.

AERIAL Rock — whose solitary brow  
From this low threshold daily meets my sight;  
When I step forth to hail the morning light;  
Or quit the stars with lingering farewell — how  
Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow!  
How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest!  
By planting on thy naked head the crest  
Of an imperial Castle, which the plough  
Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!  
That doth presume no more than to supply  
A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream  
Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.  
Rise, then, ye votive Towers, and catch a gleam  
Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die!

## XIII.

## TO SLEEP

O GENTLE Sleep! do they belong to thee,  
These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love  
To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,  
A Captive never wishing to be free.  
This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to me  
A Fly, that up and down himself doth shove,  
Upon a fretful rivulet, now above,  
Now on the water, vexed with mockery.  
I have no pain that calls for patience, no;  
Hence am I cross and peevish as a child:  
Am pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,  
Yet ever willing to be reconciled:  
O gentle Creature! do not use me so,  
But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

## XIV.

## TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;  
By turns have all been thought of, yet I lie  
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies  
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;  
And the first Cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:  
So do not let me wear to-night away:  
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

## XV.

## TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!  
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;  
The very sweetest words that fancy frames,  
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!  
Dear bosom Child we call thee, that dost steep  
In rich reward all suffering; Balm that tames  
All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and aims  
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,  
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,  
I surely not a man ungently made,  
Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost?  
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,  
Mere Slave of them who never for thee prayed,  
Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

## XVI.

## THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

THE Imperial Consort of the Fairy King  
Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell  
With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell  
Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a thing  
As this low Structure — for the tasks of Spring  
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell  
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;  
And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.  
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,  
And dimly-gleaming Nest, — a hollow crown  
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,  
Fine as the Mother's softest plumes allow:  
I gaze — and almost wish to lay aside  
Humanity, weak slave of cumbrous pride!

## XVII.

## WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

WHILE flowing Rivers yield a blameless sport,  
Shall live the name of Walton; — Sage benign!  
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line  
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort  
To reverend watching of each still report  
That Nature utters from her rural shrine. —  
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,  
He found the longest summer day too short,  
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,  
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook!  
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,  
The cowslip bank and shady willow-tree,  
And the fresh meads; where flowed, from every nook  
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

## XVIII.

## TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made  
That work a living landscape fair and bright;  
Nor hallowed less with musical delight  
Than those soft scenes through which thy Childhood  
strayed,  
Those southern Tracts of Cambria, "deep embayed,  
With green hills fenced, with Ocean's murmur lulled;"  
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled  
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade  
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,  
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,  
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,  
Long as the Shepherd's bleating flock shall stray  
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;  
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!

## XIX.

## ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM.

*See Milton's Sonnet, beginning*

"A Book was writ of late, called 'Tetrachordon.'"

A Book came forth of late, called "Peter Bell;"  
Not negligent the style; — the matter? — good  
As aught that song records of Robin Hood;  
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;  
But some (who brook these hacknied themes full well,  
Nor heat, at Tam o' Shanter's name, their blood)  
Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy brood,  
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.  
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,  
Who madest at length the better life thy choice,  
Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of men  
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,  
Lift up that gray-haired forehead, and rejoice  
In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen!

## XX.

## TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream!  
Thou, near the eagle's nest — within brief sail,  
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,  
Where thy deep voice could lull me! — Faint the  
beam  
Of human life when first allowed to gleam  
On mortal notice. — Glory of the Vale,  
Such thy meek outset, with a crown though frail  
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam  
Of thy soft breath! — Less vivid wreath entwined  
Nemean Victors brow; less bright was worn,  
Meed of some Roman Chief — in triumph borne  
With captives chained; and shedding from his car  
The sunset splendours of a finished war  
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

## XXI.

## COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WEST-MORELAND, ON EASTER SUNDAY.

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn  
That saw the Saviour in his human frame  
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame  
Put on fresh raiment — till that hour unworn:  
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,  
And she who span it culled the daintiest fleece,  
In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,  
Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.  
A blest estate when piety sublime  
These humble props disdained not! O green dales!  
Sad may I be who heard your sabbath chime  
When Art's abused inventions were unknown;  
Kind Nature's various wealth was all your own;  
And benefits were weighed in Reason's scales!

## XXII.

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-ready Friend,  
 Now that the cottage spinning-wheel is mute;  
 And Care — a Comforter that best could suit  
 Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend;  
 And Love — a Charmer's voice, that used to lend,  
 More efficaciously than aught that flows  
 From harp or lute, kind influence to compose  
 The throbbing pulse, — else troubled without end:  
 Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest  
 From her own overflow, what power sedate  
 On those revolving motions did await  
 Assiduously, to soothe her aching breast —  
 And — to a point of just relief — abate  
 The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

## XXIII. — TO S. H.

Excuse is needless when with love sincere  
 Of occupation, not by fashion led,  
 Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust o'erspread;  
 My nerves from no such murmur shrink, — tho' near,  
 Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear,  
 When twilight shades bedim the mountain's head.  
 She who was feigned to spin our vital thread  
 Might smile, O Lady! on a task once dear  
 To household virtues. Venerable Art,  
 Torn from the Poor! yet will kind Heaven protect  
 Its own, not left without a guiding chart,  
 If Rulers, trusting with undue respect  
 To proud discoveries of the Intellect,  
 Sanction the pillage of man's ancient heart.

## XXIV.

## DECAY OF PIETY.

OfT have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek  
 Matrons and Sires — who, punctual to the call  
 Of their loved Church, on Fast or Festival  
 Through the long year the House of Prayer would  
 seek:  
 By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak  
 Of Easter winds, unscared, from Hut or Hall  
 They came to lowly bench or sculptured Stall,  
 But with one fervour of devotion meek.  
 I see the places where they once were known,  
 And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,  
 Is ancient Piety for ever flown?  
 Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds  
 That, struggling through the western sky, have won  
 Their pensive light from a departed sun!

## XXV.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A  
 FRIEND IN THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

What need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay,  
 These humble Nuptials to proclaim or grace?  
 Angels of Love, look down upon the place,  
 Shed on the chosen Vale a sun-bright day!  
 Yet no proud gladness would the Bride display  
 Even for such promise: — serious is her face,  
 Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts keep pace  
 With gentleness, in that becoming way  
 Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid appear;  
 No disproportion in her soul, no strife:  
 But, when the closer view of wedded life  
 Hath shown that nothing human can be clear  
 From frailty, for that insight may the Wife  
 To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

## XXVI.

## FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,  
 And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;  
 For if of our affections none find grace  
 In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made  
 The world which we inhabit? Better plea  
 Love cannot have, than that in loving thee  
 Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,  
 Who such divinity to thee imparts  
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.  
 His hope is treacherous only whose love dies  
 With beauty, which is varying every hour;  
 But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power  
 Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
 That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

## XXVII.

## FROM THE SAME.

No mortal object did these eyes behold  
 When first they met the placid light of thine  
 And my Soul felt her destiny divine,  
 And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:  
 Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward course must hold  
 Beyond the visible world She soars to seek  
 (For what delights the sense is false and weak)  
 Ideal Form, the universal mould.  
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest  
 In that which perishes; nor will he lend  
 His heart to aught which doth on time depend.  
 'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,  
 That kills the soul: love betters what is best,  
 Even here below, but more in heaven above

## XXVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

## TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,  
 If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :  
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
 That of its native self can nothing feed :  
 Of good and pious works thou art the seed,  
 That quickens only where thou sayest it may :  
 Unless thou shew to us thine own true way,  
 No man can find it: Father! thou must lead.  
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind  
 By which such virtue may in me be bred  
 That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;  
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
 That I may have the power to sing of thee,  
 And sound thy praises everlastingly.

## XXIX.

SURPRISED by joy — impatient as the Wind  
 I turned to share the transport — Oh! with whom  
 But Thee, deep buried in the silent Tomb,  
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?  
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind —  
 But how could I forget thee! Through what power,  
 Even for the least division of an hour,  
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
 To my most grievous loss! — That thought's return  
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;  
 That neither present time, nor years unborn  
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

## XXX.

I.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne  
 Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did shroud —  
 Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed;  
 But all the steps and ground about were strown  
 With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone  
 Ever put on; a miserable crowd,  
 Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,  
 "Thou art our king, O Death! to thee we groan."  
 I seemed to mount those steps; the vapours gave  
 Smooth way; and I beheld the face of one  
 Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,  
 With her face up to heaven; that seemed to have  
 Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone;  
 A lovely Beauty in a summer grave!

## XXXI.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

II.

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified  
 The sway of Death; long ere mine eyes had seen  
 Thy countenance — the still rapture of thy mien —  
 When thou, dear Sister! wert become Death's Bride:  
 No trace of pain or languor could abide  
 That change: — age on thy brow was smoothed — thy cheeks  
 Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold  
 A loveliness to living youth denied.  
 Oh! if within me hope should e'er decline,  
 The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly burn;  
 Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,  
 The bright assurance, visibly return:  
 And let my spirit in that power divine  
 Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

## XXXII.

It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free;  
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
 The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea:  
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder — everlastingly.  
 Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,  
 If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,  
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;  
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it not.\*

## XXXIII.

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship must go:  
 Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
 As vigorous as a Lark at break of day:  
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?  
 What boots the inquiry? — Neither friend nor foe  
 She cares for; let her travel where she may,  
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow.  
 Yet, still I ask, what Haven is her mark!  
 And, almost as it was when ships were rare,  
 (From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there  
 Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,  
 Of the old Sea some reverential fear,  
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!

\*[In the same spirit Coleridge speaks of "the sacred light of Childhood." — "The Friend," III, p. 46. — H. R.]



## XXXIV.

With Ships the Sea was sprinkled far and nigh,  
 Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed;  
 Some lying fast at anchor in the road,  
 Some veering up and down, one knew not why.  
 A goodly Vessel did I then espy  
 Come like a giant from a haven broad;  
 And lustily along the Bay she strode,  
 "Her tackling rich, and of apparel high."  
 This Ship was nought to me, nor I to her,  
 Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look;  
 This Ship to all the rest did I prefer:  
 When will she turn, and whither? She will brook  
 No tarrying; where she comes the winds must stir:  
 On went She, and due north her journey took.

## XXXV.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
 It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

## XXXVI.

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are found,  
 Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,  
 On "coignes of vantage" hang their nests of clay;  
 How quickly from that airy hold unbound,  
 Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground  
 Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye;  
 Convinced that there, there only, she can lay  
 Secure foundations. As the year runs round,  
 Apart she toils within the chosen ring;  
 While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye  
 Is gently closing with the flowers of spring:  
 Where even the motion of an Angel's wing  
 Would interrupt the intense tranquillity  
 Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

## XXXVII.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks  
 The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood!  
 An old place, full of many a lovely brood,  
 Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks  
 And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,  
 Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks  
 At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks, —  
 When she stands cresting the Clown's head, and mocks  
 The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,  
 Such place to me is sometimes like a dream  
 Or map of the whole world: thoughts, link by link,  
 Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam  
 Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,  
 And leap at once from the delicious stream.

## XXXVIII.

## PERSONAL TALK.

I AM not One who much or oft delight  
 To season my fireside with personal talk, —  
 Of Friends, who live within an easy walk,  
 Or Neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight:  
 And, for my chance-acquaintance, Ladies bright,  
 Sons, Mothers, Maidens withering on the stalk,  
 These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk  
 Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.  
 Better than such discourse doth silence long,  
 Long, barren silence, square with my desire;  
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
 In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,  
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
 Or kettle whispering its faint under-song.

## XXXIX.

## CONTINUED.

"YET life," you say, "is life; we have seen and see,  
 And with a living pleasure we describe;  
 And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
 The languid mind into activity.  
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee  
 Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."  
 Even be it so: yet still among your tribe,  
 Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me!  
 Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies  
 More justly balanced; partly at their feet,  
 And part far from them; — sweetest melodies  
 Are those that are by distance made more sweet;  
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,  
 He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

## XL.

## CONTINUED.

WINGS have we, — and as far as we can go  
 We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood,  
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood  
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.  
 Dreams, Books, are each a world ; and books, we know,  
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good :  
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.  
 There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,  
 Matter wherein right voluble I am,  
 To which I listen with a ready ear ;  
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear, —  
 The gentle Lady married to the Moor ;  
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

## XLI.

## CONCLUDED.

NOR can I not believe but that hereby  
 Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote  
 From evil-speaking ; rancour never sought,  
 Comes to me not ; malignant truth, or lie.  
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I  
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought :  
 And thus from day to day my little Boat  
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.  
 Blessings be with them — and eternal praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares —  
 The Poets, who on earth have made us Heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !  
 Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,  
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

## XLII.

I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret,  
 Yon slowly-sinking star — immortal Sire  
 (So might he seem) of all the glittering quire !  
 Blue ether still surrounds him — yet — and yet ;  
 But now the horizon's rocky parapet  
 Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright attire,  
 He burns — transmuted to a sullen fire,  
 That droops and dwindles, — and, the appointed debt  
 To the flying moments paid, is seen no more.  
 Angels and gods ! we struggle with our fate,  
 While health, power, glory, pitiably decline,  
 Depressed and then extinguished : and our state,  
 In this, how different, lost star, from thine,  
 That no to-morrow shall our beams restore !

## XLIII.

## TO B. R. HAYDON, ESQ.

HIGH is our calling, Friend ! — Creative Art  
 (Whether the instrument of words she use,  
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)  
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,  
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,  
 Heroically fashioned — to infuse  
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,  
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert  
 And, oh ! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,  
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,  
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,  
 And in the soul admit of no decay,  
 Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness —  
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard !

## XLIV.

FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,  
 Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,  
 Rise, GILLIES, rise : the gales of youth shall bear  
 Thy genius forward like a winged steed.  
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed  
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,  
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,  
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,  
 And reason govern that audacious flight  
 Which heavenward they direct. — Then droop not  
 thou,  
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow  
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove :  
 A cheerful life is what the Muses love,  
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

## XLV.

FAIR Prime of life ! were it enough to gild  
 With ready sunbeams every straggling shower ;  
 And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,  
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build  
 For Fancy's errands, — then, from fields half-tilled  
 Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,  
 Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power  
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.  
 Ah ! show that worthier honours are thy due ;  
 Fair Prime of Life ! arouse the deeper heart ;  
 Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue  
 Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim ;  
 And, if there be a joy that slight the claim  
 Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

## XLVI.

I HEARD (alas! 'twas only in a dream)  
 Strains — which, as sage Antiquity believed,  
 By waking ears have sometimes been received,  
 Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream;  
 A most melodious requiem, a supreme  
 And perfect harmony of notes, achieved  
 By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,  
 O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.  
 For is she not the votary of Apollo?  
 And knows she not, singing as he inspires,  
 That bliss awaits her which the ungenial hollow\*  
 Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?  
 Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal quires!  
 She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow.

## XLVII.

## RETIREMENT.

Is the whole weight of what we think and feel,  
 Save only far as thought and feeling blend  
 With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!  
 From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;  
 But to promote and fortify the weal  
 Of our own Being is her paramount end;  
 A truth which they alone shall comprehend  
 Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal.  
 Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss;  
 Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,  
 And startled only by the rustling brake,  
 Cool air I breathe; while the unincumbered Mind  
 By some weak aims at services assigned  
 To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

## XLVIII.

## TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT.

CALVERT! it must not be unheard by them  
 Who may respect my name, that I to thee  
 Owed many years of early liberty.  
 This care was thine when sickness did condemn  
 Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem:  
 That I, if frugal and severe, might stray  
 Where'er I liked; and finally array  
 My temples with the Muse's diadem.  
 Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth,  
 If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,  
 In my past verse; or shall be, in the lays  
 Of higher mood, which now I meditate,—  
 It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived Youth!  
 To think how much of this will be thy praise.

\* See the Phædo of Plato, by which this Sonnet was suggested.

## PART SECOND.

## I.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,  
 Mindless of its just honours; with this Key  
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
 Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
 A thousand times this Pipe did Tasso sound;  
 Camöens soothed with it an Exile's grief;  
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle Leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
 His visionary brow: a glow-worm Lamp,  
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
 To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The Thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

## II.

NOR Love, nor War, nor the tumultuous swell  
 Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,  
 Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange,  
 Not these alone inspire the tuneful shell;  
 But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,  
 There also is the Muse not loth to range,  
 Watching the blue smoke of the elmy grange,  
 Skyward ascending from the twilight dell.  
 Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,  
 And sage content, and placid melancholy;  
 She loves to gaze upon a crystal river,  
 Diaphanous, because it travels slowly;  
 Soft is the music that would charm for ever;  
 The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

## III.

## SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded, — while the fields,  
 With ripening harvest prodigally fair,  
 In brightest sunshine bask, — this nipping air,  
 Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields  
 His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields  
 Of bitter change — and bids the Flowers beware;  
 And whispers to the silent Birds, "Prepare  
 Against the threatening Foe your trustiest shields."  
 For me, who under kindlier laws belong  
 To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry  
 Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline sky,  
 Announce a season potent to renew,  
 'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,  
 And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

## IV.

## NOVEMBER 1.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright  
 The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,  
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as the heaven can  
   shed,  
 Shines like another Sun — on mortal sight  
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching night,  
 And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,  
 If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head —  
 Terrestrial — but a surface, by the flight  
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,  
 Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aerial Powers  
 Dissolve that beauty — destined to endure,  
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,  
 Through all vicissitudes — till genial spring  
 Have filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

## V.

## COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul  
 Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,  
 Went forth — his course surrendering to the care  
 Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowl  
 Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;  
 While trees, dim seen, in frenzied numbers, tear  
 The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,  
 And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl  
 As if the sun were not. He raised his eye  
 Soul-smitten, for, that instant, did appear  
 Large space, 'mid dreadful clouds, of purest sky,  
 An azure orb — shield of Tranquillity,  
 Invisible, unlooked-for minister  
 Of providential goodness ever nigh!

## VI.

## TO A SNOW-DROP.

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they,  
 But hardier far, once more I see thee bend  
 Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,  
 Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,  
 Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay  
 The rising sun, and on the plains descend;  
 Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend  
 Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May  
 Shall soon behold this border thickly set  
 With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing  
 On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;  
 Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
 Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of Spring,  
 And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

## VII.

## COMPOSED A FEW DAYS AFTER THE FOREGOING

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,  
 And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,  
 Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring  
 Mature release, in fair society  
 Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try;  
 Like these frail snow-drops that together cling,  
 And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing  
 Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.  
 Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great  
 May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand  
 The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate;  
 And so the bright immortal Theban band,  
 Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's command,  
 Might overwhelm, but could not separate!

## VIII.

THE Stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,  
 The sun is peopled; and with Spirits blest:  
 Say, can the gentle Moon be unpossessed?  
 Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,  
 A Habitation marvellously planned,  
 For life to occupy in love and rest;  
 All that we see — is dome, or vault, or nest,  
 Or fort, erected at her sage command.  
 Glad thought for every season! but the Spring  
 Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,  
 'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;  
 And while the youthful year's prolific art —  
 Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower — was fashioning  
 Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

## IX.

## TO THE LADY BEAUMONT.

LADY! the songs of Spring were in the grove  
 While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;  
 While I was planting green unfading bowers,  
 And shrubs to hang upon the warm alcove,  
 And sheltering wall; and still, as Fancy wove  
 The dream, to time and nature's blended powers  
 I gave this paradise for winter hours,  
 A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall rove.  
 Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,  
 Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom  
 Or of high gladness, you shall hither bring;  
 And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines  
 Be gracious as the music and the bloom  
 And all the mighty ravishment of spring.



## X.

## TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.

With a selection from the Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchelsea; and extracts of similar character from other writers; transcribed by a female friend.

LADY! I rifled a Parnassian Cave  
(But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore;  
And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store  
Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave  
The azure brooks where Dian joys to lave  
Her spotless limbs; and ventured to explore  
Dim shades—for reliques, upon Lethe's shore,  
Cast up at random by the sullen wave.  
To female hands the treasures were resigned;  
And lo, this Work! a grotto bright and clear  
From stain or taint! in which thy blameless mind  
May feed on thoughts though pensive not austere;  
Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined  
To holy musing, it may enter here.

## XI.

*There is a pleasure in poetic pains  
Which only Poets know;—'t was rightly said;  
Whom could the Muses else allure to tread  
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?  
When happiest Fancy has inspired the Strains,  
How oft the malice of one luckless word  
Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,  
Haunts him belated on the silent plains!  
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,  
At last, of hinderance and obscurity,  
Fresh as the Star that crowns the brow of Morn;  
Bright, speckless, as a softly moulded tear  
The moment it has left the Virgin's eye,  
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed Thorn.*

## XII.

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,  
"Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!"  
Forthwith, that little Cloud, in ether spread,  
And penetrated all with tender light,  
She cast away, and showed her fulgent head  
Uncovered;—dazzling the Beholder's sight  
As if to vindicate her beauty's right,  
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.  
Meanwhile that Veil, removed or thrown aside,  
Went, floating from her, darkening as it went;  
And a huge Mass, to bury or to hide,  
Approached this glory of the firmament;  
Who meekly yields, and is obscured;—content  
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

## XIII.

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!  
Not dull art Thou, as undiscerning Night;  
But studious only to remove from sight  
Day's mutable distinctions,—Ancient Power!  
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,  
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest  
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest  
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower  
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen  
The self-same Vision which we now behold,  
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! brought forth:  
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;  
The floods,—the stars,—a spectacle as old  
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

## XIV.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbest the sky,  
How silently, and with how wan a face! \*  
Where art thou? Thou whom I have seen on high  
Running among the clouds a wood-nymph's race!  
Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath's a sigh  
Which they would stifle, move at such a pace!  
The northern Wind, to call thee to the chase,  
Must blow to-night his bugle horn. Had I  
The power of Merlin, Goddess! this should be:  
And the keen Stars, fast as the clouds were riven,  
Should sally forth, an emulous Company,  
All hurrying with thee through the clear blue heaven  
But, Cynthia! should to thee the palm be given,  
Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

## XV.

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the stress  
Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp  
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,  
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess  
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:  
The Lake below reflects it not; the sky,  
Muffled in clouds, affords no company  
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.  
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing  
Which sends so far its melancholy light,  
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring  
A gay society with faces bright,  
Conversing, reading, laughing;—or they sing,  
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

\* From a Sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney.

## XVI.

MARK the concentred Hazels that enclose  
 Yon old gray Stone, protected from the ray  
 Of noontide suns : — and even the beams that play  
 And glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows,  
 Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows  
 Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,  
 The very image framing of a Tomb,  
 In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose  
 Among the lonely mountains. — Live, ye Trees!  
 And Thou, gray Stone, the pensive likeness keep  
 Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep:  
 For more than Fancy to the influence bends  
 When solitary Nature condescends  
 To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

## XVII.

## CAPTIVITY.

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way  
 Strikes through the Traveller's frame with deadlier  
 chill,  
 Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,  
 Glistening with unparticipated ray,  
 Or shining slope where he must never stray;  
 So joys, remembered without wish or will,  
 Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill, —  
 On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.  
 Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind  
 To fit proportion with my altered state!  
 Quench those felicities whose light I find  
 Reflected in my bosom all too late! —  
 O be my spirit, like my thralldom, strait;  
 And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow, blind!"

## XVIII.

BROOK! whose society the Poet seeks,  
 Intent his wasted spirits to renew;  
 And whom the curious Painter doth pursue  
 Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,  
 And tracks thee dancing down thy water-brakes;  
 If wish were mine some type of thee to view,  
 Thee, — and not thee thyself, I would not do  
 Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,  
 Channels for tears; no Naiad should'st thou be, —  
 Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hairs:  
 It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee  
 With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,  
 And hath bestowed on thee a better good;  
 Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

## XIX.

## COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

DOGMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white fur!  
 Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood!  
 Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,  
 Press the point home, — or falter and demur,  
 Checked in your course by many a teasing burr;  
 These natural council-seats your acrid blood  
 Might cool; — and, as the Genius of the flood  
 Stoops willingly to animate and spur  
 Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,  
 Yon eddying balls of foam — these arrowy gleams,  
 That o'er the pavement of the surging streams  
 Welter and flash — a synod might detain  
 With subtle speculations, haply vain,  
 But surely less so than your far-fetched themes!

## XX.

This, and the two following, were suggested by Mr. W. Westall's  
 Views of the Caves, etc. in Yorkshire.

PURE element of waters! wheresoe'er  
 Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,  
 Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,  
 Rise into life and in thy train appear:  
 And, through the sunny portion of the year,  
 Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants:  
 And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants;  
 And hart and hind and hunter with his spear,  
 Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt  
 In man's perturbed soul thy sway benign;  
 And, haply, far within the marble belt  
 Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine  
 For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt  
 Their anguish, — and they blend sweet songs with  
 thine.\*

## XXI.

## MALHAM COVE.

WAS the aim frustrated by force or guile,  
 When giants scooped from out the rocky ground  
 —Tier under tier — this semicirque profound!  
 (Giants — the same who built in Erin's isle  
 That Causeway with incomparable toil!)  
 O, had this vast theatric structure wound  
 With finished sweep into a perfect round,  
 No mightier work had gained the plausible smile  
 Of all-beholding Phœbus! But, alas,  
 Vain earth! — false world! — Foundations must be laid  
 In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of *is* and *was*,  
 Things incomplete and purposes betrayed

\* Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letter-press prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.

Make sadder transits o'er truth's mystic glass  
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

## XXII.

## GORDALE.

At early dawn, or rather when the air  
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy Eve  
Is busiest to confer and to bereave,  
Then, pensive Votary! let thy feet repair  
To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair  
Where the young lions couch; — for so, by leave  
Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive  
The local Deity, with oozy hair  
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,  
Recumbent: Him thou may'st behold, who hides  
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,  
Teaching the docile waters how to turn;  
Or, if need be, impediment to spurn,  
And force their passage to the salt-sea tides!

## XXIII.

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND  
HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.\*

A WEIGHT of awe not easy to be borne  
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit — cast  
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,  
When first I saw that Sisterhood forlorn;  
And Her, whose massy strength and stature scorn  
The power of years — pre-eminent, and placed  
Apart — to overlook the circle vast.  
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn  
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night;  
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud,  
At whose behest uprose on British ground  
Thy Progeny; in hieroglyphic round  
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,  
The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

## XXIV.

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAM-  
BLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

DARK and more dark the shades of evening fell;  
The wished-for point was reached, but late the hour;

\*The Daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number, and their height is from three feet to so many yards above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single Stone, eighteen feet high. When the Author first saw this Monument, as he came upon it by surprise, he might over-rate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, he must say, he has not seen any other Relique of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

And little could be gained from all that dower  
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.  
Yet did the glowing west in all its power  
Salute us; — there stood Indian Citadel,  
Temple of Greece, and Minster with its tower  
Substantially expressed — a place for bell  
Or clock to toll from. Many a tempting Isle,  
With Groves that never were imagined, lay  
'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for the eye  
Of silent rapture; but we felt the while  
We should forget them; they are of the sky,  
And from our earthly memory fade away.

## XXV.

———"they are of the sky,  
And from our earthly memory fade away."

THESE words were uttered as in pensive mood  
We turned, departing from that solemn sight:  
A contrast and reproach to gross delight,  
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed!  
But now upon this thought I cannot brood;  
It is unstable as a dream of night;  
Nor will I praise a Cloud, however bright,  
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.  
Grove, Isle, with every shape of sky-built dome,  
Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,  
Find in the heart of man no natural home:  
The immortal Mind craves objects that endure:  
These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,  
Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure.

## XXVI.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,  
SEPT. 3, 1803.

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

## XXVII.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!  
 In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers  
 Expand — enjoying through their vernal hours  
 The air of liberty, the light of truth;  
 Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth,  
 Yet, O ye Spires of Oxford! Domes and Towers!  
 Gardens and Groves! your presence overpowers  
 The soberness of Reason; till, in sooth,  
 Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,  
 I slight my own beloved Cam, to range  
 Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet;  
 Pace the long avenue, or glide adown  
 The stream-like windings of that glorious street,  
 — An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown!

## XXVIII.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

SHAME on this faithless heart! that could allow  
 Such transport — though but for a moment's space;  
 Not while — to aid the spirit of the place —  
 The crescent moon clove with its glittering prow  
 The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough,  
 But in plain daylight: — She, too, at my side,  
 Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,  
 Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!  
 Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive;  
 Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim;  
 Take from *her* brow the withering flowers of eve,  
 And to that brow Life's morning wreath restore;  
 Let *her* be comprehended in the frame  
 Of these illusions, or they please no more.

## XXIX.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY  
 EIGHTH, TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The imperial Stature, the colossal stride,  
 Are yet before me; yet do I behold  
 The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,  
 The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride:  
 And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,  
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy  
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,  
 Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far descried.  
 Who trembles now at thy capricious mood!  
 'Mid those surrounding worthies, haughty King,  
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,  
 How Providence educeth, from the spring  
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,  
 Which neither force shall check, nor time abate!

## XXX.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY, (GEORGE  
 THE THIRD.)

WARD of the Law! — dread Shadow of a King!  
 Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;  
 Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,  
 Darkness as thick as Life o'er Life could fling,  
 Save haply for some feeble glimmering  
 Of Faith and Hope; if thou, by nature's doom,  
 Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,  
 Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,  
 When thankfulness were best! — Fresh-flowing tears  
 Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,  
 Yield to such after-thought the sole reply  
 Which justly it can claim. The Nation hears  
 In this deep knell — silent for threescore years,  
 An unexampled voice of awful memory!

## XXXI.

JUNE, 1820.

FAME tells of Groves — from England far away —  
 \* Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill  
 And modulate, with subtle reach of skill  
 Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay;  
 Such bold report I venture to gainsay;  
 For I have heard the choir of Richmond hill  
 Chanting, with indefatigable bill,  
 Strains that recalled to mind a distant day;  
 When, haply under shade of that same wood  
 And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars  
 Plied steadily between those willowy shores,  
 The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood —  
 Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,  
 Ye heavenly Birds! to your Progenitors.

## XXXII.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.†

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,  
 Is marked by no distinguishable line;  
 The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;  
 And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,  
 Garden, and that domain where Kindred, Friends,  
 And Neighbours rest together, here confound  
 Their several features, mingled like the sound  
 Of many waters, or as evening blends  
 With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,  
 Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave;  
 And while those lofty Poplars gently wave  
 Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky  
 Bright as the glimpses of Eternity,  
 To Saints accorded in their mortal hour.

\* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

† See Note, 23, p. 324.



## XXXIII.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE  
IN NORTH WALES.

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,  
Wandering with timid footstep oft betrayed,  
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid  
Old Time, though He, gentlest among the Thralls  
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid  
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,  
From the wan Moon, upon the Towers and Walls,  
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.  
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,  
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,  
Time *loves* Thee! at his call the Seasons twine  
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar;  
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,  
A soothing recompense, his gift, is Thine!

## XXXIV.

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P.  
COMPOSED IN THE GROUNDS OF PLASS NEWIDD, NEAR  
LLANGOLLIN, 1824.

A STREAM to mingle with your favourite Dee,  
Along the VALE OF MEDITATION\* flows;  
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see  
In Nature's face the expression of repose;  
Or haply there some pious Hermit chose  
To live and die, the peace of Heaven his aim;  
To whom the wild sequestered region owes,  
At this late day, its sanctifying name.  
GLYN CAPHALLGARROCH, in the Cambrian tongue,  
In ours the *Vale of Friendship*, let this spot  
Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,  
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long;  
Sisters in love — a love allowed to climb,  
Even on this earth, above the reach of Time!

## XXXV.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE,  
NORTH WALES.

How art thou named? In search of what strange land  
From what huge height, descending? Can such force  
Of waters issue from a British source,  
Or hath not Pindus fed Thee, where the band  
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand  
Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant shocks  
From that young Stream, that emits the throbbing rocks  
Of Viamala! There I seem to stand,  
As in Life's Morn; permitted to behold,  
From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods;  
In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;  
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose;  
Such power possess the Family of floods  
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

\*Glyn Myrvr.

## XXXVI.

———"gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."

THOUGH narrow be that Old Man's cares, and near,  
The poor Old Man is greater than he seems:  
For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams;  
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.  
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer;  
The region of his inner spirit teems  
With vital sounds and monitory gleams  
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.  
He the seven birds hath seen, that never part,  
Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their nightly rounds,  
And counted them: and oftentimes will start —  
For overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S HOUNDS,  
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart  
To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!

## XXXVII.

STRANGE visitation! at *Jemima's* lip  
Thus hadst thou pecked, wild Redbreast! Love might  
say,  
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip  
Its glistening dew; but hallowed is the clay  
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose head is gray,  
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;  
Nor could I let one thought — one motion — slip  
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.  
For are we not all His without whose care  
Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the ground?  
Who gives his Angels wings to speed through air,  
And rolls the planets through the blue profound;  
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor forbear  
To trust a Poet in still vision bound.

## XXXVIII.

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian Isle  
Lay couched; — upon that breathless Monument,  
On him, or on his fearful bow unbent,  
Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile  
The rigid features of a transient smile,  
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,  
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment  
From home affections, and heroic toil.  
Nor doubt that spiritual Creatures round us move,  
Griefs to allay that Reason cannot heal;  
And very Reptiles have sufficed to prove  
To fettered Wretchedness, that no Bastile  
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,  
Though Man for Brother Man has ceased to feel.

## XXXIX.

WHILE they, who once were Anna's Playmates, tread  
 The mountain turf and river's flowery marge;  
 Or float with music in the festal barge;  
 Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led;  
 Her doom it is to press a weary bed —  
 Till oft her guardian Angel, to some Charge  
 More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,  
 And Friends too rarely prop the languid head.  
 Yet Genius is no feeble comforter:  
 The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her  
 Can cheat the time; sending her fancy out  
 To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,  
 Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout;  
 Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.

## XL

## TO THE CUCKOO.

Nor the whole warbling grove in concert heard  
 When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill  
 Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy bill,  
 With its twin notes inseparably paired.  
 The Captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,  
 Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,  
 That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room  
 Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.  
 The lordly Eagle-race through hostile search  
 May perish; time may come when never more  
 The wilderness shall hear the Lion roar;  
 But, long as Cock shall crow from household perch  
 To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,  
 And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring!

## XLI.

## THE INFANT M—— M——

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace  
 Forgets her nature, opening like a flower  
 That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power  
 In painful struggles. Months each other chase,  
 And nought untunes that Infant's voice; a trace  
 Of fretful temper sullies not her cheek;  
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek  
 That one enrapt with gazing on her face  
 (Which even the placid innocence of Death  
 Could scarcely make more placid, Heaven more bright)  
 Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,  
 The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light;  
 A Nursling couched upon her Mother's knee,  
 Beneath some shady Palm of Galilee.

## XLII.

## TO ROTH A Q——.

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child! this head was gray  
 When at the sacred Font for Thee I stood;  
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood  
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:  
 Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day  
 For steadfast hope the contract to fulfil;  
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,  
 Embodied in the music of this Lay,  
 Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream\*  
 Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear  
 After her throes, this Stream of name more dear  
 Since thou dost bear it, — a memorial theme  
 For others; for thy future self a spell  
 To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.

## XLIII.

## TO ——, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

SUCH age how beautiful! O Lady bright,  
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined  
 By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind  
 To something purer and more exquisite  
 Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,  
 When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,  
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,  
 And head that droops because the soul is meek,  
 Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;  
 That Child of Winter, prompting thoughts that climb  
 From desolation toward the genial prime;  
 Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,  
 And filling more and more with crystal light  
 As pensive Evening deepens into night.

## XLIV.

A GRAVE-STONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS  
OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

"MISERRIMUS!" and neither name nor date,  
 Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone;  
 Nought but that word assigned to the unknown,  
 That solitary word — to separate  
 From all, and cast a cloud around the fate  
 Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,  
 Who chose his Epitaph! Himself alone  
 Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,  
 And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;  
 Nor doubt that He marked also for his own,  
 Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,  
 That every foot might fall with heavier tread,  
 Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass  
 Softly! — To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

\* The River Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the  
 Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

## XLV.

## A TRADITION OF DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill  
Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,  
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still  
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place  
A chosen Tree; then, eager to fulfil  
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they  
In opposite directions urged their way  
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill  
Or blight that fond memorial; — the trees grew,  
And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again  
Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain;  
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew  
Until their spirits mingled in the sea  
That to itself takes all — Eternity.

## XLVI.

## FILIAL PIETY.

Untouched through all severity of cold,  
Inviolate, whate'er the cottage hearth  
Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth,  
That Pile of Turf is half a century old:  
Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been told  
Since suddenly the dart of death went forth  
'Gainst him who raised it, — his last work on earth;  
Thence by his Son more prized than aught which gold  
Could purchase — watched, preserved by his own hands,  
That, faithful to the Structure, still repair  
Its waste. — Though crumbling with each breath of air,  
In annual renovation thus it stands —  
Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,  
And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds are rare.

## XLVII.

## TO B. R. HAYDON, ESQ.

ON SEEING HIS PICTURE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE  
ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill  
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines  
And charm of colours; I applaud those signs  
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;  
That unencumbered whole of blank and still,  
Sky without cloud — ocean without a wave;  
And the one Man that laboured to enslave  
The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill —  
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face  
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place  
With light reflected from the invisible sun  
Set like his fortunes; but not set for aye  
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues his way,  
And before him doth dawn perpetual run.

## XLVIII.

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion, and the pride  
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present  
To house and home in many a craggy rent  
Of the wild Peak; where new-born waters glide  
Through fields whose thrifty Occupants abide  
As in a dear and chosen banishment,  
With every semblance of entire content;  
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!  
Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her troth  
To pastoral dales, thin set with modest farms,  
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,  
That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms;  
And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms  
The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

## XLIX.

DESponding Father! mark this altered bough,  
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,  
Or moist with dews; what more unsightly now,  
Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,  
Invisible! yet Spring her genial brow  
Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay  
As false to expectation. Nor fret thou  
At like unlovely process in the May  
Of human life: a Stripling's graces blow,  
Fade and are shed, that from their timely fall  
(Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may grow  
Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call;  
In *all* men, sinful is it to be slow  
To hope — in *Parents*, sinful above all.

## L.

## ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED,

AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the ground  
Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,  
Takes fire: — The men that have been reappear;  
Romans for travel girt, for business gown'd,  
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crown'd,  
In festal glee: why not? For fresh and clear,  
As if its hues were of the passing year,  
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound  
Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,  
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil;  
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil  
Of tenderness — the Wolf, whose suckling Twins  
The unlettered Ploughboy pities when he wins  
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

## LI.

## ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY

WHEN human touch, as monkish books attest,  
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells  
Broke forth in concert flung adown the della,  
And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest;  
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest  
To rapture! Mabel listened at the side  
Of her loved Mistress: soon the music died,  
And Catherine said, "Here I set up my rest."  
Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long had sought  
A home that by such miracle of sound  
Must be revealed: — she heard it now, or felt  
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;  
And there, a saintly anchoress, she dwelt  
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

## LII.

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant  
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant  
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care,  
The mind's least generous wish a mendican  
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.  
Speak, though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow  
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine;  
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

## LIII.

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein  
Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky  
As void of sunshine, when, from that wide Plain,  
Clear tops of far-off Mountains we descry,  
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,  
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?  
Yes, there was One; — for One, asunder fly  
The thousand links of that ethereal chain;  
And green vales open out, with grove and field,  
And the fair front of many a happy Home;  
Such tempting spots as into vision come  
While Soldiers, of the weapons that they wield  
Weary, and sick of strife and Christendom,  
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

## LIV.

## TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill, Esq., for St. John's  
College, Cambridge.]

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt  
Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place;  
And, if Time spare the colours for the grace  
Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,  
Thou, on thy rock reclined, though Kingdoms melt,  
And States be torn up by the roots, wilt seem  
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,  
To think and feel as once the Poet felt.  
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown  
Unrecognized through many a household tear,  
More prompt more glad to fall than drops of dew  
By morning shed around a flower half blown;  
Tears of delight, that testified how true  
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

## LV.

## CONCLUSION.

TO —

IF these brief Records, by the Muses' art  
Produced as lonely Nature or the strife  
That animates the scenes of public life  
Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part;  
And if these Transcripts of the private heart  
Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears,  
Then I repent not: but my soul hath fears  
Breathed from eternity; for as a dart  
Cleaves the blank air, Life flies: now every day  
Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel  
Of the revolving week. Away, away,  
All fitful cares, all transitory zeal;  
So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,  
And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

## LVI.

IN my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud  
Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,  
Rose out of darkness: the bright Work stood still,  
And might of its own beauty have been proud,  
But it was fashioned and to God was vowed  
By Virtues that diffused, in every part,  
Spirit divine through forms of human art:  
Faith had her arch — her arch, when winds blow loud  
Into the consciousness of safety thrilled;  
And Love her towers of dread foundation laid  
Under the grave of things; Hope had her spire  
Star-high, and pointing still to something higher;  
Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it said,  
Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when we build.



## PART THIRD.

## I.

THOUGH the bold wings of poesy affect  
The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops  
Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops  
Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt,  
Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect  
The lingering dew — there steals along, or stops  
Watching the least small bird that round her hops,  
Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect.  
Her functions are they therefore less divine,  
Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent  
Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,  
Aspiring votary, ere thy hand present  
One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,  
With brow in penitential sorrow bent!

## II.

A Poet! — He hath put his heart to school,  
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff  
Which art hath lodged within his hand — must laugh  
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.  
Thy art be nature; the live current quaff,  
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,  
In fear that else, when critics grave and cool  
Have killed him, scorn should write his epitaph.  
How does the meadow-flower its bloom unfold?  
Because the lovely little flower is free  
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;  
And so the grandeur of the forest-tree  
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,  
But from its *own* divine vitality.

## TO —

[Miss not the occasion: by the forelock take  
That subtle Power, the never halting Time,  
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make  
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

## III.

"Warr, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia threw  
Forth to her dove, and took no further heed,  
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew  
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;  
But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed  
She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,  
Whence the poor unregarded favourite, true  
To old affections, had been heard to plead  
With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek  
Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain  
Of harmony! — a shriek of terror, pain,  
And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a kite  
Pounced,—and the dove, which from its ruthless beak  
She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

## IV.

THE most alluring clouds that mount the sky  
Owe to a troubled element their forms,  
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye  
We watch their splendour, shall we covet storms,  
And wish the lord of day his slow decline  
Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high!  
Behold, already they forget to shine,  
Dissolve — and leave to him who gazed a sigh.  
Not loth to thank each moment for its boon  
Of pure delight, come whensoe'er it may,  
Peace let us seek, — to steadfast things attune  
Calm expectations, leaving to the gay  
And volatile their love of transient bowers,  
The house that cannot pass away be ours.

## V.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON UPON  
THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON.

By art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand  
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck;  
Let the steed glory while his master's hand  
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck;  
But by the chieftain's look, though at his side  
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check  
Is given to triumph and all human pride!  
Yon trophied mound shrinks to a shadowy speck  
In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed  
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,  
As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed  
Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame  
In Heaven; hence no one blushes for thy name,  
Conqueror, mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest!

## VI.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

LIFE with yon lambs, like day, is just begun,  
Yet nature seems to them a heavenly guide.  
Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide;  
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun  
Pale twilight's lingering glooms, — and in the sun  
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;  
Or gambol — each with his shadow at his side,  
Varying its shape wherever he may run.  
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew  
All turn, and court the shining and the green,  
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;  
Why to God's goodness cannot we be true,  
And so, His gifts and promises between,  
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new!

## VII.

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,  
One upward hand, as if she needed rest  
From rapture, lying softly on her breast!  
Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance;

But not the less — nay more — that countenance,  
 While thus illumined, tells of painful strife  
 For a sick heart made weary of this life  
 By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.  
 — Would she were now as when she hoped to pass  
 At God's appointed hour to them who tread  
 Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content,  
 Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common  
     grass,  
 Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,  
 For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

## VIII.

## TO A PAINTER.

ALL praise the likeness by thy skill portrayed;  
 But 't is a fruitless task to paint for me,  
 Who, yielding not to changes time has made,  
 By the habitual light of memory see  
 Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,  
 And smiles that from their birth-place ne'er shall flee  
 Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;  
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.  
 Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,  
 Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye,  
 Then, and then only, painter! could thy art  
 The visual powers of nature satisfy,  
 Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,  
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

## IX.

## ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank surprise  
 This work, I now have gazed on it so long  
 I see its truth with reluctant eyes;  
 O, my beloved! I have done thee wrong,  
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,  
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:  
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,  
 And the old day was welcome as the young,  
 As welcome, and as beautiful — in sooth  
 More beautiful, as being a thing more holy:  
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth  
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;  
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast  
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

## X.

HARK! 't is the thrush, undaunted, undeprest,  
 By twilight premature of cloud and rain;  
 Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain  
 Who carols thinking of his love and nest,  
 And seems, as more incited, still more blest.  
 Thanks; thou hast snapped a fire-side prisoner's chain,  
 Exulting warbler! eased a fretted brain,

And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.  
 Yes, I will forth, bold bird! and front the blast,  
 That we may sing together, if thou wilt,  
 So loud, so clear, my partner through life's day,  
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built  
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,  
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the social lay.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1838.

## XI.

'T is he whose yester-evening's high disdain  
 Beat back the roaring storm — but how subdued  
 His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!  
 Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain?  
 Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein  
 Pleased to renounce, does this dear thrush attune  
 His voice to suit the temper of yon moon  
 Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?  
 Rise, tardy sun! and let the songster prove  
 (The balance trembling between night and morn  
 No longer) with what ecstasy upborne  
 He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven above,  
 And earth below, they best can serve true gladness  
 Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

## XII.

OH what a wreck! how changed in mien and speech!  
 Yet — though dread Powers, that work in mystery,  
     spin  
 Entanglings of the brain; though shadows stretch  
 O'er the chilled heart — reflect; far, far within  
 Hers is a holy being, freed from sin.  
 She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,  
 But delegated Spirits comfort fetch  
 To her from heights that reason may not win.  
 Like children, she is privileged to hold  
 Divine communion; both do live and move,  
 Whate'er to shallow faith their ways unfold,  
 Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;  
 Love pitying innocence not long to last,  
 In them — in her our sins and sorrows past.

## XIII.

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake  
 Yon busy little-ones rejoice that soon  
 A poor old dame will bless them for the boon:  
 Great is their glee while flake they add to flake  
 With rival earnestness; far other strife  
 Than will hereafter move them, if they make  
 Pastime their idol, give their day of life  
 To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.  
 Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief?  
 Pains which the world inflicts can she requite?

Not for an interval however brief;  
The silent thoughts that search for stedfast light,  
Love from her depths, and duty in her might,  
And faith — these only yield secure relief.

March 8th, 1842.

#### XIV.

##### ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

DISCOURSE was deemed man's noblest attribute,  
And written words the glory of his hand;  
Then followed printing with enlarged command  
For thought — dominion vast and absolute  
For spreading truth, and making love expand.  
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute  
Must lacquey a dumb art that best can suit  
The taste of this once intellectual land.  
A backward movement surely have we here,  
From manhood — back to childhood; for the age —  
Back towards caverned life's first rude career.  
Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!  
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear  
Nothing! Heaven keep us from a lower stage.

1846.

#### XV.

##### A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY 1838.

FAILING impartial measure to dispense  
To every suitor, equity is lame;  
And social justice, stript of reverence  
For natural rights, a mockery and a shame;  
Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,  
If, guarding grossest things from common claim  
Now and for ever, she, to works that came  
From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence.  
"What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,  
For *Books!*" Yes, heartless ones, or be it proved  
That 't is a fault in us to have lived and loved  
Like others, with like temporal hopes to die;  
No public harm that genius from her course  
Be turned; and streams of truth dried up, even at their  
source!

#### XVI.

##### A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD.

(SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.)

"Son of my buried son! while thus thy hand  
"Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think  
"How want may press thee down, and with thee sink  
"Thy children, left unfit, through vain demand \*

\* The author of an animated article, printed in the *Law Magazine*, in favour of the principle of Sergeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, precedes me in the public expression of this feeling; which had been forced too often upon my own mind, by remembering how few descendants of men eminent in literature are even known to exist.

"Of culture, even to feel or understand  
"My simplest lay that to their memory  
"May cling. — Hard fate which haply may not be,  
"Did justice mould the statutes of the land.  
"A book time-cherished and an honoured name  
"Are high rewards; but bound they nature's claim  
"Or reason's! No. — Hopes spun in timid line  
"From out the bosom of a modest home,  
"Extend through unambitious years to come,  
"My careless little one for thee and thine!"

May 23d.

#### XVII.

##### TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D.

MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL.

After the perusal of his *Theophilus Anglicanus*, recently published.

ENLIGHTENED teacher, gladly from thy hand  
Have I received this proof of pains bestowed  
By thee to guide thy pupils on the road  
That, in our native isle, and every land,  
The Church, when trusting in divine command  
And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod:  
O may these lessons be with profit scanned  
To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!  
So the bright faces of the young and gay  
Shall look more bright — the happy, happier still;  
Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,  
Motions of thought which elevate the will  
And, like the spire that from your classic hill  
Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1843.

#### XVIII.

##### TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, Jan. 1838.

WHAT strong allurements draws, what spirit guides,  
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer  
Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer  
Night after night! True is it nature hides  
Her treasures less and less. — Man now presides  
In power, where once he trembled in his weakness;  
Science advances with gigantic strides;  
But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?  
Aught dost thou see, bright star! of pure and wise  
More than in humbler times graced human story;  
That makes our hearts more apt to sympathise  
With heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,  
When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,  
Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

#### XIX.

##### AT DOVER.

FROM the pier's head, musing, and with increase  
Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side town,  
Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,  
Hushed to a depth of more than sabbath peace:

The streets and quays are thronged, but why disown  
 Their natural utterance: whence this strange release  
 From social noise — silence elsewhere unknown? —  
 A spirit whispered, "Let all wonder cease;  
 Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have set free  
 Thy sense from pressure of life's common din;  
 As the dread voice that speaks from out the sea  
 Of God's eternal Word, the voice of time  
 Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks of crime,  
 The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin."

## XX.

WANSFELL!\* this household has a favoured lot,  
 Living with liberty on thee to gaze,  
 To watch while morn first crowns thee with her rays,  
 Or when along thy breast serenely float  
 Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note  
 Hath sounded (shame upon the bard!) thy praise  
 For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought  
 Of glory lavished on our quiet days.  
 Bountiful son of earth! when we are gone  
 From every object dear to mortal sight,  
 As soon we shall be, may these words attest  
 How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone  
 Thy visionary majesties of light,  
 How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest.

Dec. 24, 1842.

## XXI.

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide and high,  
 Deep in the vale a little rural town †  
 Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its own,  
 That mounts not toward the radiant morning sky,  
 But, with a less ambitious sympathy,  
 Hangs o'er its parent waking to the cares  
 Troubles and toils that every day prepares.  
 So fancy, to the musing poet's eye,  
 Endears that lingerer. And how blest her sway  
 (Like influence never may my soul reject)  
 If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked  
 With glorious forms in numberless array,  
 To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose  
 Gleams from a world in which the saints repose.

Jan. 1, 1843.

## XXII.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE  
RAILWAY.

Is then no nook of English ground secure  
 From rash assault? ‡ Schemes of retirement sown  
 In youth, and mid the busy world kept pure  
 As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,

\* The hill that rises to the south-east, above Ambleside.

† Ambleside.

‡ The degree and kind of attachment which many of the

Must perish; — how can they this blight endure?  
 And must he too the ruthless change bemoan  
 Who scorns a false utilitarian lure  
 Mid his paternal fields at random thrown!  
 Baffle the threat, bright scene from Orrest-head  
 Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance:  
 Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance  
 Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,  
 Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong  
 And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

October 12th, 1844.

## XXIII.

PROUD were ye, mountains, when, in times of old,  
 Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,  
 Intrenched your brows; ye gloried in each scar:  
 Now, for your shame, a power, the thirst of gold,  
 That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,  
 Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,  
 And clear way made for her triumphal car  
 Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!  
 Heard ye that whistle! As her long-linked train  
 Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view!  
 Yes, ye were startled; — and, in balance true,  
 Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,  
 Mountains, and vales, and floods, I call on you  
 To share the passion of a just disdain.

## XXIV.

## AT FURNESS ABBEY.

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,  
 Man left this structure to become time's prey  
 A soothing spirit follows in the way  
 That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.  
 See how her ivy clasps the sacred ruin  
 Fall to prevent or beautify decay;  
 And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,  
 The flowers in pearly dew their bloom renewing!  
 Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour;  
 Even as I speak the rising sun's first smile  
 Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall tower  
 Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim  
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile  
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing but a name!

yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman. "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.



## XXV.

## AT FURNESS ABBEY.

WELL have yon railway labourers to THIS ground  
 Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk  
 Among the ruins, but no idle talk  
 Is heard; to grave demeanour all are bound;  
 And from one voice a hymn with tuneful sound  
 Hallows once more the long-deserted quire  
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.  
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire  
 That wide-spread arch, wondering how it was raised,  
 To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace:  
 All seem to feel the spirit of the place,  
 And by the general reverence God is praised:  
 Profane despoilers, stand ye not reproved,  
 While thus these simple-hearted men are moved! \*

June 21st, 1845.

## XXVI.

## VALEDICTORY SONNET.

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838.†

SERVING no haughty muse, my hands have here  
 Disposed some cultured flowerets (drawn from spots  
 Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),  
 Each kind in several beds of one parterre;  
 Both to allure the casual loiterer,  
 And that, so placed, my nurslings may requite  
 Studious regard with opportune delight,  
 Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.  
 But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,  
 Reader, farewell! My last words let them be —  
 If in this book fancy and truth agree;  
 If simple nature trained by careful art  
 Through it have found a passage to thy heart;  
 Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803.

## I.

## DEPARTURE.

FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE. AUGUST, 1803.

THE gentlest shade that walked Elysian plains  
 Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains;  
 Even for the tenants of the zone that lies  
 Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,  
 Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to overleap  
 At will the crystal battlements, and peep  
 Into some other region, though less fair,  
 To see how things are made and managed there.  
 Change for the worse might please, incursion bold  
 Into the tracts of darkness and of cold;  
 O'er Limbo lake with airy flight to steer,  
 And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.  
 Such animation often do I find,  
 Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind,  
 Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,  
 Perchance without one look behind me cast,  
 Some barrier with which nature, from the birth  
 Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on earth.  
 O, pleasant transit, Grasmere! to resign  
 Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine;  
 Not like an outcast with himself at strife;  
 The slave of business, time, or care for life  
 But moved by choice; or, if constrained in part,  
 Yet still with nature's freedom at the heart; —  
 To cull contentment upon wildest shores,  
 And luxuries extract from bleakest moors;  
 With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,  
 And having rights in all that we behold.

\* See Note.

—Then why these lingering steps? — A bright adieu,  
 For a brief absence, proves that love is true;  
 Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn  
 That winds into itself for sweet return.

## II. (1.)

## AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

1803.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I SHIVER, spirit fierce and cold,  
 At thought of what I now behold:  
 As vapours breathed from dungeons cold  
 Strike pleasure dead,  
 So sadness comes from out the mould  
 Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,  
 And thou forbidden to appear?  
 As if it were thyself that's here  
 I shrink with pain;  
 And both my wishes and my fear  
 Alike are vain.

Off weight — nor press on weight! — away  
 Dark thoughts! — they came, but not to stay;

[† In a brief advertisement to the Volume of Sonnets, the author said:

“My admiration of some of the sonnets of Milton, first tempted me to write in that form. The fact is not mentioned from a notion that it will be deemed of any importance by the reader, but merely as a public acknowledgment of one of the innumerable obligations, which, as a poet and a man, I am under to our great fellow-countryman. RYDAL MOUNT, May 21st, 1838.” — H. R.]

With chastened feelings would I pay  
The tribute due  
To him, and aught that hides his clay  
From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth  
He sang, his genius 'glinted' forth,  
Rose like a star that touching earth,  
For so it seems,  
Doth glorify its humble birth  
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,  
The struggling heart, where be they now? —  
Full soon the aspirant of the plough,  
The prompt, the brave,  
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low  
And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands, but as one  
More deeply grieved, for he was gone  
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
And showed my youth  
How verse may build a princely throne  
On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,  
Regret pursues and with it blends,—  
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends  
By Skiddaw seen,—  
Neighbours we were, and loving friends  
We might have been;

True friends though diversely inclined;  
But heart with heart and mind with mind,  
Where the main fibres are entwined,  
Through nature's skill,  
May even by contraries be joined  
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;  
Thou 'poor inhabitant below,'  
At this dread moment — even so —  
Might we together  
Have sate and talked where gowans blow,  
Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed  
Within my reach; of knowledge graced  
By fancy what a rich repast!  
But why go on? —  
Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,  
His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a son, his joy and pride,  
(Not three weeks past the stripling died,)  
Lies gathered to his father's side,  
Soul-moving sight!  
Yet one to which is not denied  
Some sad delight.

For he is safe, a quiet bed  
Hath early found among the dead,

Harboured where none can be misled,  
Wronged or distressed;  
And surely here it may be said  
That such are blest.

And oh for thee, by pitying grace  
Checked oft-times in a devious race,  
May He who halloweth the place  
Where man is laid  
Receive thy spirit in the embrace  
For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere  
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,  
Music that sorrow comes not near,  
A ritual hymn,  
Chaunted in love that casts out fear  
By Seraphim.

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## II. (2.)

### THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE BANKS OF NITH, NEAR  
THE POET'S RESIDENCE.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow  
That must have followed when his brow  
Was wreathed — "The Vision" tells us how —  
With holly spray,  
He faltered, drifted to and fro,  
And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear sister, throng  
Our minds when, lingering all too long,  
Over the grave of Burns we hung  
In social grief—  
Indulged as if it were a wrong  
To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme  
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,  
And prompt to welcome every gleam  
Of good and fair,  
Let us beside this limpid stream  
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;  
Think rather of those moments bright  
When to the consciousness of right  
His course was true,  
When wisdom prospered in his sight  
And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,  
Freely as in youth's season bland,  
When side by side, his book in hand,  
We went to stray,  
Our pleasure varying at command  
Of each sweet lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod  
These pathways, yon far-stretching road!

There lurks his home; in that abode,  
 With mirth elate,  
 Or in his nobly-pensive mood,  
 The rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that image overawes,  
 Before it humbly let us pause,  
 And ask of Nature, from what cause  
 And by what rules  
 She trained her Burns to win applause  
 That shames the schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen  
 Are felt the flashes of his pen;  
 He rules mid winter snows, and when  
 Bees fill their hives;  
 Deep in the general heart of men  
 His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime  
 Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,  
 And all that fetched the flowing rhyme  
 From genuine springs,  
 Shall dwell together till old Time  
 Folds up his wings?

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven  
 This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;  
 The rueful conflict, the heart riven  
 With vain endeavour,  
 And memory of earth's bitter leaven,  
 Effaced for ever.

But why to him confine the prayer,  
 When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear  
 On the frail heart the purest share  
 With all that live?—  
 The best of what we do and are,  
 Just God, forgive! \*

[\* In a letter from Wordsworth to the Editor, dated Rydal Mount, Dec. 23d, 1839, this poem is referred to as follows: " \* \* \* There is a difference of more than the length of your life, I believe, between our ages. I am now standing on the brink of that vast ocean I must sail so soon—I must speedily lose sight of the shore; and I could not once have conceived how little I now am troubled by the thought of how long or short a time they who remain upon that shore may have sight of me. The other day I chanced to be looking over a MS. poem belonging to the year 1803, though not actually composed till many years afterwards. It was suggested by visiting the neighbourhood of Dumfries, in which Burns had resided, and where he died: it concluded thus:

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven, &c.  
 I instantly added, the other day,

But why to him confine the prayer, &c.  
 The more I reflect upon this last exclamation, the more I feel, and perhaps it may in some degree be the same with you, justified in attaching comparatively small importance to any literary monument that I may be enabled to leave behind. It is well, however, I am convinced that men think otherwise in the earlier part of their lives, and why it is so, is a point I need not touch upon in writing to you."  
 —H. R.]

## IL (3.)

## TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER.

"The poet's grave is in a corner of the churchyard. We looked at it with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses—

'Is there a man whose judgment clear,' &c."

*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-traveller.*

'Mid crowded obelisks and urns  
 I sought the untimely grave of Burns;  
 Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns  
 With sorrow true;  
 And more would grieve, but that it turns  
 Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill  
 Ye now are panting up life's hill,  
 And more than common strength and skill  
 Must ye display;  
 If ye would give the better will  
 Its lawful away.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear  
 Intemperance with less harm, beware!  
 But if the poet's wit ye share,  
 Like him can speed  
 The social hour—of tenfold care  
 There will be need;

For honest men delight will take  
 To spare your failings for his sake,  
 Will flatter you,—and fool and rake  
 Your steps pursue;  
 And of your father's name will make  
 A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,  
 And add your voices to the quire  
 That sanctify the cottage fire  
 With service meet;

There seek the genius of your sire,  
 His spirit greet;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and hows,"  
 He paid to nature tuneful vows;  
 Or wiped his honourable brows  
 Bedewed with toil,  
 While reapers strove, or busy ploughs  
 Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray  
 Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;  
 But ne'er to a seductive lay  
 Let faith be given;  
 Nor deem that "light which leads astray,  
 Is light from Heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;  
 Be independent, generous, brave;  
 Your father such example gave,  
 And such revere;  
 But be admonished by his grave,  
 And think and fear!

† See Note.

## III.

## ELLEN IRWIN;

OR

## THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.\*

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate  
Upon the Braes of Kirtle,  
Was lovely as a Grecian Maid  
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle;  
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,  
And there did they beguile the day  
With love and gentle speeches,  
Beneath the budding beeches.

From many Knights and many Squires  
The Bruce had been selected;  
And Gordon, fairest of them all,  
By Ellen was rejected.  
Sad tidings to that noble Youth!  
For it may be proclaimed with truth,  
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,  
That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what is Gordon's beauteous face,  
And what are Gordon's crosses,  
To them who sit by Kirtle's Braes  
Upon the verdant mosses?  
Alas that ever he was born!  
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,  
Sees them and their caressing;  
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts  
That through his brain are travelling,—  
And, starting up, to Bruce's heart  
He lanced a deadly javelin!  
Fair Ellen saw it when it came,  
And, stepping forth to meet the same,  
Did with her body cover  
The Youth, her chosen Lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,  
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,  
Thus, from the heart of her True-love,  
The mortal spear repelling.  
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain  
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;  
And fought with rage incessant  
Against the Moorish Crescent.

But many days, and many months,  
And many years ensuing,  
This wretched Knight did vainly seek  
The death that he was wooing.

So coming his last help to crave,  
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave  
His body he extended,  
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard  
The tale I have been telling,  
May in Kirkconnel churchyard view  
The grave of lovely Ellen:  
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;  
And, for the stone upon his head,  
May no rude hand deface it,  
And its forlorn HIC JACET!\*

## IV.

## TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

(AT INVERSNEDYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head:  
And, these gray Rocks; this household Lawn;  
These Trees, a veil just half withdrawn;  
This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent Lake;  
This little Bay, a quiet Road  
That holds in shelter thy Abode;  
In truth together do ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream;  
Such Forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep!  
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart:  
God shield thee to thy latest years!  
I neither know thee nor thy peers;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away:  
For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here scattered like a random seed,  
Remote from men, Thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamefacedness:  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a Mountaineer:  
A face with gladness overspread!  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred.  
And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;

\* The Kirtle is a River in the Southern part of Scotland, on whose banks the events here related took place.

\* See Note.



With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech:  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life!  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee who art so beautiful?  
O happy pleasure! here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell;  
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,  
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!  
But I could frame a wish for thee  
More like a grave reality:  
Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea: and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighbourhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see!  
Thy elder Brother I would be,  
Thy Father, any thing to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place.  
Joy have I had; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:  
Then, why should I be loth to stir?  
I feel this place was made for her;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl! from Thee to part;  
For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold,  
As I do now, the Cabin small,  
The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall;  
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

## V

## GLEN-ALMAIN; OR, THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men,  
Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN;  
In this still place, where murmurs on  
But one meek Streamlet, only one:  
He sang of battles, and the breath  
Of stormy war, and violent death;  
And should, methinks, when all was past,  
Have rightfully been laid at last

Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent  
As by a spirit turbulent;  
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,  
And every thing unreconciled;  
In some complaining, dim retreat,  
For fear and melancholy meet;  
But this is calm; there cannot be  
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?  
Or is it but a groundless creed?  
What matters it?—I blame them not  
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot  
Was moved; and in such way expressed  
Their notion of its perfect rest.  
A Convent, even a Hermit's Cell  
Would break the silence of this Dell:  
It is not quiet, is not ease;  
But something deeper far than these:  
The separation that is here  
Is of the grave; and of austere  
Yet happy feelings of the dead:  
And, therefore, was it rightly said  
That Ossian, last of all his race!  
Lies buried in this lonely place.

## VI.

## STEPPING WESTWARD.

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side  
of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to  
a Hut where in the course of our Tour we had been hospitably  
entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest  
parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women, one of  
whom said to us by way of greeting, "What, you are stepping  
westward?"

"What, you are stepping westward?"—"Yea."  
—"T would be a *wildish* destiny,  
If we, who thus together roam  
In a strange Land, and far from home,  
Were in this place the guests of Chance:  
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,  
Though home or shelter he had none,  
With such a Sky to lead him on?  
The dewy ground was dark and cold;  
Behind, all gloomy to behold;  
And stepping westward seemed to be  
A kind of *heavenly* destiny:  
I liked the greeting; 't was a sound  
Of something without place or bound;  
And seemed to give me spiritual right  
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake  
Was walking by her native Lake:

The salutation had to me  
 The very sound of courtesy:  
 Its power was felt; and while my eye  
 Was fixed upon the glowing sky,  
 The echo of the voice enwrought  
 A human sweetness with the thought  
 Of travelling through the world that lay  
 Before me in my endless way.

## VII.

## THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
 Reaping and singing by herself;  
 Stop here, or gently pass!  
 Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
 And sings a melancholy strain;  
 O listen! for the Vale profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant  
 More welcome notes to weary bands  
 Of Travellers in some shady haunt,  
 Among Arabian Sands:  
 Such thrilling voice was never heard  
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
 Breaking the silence of the seas  
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
 And battles long ago:  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of to-day?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
 That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
 As if her song could have no ending;  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
 And o'er the sickle bending;—  
 I listened—motionless and still;  
 And when I mounted up the hill,  
 The music in my heart I bore,  
 Long after it was heard no more.

## VIII.

## ADDRESS

TO

## KILCHURN-CASTLE UPON LOCH AWE.

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an Island at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the Water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle

was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of Turrets—not the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."

*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream  
 Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest  
 Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;  
 Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught  
 Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.  
 Oh! there is life that breathes not; Powers there are  
 That touch each other to the quick in modes  
 Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive.  
 No soul to dream of. What art Thou, from care  
 Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,  
 Nor by soft Peace adopted; though, in place  
 And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem  
 But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,  
 Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner Hills  
 Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm:)  
 Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims  
 To reverence, suspends his own; submitting  
 All that the God of Nature hath conferred,  
 All that he has in common with the Stars,  
 To the memorial majesty of time  
 Impersonated in thy calm decay!

Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unreprieved!  
 Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light  
 Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,  
 Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and rule  
 Over the pomp and beauty of a scene  
 Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite  
 To pay thee homage; and with these are joined,  
 In willing admiration and respect,  
 Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called  
 Youthful as Spring. Shade of departed Power,  
 Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,  
 The Chronicle were welcome that should call  
 Into the compass of distinct regard  
 The toils and struggles of thy infancy!  
 Yon foaming flood seems motionless as Ice;  
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,  
 Frozen by distance; so, majestic Pile,  
 To the perception of this Age, appear  
 Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued  
 And quieted in character; the strife,  
 The pride, the fury uncontrollable,  
 Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades!\*

## IX.

## ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small pinfold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the Traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS Man is Robin Hood,  
 The English Ballad-singer's joy!

\*The Tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.

And Scotland has a Thief as good,  
An Outlaw of as daring mood;  
She has her brave Rob Roy!  
Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,  
And let us chant a passing Stave,  
In honour of that Hero brave!

HEAVEN gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,  
And wondrous length and strength of arm;  
Nor craved he more to quell his Foes,  
Or keep his Friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave;  
Forgive me if the phrase be strong; —  
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy  
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;  
As wise in thought as bold in deed:  
For in the principles of things  
*He sought his moral creed.*

Said generous Rob, "What need of Books?  
Burn all the Statutes and their shelves:  
They stir us up against our Kind;  
And worse, against Ourselves.

We have a passion, make a law,  
Too false to guide us or control!  
And for the law itself we fight  
In bitterness of soul.

And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose  
Distinctions that are plain and few:  
These find I graven on my heart:  
*That tells me what to do.*

The Creatures see of flood and field,  
And those that travel on the wind!  
With them no strife can last; they live  
In peace, and peace of mind.

For why? — because the good old Rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple Plan,  
That they should take, who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

A lesson that is quickly learned,  
A signal this which all can see!  
Thus nothing here provokes the Strong  
To wanton cruelty.

All freakishness of mind is checked;  
He tamed, who foolishly aspires;  
While to the measure of his might  
Each fashions his desires.

All Kinds, and Creatures, stand and fall  
By strength of prowess or of wit:  
'Tis God's appointment who must sway  
And who is to submit.

Since, then, the rule of right is plain,  
And longest life is but a day;  
To have my ends, maintain my rights,  
*I'll take the shortest way."*

And thus among these rocks he lived,  
Through summer heat and winter snow  
The Eagle, he was Lord above,  
And Rob was Lord below.

So was it — *would*, at least, have been  
But through untowardness of fate;  
For Polity was then too strong;  
He came an age too late,

Or shall we say an age too soon?  
For, were the bold Man living *now*,  
How might he flourish in his pride,  
With buds on every bough!

Then rents and Factors, rights of chase,  
Sheriffs, and Lairds and their domains,  
Would all have seemed but paltry things,  
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,  
To these few meagre Vales confined;  
But thought how wide the world, the times  
How fairly to his mind!

And to his Sword he would have said,  
"Do Thou my sovereign will enact  
From land to land through half the earth!  
Judge thou of law and fact!

'Tis fit that we should do our part;  
Becoming, that mankind should learn  
That we are not to be surpassed  
In fatherly concern.

Of old things all are over old,  
Of good things none are good enough.  
We'll show that we can help to frame  
A world of other stuff.

I, too, will have my Kings that take  
From me the sign of life and death:  
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,  
Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,  
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!  
France would have had her present boast;  
And we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;  
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave!  
Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all,  
Here standing by thy Grave.

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts,  
Wild Chieftain of a Savage Clan!  
Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love  
*The liberty of Man.*

And, had it been thy lot to live  
With us who now behold the light,  
Thou would'st have nobly stirred thyself,  
And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor Man's stay,  
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;  
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,  
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh  
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays  
Alone upon Loch Veol's Heights,  
And by Loch Lomond's Braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill,  
Are faces that attest the same;  
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,  
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

## X.

## COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!  
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,  
And love of havoc (for with such disease  
Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word  
To level with the dust a noble horde,  
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,  
Leaving an ancient Dome, and Towers like these,  
Beggared and outraged! — Many hearts deplored  
The fate of those old Trees; and oft with pain  
The Traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze  
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:  
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,  
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,  
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

## XI.

## YARROW UNVISITED.

(See the various Poems the Scene of which is laid upon  
the Banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of  
Hamilton, beginning

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!"—

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled;  
And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
"And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow Folk, *frae* Selkirk Town,  
"Who have been buying, selling,  
"Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;  
"Each Maiden to her Dwelling!  
"On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
"Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!  
"But we will downward with the Tweed,  
"Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
"Both lying right before us;  
"And Dryborough, where with the chiming Tweed  
"The Lintwhites sing in chorus;  
"There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land  
"Made blithe with plough and harrow:  
"Why throw away a needful day  
"To go in search of Yarrow!

"What's Yarrow but a River bare,  
"That glides the dark hills under!  
"There are a thousand such elsewhere  
"As worthy of your wonder."  
— Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn:  
My True-love sighed for sorrow;  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's Holms  
"And sweet is Yarrow flowing!  
"Fair hangs the apple *frae* the rock\*,  
"But we will leave it growing.  
"O'er hilly path, and open Strath,  
"We'll wander Scotland thorough;  
"But, though so near, we will not turn  
"Into the Dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
"The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
"The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
"Float double, swan and shadow!  
"We will not see them; will not go,  
"To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
"Enough if in our hearts we know  
"There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown!  
"It must, or we shall rue it:  
"We have a vision of our own;  
"Ah! why should we undo it!  
"The treasured dreams of times long past,  
"We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
"For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
"Twill be another Yarrow!

\* See Hamilton's Ballad, as above.



"If Care with freezing years should come,  
 "And wandering seem but folly,—  
 "Should we be loth to stir from home,  
 "And yet be melancholy;  
 "Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
 "'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,  
 "That earth has something yet to show,  
 "The bonny Holms of Yarrow!"

## XII.

## IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY.

AN INVASION BEING EXPECTED, OCTOBER 1803.

Six thousand Veterans practised in War's game,  
 Tried Men, at Killicranky were arrayed  
 Against an equal Host that wore the Plaid,  
 Shepherds and Herdsmen. — Like a whirlwind came  
 The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame;  
 And Garry, thundering down his mountain road,  
 Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load  
 Of the dead bodies. — 'Twas a day of shame  
 For them whom precept and the pedantry  
 Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.  
 O for a single hour of that Dundee,  
 Who on that day the word of onset gave!  
 Like conquest would the Men of England see;  
 And her Foes find a like inglorious Grave.

## XIII.

THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH,  
AND HER HUSBAND.

At Jedborough, my companion and I went into private Lodgings for a few days; and the following Verses were called forth by the character and domestic situation of our Hostess.

Age! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,  
 And call a train of laughing Hours;  
 And bid them dance, and bid them sing;  
 And thou, too, mingle in the Ring!  
 Take to thy heart a new delight;  
 If not, make merry in despite,  
 That there is One who scorns thy power:—  
 But dance! for under Jedborough Tower,  
 A Matron dwells, who though she bears  
 Our mortal complement of years,  
 Lives in the light of youthful glee,  
 And she will dance and sing with thee.  
 Nay! start not at that Figure—there!  
 Him who is rooted to his chair!  
 Look at him—look again! for He  
 Hath long been of thy Family.  
 With legs that move not, if they can,  
 And useless arms, a Trunk of Man,  
 He sits, and with a vacant eye;

A Sight to make a stranger sigh!  
 Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom:  
 His world is in this single room:  
 Is this a place for mirthful cheer?  
 Can merry-making enter here?

The joyous Woman is the Mate  
 Of him in that forlorn estate!  
 He breathes a subterraneous damp;  
 But bright as Vesper shines her lamp:  
 He is as mute as Jedborough Tower;  
 She jocund as it was of yore,  
 With all its bravery on; in times  
 When all alive with merry chimes,  
 Upon a sun-bright morn of May,  
 It roused the Vale to Holiday.

I praise thee, Matron! and thy due  
 Is praise, heroic praise, and true!  
 With admiration I behold  
 Thy gladness unsubdued and bold:  
 Thy looks, thy gestures, all present  
 The picture of a life well spent:  
 This do I see; and something more;  
 A strength unthought of heretofore!  
 Delighted am I for thy sake;  
 And yet a higher joy partake.  
 Our Human-nature throws away  
 Its second Twilight, and looks gay;  
 A land of promise and of pride  
 Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah! see her helpless Charge! enclosed  
 Within himself as seems, composed;  
 To fear of loss, and hope of gain,  
 The strife of happiness and pain,  
 Utterly dead! yet in the guise  
 Of little Infants, when their eyes  
 Begin to follow to and fro  
 The persons that before them go,  
 He tracks her motions, quick or slow.  
 Her buoyant Spirit can prevail  
 Where common cheerfulness would fail;  
 She strikes upon him with the heat  
 Of July Suns; he feels it sweet;  
 An animal delight though dim!  
 'Tis all that now remains for him!

The more I looked, I wondered more—  
 And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,  
 A moment gave me to espy  
 A trouble in her strong black eye;  
 A remnant of uneasy light,  
 A flash of something over-bright!  
 Nor long this mystery did detain  
 My thoughts—she told in pensive strain  
 That she had borne a heavy yoke,  
 Been stricken by a twofold stroke;

Ill health of body ; and had pined  
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it ! — but let praise ascend  
To Him who is our Lord and Friend !  
Who from disease and suffering  
Hath called for thee a second Spring ;  
Repaid thee for that sore distress  
By no untimely joyousness ;  
Which makes of thine a blissful state ;  
And cheers thy melancholy Mate !

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XIV.

FLY, some kind Spirit, fly to Grasmere-dale,  
Say that we come, and come by this day's light ;  
Glad tidings ! — spread them over field and height ;  
But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale ;  
There let a mystery of joy prevail,  
The happy Kitten bound with frolic might,  
And Rover whine, as at a second sight  
Of near-approaching good that shall not fail ; —  
And from that Infant's face let joy appear ;  
Yea, let our Mary's one Companion Child,  
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled  
With intimations manifold and dear,  
While we have wandered over wood and wild,  
Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

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XV.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER RETURNING  
TO THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,  
Have romped enough, my little Boy !  
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,  
And you shall bring your stool and rest ;  
This corner is your own.

There ! take your seat, and let me see  
That you can listen quietly ;  
And, as I promised, I will tell  
That strange adventure which befel  
A poor blind Highland Boy.

A *Highland Boy* ! — why call him so ?  
Because, my Darlings, ye must know,  
In land where many a mountain towers,  
Far higher hills than these of ours !  
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight ;  
The sun, the day ; the stars, the night ;  
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,  
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,  
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,  
Nor had a melancholy mind ;  
For God took pity on the Boy,  
And was his friend ; and gave him joy  
Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above  
Her other Children him did love ;  
For, was she here, or was she there,  
She thought of him with constant care,  
And more than Mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad  
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,  
And bonnet with a feather gay,  
To Kirk he on the sabbath day  
Went hand in hand with her.

A Dog, too, had he ; not for need,  
But one to play with and to feed ;  
Which would have led him, if bereft  
Of company or friends, and left  
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow ;  
And thus from house to house would go,  
And all were pleased to hear and see ;  
For none made sweeter melody  
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream ;  
Both when he heard the Eagles scream,  
And when he heard the torrents roar,  
And heard the water beat the shore  
Near which their Cottage stood.

Beside a lake their Cottage stood,  
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood ;  
But one of mighty size, and strange ;  
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,  
And stirring in its bed.

For to this Lake, by night and day,  
The great Sea-water finds its way  
Through long, long windings of the hills ;  
And drinks up all the pretty rills,  
And rivers large and strong :

Then hurries back the road it came —  
Returns, on errand still the same ;  
This did it when the earth was new ;  
And this for evermore will do,  
As long as earth shall last.

And, with the coming of the Tide,  
Come Boats and Ships that safely ride,  
Between the woods and lofty rocks :  
And to the Shepherds with their flocks  
Bring tales of distant Lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,  
The blind Boy always had his share;  
Whether of mighty Towns, or Vales  
With warmer suns and softer gales,  
Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,  
When from the water-side he heard  
The shouting, and the jolly cheers,  
The bustle of the mariners  
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail?  
For he must never handle sail;  
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float  
In Sailor's ship, or Fisher's boat,  
Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,  
What sin would be upon her head  
If she should suffer this: "My Son,  
Whate'er you do, leave this undone;  
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side  
Still sounding with the sounding tide,  
And heard the billows leap and dance,  
Without a shadow of mischance,  
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,  
Ye soon shall know how this befel)  
He in a vessel of his own,  
On the swift flood is hurrying down  
Towards the mighty Sea.

In such a vessel never more  
May human Creature leave the shore!  
If this or that way he should stir,  
Woe to the poor blind Mariner!  
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him? — Ye have seen  
The Indian's Bow, his arrows keen,  
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;  
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,  
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men  
Spread round that Haven in the glen;  
Each hut, perchance, might have its own,  
And to the Boy they all were known;  
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a Turtle Shell  
Which he, poor Child, had studied well;  
A Shell of ample size, and light  
As the pearly Car of Amphitrite,  
That sportive Dolphins drew.

And, as a Coracle that braves  
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,  
This Shell upon the deep would swim,  
And gaily lift its fearless brim  
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind Boy knew:  
And he a story strange yet true  
Had heard, how in a Shell like this  
An English Boy, O thought of bliss!  
Had stoutly launched from shore:

Launched from the margin of a bay  
Among the Indian Isles, where lay  
His Father's ship, and had sailed far,  
To join that gallant ship of war,  
In his delightful Shell.

Our Highland boy oft visited  
The house which held this prize; and, led  
By choice or chance, did thither come  
One day when no one was at home,  
And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,  
That Story flashed upon his mind; —  
A bold thought roused him, and he took  
The Shell from out its secret nook,  
And bore it on his head.

He launched his Vessel — and in pride  
Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,  
Stepped into it — his thoughts all free  
As the light breezes that with glee  
Sang through the Adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet;  
He felt the motion — took his seat;  
Still better pleased as more and more  
The tide retreated from the shore,  
And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven.  
How rapidly the Child is driven!  
The fourth part of a mile, I ween,  
He thus had gone, ere he was seen  
By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me,  
What shrieking and what misery!  
For many saw; among the rest  
His Mother, she who loved him best,  
She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the Child, the sightless Boy,  
It is the triumph of his joy!  
The bravest Traveller in balloon,  
Mounting as if to reach the moon,  
Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,  
 Alone, and innocent, and gay!  
 For, if good Angels love to wait  
 On the forlorn unfortunate,  
     This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,  
 Which from the crowd on shore was sent,  
 The cries which broke from old and young  
 In Gaelic, or the English tongue,  
     Are stifled — all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew  
 A Boat is ready to pursue;  
 And from the shore their course they take,  
 And swiftly down the running Lake  
     They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;  
 So have ye seen the fowler chase  
 On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast  
 A Youngling of the wild-duck's nest  
     With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily Sailors crept  
 To seize (while on the Deep it slept)  
 The hapless Creature which did dwell  
 Erewhile within the dancing Shell,  
     They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made,  
 They follow, more and more afraid,  
 More cautious as they draw more near;  
 But in his darkness he can hear,  
     And guesses their intent.

"*Lei-gha — Lei-gha*" — then did he cry  
 "*Lei-gha — Lei-gha*" — most eagerly;  
 Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,  
 And what he meant was, "Keep away,  
     And leave me to myself!"

Alas! and when he felt their hands —  
 You've often heard of magic Wands,  
 That with a motion overthrow  
 A palace of the proudest show,  
     Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light  
 With which his soul had shone so bright,

All vanished; — 't was a heartfelt cross  
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,  
     As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice,  
 With which the very hills rejoice:  
 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly  
 Had watched the event, and now can see  
     That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,  
 Full sure they were a happy band,  
 Which, gathering round, did on the banks  
 Of that great water give God thanks,  
     And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart  
 The blind Boy's little Dog took part;  
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss  
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,  
     With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,  
 She who had fainted with her fear,  
 Rejoiced when waking she espies  
 The Child; when she can trust her eyes,  
     And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,  
 When he was in the house again:  
 Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes:  
 She kissed him — how could she chastise?  
     She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved  
 The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved;  
 And, though his fancies had been wild,  
 Yet he was pleased and reconciled  
     To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland Dell  
 Still do they keep the Turtle Shell;  
 And long the Story will repeat  
 Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,  
     And how he was preserved.\*

\* It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages, that a boy, the Son of a Captain of a Man-of-War, seated himself in a Turtle Shell, and floated in it from the shore to his Father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant Vessel in which my Blind Voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.



## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1814.

## I.

Suggested by a beautiful Ruin upon one of the Islands of Loch Lomond, a place chosen for the retreat of a solitary individual, from whom this habitation acquired the name of

## THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

To barren heath, and quaking fen,  
Or depth of labyrinthine glen;  
Or into trackless forest set  
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;  
World-wearied men withdrew of yore, —  
(Penance their trust, and Prayer their store;) —  
And in the wilderness were bound  
To such apartments as they found;  
Or with a new ambition raised;  
That God might suitably be praised.  
High lodged the Warrior, like a bird of prey;  
Or where broad waters round him lay:  
But this wild Ruin is no ghost  
Of his devices — buried, lost!  
Within this little lonely Isle  
There stood a consecrated Pile;  
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,  
For them whose timid Spirits clung  
To mortal succour, though the tomb  
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

Upon those servants of another world  
When madding Power her bolts had hurled,  
Their habitation shook; — it fell,  
And perished — save one narrow Cell;  
Whither, at length, a Wretch retired  
Who neither grovelled nor aspired:  
He, struggling in the net of pride,  
The future scorned, the past defied;  
Still tempering, from the unguilty forge  
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,  
Who stood and flourished face to face  
With their perennial hills; — but Crime,  
Hastening the stern decrees of Time,  
Brought low a Power, which from its home  
Burst, when repose grew wearisome;  
And, taking impulse from the sword,  
And, mocking its own plighted word,  
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,  
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt!

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile  
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!

2G

No right had he but what he made  
To this small spot, his leafy shade;  
But the ground lay within that ring  
To which he only dared to cling;  
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,  
The craven few who bowed the head  
Beneath the change, who heard a claim  
How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went  
(So seemed it) down a strange descent:  
Till they, who saw his outward frame,  
Fixed on him an unhallowed name;  
Him — free from all malicious taint,  
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,  
A pen unwearied — to indite,  
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;  
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span  
The faded glories of his Clan!

Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,  
And stars that in their courses fought, —  
Towers rent, winds combating with woods —  
Lands deluged by unbridled floods,  
And beast and bird that from the spell  
Of sleep took import terrible, —  
These types mysterious (if the show  
Of battle and the routed foe  
Had failed) would furnish an array  
Of matter for the dawning day!

How disappeared He? — ask the Newt and Toad,  
Inheritors of his abode;  
The Otter crouching undisturbed,  
In her dank cleft — but be thou curbed,  
O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene  
Of aspect winning and serene;  
For those offensive creatures shun  
The inquisition of the sun!  
And in this region flowers delight,  
And all is lovely to the sight.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,  
When she applies her annual test  
To dead and living; when her breath  
Quickens, as now, the withered heath; —  
Nor flaunting summer — when he throws  
His soul into the briar-rose;  
Or calls the lily from her sleep  
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;  
Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren  
Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den.

Wild Relique! beauteous as the chosen spot  
 In Nysa's Isle, the embellished Grot;  
 Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,  
 (High Servant of paternal Love,)  
 Young Bacchus was conveyed — to lie  
 Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye;  
 Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed  
 Close-crowding round the Infant God;  
 All colours, and the liveliest streak  
 A foil to his celestial cheek!

## II.

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,  
 IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER

"—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name  
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,  
 All over his dear Country; left the deeds  
 Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,  
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,  
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul  
 Of independence and stern liberty."—MS.

Lord of the Vale! astounding Flood!  
 The dullest leaf in this thick wood  
 Quakes — conscious of thy power;  
 The caves reply with hollow moan;  
 And vibrates, to its central stone,  
 Yon time-cemented Tower!

And yet how fair the rural scene!  
 For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been  
 Beneficent as strong;  
 Pleased in refreshing dews to steep  
 The little trembling flowers that peep  
 Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love  
 To look on thee — delight to rove  
 Where they thy voice can hear;  
 And, to the Patriot-warrior's Shade,  
 Lord of the vale! to Heroes laid  
 In dust, that voice is dear!

Along thy banks, at dead of night,  
 Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight;  
 Or stands, in warlike vest,  
 Aloft, beneath the Moon's pale beam,  
 A Champion worthy of the Stream,  
 Yon gray tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide  
 A Form not doubtfully descried:—  
 Their transient mission o'er,  
 O say to what blind region flee  
 These Shapes of awful phantasy!  
 To what untrodden shore!

Less than divine command they spurn;  
 But this we from the mountains learn,  
 And this the valleys show,  
 That never will they deign to hold  
 Communion where the heart is cold  
 To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain  
 Shall walk the Marathonian Plain;  
 Or thrid the shadowy gloom,  
 That still invests the guardian Pass,  
 Where stood, sublime, Leonidas  
 Devoted to the tomb.

Nor deem that it can aught avail  
 For such to glide with oar or sail  
 Beneath the piny wood,  
 Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,  
 His vengeful shafts — prepared to slake  
 Their thirst in Tyrants' blood.

## III.

## EFFUSION,

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS OF  
 THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELD.

"The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle — flying asunder as by the touch of magic — and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls." — *Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.*

WHAT He — who, 'mid the kindred throng  
 Of Heroes that inspired his song,  
 Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,  
 The Stars dim-twinkling through their forms!  
 What! Ossian here — a painted Thrall,  
 Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;  
 To serve — an unsuspected screen  
 For show that must not yet be seen;  
 And, when the moment comes, to part  
 And vanish, by mysterious art  
 Head, Harp, and Body, split asunder,  
 For ingress to a world of wonder;  
 A gay Saloon, with waters dancing  
 Upon the sight wherever glancing;  
 One loud Cascade in front, and lo!  
 A thousand like it, white as snow —  
 Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam  
 As active round the hollow dome,

Illusive cataracts! of their terrors  
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the Mirrors,  
That catch the pageant from the Flood  
Thundering adown a rocky wood!  
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy  
As ever made a Maniac dizzy,  
When disenchanted from the mood  
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

O Nature, in thy changeful visions,  
Through all thy most abrupt transitions,  
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime,  
Ever averse to Pantomime,  
Thee neither do they know nor us  
Thy Servants, who can trifle thus;  
Else verily the sober powers  
Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,  
Exalted by congenial sway  
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,  
And names that moulder not away,  
Had wakened some redeeming thought  
More worthy of this favoured Spot;  
Recalled some feeling—to set free  
The Bard from such indignity!

\*The effigies of a valiant Wight  
I once beheld, a Templar Knight;  
Not prostrate, not like those that rest  
On Tombs, with palms together prest,  
But sculptured out of living stone,  
And standing upright and alone,  
Both hands with rival energy  
Employed in setting his sword free  
From its dull sheath—stern Sentinel,  
Intent to guard St. Robert's Cell;  
As if with memory of the affray  
Far distant, when, as legends say,  
The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force  
From its dear home the Hermit's corse,  
That in their keeping it might lie,  
To crown their Abbey's sanctity.  
So had they rushed into the Grot  
Of sense despised, a world forgot,  
And torn him from his loved Retreat,  
Where Altar-stone and rock-hewn seat  
Still hint that quiet best is found,  
Even by the *Living*, under ground;  
But a bold Knight, the selfish aim  
Defeating, put the Monks to shame,  
There where you see his image stand  
Bare to the sky, with threatening brand  
Which lingering Nid is proud to show  
Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the Men of earliest days,  
Our Sires set forth their grateful praise;

Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!  
But, nursed in mountain solitude,  
Might some aspiring Artist dare  
To seize whate'er, through misty air,  
A Ghost, by glimpses, may present  
Of imitable lineament,  
And give the Phantom such array  
As less should scorn the abandoned clay;  
Then let him hew with patient stroke  
An Ossian out of mural rock,  
And leave the figurative Man  
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!  
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,  
An everlasting watch to keep;  
With local sanctities in trust,  
More precious than a Hermit's dust;  
And virtues through the mass infused,  
Which old Idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny  
All fervour to the sightless eye;  
And touch from rising Suns in vain  
Solicit a Memnonian strain;  
Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,  
The wind might force the deep-grooved harp  
To utter melancholy moans  
Not unconnected with the tones  
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;  
While grove and river notes would lend,  
Less deeply sad, with these to blend!

Vain Pleasures of luxurious life,  
For ever with yourselves at strife;  
Through town and country both deranged  
By affectations interchanged,  
And all the perishable gauds  
That heaven-deserted Man applauds;  
When will your hapless patrons learn  
To watch and ponder—to discern  
The freshness, the eternal youth,  
Of admiration sprung from truth;  
From beauty infinitely growing  
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—  
To sound the depths of every Art  
That seeks its wisdom through the heart!

Thus, (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced,  
With baubles of theatric taste,  
O'erlooks the Torrent breathing showers  
On motley bands of alien flowers,  
In stiff confusion set or sown,  
Till Nature cannot find her own,  
Or keep a remnant of the sod  
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)  
I mused; and, thirsting for redress,  
Recoiled into the wilderness.

\*On the banks of the River Nid, near Knaresborough.

## IV.

## YARROW VISITED,

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

AND is this — Yarrow! — *This* the Stream  
Of which my fancy cherished,  
So faithfully, a waking dream?  
An image that hath perished!  
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why! — a silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake  
Is visibly delighted;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender hazy brightness;  
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
All profitless dejection;  
Though not unwilling here to admit  
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower  
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
On which the herd is feeding:  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The Water-wraith ascended thrice —  
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings  
The haunts of happy Lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers:  
And Pity sanctifies the verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of love;  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond Imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation:

Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the Vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
Of cultivated nature;  
And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a ruin hoary!  
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,  
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
For sportive youth to stray in;  
For manhood to enjoy his strength;  
And age to wear away in!  
Yon Cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
A covert for protection  
Of tender thoughts that nestle there,  
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
The wild-wood fruits to gather,  
And on my True-love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather!  
And what if I enwreathed my own!  
'T were no offence to reason;  
The sober Hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;  
A ray of Fancy still survives —  
Her sunshine plays upon thee!  
Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure;  
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,  
They melt — and soon must vanish;  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine —  
Sad thought, which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!  
Will dwell with me — to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.



# POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY.

## PART FIRST.

### I.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS,  
AUGUST, 1802.

FAIR Star of Evening, Splendour of the West,  
Star of my country — on the horizon's brink  
Thou hankest, stooping, as might seem, to sink,  
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,  
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest  
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,  
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and should'st wink,  
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest  
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot  
Beneath thee, it is England; there it lies.  
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,  
One life, one glory! I with many a fear  
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,  
Among Men who do not love her, linger here.

### II.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a Reed that's shaken by the wind,  
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?  
Lords, Lawyers, Statesmen, Squires of low degree,  
Men known, and men unknown, Sick, Lame, and Blind,  
Post forward all, like Creatures of one kind,  
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee  
In France, before the new-born Majesty.  
'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind!  
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;  
But that's a loyal virtue never sown  
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:  
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,  
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?  
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

### III.

TO A FRIEND.

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO  
ANDRES, AUGUST 7, 1802.

JONES! while from Calais southward you and I  
Urged our accordant steps this public Way  
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day,\*

\* 14th July, 1790.

When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty:  
A homeless sound of joy was in the sky;  
The antiquated Earth, as one might say,  
Beat like the heart of Man: songs, garlands, play,  
Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!  
And now, sole register that these things were,  
Two solitary greetings have I heard,  
"Good morrow, Citizen!" a hollow word,  
As if a dead Man spake it! Yet despair  
Touches me not, though pensive as a Bird  
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.

### IV.

1801.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain  
And an unthinking grief! for, who aspires  
To genuine greatness but from just desires,  
And knowledge such as he could never gain!  
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train  
The Governor who must be wise and good,  
And temper with the sternness of the brain  
Thoughts motherly, and weak as womanhood.  
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:  
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk  
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk  
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees  
By which true sway doth mount; this is the stalk  
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

### V.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names:  
This is young Buonaparté's natal day,  
And his is henceforth an established sway,  
Consul for life. With worship France proclaims  
Her approbation, and with pomps and games.  
Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay!  
Calais is not: and I have bent my way  
To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames  
His business as he likes. Far other show  
My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time;  
The senselessness of joy was then sublime!  
Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,  
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know  
The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

## VI.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN  
REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;  
 And was the safeguard of the West: the worth  
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.  
 She was a Maiden City, bright and free;  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
 And, when She took unto herself a Mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
 When her long life hath reached its final day:  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
 Of that which once was great is passed away.

## VII.

## THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE Voice of Song from distant lands shall call  
 To that great King; shall hail the crowned Youth  
 Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,  
 By one example hath set forth to all  
 How they with dignity may stand; or fall,  
 If fall they must. Now, whither doth it tend?  
 And what to him and his shall be the end?  
 That thought is one which neither can appal  
 Nor cheer him; for the illustrious Swede hath done  
 The thing which ought to be: He stands *above*  
 All consequences: work he hath begun  
 Of fortitude, and piety, and love  
 Which all his glorious Ancestors approve:  
 The Heroes bless him, him their rightful Son.

## VIII.

## TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy Man of Men!  
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough  
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—  
 O miserable Chieftain! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:  
 Though fallen Thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;  
 There's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

## IX.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of Tyranny that disgraced these times,  
 was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the Govern-  
 ment: we had a Fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.

DRIVEN from the soil of France, a Female came  
 From Calais with us, brilliant in array,—  
 A Negro Woman, like a Lady gay,  
 Yet downcast as a Woman fearing blame;  
 Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim  
 She sate, from notice turning not away,  
 But on all proffered intercourse did lay  
 A weight of languid speech, or at the same  
 Was silent, motionless in eyes and face.  
 Meanwhile those eyes retained their tropic fire,  
 Which, burning independent of the mind,  
 Joined with the lustre of her rich attire  
 To mock the Outcast—O ye Heavens, be kind!  
 And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race!

## X.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY, NEAR DOVER.  
ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more.  
 The Cock that crows, the Smoke that curls, that sound  
 Of Bells,—those Boys who in yon meadow-ground  
 In white-sleeved shirts are playing,—and the roar  
 Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore,—  
 All, all are English. Oft have I looked round  
 With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found  
 Myself so satisfied in heart before.  
 Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,  
 Thought for another moment. Thou art free,  
 My country! and 't is joy enough and pride  
 For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass  
 Of England once again, and hear and see,  
 With such a dear Companion at my side.

## XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;  
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,  
 The Coast of France, the Coast of France how near!  
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.  
 I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood  
 Was like a Lake, or River bright and fair,  
 A span of waters; yet what power is there!  
 What mightiness for evil and for good!  
 Even so doth God protect us, if we be

Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and Waters roll,  
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity,  
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree  
Spoke laws to *them*, and said that by the Soul  
Only the Nations shall be great and free.\*

## XII.

## THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea,  
One of the Mountains; each a mighty Voice:  
In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen Music, Liberty!  
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against Him; but hast vainly striven:  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;  
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be  
That mountain Floods should thunder as before,  
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

## XIII.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,  
To think that now our Life is only drest  
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,  
Or groom! — We must run glittering like a Brook  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:  
The wealthiest man among us is the best:  
No grandeur now in nature or in book  
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry; and these we adore:  
Plain living and high thinking are no more:  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.†

## XIV.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour:  
England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;

\* See Note.

† See Note.

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

## XV.

GREAT Men have been among us; hands that panned  
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none:  
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,  
Young Vane, and others who called Milton Friend.  
These Moralists could act and comprehend:  
They knew how genuine glory was put on;  
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
In splendour: what strength was, that would not bend  
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,  
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.  
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!  
No single Volume paramount, no code,  
No master spirit, no determined road;  
But equally a want of Books and Men!

## XVI.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood  
Of British freedom, which to the open Sea  
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters unwithstood,"  
Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands  
Should perish; and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In our Halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held. — In every thing we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

## XVII.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert  
The Student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
I had, my Country! — am I to be blamed?  
But when I think of Thee, and what Thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find

In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;  
And I by my affection was beguiled:  
What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child!

## XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

ONE might believe that natural miseries  
Had blasted France and made of it a land  
Unfit for men; and that in one great Band  
Her sons were bursting forth to dwell at ease.  
But 't is a chosen soil, where sun and breeze  
Shed gentle favours; rural works are there;  
And ordinary business without care!  
Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please!  
How piteous then that there should be such dearth  
Of knowledge; that whole myriads should unite  
To work against themselves such fell despite:  
Should come in phrensy and in drunken mirth,  
Impatient to put out the only light  
Of Liberty that yet remains on Earth!

## XIX.

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear  
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,  
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:  
'T is his who walks about in the open air,  
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear  
Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be,  
Who, even the best, in such condition, free  
From self-reproach, reproach which he must share  
With human nature? Never be it ours  
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,  
And know that noble Feelings, manly Powers,  
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine,  
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers  
Fade, and participate in Man's decline.

## XX.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times touch moneyed Worldlings with dismay:  
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air  
With words of apprehension and despair:  
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,  
Men unto whom sufficient for the day  
And minds not stinted or untilled are given,  
Sound, healthy Children of the God of Heaven,  
Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May.  
What do we gather hence but firmer faith  
That every gift of noble origin  
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;  
That virtue and the faculties within  
Are vital,—and that riches are akin  
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death!

## XXI.

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou should'st wean  
Thy heart from its emasculating food;  
The truth should now be better understood;  
Old things have been unsettled; we have seen  
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been  
But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,  
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,  
Aught good were destined, Thou would'st step between.  
England! all nations in this charge agree,  
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,  
Far, far more abject is thine Enemy:  
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight  
Of thy offences be a heavy weight:  
Oh grief, that Earth's best hopes rest all with thee!

## XXII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

WHEN, looking on the present state of things,  
I see one Man, of Men the meanest too!  
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,  
With mighty Nations for his Underlings,  
The great events with which old story rings  
Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great:  
Nothing is left which I can venerate;  
So that almost a doubt within me springs  
Of Providence, such emptiness at length  
Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God!  
I measure back the steps which I have trod;  
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength  
Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime  
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

## XXIII.

TO THE MEN OF KENT.—OCTOBER, 1803

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye Men of Kent,  
Ye Children of a soil that doth advance  
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,  
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!  
To France be words of invitation sent!  
They from their Fields can see the countenance  
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,  
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.  
Left single, in bold parley, Ye, of yore,  
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;  
Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—  
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;  
We all are with you now from Shore to Shore:—  
Ye Men of Kent, 't is Victory or Death!



## XXIV.

ANTICIPATION.—OCTOBER, 1803.

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won!  
 On British ground the Invaders are laid low;  
 The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,  
 And left them lying in the silent sun,  
 Never to rise again! — the work is done!  
 Come forth, ye Old Men, now in peaceful show  
 And greet your Sons! drums beat and trumpets blow!  
 Make merry, Wives! ye little Children, stun  
 Your Grandames' ears with pleasure of your noise:  
 Clap, Infants, clap your hands! Divine must be  
 That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,  
 And even the prospect of our Brethren slain,  
 Hath something in it which the heart enjoys: —  
 In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

## XXV.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year! — another deadly blow!  
 Another mighty empire overthrown!  
 And We are left, or shall be left, alone;  
 The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.  
 'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know  
 That in ourselves our safety must be sought;  
 That by our own right hand it must be wrought,  
 That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.  
 O Dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!  
 We shall exult, if They who rule the land  
 Be Men who hold its many blessings dear,  
 Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile Band,  
 Who are to judge of danger which they fear,  
 And honour which they do not understand.

## XXVI.—ODE.

## I.

Who rises on the banks of Seine,  
 And binds her temples with the civic wreath?  
 What joy to read the promise of her mien!  
 How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath!  
     But they are ever playing,  
     And twinkling in the light,  
     And, if a breeze be straying,  
     That breeze she will invite;  
 And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,  
 And calls a look of love into her face,  
 And spreads her arms — as if the general air  
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.  
 — Melt, Principalities, before her melt!  
 Her love ye hailed — her wrath have felt!  
 But She through many a change of form hath gone,  
 And stands amidst you now, an armed Creature,  
 Whose panoply is not a thing put on,

2 H

But the live scales of a portentous nature;  
 That, having wrought its way from birth to birth,  
 Stalks round — abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the  
 Earth!

## 2.

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest;  
 My Soul, a sorrowful Interpreter,  
 In many a midnight vision bowed  
 Before the ominous aspect of her spear;  
 Whether the mighty Beam in scorn upheld,  
 Threatened her foes, or pompously at rest,  
 Seemed to bisect her orb'd shield,  
 As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud  
 Across the setting Sun, and through the fiery West.

## 3.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!  
 And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,  
 Pollution tainted all that was most pure.  
 — Have we not known — and live we not to tell —  
 That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?  
 Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast  
 Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure!  
 And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell  
 From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest:  
 Shame followed shame — and woe supplanted woe —  
 Is this the only change that time can show?  
 How long shall vengeance sleep! Ye patient Heavens,  
     how long!  
 — Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue  
 Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong  
 Up to the measure of accorded might,  
 And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

## 4.

Weak Spirits are there — who would ask  
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing,  
 The Lion's sinews, or the Eagle's wing;  
 Or let their wishes lose, in forest glade,  
     Among the lurking powers  
     Of herbs and lowly flowers,  
 Or seek, from Saints above, miraculous aid;  
 That Man may be accomplished for a task  
 Which his own Nature hath enjoined — and why?  
 If, when that interference hath relieved him,  
     He must sink down to languish  
 In worse than former helplessness — and lie  
     Till the caves roar, — and, imbecility  
     Again engendering anguish,  
 The same weak wish returns, that had before deceived  
 him.

## 5.

But Thou, Supreme Disposer! may'st not speed  
 The course of things, and change the creed,  
 Which hath been left aloft before Men's sight  
 Since the first framing of societies,

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Whither, as Bards have told in ancient song,  
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;  
Or prest together by the appetite,  
And by the power, of wrong!

## PART SECOND.

### I.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian ground,  
And to the Concourse of the Isthmian Games  
He, by his Herald's voice, aloud proclaims  
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE:—the words rebound  
Until all voices in one voice are drowned;  
Glad acclamation by which air was rent!  
And birds, high flying in the element,  
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!  
—A melancholy Echo of that noise  
Doth something hang on musing Fancy's ear:  
Ah! that a *Conqueror's* word should be so dear:  
Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys!  
A gift of that which is not to be given  
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

### II.

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn  
The tidings passed of servitude repealed,  
And of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field,  
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.  
"T is known," cried they, "that he who would adorn  
His envied temples with the Isthmian Crown,  
Must either win, through effort of his own,  
The prize, or be content to see it worn  
By more deserving brows. — Yet so ye prop,  
Sons of the Brave who fought at Marathon!  
Your feeble Spirits. Greece her head hath bowed,  
As if the wreath of Liberty thereon  
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,  
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top."

### III.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON,

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE, MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate Hill to climb:  
How toilsome — nay, how dire it was, by Thee  
Is known, — by none, perhaps, so feelingly;  
But Thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,  
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,  
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,  
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,  
First roused thee. — O true yoke-fellow of Time

With unabating effort, see, the palm  
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn!  
The bloody writing is for ever torn,  
And Thou henceforth shalt have a good Man's calm,  
A great Man's happiness; thy zeal shall find  
Repose at length, firm Friend of human kind!

### IV.

A PROPHECY.—FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come from you!  
Thus in your Books the record shall be found,  
"A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound,  
ARMINIUS! — all the people quaked like dew  
Stirred by the breeze — they rose, a Nation, true,  
True to herself — the mighty Germany,  
She of the Danube and the Northern sea,  
She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.  
All power was given her in the dreadful trance:  
Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame."  
—Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and shame  
To that Bavarian who did first advance  
His banner in accursed league with France,  
First open Traitor to a sacred name!

### V.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars  
Through the gray west; and lo! these waters, steeled  
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield  
A vivid repetition of the stars:  
Jove — Venus — and the ruddy crest of Mars,  
Amid his fellows beautifully revealed  
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,  
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.  
Is it a mirror? — or the nether sphere  
Opening to view the abyss in which it feeds  
Its own calm fires? — But list! a voice is near;  
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds  
"Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds  
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

### VI.

Go back to antique Ages, if thine eyes  
The genuine mien and character would trace  
Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,  
Prompting the World's audacious vanities!  
See, at her call, the Tower of Babel rise;  
The Pyramid extend its monstrous base,  
For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,  
Anxious an aery name to immortalize.  
There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute  
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,

See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute —  
To chase mankind, with men in armies packed  
For his field pastime, high and absolute,  
While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked !

## VII.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A TRACT,  
OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA, 1808.

Nor 'mid the World's vain objects ! that enslave  
The free-born Soul, — that World whose vaunted skill  
In selfish interest perverts the will,  
Whose factions lead astray the wise and brave ;  
Not there ! but in dark wood and rocky cave,  
And hollow wave which foaming torrents fill  
With Omnipresent murmur as they rave  
Down their steep beds, that never shall be still :  
Here, mighty Nature ! in this school sublime  
I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain :  
For her consult the auguries of time,  
And through the human heart explore my way,  
And look, and listen — gathering, whence I may,  
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can restrain.

## VIII.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME, AND ON THE SAME  
OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen ; — and listened to the wind  
That sang of trees up-torn and vessels tost ;  
A midnight harmony, and wholly lost  
To the general sense of men by chains confined  
Of business, care, or pleasure, — or resigned  
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impassioned strain,  
Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,  
Like acceptance from the World will find.  
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink  
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows past,  
And to the attendant promise will give heed —  
The prophecy, — like that of this wild blast,  
Which, while it makes the heart with sadness shrink,  
Tells also of bright calms that shall succeed.

## IX.

## HÖFFER.

Or mortal Parents is the Hero born  
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led ?  
Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead  
Returned to animate an age forlorn ?  
He comes like Phœbus through the gates of morn  
When dreary darkness is discomfited  
Yet mark his modest state ! upon his head,  
That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn.  
O Liberty ! they stagger at the shock ;  
The Murderers are aghast ; they strive to flee,

And half their Host is buried : — rock on rock  
Descends : — beneath this godlike Warrior, see !  
Hills, Torrents, Woods, embodied to bemock  
The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

## X.

ADVANCE — come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,  
Dear Liberty ! stern Nymph of soul untamed,  
Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named !  
Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound  
And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound, —  
Like Echo, when the Hunter-train at dawn  
Have roused her from her sleep : and forest-lawn,  
Cliffs, woods, and caves, her viewless steps resound  
And babble of her pastime ! — On, dread Power !  
With such invisible motion speed thy flight,  
Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,  
Through the green vales and through the Herdsman's  
bower,  
That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,  
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

## XI.

## FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

THE Land we from our Fathers had in trust,  
And to our Children will transmit, or die :  
This is our maxim, this our piety ;  
And God and Nature say that it is just.  
That which we *would* perform in arms — we must !  
We read the dictate in the Infant's eye ;  
In the Wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;  
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust  
Of them that were before us, sing aloud  
Old songs, the precious music of the heart !  
Give, Herds and flocks, your voices to the wind !  
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,  
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert  
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

## XII.

ALAS ! what boots the long laborious quest  
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill ;  
Or pains abstruse — to elevate the will,  
And lead us on to that transcendent rest  
Where every passion shall the sway attest  
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill ;  
What is it but a vain and curious skill,  
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,  
Beneath the brutal sword ! Her haughty Schools  
Shall blush ; and may not we with sorrow say,  
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,  
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought  
More for mankind at this unhappy day  
Than all the pride of intellect and thought !

## XIII.

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,  
There, and there only, that the heart is true?  
And, rising to repel or to subdue,  
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails?  
Ah, no! though Nature's dread protection fails,  
There is a bulwark in the *soul*. This knew  
Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew  
In Zaragoza, naked to the gales  
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt  
By Palafox, and many a brave Compeer,  
Like him of noble birth and noble mind;  
By Ladies, meek-eyed Women without fear;  
And Wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt  
The bread which without industry they find.

## XIV.

O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,  
Dwells in the affections and the soul of man  
A Godhead, like the universal PAN,  
But more exalted, with a brighter train:  
And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,  
Showered equally on city and on field,  
And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield  
In these usurping times of fear and pain?  
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!  
We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws  
To which the triumph of all good is given,  
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,  
Even to the death: — else wherefore should the eye  
Of man converse with immortality?

## XV.

## ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.

It was a *moral* end for which they fought;  
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,  
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,  
A resolution, or enlivening thought?  
Nor hath that moral good been *vainly* sought;  
For in their magnanimity and fame  
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim  
Which neither can be overturned nor bought.  
Sleep, Warriors, sleep! among your hills repose!  
We know that ye, beneath the stern control  
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul.  
And, when impatient of her guilt and woes  
Europe breaks forth, then, Shepherds! shall ye rise  
For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

## XVI.

HAIL, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye  
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,  
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;  
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.  
These desolate Remains are trophies high  
Of more than martial courage in the breast  
Of peaceful civic virtue:\* they attest  
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.  
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse;  
Disease consumed thy vitals; War upheaved  
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force;  
Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained  
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,  
And Law was from *necessity* received.

## XVII.

SAY what is Honour! — 'T is the finest sense  
Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,  
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,  
And guard the way of life from all offence  
Suffered or done. When lawless violence  
A Kingdom doth assault, and in the scale  
Of perilous war her weightiest Armies fail,  
Honour is hopeful elevation — whence  
Glory, and Triumph. Yet with politic skill  
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust,  
Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust, —  
A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:  
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust  
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

## XVIII.

THE martial courage of a day is vain,  
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,  
If vital hope be wanting to restore,  
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,  
Armies or Kingdoms. We have heard a strain  
Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore  
A weight of hostile corpses: drenched with gore  
Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain.  
Yet see, the mighty tumult overpast,  
Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold!  
And her Tyrolean Champion we behold  
Murdered like one ashore by shipwreck cast,  
Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as bold,  
To think that such assurance can stand fast!

\* See Note.



## XIX.

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight  
 From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest  
 With heroes, 'mid the Islands of the Blest,  
 Or in the Fields of empyrean light.  
 A meteor wert thou in a darksome night;  
 Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,  
 Stand in the spacious firmament of time,  
 Fixed as a star: such glory is thy right.  
 Alas! it may not be: for earthly fame  
 Is Fortune's frail Dependand; yet there lives  
 A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives;  
 To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,  
 Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;  
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

## XX.

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,  
 Who never did to Fortune bend the knee;  
 Who slighted fear, rejected steadfastly  
 Temptation; and whose kingly name and state  
 Have "perished by his choice, and not his fate!"  
 Hence lives He, to his inner self endeared;  
 And hence, wherever virtue is revered,  
 He sits a more exalted Potentate,  
 Throned in the hearts of men. Should Heaven ordain  
 That this great Servant of a righteous cause  
 Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,  
 Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,  
 Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain  
 In thankful joy and gratulation pure.\*

## XXI.

LOOK now on that Adventurer who hath paid  
 His vows to Fortune; who, in cruel slight  
 Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,  
 Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made  
 By the blind Goddess; — ruthless, undismayed;  
 And so hath gained at length a prosperous Height,  
 Round which the Elements of worldly might  
 Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.  
 O joyless power that stands by lawless force!

\* In this and a former Sonnet, in honour of the same Sovereign, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles avowed in his manifestoes; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous; and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot here placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.

Curses are his dire portion, scorn, and hate,  
 Internal darkness and unquiet breath;  
 And, if old judgments keep their sacred course,  
 Him from that Height shall Heaven precipitate  
 By violent and ignominious death.

## XXII.

Is there a Power that can sustain and cheer  
 The captive Chieftain, by a Tyrant's doom,  
 Forced to descend alive into his tomb,  
 A dungeon dark! where he must waste the year,  
 And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear;  
 What time his injured Country is a stage  
 Whereon deliberate Valour and the Rage  
 Of righteous vengeance side by side appear,  
 Filling from morn to night the heroic scene  
 With deeds of hope and everlasting praise:  
 Say, can he think of this with mind serene  
 And silent fetters? Yes, if visions bright  
 Shine on his soul, reflected from the days  
 When he himself was tried in open light.

## XXIII. — 1810.

Ah! where is Palafox! Nor tongue nor pen  
 Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!  
 Does yet the unheard-of Vessel ride the wave!  
 Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken  
 Of pitying human-nature! Once again  
 Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave  
 Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,  
 And through all Europe cheer desponding men  
 With new-born hope. Unbounded is the might  
 Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.  
 Hark, how thy Country triumphs! — Smilingly  
 The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,  
 Like his own lightning, over mountains high,  
 On rampart, and the banks of all her streams.

## XXIV.

In due observance of an ancient rite,  
 The rude Biscayans, when their Children lie  
 Dead in the sinless time of infancy,  
 Attire the peaceful Corse in vestments white;  
 And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,  
 They bind the unoffending Creature's brows  
 With happy garlands of the pure white rose:  
 This done, a festal Company unite  
 In choral song; and, while the uplifted Cross  
 Of Jesus goes before, the Child is borne  
 Uncovered to his grave. Her piteous loss  
 The lonesome Mother cannot choose but mourn,  
 Yet soon by Christian faith is grief subdued,  
 And joy attends upon her fortitude.

## XXV.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF  
THESE FUNERALS.—1810.

YET, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes  
With firmer soul, yet labour to regain  
Our ancient freedom; else 't were worse than vain  
To gather round the Bier these festal shows.  
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose  
Becomes not one whose Father is a slave;  
Oh, bear the Infant covered to his Grave!  
These venerable mountains now enclose  
A People sunk in apathy and fear.  
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good!  
The awful light of heavenly Innocence  
Will fail to illuminate the Infant's bier;  
And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,  
Descend on all that issues from our blood.

## XXVI.

## THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the Church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges.) What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this People will appear from the following

## SUPPOSED ADDRESS OF THE SAME.—1810.

OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier power  
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine  
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine,  
Heard from the depths of its aerial bower,  
How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour!  
What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,  
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,  
The dews of morn, or April's tender shower?  
Stroke merciful and welcome would that be  
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,  
If never more within their shady round  
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,  
Peasant and Lord, in their appointed seat,  
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

## XXVII.

## INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD.—1810.

WE can endure that He should waste our lands,  
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame  
Return us to the dust from which we came;  
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands:  
And we can brook the thought that by his hands

Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,  
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,  
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands  
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,  
Of benefits, and of a future day  
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway,  
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak;  
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare  
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to  
bear.\*

## XXVIII.

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!  
I better like a blunt indifference  
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
To win me at first sight: and be there joined  
Patience and temperance with this high reserve,  
Honour that knows the path and will not swerve;  
Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind;  
And piety towards God. Such Men of old  
Were England's native growth; and, throughout Spain,  
Forests of such do at this day remain:  
Then for that Country let our hopes be bold;  
For matched with these shall policy prove vain,  
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

## XXIX.—1810.

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long relied  
On fleets and armies, and external wealth:  
But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health;  
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride  
To the paternal floor; or turn aside,  
In the thronged City, from the walks of gain,  
As being all unworthy to detain  
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.  
There are who cannot languish in this strife,  
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good  
Of such high course was felt and understood;  
Who to their Country's cause have bound a life,  
Erewhile by solemn consecration given  
To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and to Heaven.†

\*[The student of English Poetry will call to mind Cowley's impassioned expression of the indignation of a Briton under the depression of disasters somewhat similar:

"Let rather Roman come again,  
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:  
In all the bonds we ever bore,

We grieved, we sighed, we wept; *we never blushed before.*"

'Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell.'—H. R.]

† See Laborde's Character of the Spanish People: from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken.

## XXX.

## THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

RANGER, and sultry heat, and nipping blast  
 From bleak hill-top, and length of march by night  
 Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height,  
 These hardships ill sustained, these dangers past,  
 The roving Spanish Bands are reached at last,  
 Charged, and dispersed like foam: but as a flight  
 Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,  
 So these, — and, heard of once again, are chased  
 With combinations of long-practised art  
 And newly-kindled hope; but they are fled,  
 Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead;  
 Where now? — Their sword is at the Foeman's heart!  
 And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,  
 And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.

## XXXI.

## SPANISH GUERRILLAS, 1811.

THEY seek, are sought; to daily battle led,  
 Shrink not, though far outnumbered by their Foes,  
 For they have learnt to open and to close  
 The ridges of grim War; and at their head  
 Are Captains such as erst their Country bred  
 Or fostered, self-supported Chiefs, — like those  
 Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose,  
 Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.  
 In one who lived unknown a Shepherd's life,  
 Redoubted Viriatus breathes again;  
 And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,  
 With that great Leader\* vies, who, sick of strife  
 And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid  
 In some green Island of the western main.

## XXXII. — 1811.

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,  
 Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;  
 But who the limits of that power shall trace  
 Which a brave People into light can bring  
 Or hide, at will, — for Freedom combating  
 By just revenge inflamed! No foot may chase,  
 No eye can follow, to a *fatal* place  
 That power, that spirit, whether on the wing  
 Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind  
 Within its awful caves. — From year to year  
 Springs this indigenous produce far and near  
 No craft this subtle element can bind,  
 Rising like water from the soil, to find  
 In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

\* Sertorius.

## XXXIII. — 1811.

HERE pause: the poet claims at least this praise,  
 That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope  
 Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope  
 In the worst moment of these evil days;  
 From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays,  
 For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.†  
 Never may from our souls one truth depart,  
 That an *accursed* thing it is to gaze  
 On prosperous Tyrants with a dazzled eye;  
 Nor, touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt  
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,  
 And justice labours in extremity,  
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,  
 O wretched Man, the Throne of Tyranny!

## XXXIV.

## THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA. — 1812-13.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold  
 A fond reflection of her own decay,  
 Hath painted Winter like a Traveller — old,  
 Propped on a staff — and, through the sullen day,  
 In hooded mantle, limping o'er the Plain,  
 As though his weakness were disturbed by pain:  
 Or, if a juster fancy should allow  
 An undisputed symbol of command,  
 The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,  
 Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.  
 These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn,  
 But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was — dread Winter! who beset,  
 Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,  
 That host, — when from the regions of the Pole  
 They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal,  
 That Host, as huge and strong as e'er defied  
 Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!  
 As fathers persecute rebellious sons,  
 He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;  
 He called on Frost's inexorable tooth  
 Life to consume in manhood's firmest hold;  
 Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;  
 For why, unless for liberty enrolled  
 And sacred home, ah! why should hoary Age be bold!

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,  
 But fleetier far the pinions of the Wind,  
 Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,  
 And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,

† [“What an awful duty, what a nurse of all other, the fairest virtues, does not HOPE become! We are bad ourselves, because we despair of the goodness of others.”

COLERIDGE: ‘The Friend,’ Vol. I. p. 172. — H. R.]

And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,  
 And to the battle ride.  
 No pitying voice commands a halt,  
 No courage can repe. the dire assault;  
 Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,  
 Whole legions sink — and, in one instant, find  
 Burial and death: look for them — and descry,  
 When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,  
 A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

## XXXV.

## ON THE SAME OCCASION.

YE Storms, resound the praises of your King!  
 And ye mild Seasons — in a sunny clime,  
 Midway on some high hill, while Father Time  
 Looks on delighted — meet in festal ring,  
 And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!  
 Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,  
 Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,  
 And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!  
 Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;  
 With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain;  
 Whisper it to the billows of the main,  
 And to the ærial zephyrs as they pass,  
 That old decrepit Winter — *He* hath slain  
 That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!

## XXXVI.

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze  
 Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood  
 Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;  
 The unfeeling Elements no claims shall raise  
 To rob our Human-nature of just praise  
 For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure  
 Of a deliverance absolute and pure  
 She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways  
 Of Providence. But now did the Most High  
 Exalt his still small Voice; — to quell that Host  
 Gathered his Power, a manifest Ally;  
 He whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast  
 Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,  
 Finish the strife by deadliest Victory!

## XXXVII.

## THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCKHEIM.

ABRUPTLY paused the Strife; — the field throughout  
 Resting upon his arms each Warrior stood,  
 Checked in the very act and deed of blood,  
 With breath suspended, like a listening Scout.  
 O Silence! thou wert Mother of a shout

That through the texture of yon azure dome  
 Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home  
 Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!  
 The barrier Rhine bath flashed, through battle-smoke  
 On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view  
 As if all Germany had felt the shock!  
 Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge renew  
 Who have seen (themselves delivered from the yoke)  
 The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.\*

## XXXVIII.

## NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,  
 Our aged Sovereign sits; to the ebb and flow  
 Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,  
 Insensible; he sits deprived of sight,  
 And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,  
 Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose mind ensued,  
 Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,  
 Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.  
 Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray divine  
 To his forlorn condition! let thy grace  
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;  
 Permit his heart to kindle, and embrace  
 (Though it were only for a moment's space)  
 The triumphs of this hour; for they are *THINE*!

## XXXIX.

ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE  
DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould  
 Uprisen — to lodge among ancestral kings;  
 And to inflict shame's salutary stings  
 On the remorseless hearts of men grown old  
 In a blind worship; men perversely bold  
 Even to this hour; yet at this hour they quake;  
 And some their monstrous Idol shall forsake,  
 If, to the living, truth was ever told  
 By aught surrendered from the hollow grave:  
 O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave!  
 The power of retribution once was given:  
 But 'tis a rueful thought that willow-bands  
 So often tie the thunder-wielding hands  
 Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

\* The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day:—"When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard: they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."



## XL.

## OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

*(The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)*

FEBRUARY, 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you  
Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth  
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,  
So many objects to which love is due:  
Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true;  
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,  
When duty bids you bleed in open war:  
Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.  
Heroes! for instant sacrifice prepared,  
Yet filled with ardour, and on triumph bent  
'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident,  
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared,  
To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,  
Your Country rears this sacred Monument!

## XLI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

O, for a kindling touch of that pure flame  
Which taught the offering of song to rise  
From thy lone bower, beneath Italian skies,  
Great FILICIA! With celestial aim  
It rose—thy saintly rapture to proclaim,  
Then, when the imperial City stood released  
From bondage threatened by the embattled East,  
And Christendom respired; from guilt and shame  
Redeemed, from miserable fear set free  
By one day's feat, one mighty victory.  
—Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue!  
The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim,  
He conquering, as in Earth and Heaven was sung,  
HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY HIM.\*

## XLII.

## OCCASIONED BY THE SAME BATTLE.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

THE Bard, whose soul is meek as dawning day,  
Yet trained to judgments righteously severe;  
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,  
As recognising one Almighty sway:

\* Ond è ch' io grido e griderò: giugnesti,  
Guerregiasti, o vincesti;  
Sì, sì, vincesti, o Campion forte e pio,  
Per Dio vincesti, e per te vinse Iddio.

See Filicia's Canzone, addressed to John Sobieski, king of Poland, upon his raising the siege of Vienna. This, and his other poems on the same occasion, are superior perhaps to any lyrical pieces that contemporary events have ever given birth to, those of the Hebrew Scriptures alone excepted.

He whose experienced eye can pierce the array  
Of past events,—to whom, in vision clear,  
The aspiring heads of future things appear,  
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away:  
Assoiled from all encumbrance of our time†,  
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout  
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;  
And worthily rehearse the hideous rout,  
Which the blest Angels, from their peaceful clime  
Beholding, welcomed with a choral shout.

## XLIII.

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have Temples rung  
With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn!  
How oft above their Altars have been hung  
Trophies that led the Good and Wise to mourn  
Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,  
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!  
Now, from Heaven-sanctioned Victory, Peace is  
sprung!  
In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.  
Glory to arms! but, conscious that the nerve  
Of popular Reason, long mistrusted, freed  
Your thrones, ye Powers! from duty fear to swerve;  
Be just, be grateful; nor, the Oppressor's creed  
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve  
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

## XLIV.

## ODE

COMPOSED IN JANUARY, 1816.

— Carmina possumus  
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.  
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,  
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis  
Post mortem ducibus  
— clarius indicant  
Laudes, quam — Pierides; neque,  
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,  
Mercedem tuleris. — Hon. Car. 8. Lib. 4.

## I.

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch  
On the tired household of corporeal sense,  
And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,  
Was free her choicest favours to dispense;  
I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,  
A landscape more august than happiest skill  
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;  
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,

† "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil."

City, and naval stream, suburban grove,  
 And stately forest where the wild deer rove;  
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,  
 And scattered rural farms of aspect bright;  
 And, here and there, between the pastoral downs,  
 The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.  
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows!  
 But not a living creature could be seen  
 Through its wide circuit, that, in deep repose,  
 And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,  
 Lay hushed — till through a portal in the sky  
 Brighter than brightest loop-hole in a storm,  
 Opening before the sun's triumphant eye,  
 Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!  
 Earthward it glided with a swift descent:  
 Saint George himself this Visitant may be;  
 And, ere a thought could ask on what intent  
 He sought the regions of humanity,  
 A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified  
 City and field and flood; — aloud it cried —

"Though from my celestial home,  
 "Like a Champion, armed I come;  
 "On my helm the dragon crest,  
 "And the red cross on my breast;  
 "I, the Guardian of this Land,  
 "Speak not now of toilsome duty —  
 "Well obeyed was that command,  
 "Hence bright days of festive beauty;  
 "Haste, Virgins, haste! — the flowers which summer  
     gave  
 "Have perished in the field;  
 "But the green thickets plenteously shall yield  
     "Fit garlands for the Brave,  
 "That will be welcome, if by you entwined;  
 "Haste, Virgins, haste; — and you, ye Matrons grave,  
 "Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,  
     " And gather what ye find  
 "Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs,  
 "To deck your stern defenders' modest brows!  
     "Such simple gifts prepare,  
 "Though they have gained a worthier meed;  
     " And in due time shall share  
 "Those palms and amaranthine wreaths  
 "Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,  
 "In realms where everlasting freshness breathes!"

## 2.

And lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,  
 And upright weapons innocently gleaming,  
 Along the surface of a spacious plain  
 Advance in order the redoubted bands,  
 And there receive green chaplets from the hands  
     Of a fair female train,  
     Maids and Matrons — dight  
     In robes of dazzling white, —

While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise  
 By the cloud-capt hills retorted —  
 And a throng of rosy boys  
 In loose fashion tell their joys, —  
 And gray-haired Sires, on staffs supported,  
 Look round — and by their smiling seem to say,  
 Thus strives a grateful Country to display  
 The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

## 3.

Anon before my sight a palace rose  
 Built of all precious substances, — so pure  
 And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows  
 Ability like splendour to endure:  
 Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gates  
 I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,  
 A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate  
 The Heaven of sable night  
 With starry lustre; and had power to throw  
 Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,  
 Upon a princely Company below,  
 While the Vault rang with choral harmony,  
 Like some Nymph-haunted Grot beneath the roaring sea.  
 — No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge  
 Of exultation hung a dirge,  
 Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,  
     That kindled recollections  
     Of agonised affections;  
 And, though some tears the strain attended,  
     The mournful passion ended  
 In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

## 4.

— But garlands wither, — festal shows depart  
 Like dreams themselves; and sweetest sound,  
     Albeit of effect profound,  
     It was — and it is gone!  
 Victorious England! bid the silent Art  
 Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,  
 These high achievements, even as she arrayed  
 With second life the deed of Marathon,  
     Upon Athenian walls:  
 So may she labour for thy civic halls;  
     And be the guardian spaces  
     Of consecrated places,  
 As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil;  
 And let imperishable structures grow  
 Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;  
 Expressive signals of a glorious strife,  
 And competent to shed a spark divine  
 Into the torpid breast of daily life;  
 Records on which the morning sun may shine,  
     As changeful ages flow,  
 With gratulation thoroughly benign!

## 5.

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove  
 And sage Mnemosyne, — full long debarred

From your first mansions, — exiled all too long  
 From many a hallowed stream and grove,  
 Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,  
 Chanting for patriot heroes the reward  
 Of never-dying song!

Now (for, though Truth descending from above  
 The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye  
 Your kindred Deities, ye live and move,  
 And exercise unblamed a generous sway)  
 Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,  
 Or top serene of unmolested mountain,  
 Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,  
 And for a moment meet my soul's desires!  
 That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear  
 What ye, celestial Maids! have often sung  
 Of Britain's acts, — may catch it with rapt ear,  
 And give the treasure to our British tongue!  
 So shall the characters of that proud page  
 Support their mighty theme from age to age;  
 And, in the desert places of the earth,  
 When they to future empires have given birth,  
 So shall the people gather and believe  
 The bold report transferred to every clime;  
 And the whole world, not envious but admiring,

And to the like aspiring,  
 Own that the progeny of this fair Isle  
 Had power as lofty actions to achieve  
 As were performed in Man's heroic prime;  
 Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held  
 Its even tenour, and the foe was quelled,  
 A corresponding virtue to beguile  
 The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time;  
 That not in vain they laboured to secure,  
 For their great deeds, perpetual memory,  
 And fame as largely spread as land and sea,  
 By works of spirit high and passion pure!

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XLV.

THANKSGIVING ODE.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHOLLY unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If the author has given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect him from a charge of insensibility, should he state his own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. On the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of

Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination, in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that the author hath given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of his countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which has rendered it much less formidable than the armies of other powers to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise. — But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power, to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was, or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without martial propensities and an assiduous cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and to refine them by culture. But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional ap-

plications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. The author, trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, hopes that the martial qualities he venerates will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination;—by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired;—by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that, no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immoveably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;—by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving;—by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country;—and by especial care to provide and support Institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

The author has only to add, that he should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts\* to celebrate the virtues of his country, if he did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within his province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *March 18, 1816.*

### ODE.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING, JANUARY 18, 1816.

#### 1.

HAIL, universal Source of pure delight!  
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude  
On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;  
Whether thy orient visitations smite  
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;  
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright  
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!  
— Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky

\* The Ode was published along with other pieces.

In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,  
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,  
Which even in deepest winter testify  
Thy power and majesty,  
Dazzling the vision that preumes to gaze.  
— Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;  
As aptly suits therewith that timid pace  
Submitted to the chains  
That bind thee to the path which God ordains  
That thou shalt trace,  
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away!  
Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,  
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace  
Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,  
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity  
Report of storms gone by  
To us who tread below)  
Do with the service of this Day accord.  
— Divinest Object which the uplifted eye  
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;  
Thou, who upon yon snow-clad Heights hast poured  
Meek splendour, nor forget'st the humble Vale;  
Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,  
And for thy bounty wert not unadored  
By pious men of old;  
Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!  
Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail!

#### 2.

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,  
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,  
By feelings urged that do not vainly seek  
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes  
That stream in blithe succession from the throats  
Of birds in leafy bower,  
Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.  
— There is a radiant but a short-lived flame,  
That burns for Poets in the dawning East;  
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,  
When the captivity of sleep had ceased;  
But he who fixed immoveably the frame  
Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,  
A solid refuge for distress,  
The towers of righteousness;  
He knows that from a holier altar came  
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;  
Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise  
The current of this matin song;  
That deeper far it lies  
Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

#### 3.

Have we not conquered! — By the vengeful sword!  
Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity:  
That curbed the baser passions, and left free  
A loyal band to follow their liege Lord,  
Clear-sighted Honour — and his staid Compeers,  
Along a track of most unnatural years,



In execution of heroic deeds;  
 Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads  
 Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,  
 Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.  
 — Who to the murmurs of an earthly string  
     Of Briton's acts would sing,  
 He with enraptured voice will tell  
 Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell;  
 Of One that 'mid the failing never failed:  
 Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed  
 Shall represent her labouring with an eye  
     Of circumspect humanity;  
 Shall show her clothed with strength and skill,  
 All martial duties to fulfil;  
 Firm as a rock in stationary fight;  
 In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;  
 Fierce as a flood-gate bursting in the night  
 To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream —  
 Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!  
 Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

## 4.

And thus is missed the sole true glory  
 That can belong to human story!  
 At which *they* only shall arrive  
 Who through the abyss of weakness dive.  
 The very humblest are too proud of heart;  
 And one brief day is rightly set apart  
 To Him who lifteth up and layeth low;  
 For that Almighty God to whom we owe,  
 Say not that we have vanquished—but that we survive.

## 5.

How dreadful the dominion of the impure!  
 Why should the song be tardy to proclaim  
 That less than power unbounded could not tame  
 That soul of Evil—which, from Hell let loose,  
 Had filled the astonished world with such abuse  
 As boundless patience only could endure!  
 — Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapped in flame—  
 Who sees, and feels, may lift a streaming eye  
 To Heaven,—who never saw, may heave a sigh;  
 But the foundation of our nature shakes,  
 And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,  
 When desolated countries, towns on fire,  
     Are but the avowed attire  
 Of warfare waged with desperate mind  
 Against the life of virtue in mankind;  
     Assaulting without ruth  
     The citadels of truth;  
 While the whole forest of civility  
 Is doomed to perish, to the last fair tree!

## 6.

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—  
 Opposed to hopes that battered upon scorn,  
 And to desires whose ever-waxing horn  
 Not all the light of earthly power could fill;

Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,  
 And to celerities of lawless force;  
 Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse—  
 What could they gain but shadows of redress!  
 — So bad proceeded propagating worse;  
 And discipline was passion's dire excess\*.  
 Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,  
 And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend—  
 When will your trials teach you to be wise!  
 — O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

## 7.

No more—the guilt is banished,  
 And, with the Guilt, the Shame is fled;  
 And, with the Guilt and Shame, the Woe hath vanished,  
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!  
 — No more—these lingerings of distress  
 Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.  
 What robe can Gratitude employ  
 So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy!  
 What steps so suitable as those that move  
 In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures  
 Of glory—and felicity—and love,  
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures!

## 8.

Land of our fathers! precious unto me  
 Since the first joys of thinking infancy;  
 When of thy gallant chivalry I read,  
 And hugged the volume on my sleepless bed!  
 O England!—dearer far than life is dear,  
 If I forget thy prowess, never more  
 Be thy ungrateful Son allowed to hear  
 Thy green leaves rustle, or thy torrents roar!  
 But how can *He* be faithless to the past,  
 Whose soul, intolerant of base decline,  
 Saw in thy virtue a celestial sign,  
 That bade him hope, and to his hope cleave fast!  
 The Nations strove with puissance;—at length  
 Wide Europe heaved, impatient to be cast,  
     With *all* her living strength,  
     With *all* her armed Powers,  
     Upon the offensive shores.  
 The trumpet blew a universal blast!  
 But Thou art foremost in the field:—there stand:  
 Receive the triumph destined to thy Hand!  
 All States have glorified themselves;—their claims  
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;  
 And now, in preference to the mightiest names,  
 To Thee the exterminating sword is given.  
 Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!  
 Exalted office, worthily sustained!

## 9.

Imagination, ne'er before content,  
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride,

\* "A discipline the rule whereof is passion."—LORD BROOK.

From all that man's performance could present,  
 Stoops to that closing deed magnificent,  
 And with the embrace is satisfied.  
 — Fly, ministers of Fame,  
 Whate'er your means, whatever help ye claim,  
 Bear through the world these tidings of delight!  
 — Hours, Days, and Months, have borne them, in the  
 sight  
 Of mortals, travelling faster than the shower,  
 That land-ward stretches from the sea,  
 The morning's splendours to devour;  
 But *this* appearance scattered ecstasy,  
 And heart-sick Europe blessed the healing power.  
 — *The shock is given — the Adversaries bleed —*  
*Lo, Justice triumphs! — Earth is freed!*  
 Such glad assurance suddenly went forth —  
 It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North —  
 It found no barrier on the ridge  
 Of Andes — frozen gulfs became its bridge —  
 The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight —  
 Upon the Lakes of Asia 't is bestowed —  
 The Arabian desert shapes a willing road,  
 Across her burning breast,  
 For this refreshing incense from the West!  
 — Where snakes and lions breed,  
 Where towns and cities thick as stars appear  
 Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er  
 The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed —  
 While the Sun rules, and crosses the shades of night —  
 The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight!  
 The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,  
 And in its sparkling progress read  
 How virtue triumphs, from her bondage freed!  
 Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,  
 And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are  
 done;  
 Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders  
 This messenger of good was launched in air,  
 France, conquered France, amid her wild disorders,  
 Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare  
 That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,  
 And utter England's name with sadly-plausive voice.

## 10

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts  
 That memory of thy favour,  
 That else insensibly departs,  
 And losses its sweet savour!  
 Lodge it within us! — as the power of light  
 Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,  
 Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,  
 So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!  
 What offering, what transcendent monument  
 Shall our sincerity to Thee present?  
 — Not work of hands; but trophies that may reach  
 To highest Heaven — the labour of the soul;  
 That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,

Upon the inward victories of each,  
 Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.  
 — Yet might it well become that city now,  
 Into whose breast the tides of grandeur flow,  
 To whom all persecuted men retreat;  
 If a new Temple lift her votive brow  
 Upon the shore of silver Thames — to greet  
 The peaceful guest advancing from afar.  
 Bright be the distant Fabric, as a star  
 Fresh risen — and beautiful within! — there meet  
 Dependence infinite, proportion just;  
 — A Pile that Grace approves, that Time can trust  
 With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust!

## 11.

But if the valiant of this land  
 In reverential modesty demand  
 That all observance, due to them, be paid  
 Where their serene progenitors are laid;  
 Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-like sages  
 England's illustrious sons of long, long ages;  
 Be it not unordained that solemn rites,  
 Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,  
 Shall be performed at pregnant intervals;  
 Commemoration holy, that unites  
 The living generations with the dead;  
 By the deep soul-moving sense  
 Of religious eloquence, —  
 By visual pomp, and by the tie  
 Of sweet and threatening harmony;  
 Soft notes, awful as the omen  
 Of destructive tempests coming,  
 And escaping from that sadness  
 Into elevated gladness;  
 While the white-robed choir attendant,  
 Under mouldering banners pendant,  
 Provoke all potent symphonies to raise  
 Songs of victory and praise,  
 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled  
 With medicable wounds, or found their graves  
 Upon the battle-field, or under ocean's waves;  
 Or were conducted home in single state,  
 And long procession — there to lie,  
 Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,  
 Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate!

## 12.

Nor will the God of peace and love  
 Such martial service disapprove.  
 He guides the Pestilence — the cloud  
 Of locusts travels on his breath;  
 The region that in hope was ploughed  
 His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death.  
 He springs the hushed Volcano's mine;  
 He puts the Earthquake on her still design,  
 Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,

And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink  
Cities and towns — 't is Thou — the work is Thine!

— The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts —

He hears the word — he flies —

And navies perish in their ports;

For Thou art angry with thine enemies!

For these, and for our errors

And sins, that point their terrors,

We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud

And magnify thy name, Almighty God!

But thy most dreaded instrument

In working out a pure intent,

Is Man arrayed for mutual slaughter,

Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!

Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,

And by thy just permission they prevail;

Thine arm from peril guards the coasts

Of them who in thy laws delight;

Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,

Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

## 13.

TO THEE — TO THEE —

On this appointed day shall thanks ascend,

That Thou hast brought our warfare to an end,

And that we need no second victory!

Ha! what a ghastly sight for man to see!

And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,

For a brief moment, terrible;

But, to thy sovereign penetration, fair,

Before whom all things are, that were,

All judgments that have been, or e'er shall be;

Links in the chain of thy tranquillity!

Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,

Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation!

Let all who do this land inherit

Be conscious of Thy moving spirit!

Oh, 't is a goodly Ordinance, — the sight,

Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure de-  
light;

Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,

When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,

And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive

With lip and heart to tell their gratitude

For Thy protecting care,

Their solemn joy — praising the Eternal Lord

For tyranny subdued,

And for the sway of equity renewed,

For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

## 14.

But hark — the summons — down the placid Lake

Floats the soft cadence of the Church-tower bells;

Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams might wake

The tender insects sleeping in their cells;

Bright shines the Sun — and not a breeze to shake

The drops that tip the melting icicles.

*O, enter now his temple gate!*

Inviting words — perchance already flung,

(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle

Of some old Minister's venerable pile)

From voices into zealous passion stung,

While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,

And has begun — its clouds of sound to cast

Towards the empyreal Heaven,

As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us, humbler ceremonies now await;

But in the bosom, with devout respect,

The banner of our joy we will erect,

And strength of love our souls shall elevate:

For to a few collected in his name,

Their heavenly Father will incline an ear

Gracious to service hallowed by its aim; —

Awake! the majesty of God revere!

Go — and with foreheads meekly bowed

Present your prayers — go — and rejoice aloud —

The Holy One will hear!

And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,

Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,

Shall simply feel and purely meditate

Of warnings — from the unprecedented might,

Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed;

And of more arduous duties thence imposed

Upon the future advocates of right;

Of mysteries revealed,

And judgments unrepealed, —

Of earthly revolution,

And final retribution, —

To his omniscience will appear

An offering not unworthy to find place,

On this high DAY of THANKS, before the Throne of

Grace!

## ADDITIONAL PIECES TO POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY.

### LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION.

1801.

COME ye — who, if (which Heaven avert!) the land  
Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,  
Like gallant Falkland, by the monarch's side,  
And, like Montrose, make loyalty your pride —  
Come ye — who, not less zealous, might display  
Banners at enmity with regal sway,  
And, like the Pymes and Miltons of that day,  
Think that a State would live in sounder health  
If Kingship bowed its head to Commonwealth —  
Ye too — whom no discreditable fear  
Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless tear,  
Uncertain what to choose and how to steer —  
And ye — who might mistake for sober sense  
And wise reserve the plea of indolence —  
Come ye — whate'er your creed — O waken all,  
Whate'er your temper, at your country's call;  
Resolving (this a free-born nation can)  
To have one soul, and perish to a man,  
Or save this honoured land from every lord  
But British reason and the British sword.

### ON THE SAME OCCASION.

(A SEQUEL TO NO. XXIII., PART I., "TO THE MEN OF KENT.")

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy  
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,  
Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,  
Striking through English breasts the anarchy

Of terror, bear us to the ground, and tie  
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords?  
Yields every thing to discipline of swords?  
Is man as good as man, none low, none high? —  
Nor discipline nor valour can withstand  
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,  
When in some great extremity breaks out  
A people, on their own beloved land  
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight  
Of a just God for liberty and right.

### THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.

SHADE of Caractacus, if spirits love  
The cause they fought for in their earthly home,  
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove  
May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.  
These children claim thee for their sire; the breath  
Of thy renown, from Cambrian Mountains, fans  
A flame within them that despises death,  
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,  
But truth divine has sanctified their rage,  
A silver cross enchased with flowers of France,  
Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage.

The shrill defiance of the young crusade  
Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise;  
But unto faith and loyalty comes aid  
From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless boys.\*

## SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

### COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY.

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing link by link;  
Soon shall the rich be levelled down — the poor  
Meet them half-way." Vain boast! for these, the more  
They thus would rise, must low and lower sink  
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think;  
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few  
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,  
And mix the poison they themselves must drink.  
Mistrust thyself, vain country! cease to cry,  
"Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe."  
For, if than other rash ones more thou know,  
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly  
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,  
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

### UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

March, 1832.

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delayed;  
And in the Senate some there were who doffed  
The last of their humanity, and scoffed  
At providential judgments undismayed  
By their own daring. But the people prayed

[\* From "*La Petite Chouannerie ou Histoire d'un Collège Breton Sous l'Empire*, par A. F. RIO. Paris 1842," p. 62. Those stanzas were a contribution by Wordsworth, to M. Rio's interesting narrative of the romantic revolt of the royalist students of the College of Vannes in 1815, and their battles with the soldiers of the French Empire. — H. R.]



As with one voice; their flinty heart grew soft  
 With penitential sorrow, and aloft  
 Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us aid!"  
 Oh that with aspirations more intense,  
 Chastised by self-abasement more profound,  
 This people, once so happy, so renowned  
 For liberty, would seek from God defence  
 Against far heavier ill, the pestilence  
 Of revolution, impiously unbound!

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,  
 Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,  
 Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,  
 "The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed;  
 Hooded the open brow that overawed  
 Our schemes; the faith and honour, never yet  
 By us with hope encountered, be upset;—  
 For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud!"  
 Then whispered she, "The bill is carrying out!"  
 They heard, and, starting up, the brood of night  
 Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks;  
 All powers and places that abhor the light  
 Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,  
 Hurrah for —, hugging his ballot-box!\*

BEST statesman he, whose mind's unselfish will  
 Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts: whose eye  
 Sees that, apart from magnanimity,  
 Wisdom exists not; nor the humbler skill  
 Of prudence, disentangling good and ill  
 With patient care. What tho' assaults run high,  
 They daunt not him who holds his ministry,  
 Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil  
 Its duties;— prompt to move but firm to wait,—  
 Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found;

[\* This sonnet originally appeared in the following note to the separate Volume of Sonnets.

"Having in this notice alluded only in general terms to the mischief which, in my opinion, the Ballot would bring along with it, without especially branding its immoral and anti-social tendency, (for which no political advantages, were they a thousand times greater than those presumed upon, could be a compensation,) I have been impelled to subjoin a reprobation of it upon that score. In no part of my writings have I mentioned the name of any cotemporary, that of Buonaparte only excepted, but for the purpose of eulogy; and therefore, as in the concluding verse of what follows, there is a deviation from this rule, (for the blank will be easily filled up) I have excluded this sonnet from the body of the collection, and placed it here as a public record of my detestation, both as a man and a citizen, of the proposed contrivance.—"

Since that time, I may add, that Mr. Grote's political notoriety as an advocate for the ballot has been merged in the high reputation he has already acquired, as probably the most eminent modern historian of ancient Greece.  
 —H. R.]

That, for the functions of an ancient State —  
 Strong by her charters, free because imbound,  
 Servant of Providence, not slave of fate —  
 Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES AND  
 NOTICES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PORTENTOUS change when History can appear  
 As the cool advocate of foul device;  
 Reckless audacity extol, and jeer  
 At consciences perplexed with scruples nice!  
 They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer  
 Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;  
 Or haply sprung from vaunting cowardice  
 Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.  
 Hath it not long been said the wrath of man  
 Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend,  
 Bend, ye perverse! to judgments from on High,  
 Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban  
 All principles of action that transcend  
 The sacred limits of humanity.

CONTINUED.

Who ponders National events shall find  
 An awful balancing of loss and gain,  
 Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,  
 And proud deliverance issuing out of pain  
 And direful throes; as if the All-ruling mind,  
 With whose perfection it consists to ordain  
 Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,  
 Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind  
 By laws immutable. But woe for him  
 Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand  
 To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,  
 And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim;  
 And Will, whose office, by divine command,  
 Is to control and check disordered Powers?

CONCLUDED.

LONG-FAVoured England! be not thou misled  
 By monstrous theories of alien growth,  
 Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,  
 Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red  
 With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed  
 Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth  
 Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,  
 Or wan despair — the ghost of false hope fled  
 Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,  
 My country! if such warning be held dear,  
 Then shall a veteran's heart be thrilled with joy,  
 One who would gather from eternal truth,  
 For time and season, rules that work to cheer —  
 Not scourge, to save the people — not destroy.

MEN of the Western World! in Fate's dark book  
 Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?  
 Think ye your British ancestors forsook  
 Their native land, for outrage provident;  
 From unsubmissive necks the bridle shook  
 To give, in their descendants, freer vent  
 And wider range to passions turbulent,  
 To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?  
 Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath,  
 Dive through the stormy surface of the flood  
 To the great current flowing underneath;  
 Explore the countless springs of silent good;  
 So shall the truth be better understood,  
 And thy grieved spirit brighten strong in faith.\*

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TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,  
 Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,  
 Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,  
 Words that require no sanction from an oath,  
 And simple honesty a common growth—  
 This high repute, with bounteous nature's aid,  
 Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed  
 At will, your power the measure of your troth!—  
 All who revere the memory of Penn  
 Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name  
 Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,  
 Renounced, abandoned by degenerate men  
 For state-dishonour black as ever came  
 To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den.

\* These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

"Men of the Western World."

I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realized; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the next sonnet is no longer applicable to them. I trust that those other states to which it may yet apply will soon follow the example now set them in Philadelphia, and redeem their credit with the world. 1850.

[This additional note is on a fly-leaf at the end of the fifth volume of the edition, which was completed only a short time before the Poet's death. It contains probably the last sentences composed by him for the press. It was promptly added by him in consequence of a suggestion from me, that the sonnet addressed "*To Pennsylvanians*" was no longer just—a fact which is mentioned to show that the fine sense of truth and justice which distinguishes his writings was active to the last. — H. R.]

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.

I.

AN why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit  
 Of sudden passion roused shall men attain  
 True freedom where for ages they have lain  
 Bound in a dark abominable pit,  
 With life's best sinews more and more unknit.  
 Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain  
 May rise to break it: effort worse than vain  
 For thee, O great Italian nation, split  
 Into those jarring fractions. — Let thy scope  
 Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights approve  
 To thy own conscience gradually renewed;  
 Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope;  
 Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,  
 The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

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CONTINUED.

II.

HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean  
 On patience coupled with such slow endeavour,  
 That long-lived servitude must last for ever.  
 Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between  
 Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean  
 Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever  
 Let us break forth in tempest now or never!—  
 What, is there then no space for golden mean  
 And gradual progress? — Twilight leads to day,  
 And, even within the burning zones of earth,  
 The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray;  
 The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth:  
 Think not that prudence dwells in dark abodes,  
 She scans the future with the eye of gods.

---

CONCLUDED.

III.

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow  
 And wither, every human generation  
 Is to the being of a mighty nation,  
 Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe;  
 Thought that should teach the zealot to forego  
 Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,  
 And seek through noiseless pains and moderation  
 The unblemished good they only can bestow.  
 Alas! with most, who weigh futurity  
 Against time present, passion holds the scales:  
 Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,  
 And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,  
 Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales  
 Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

YOUNG ENGLAND — what is then become of Old  
Of dear Old England! Think they she is dead,  
Dead to the very name! Presumption fed  
On empty air! That name will keep its hold  
In the true filial bosom's inmost fold  
For ever. — The Spirit of Alfred, at the head  
Of all who for her rights watched, toiled and bled,  
Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.  
What — how! shall she submit in will and deed  
To beardless boys — an imitative race,  
The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed?  
Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,  
Go where at least meek innocence dwells;  
Let babes and sucklings be thy oracles.

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken  
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;  
And seek the sufferer in his darkest den,  
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs  
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren  
Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes  
In silence and the awful modesties  
Of sorrow; — feel for all, as brother men!  
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw  
By casual boons and formal charities;  
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;  
Far as ye may, erect and equalise;  
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw  
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

## SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

## IN SERIES.\*

## I.

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE  
(ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH.)

THIS spot at once unfolding sight so fair  
Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still  
Rise up as if to lord it over air —  
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,  
Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill  
The heart with joy and gratitude to God  
For all his bounties upon man bestowed:  
Why bears it then the name of "Weeping Hill?"  
Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,  
A prison's crown, along this way they past  
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,  
From this bare eminence thereon have cast  
Their first look — blinded as tears fell in showers  
Shed on their chains; and hence that doleful name.

## II.

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law  
For worst offenders: though the heart will heave  
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,  
In after thought, for him who stood in awe  
Neither of God nor man, and only saw,  
Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned  
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned  
Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.  
But O, restrain compassion, if its course,  
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside  
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source  
Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died

[\* See an excellent commentary on this series of Poems, by Henry Taylor, Esq., author of "Philip Van Artevelde," etc., at the close of a Critical Essay from his pen, which appeared in the Quarterly Review for December, 1841. No. 137, p. 39. — H. R.]

Blameless — with them that shuddered o'er his grave,  
And all who from the law firm safety crave.

## III.

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to die  
Who had betrayed their country. The stern word  
Afforded (may it through all time afford)  
A theme for praise and admiration high.  
Upon the surface of humanity  
He rested not; its depths his mind explored;  
He felt; but his parental bosom's lord  
Was duty, — duty calmed his agony.  
And some, we know, when they by wilful act  
A single human life have wrongly taken,  
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,  
And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken  
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and for faith  
Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

## IV.

Is Death, when evil against good has fought  
With such fell mastery that a man may dare  
By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare?  
Is Death, for one to that condition brought,  
For him or any one, the thing that ought  
To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,  
Lest capital pains remitting till ye spare  
The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought  
Seemingly given, debase the general mind;  
Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,  
Nor only palpable restraints unbind,  
But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,  
Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand  
In the weak love of life his least command.

## V.

NOR to the object specially designed,  
 Howe'er momentous in itself it be,  
 Good to promote or curb depravity,  
 Is the wise Legislator's view confined.  
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind;  
 As all Authority in earth depends  
 On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,  
 Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.  
 Uncaught by processes in show humane,  
 He feels how far the act would derogate  
 From even the humblest functions of the State;  
 If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain  
 That never more shall hang upon her breath  
 The last alternative of Life or Death.

## VI.

YE brood of conscience — Spectres! that frequent  
 The bad Man's restless walk, and haunt his bed —  
 Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent  
 In act, as hovering Angels when they spread  
 Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent —  
 Slow be the Statutes of the land to share  
 A laxity that could not but impair  
 Your power to punish crime, and so prevent.  
 And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about  
 The adage on all tongues, "Murder will out,"  
 How shall your ancient warnings work for good  
 In the full might they hitherto have shown,  
 If for deliberate shedder of man's blood  
 Survive not Judgment that requires his own?

## VII.

BEFORE the world had past her time of youth  
 While polity and discipline were weak,  
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,  
 Came forth — a light, though but as of day-break,  
 Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek  
 Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,  
 Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,  
 And love the end, which all through peace must seek.  
 But lamentably do they err who strain  
 His mandates, given rash impulse to controul  
 And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,  
 So far that, if consistent in their scheme,  
 They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,  
 Making of social order a mere dream.

## VIII.

FOR retribution, by the moral code  
 Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,  
 Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case  
 She plants well-measured terrors in the road

Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,  
 And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,  
 Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,  
 Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode  
 Crime might lie better hid. And, should the change  
 Take from the horror due to a foul deed,  
 Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,  
 And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead  
 In angry spirits for her old free range,  
 And the "wild justice of revenge" prevail.

## IX.

THOUGH to give timely warning and deter  
 Is one great aim of penalty, extend  
 Thy mental vision further and ascend  
 Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.  
 What is a State! The wise behold in her  
 A creature born of time, that keeps one eye  
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,  
 To which her judgments reverently defer.  
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice the State  
 Endues her conscience with external life  
 And being, to preclude or quell the strife  
 Of individual will, to elevate  
 The grovelling mind, the erring to recal,  
 And fortify the moral sense of all.

## X.

OUR bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine  
 Of an immortal spirit is a gift  
 So sacred, so informed with light divine,  
 That no tribunal, though most wise to sift  
 Deed and intent, should turn the being adrift  
 Into that world where penitential tear  
 May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear  
 A voice — that world whose veil no hand can lift  
 For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time"  
 They urge, "have interwoven claims and rights  
 Not to be jeopardised through foulest crime:  
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights."  
 Even so; but measuring not by finite sense  
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

## XI.

AN, think how one compelled for life to abide  
 Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart  
 Out of his own humanity, and part  
 With every hope that mutual cares provide;  
 And, should a less unnatural doom confide  
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,  
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast  
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.



Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,  
Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,  
Leaving the final issue in *His* hands  
Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,  
Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge amiss,  
And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.

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XII.

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell  
And prostrate at some moment when remorse  
Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,  
Assaults the pride he strove in vain to quell.  
Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,  
The crime confessed, a kneeling penitent  
Before the Altar, where the Sacrament  
Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell  
Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while Heaven  
Does in this change exceedingly rejoice;  
While yet the solemn heed the State hath given  
Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice  
In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast  
On old temptations, might for ever blast.

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XIII.

CONCLUSION.

Yes, though he well may tremble at the sound  
Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat  
Sends the pale convict to his last retreat  
In death; though listeners shudder all around,

They know the dread requital's source profound;  
Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete —  
(Would that it were!) the sacrifice unmeet  
For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs abound;  
The social rights of man breathe purer air;  
Religion deepens her preventive care;  
Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,  
Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,  
But leave it thence to drop for lack of use:  
Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God!

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XIV.

APOLOGY.

THE formal world relaxes her cold chain  
For one who speaks in numbers; ampler scope  
His utterance finds; and, conscious of the gain,  
Imagination works with bolder hope  
The cause of grateful reason to sustain;  
And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats  
Against all barriers which his labour meets  
In lofty place, or humble life's domain.  
Enough: — before us lay a painful road,  
And guidance have I sought in duteous love  
From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed  
Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way  
Each takes in this high matter, all may move  
Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

1840.

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820.

## DEDICATION.

DEAR Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse  
Presents to notice these memorial Lays,  
Hoping the general eye thereon will gaze,  
As on a mirror that gives back the hues  
Of living Nature; no — though free to choose  
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,  
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days,  
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.  
For You she wrought; ye only can supply  
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides  
In that enjoyment which with you abides,  
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;  
Thus far contented, that for You her verse  
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul to pierce!"

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *January, 1822.*

## I.

## FISH-WOMEN. — ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'T ~~is~~ said, fantastic Ocean doth enfold  
The likeness of whate'er on Land is seen;  
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,  
Above whose heads the Tide so long hath rolled,  
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,  
How terrible beneath the opening waves  
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,  
Withered, grotesque — immeasurably old,  
And shrill and fierce in accent! — Fear it not;  
For they Earth's fairest Daughters do excel;  
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;  
Their voices into liquid music swell,  
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot —  
The undisturbed Abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell!

## II.

## BRUGES.

BRUGES I saw attired with golden light  
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power:  
'T is past: and now the grave and sunless hour,  
That, slowly making way for peaceful night,  
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight

Offers the beauty, the magnificence,  
And all the graces, left her for defence  
Against the injuries of Time, the spite  
Of Fortune, and the desolating storms  
Of future War. Advance not — spare to hide,  
O gentle Power of Darkness! these mild hues;  
Obscure not yet these silent avenues  
Of stateliest Architecture, where the forms  
Of Nun-like Females, with soft motion, glide!

## III.

## BRUGES. \*

THE Spirit of Antiquity — enshrined  
In sumptuous Buildings, vocal in sweet Song,  
In Picture, speaking with heroic tongue,  
And with devout solemnities entwined —  
Strikes to the seat of grace within the mind:  
Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along;  
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,  
To an harmonious decency confined;  
As if the Streets were consecrated ground,  
The City one vast Temple — dedicate  
To mutual respect in thought and deed;  
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;  
To social cares from jarring passions freed;  
A nobler peace than that in deserts found!

## IV.

## AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A WINGED Goddess, clothed in vesture wrought  
Of rainbow colours; one whose port was bold,  
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold  
The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought  
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.  
She vanished — leaving prospect blank and cold  
Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled  
In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,  
And monuments that soon must disappear:  
Yet a dread local recompense we found;  
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot zeal  
Sank in our hearts, we felt as Men *should* feel  
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near  
And horror breathing from the silent ground!

\* See Note.

## V.

## SCENERY BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?  
Is this the Stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,  
War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains  
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew?  
The Morn, that now, along the silver Meuse,  
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the Swains  
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,  
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews  
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes  
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,  
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,  
With its gray rocks clustering in pensive shade,  
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise  
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

## VI.

## AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,  
That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine?  
To sweep from many an old romantic strain  
That faith which no devotion may renew!  
Why does this puny Church present to view  
Its feeble columns! and that scanty Chair?  
This Sword that One of our weak times might wear!  
Objects of false pretence, or meanly true!  
If from a Traveller's fortune I might claim  
A palpable memorial of that day,  
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach  
Which ROLAND clove with huge two-handed sway,  
And to the enormous labour left his name,  
Where unremitting frosts the rocky Crescent bleach.\*

## VII.

## IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

O FOR the help of Angels to complete  
This Temple — Angels governed by a plan  
How gloriously pursued by daring Man,  
Studious that *He* might not disdain the seat  
Who dwells in Heaven! But that inspiring heat  
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous  
wings  
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings  
But faintly picture, 't were an office meet

\* Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms — let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the 'BRECHE DE ROLAND.'

For you, on these unfinished Shafts to try  
The midnight virtues of your harmony: —  
This vast Design might tempt you to repeat  
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground  
Immortal Fabrics — rising to the sound  
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

## VIII.

## IN A CARRIAGE UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

AMID this dance of objects, sadness steals  
O'er the defrauded heart — while sweeping by,  
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,  
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels:  
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels  
The venerable pageantry of Time,  
Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,  
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals  
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied  
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?  
Pedestrian liberty shall yet be mine  
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze:  
Freedom which youth with copious hand supplied,  
May in fit measure bless my later days.

## IX.

## HYMN,

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS  
UNDER THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBURG.

Jesu! bless our slender Boat,  
By the current swept along;  
Loud its threatenings — let them not  
Drown the music of a Song  
Breathed thy mercy to implore,  
Where these troubled waters roar!

Saviour, in thy image, seen  
Bleeding on that precious Rood;  
If, while through the meadows green  
Gently wound the peaceful flood,  
We forgot Thee, do not Thou  
Disregard thy Suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient Tower  
Watching o'er the River's bed,  
Fling the shadow of thy power,  
Else we sleep among the Dead;  
Thou who trodd'st the billowy Sea,  
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our Bark among the waves;  
Through the rocks our passage smooth;  
Where the whirlpool frets and raves  
Let thy love its anger soothe:  
All our hope is placed in Thee;  
Miserere Domine!\*

\* See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy, "THE REMORSE." Why is the Harp of Quantock silent?

## X.

## THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.\*

Not, like his great compeers, indignantly  
 Doth DANUBE spring to life! The wandering Stream  
 (Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam  
 Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee  
 Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free  
 To follow in his track of silver light,  
 Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's flight  
 Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea  
 Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet  
 In conflict; whose rough winds forgot their jars  
 To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;  
 When the first Ship sailed for the Golden Fleece —  
 ARGO — exalted for that daring feat  
 To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

## XI.

## MEMORIAL,

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

"DEM  
 ANDENKEN  
 MEINES FREUNDES  
 ALOYS REDING  
 MDCCCXVIII."

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill  
 A gravelled pathway treading,  
 We reached a votive Stone that bears  
 The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the Friend who placed it there  
 For silence and protection;  
 And haply with a finer care  
 Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West;  
 And, while in summer glory  
 He sets, his sinking yields a type  
 Of that pathetic story:

\* Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The spring appears in a capacious stone basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it, — and entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The copiousness of the spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss  
 Amid the grove to linger;  
 Till all is dim, save this bright Stone  
 Touched by his golden finger.

## XII.

## COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS.

DOOMED as we are our native dust  
 To wet with many a bitter shower,  
 It ill befits us to disdain  
 The altar, to deride the fane,  
 Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust  
 To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,  
 Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:  
 Hail to the firm unmoving cross,  
 Aloft, where pines their branches toss!  
 And to the chapel far withdrawn,  
 That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam — along the brink  
 Of Rhine — or by the sweeping Po,  
 Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,  
 Whate'er we look on, at our side  
 Be Charity! — to bid us think,  
 And feel, if we would know.

## AFTER-THOUGHT.

ON Life! without thy chequered scene  
 Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,  
 Success and failure, could a ground  
 For magnanimity be found;  
 For faith 'mid ruined hopes, serene?  
 Or whence could virtue flow!

Pain entered through a ghastly breach —  
 Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;  
 Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;  
 But, for the bowers of Eden lost,  
 Mercy has placed within our reach  
 A portion of God's peace.

## XIII.

## ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH LAUTER-BRUNNEN.

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired — designed  
 For what strange service, does this concert reach  
 Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind!  
 'Mid fields familiarized to human speech! —  
 No Mermaids warble — to allay the wind  
 Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach —  
 More thrilling melodies; Witch answering Witch,  
 To chaunt a love-spell, never intertwined  
 Notes shrill and wild with art more musical!  
 Alas! that from the lips of abject Want



And Idleness in tatters mendicant  
The strain should flow — free fancy to enthal,  
And with regret and useless pity haunt  
This bold, this pure, this sky-born WATERFALL !\*

## XIV.

## THE FALL OF THE AAR — HANDEC.

FROM the fierce aspect of this River throwing  
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,  
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink :  
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,  
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing ;  
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,  
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink  
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :  
They suck, from breath that threatening to destroy,  
Is more benignant than the dewy eve,  
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy :  
Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pine-trees nod  
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,  
These humbler adorations will receive.

## XV.

## SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

"WHAT know we of the blest above  
But that they sing and that they love?"  
Yet, if they ever did inspire  
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,  
Now, where those harvest Damsels float  
Homeward in their rugged Boat,  
(While all the ruffling winds are fled,  
Each slumbering on some mountain's head,)  
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid  
Been felt, that influence is displayed.  
Pupils of Heaven, in order stand  
The rustic Maidens, every hand

\* "The Staub-bach" is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall — and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: "While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up, — surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears, — a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce, — sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description." See Notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."

Upon a Sister's shoulder laid, —  
To chant, as glides the boat along,  
A simple, but a touching, Song;  
To chant, as Angels do above,  
The melodies of Peace in love!

## XVI.

## ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.†

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes  
The work of Fancy from her willing hands;  
And such a beautiful creation makes  
As renders needless spells and magic wands,  
And for the boldest tale belief commands.  
When first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill  
The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,  
With intermingling motions soft and still,  
Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues  
at will.  
Clouds do not name those Visitants; they were  
The very Angels whose authentic lays,  
Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,  
Made known the spot where piety should raise  
A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.  
Resplendent Apparition! if in vain  
My ears did listen, 't was enough to gaze;  
And watch the slow departure of the train,  
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to detain.

## XVII.

## OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign  
Than fairest Star, upon the height  
Of thy own mountain†, set to keep  
Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,  
What eye can look upon thy shrine  
Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded Offerings as they hang  
In sign of misery relieved,  
Even these, without intent of theirs,  
Report of comfortless despairs,  
Of many a deep and cureless pang  
And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aerial cleft,  
As to a common centre, tend  
All sufferings that no longer rest

† The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The Architecture of the Building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the Mountaineers has conferred upon it.

On mortal succour, all distrest  
That pine of human hope bereft,  
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!  
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,  
Not only from the dreary strife  
Of Winter, but the storms of life,  
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled  
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here,  
But down the irriguous valley hies,  
Thy very name, O Lady! flings,  
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,  
A tender sense of shadowy fear,  
And chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade  
To Summer gladness unkind;  
It chastens only to requite  
With gleams of fresher, purer, light;  
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,  
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on! — a tempting downward way,  
A verdant path before us lies;  
Clear shines the glorious sun above;  
Then give free course to joy and love,  
Deeming the evil of the day  
Sufficient for the wise.

### XVIII.

#### EFFUSION

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL,  
AT ALTORF.

This Tower is said to stand upon the spot where grew the Linden Tree against which his Son was placed, when the Father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss History.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not here,  
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow  
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear  
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,  
While narrow cares their limits overflow.  
Thrice happy, Burghers, Peasants, Warriors old,  
Infants in arms, and Ye, that as ye go  
Home-ward or School-ward, aye what ye behold;  
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

But when that calm Spectatress from on high  
Looks down — the bright and solitary Moon,  
Who never gazes but to beautify;  
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon

Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune  
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;  
Then might the passing Monk receive a boon  
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,  
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls

How blest the souls who when their trials come  
Yield not to terror or despondency,  
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom.  
Whose head the ruddy Apple tops, while he  
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree;  
He quakes not like the timid forest game,  
But smiles — the hesitating shaft to free;  
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim  
And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

### XIX.

#### THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

By antique Fancy trimmed — though lowly, bred  
To dignity — in thee, O SCHWYTZ! are seen  
The genuine features of the golden mean;  
Equality by Prudence governed,  
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead;  
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace, serene  
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green  
In unambitious compass round thee spread.  
Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian steep,  
Holding a central station of command,  
Might well be styled this noble BODY'S HEAD;  
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,  
Its HEART; and ever may the heroic Land  
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom keep!\*

### XX.

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES," ON THE  
TOP OF THE PASS OF ST. GOTHARD.

I LISTEN — but no faculty of mine  
Avails those modulations to detect,  
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect  
With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine  
(So fame reports) and die; his sweet-breathed kine  
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked  
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject  
The tale as fabulous. — Here while I recline  
Mindful how others love this simple Strain,  
Even here, upon this glorious Mountain (named  
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence)  
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,  
Yield to the Music's touching influence,  
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

\* Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French invasion,) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon the laws of their governors.

## XXI.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN FROM THE  
LAKE OF LUGANO.

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the Altar and the Image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. — Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps — unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

THOU sacred Pile! whose turrets rise  
From yon steep Mountain's loftiest stage,  
Guarded by lone San Salvador;  
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,  
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,  
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned  
To rest the universal Lord:  
Why leap the fountains from their cells  
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?  
—That, while the Creature is sustained,  
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,  
Let all remind the soul of heaven;  
Our slack devotion needs them all;  
And Faith, so oft of sense the thrall,  
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs,  
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,  
And all the Poms of this frail "Spot  
Which men call Earth," have yearned to seek,  
Associate with the simply meek,  
Religion in the sainted grove,  
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,  
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,  
Did mighty Tell repair of old —  
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,  
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks  
And of the ancient hills!

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!  
Who, to recall his daunted peers,

For victory shaped an open space,  
By gathering with a wide embrace,  
Into his single heart, a sheaf  
Of fatal Austrian spears.\*

## XXII.

## FORT FUENTES.

The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary — scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill-tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden!" — Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.

*Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous  
blast,

This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone  
So far from the holy enclosure was cast,  
To couch in this thicket of brambles alone;

To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm  
Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck;  
And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the  
calm  
Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck.

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)  
When winter the grove of its mantle bereaves,  
Some Bird (like our own honoured Redbreast) may  
strew  
The desolate Slumberer with moss and with leaves.

\* Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

FUENTES once harboured the good and the brave,  
 Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure unknown;  
 Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave,  
 While the thrill of her fifes thro' the mountains was  
 blown :

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless Ascent —  
 O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway  
 When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,  
 Our tumults appeased, and our strifes passed away !—

## XXIII.

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE SWISS  
GOATHERD.

## PART I.

## 1.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,  
 Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide!  
 Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;  
 The wages of thy travel, joy!  
 Whether for London bound—to trill  
 Thy mountain notes with simple skill;  
 Or on thy head to poise a show  
 Of Images in seemly row;  
 The graceful form of milk-white steed,  
 Or Bird that soared with Ganymede;  
 Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear  
 The sightless Milton, with his hair  
 Around his placid temples curled;  
 And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,  
 If clay could think and mind were weight,  
 For him who bore the world!  
 Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;  
 The wages of thy travel, joy!

## 2.

But thou, perhaps, (alert and free  
 Though serving sage philosophy)  
 Wilt ramble over hill and dale,  
 A Vender of the well-wrought Scale  
 Whose sentient tube instructs to time  
 A purpose to a fickle clime:  
 Whether thou choose this useful part,  
 Or minister to finer art,  
 Though robbed of many a cherished dream,  
 And crossed by many a shattered scheme,  
 What stirring wonders wilt thou see  
 In the proud Isle of Liberty!  
 Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine  
 With thoughts which no delights can chase,  
 Recall a Sister's last embrace,  
 His Mother's neck entwine;  
 Nor shall forget the Maiden coy  
 That *would* have loved the bright-haired Boy!

## 3.

My Song, encouraged by the grace  
 That beams from his ingenuous face,  
 For this Adventurer scruples not  
 To prophesy a golden lot;  
 Due recompense, and safe return  
 To Como's steeps—his happy bourne!  
 Where he, aloft in garden glade,  
 Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,  
 The towering maize, and prop the twig  
 That ill supports the luscious fig;  
 Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof  
 With purple of the trellis-roof,  
 That through the jealous leaves escapes  
 From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.  
 — Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child  
 To share his wanderings! him whose look  
 Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,  
 So touchingly he smiled,  
 As with a rapture caught from heaven,  
 For unasked alms in pity given.

## PART II.

## 1.

With nodding plumes, and lightly drest  
 Like Foresters in leaf-green vest,  
 The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground  
 For Tell's dread archery renowned,  
 Before the target stood—to claim  
 The guerdon of the steadiest aim.  
 Loud was the rifle-gun's report,  
 A startling thunder quick and short!  
 But, flying through the heights around,  
 Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound  
 Of hearts and hands alike "prepared  
 The treasures they enjoy to guard!"  
 And, if there be a favoured hour  
 When Heroes are allowed to quit  
 The Tomb, and on the clouds to sit  
 With tutelary power,  
 On their Descendants shedding grace,  
 This was the hour, and that the place.

## 2.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old,  
 When of an iron age they told,  
 Which to unequal laws gave birth,  
 That drove Astræa from the earth.  
 — A gentle Boy (perchance with blood  
 As noble as the best endued,  
 But seemingly a Thing despised,  
 Even by the sun and air unprired;  
 For not a tinge or flowery streak  
 Appeared upon his tender cheek)  
 Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,  
 Sate watching by his silent Goats,



Apart within a forest shed,  
 Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head;  
 Mute as the snow upon the hill,  
 And, as the saint he prays to, still.  
 Ah, what avails heroic deed?  
 What liberty? if no defence  
 Be won for feeble Innocence —  
 Father of All! though wilful manhood read  
 His punishment in soul-distress,  
 Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness.

## XXIV.

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF  
 THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA—MILAN.

'Tis searching damps and many an envious flaw  
 Have marred this Work\*, the calm ethereal grace,  
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,  
 The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe  
 The Elements; as they do melt and thaw  
 The heart of the Beholder—and erase  
 (At least for one rapt moment) every trace  
 Of disobedience to the primal law.  
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth  
 Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, forehead, cheek,  
 And hand reposing on the board in ruth  
 Of what it utters†, while the unguilty seek  
 Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak  
 A labour worthy of eternal youth!

## XXV.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.

Upright on her speculative Tower  
 stood Science waiting for the Hour  
 When Sol was destined to endure  
 That darkening of his radiant face  
 Which Superstition strove to chase,  
 Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,  
 Through regions fair as Paradise  
 We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought  
 A silent and unlooked-for change,  
 That checked the desultory range  
 Of joy and sprightly thought.

\* This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but parts are said to have been painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs,—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

† ————— "The hand  
 Sang with the voice, and this the argument"  
 MILTON.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,  
 The waves danced round us as before  
 As lightly, though of altered hue;  
 'Mid recent coolness, such as falls  
 At noontide from umbrageous walls  
 That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud  
 Cast far or near a murky shroud;  
 The sky an azure field displayed;  
 'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,  
 Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,  
 And as in slumber laid:—

Or something night and day between,  
 Like moonshine—but the hue was green;  
 Still moonshine, without shadow, spread  
 On jutting rock, and curved shore,  
 Where gazed the Peasant from his door,  
 And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay,  
 Lugano! on thy ample bay;  
 The solemnizing veil was drawn  
 O'er Villas, Terraces, and Towers,  
 To Albogasio's olive bowers,  
 Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy, with the speed of fire,  
 Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,  
 And there alights 'mid that aerial host  
 Of figures human and divine‡,  
 White as the snows of Appennine  
 Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array  
 That guards the Temple night and day;  
 Angels she sees that might from Heaven have flown,  
 And Virgin-saints—who not in vain  
 Have striven by purity to gain  
 The beatific crown;

‡ The Statues ranged round the Spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, have been found fault with by Persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the *coup-d'œil*, from the best point of view; which is half way up the Spire, must strike an unprejudiced Person with admiration; and, surely, the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the Country in the imaginations and feelings of the Spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several Children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these, or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach.—Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the Plain of Lombardy between!

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings  
Each narrowing above each; — the wings,  
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,  
The starry zone of sovereign height\*,  
All steeped in this portentous light!  
All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught  
These perishable spheres have wrought  
May with that issue be compared)  
Throngs of celestial visages,  
Darkening like water in the breeze,  
A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun  
His glad deliverance has begun:  
The Cypress waves her sombre plume  
More cheerily; and Town and Tower,  
The Vineyard and the Olive bower,  
Their lustre re-assume!

O ye, who guard and grace my Home  
While in far-distant Lands we roam,  
What countenance hath this day put on for you?  
Do clouds surcharged with irksome rain,  
Blackening the Eclipse, take hill and plain  
From your benighted view?

Or was it given you to behold  
Like vision, pensive though not cold,  
Of gay Winandermere?  
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil  
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,  
Helvellyn's brow severe?

I ask in vain — and know far less  
If sickness, sorrow, or distress,  
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour:  
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove  
Our Faith in Heaven's unfailing love  
And all-controlling Power.

## XXVI.

### THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

How blest the Maid whose heart — yet free  
From Love's uneasy sovereignty,  
Beats with a fancy running high,  
Her simple cares to magnify;  
Whom Labour, never urged to toil,  
Hath cherished on a healthful soil;  
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf;  
Whose heaviest sin it is to look  
Askance upon her pretty Self  
Reflected in some crystal brook;  
Whom grief hath spared — who sheds no tear  
But in sweet pity; and can hear  
Another's praise from envy clear.

## 2.

Such, (but O lavish Nature! why  
That dark unfathomable eye,  
Where lurks a Spirit that replies  
To stillest mood of softest skies,  
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,  
Another's first, and then her own?)  
Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,  
Our Lady's laggard Votaress,  
Halting beneath the chestnut shade  
To accomplish there her loveliness:  
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;  
A Sister serves with slacker hand;  
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

## 3.

How blest (if truth may entertain  
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)  
The HELVETIAN Girl — who daily braves,  
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,  
And quits the bosom of the deep  
Only to climb the rugged steep!  
— Say whence that modulated shout?  
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng?  
Or does the greeting to a rout  
Of giddy Bacchanals belong?  
Jubilant outcry! — rock and glade  
Resounded — but the voice obeyed  
The breath of an Helvetic Maid.

## 4.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;  
Her courage animates the flood;  
Her steps the elastic green-sward meets  
Returning reluctant sweets;  
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice  
Aloud, saluted by her voice!  
Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,  
Be as thou art — for through thy veins  
The blood of Heroes runs its race!  
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains  
That, for the virtuous, Life prepares;  
The fetters which the Matron wears;  
The Patriot Mother's weight of anxious cares!

## 5.

† "Sweet HIGHLAND Girl! a very shower  
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"  
When thou didst flit before my eyes,  
Gay Vision under sullen skies,  
While Hope and love around thee played,  
Near the rough Falls of Inversneyd!  
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,  
Nor take one ray of light from Thee;  
For in my Fancy thou dost share  
The gift of Immortality;

\* Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.

† See Address to a Highland Girl.

And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,  
The Votaresse by Lugano's side;  
And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep, descried!

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XXVII.

THE COLUMN.

INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN MILAN,  
NOW LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION, following down this far-famed slope  
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,  
While clarions prate of Kingdoms to be won,  
Perchance, in future ages, here may stop;  
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope  
By admonition from this prostrate Stone;  
Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown,  
Vanity's hieroglyphic; a choice trope  
In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,  
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power divine!  
The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,  
Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,  
Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath:  
What groans! what shrieks! what quietness in death!

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XXVIII.

STANZAS,

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLOMBROSA! I longed in thy shadiest wood  
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,  
To listen to ANIO's precipitous flood,  
When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar;  
To range through the Temples of PÆSTUM, to muse  
In POMPEII preserved by her burial in earth;  
On pictures to gaze where they drank in their hues;  
And murmur sweet Songs on the ground of their birth!

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,  
Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to regret!  
With a hope (and no more) for a season to come,  
Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent debt!  
Thou fortunate Region! whose Greatness inurned  
Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust;  
Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness I turned  
From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois retires  
From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,  
Tow'rd the mists that hang over the land of my Sires,  
From the climate of myrtles contented I go.  
My thoughts become bright like yon edging of Pines,  
How black was its hue in the region of air!  
But, touched from behind by the Sun, it now shines  
With threads that seem part of its own silver hair.

Though the burthen of toil with dear friends we divide,  
Though by the same zephyr our temples are fanned  
As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,  
A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand:  
Each step hath its value while homeward we move;—  
O joy when the girdle of England appears!  
What moment in life is so conscious of love,  
So rich in the tenderest sweetness of tears!

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XXIX.

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT Beast of Chase hath broken from the cover?  
Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,  
As multitudinous a harmony,  
As e'er did ring the heights of Latmos over,  
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover,  
Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain dew  
In keen pursuit — and gave, where'er she flew,  
Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.  
A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on  
Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous  
chime  
Of aery voices locked in unison,—  
Faint — far-off — near — deep — solemn and sublime!  
So, from the body of one guilty deed,  
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts pro-  
ceed!

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XXX.

PROCESSIONS.

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE  
VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield;  
Or to solicit knowledge of events,  
Which in her breast Futurity concealed;  
And that the past might have its true intents  
Feelingly told by living monuments;  
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise  
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents  
Graven on her cankered walls, — solemnities  
That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state  
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,  
Marched round the Altar — to commemorate  
How, when their course they through the desert took,  
Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,  
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;  
Green boughs were borne, while for the blast that shook  
Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,  
These shout hosannas — those the startling trumpets  
blow!

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred Grove  
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,  
The Priests and Damsels of Ammonian Jove  
Provoked responses with shrill canticles;  
While, in a Ship begirt with silver bells,  
They round his Altar bore the horned God,  
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells  
Aloft, yet in a tilting Vessel rode,  
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman Poms? the haughty claims  
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;  
The feast of Neptune — and the Cereal Games,  
With images, and crowns, and empty cars;  
The dancing Salii — on the shields of Mars  
Smiting with fury; and the deeper dread  
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars  
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head  
Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted!

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft  
Appeared, to govern Christian pageantries:  
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft,  
Moved to the chant of sober litanies.  
Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze  
From a long train — in hooded vestments fair  
Enwrapped — and winding, between Alpine trees,  
Spiry and dark, around their House of Prayer  
Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIERE.

Still, in the vivid freshness of a dream,  
The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes!  
Still, with those white-robed Shapes — a living Stream,  
The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise\*  
For the same service, by mysterious ties;  
Numbers exceeding credible account  
Of number, pure and silent Votaries  
Issuing or issued from a wintry fount;  
The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount!

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam  
While they the Church engird with motion slow,  
A product of that awful Mountain seem,  
Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow;  
Not virgin-lilies marshalled in bright row,  
Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,  
A livelier sisterly resemblance show  
Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,  
Bear to the glacier band — those shapes aloft descried.

\* This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the Valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the *Grand Festival* of the Virgin — but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1000 Persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered Valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the moving Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs  
Of that licentious craving in the mind  
To act the God among external things,  
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;  
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined  
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,  
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned:  
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,  
Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abysm!

## XXXI.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

The lamented Youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederic William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being overtaken in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the Lake. The corpse of poor G. was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Küssnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake, the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,  
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,  
From the dread summit of the Queen†  
Of Mountains, through a deep ravine,  
Where, in her holy Chapel, dwells  
"Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild;  
Free were the streams and green the bowers;  
As if, to rough assaults unknown,  
The genial spot had ever shown  
A countenance that sweetly smiled,  
The face of summer-hours.

† Mount Righi — Regina Montium.



And we were gay, our hearts at ease;  
With pleasure dancing through the frame  
We journeyed; all we knew of care—  
Our path that straggled here and there,  
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze,  
Of Winter—but a name.

—If foresight could have rent the veil  
Of three short days—but hush—no more!  
Calm is the grave, and calmer none  
Than that to which thy cares are gone,  
Thou Victim of the stormy gale;  
Asleep on ZÜRICH'S shore!

Oh GODDARD! what art thou?—a name—  
A sunbeam followed by a shade!  
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,  
The great, the experienced, and the wise;  
Too much from this frail earth we claim,  
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,  
Where, from a deep Lake's mighty urn,  
Forth elios, like an enfranchised Slave,  
A sea-green River, proud to lave,  
With current swift and undefiled,  
The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon solemn ground  
Far-lifted towards the unfading sky;  
But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth,  
That gives to common pleasures birth;  
And nothing in our hearts we found  
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathising Powers of air,  
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,  
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,  
A most untimely grave to strew,  
Whose turf may never know the care  
Of *kindred* human hands!

Beloved by every gentle Muse,  
He left his Transatlantic home:  
Europe, a realised romance,  
Had opened on his eager glance;  
What present bliss!—what golden views!  
What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,  
His soul her daily tasks renewed,  
Bliethe as the lark on sun-gilt wings  
High poised—or as the wren that sings  
In shady places, to proclaim  
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise;  
The words of truth's memorial vow  
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed  
From flowers 'mid GOLDAU'S\* ruins bred;

\* One of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain Rosenberg.

As evening's fondly-lingering rays,  
On RICH'S silent brow.

Lamented Youth! to thy cold clay  
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;  
And piety shall guard the stone  
Which hath not left the spot unknown  
Where the wild waves resigned their prey,  
And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,  
Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;  
This tribute from a casual Friend  
A not unwelcome aid may lend,  
To feed the tender luxury,  
The rising pang to smother.†

### XXXII.

#### SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

Lo! in the burning West, the craggy nape  
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,  
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!  
Yon rampant Cloud mimics a Lion's shape;  
There, combats a huge Crocodile—agape  
A golden spear to swallow! and that brown  
And massy Grove, so near yon blazing Town,  
Stirs—and recedes—destruction to escape!  
Yet all is harmless as the Elysian shades  
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose,  
Silently disappears, or quickly fades;—  
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows  
That for oblivion take their daily birth  
From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

### XXXIII.

#### ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE.‡

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,  
Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son  
Of England—who in hope her coast had won,

† The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards.

‡ Near the Town of Boulogne, and overhanging the Beach, are the remains of a Tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western Expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these Ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his "Army of England," reminding them of the exploits of Cæsar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which their standards were to float. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that Ground, in memory of the Foundation of the "Legion of Honour," a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.

His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er !  
 Well — let him pace this noted beach once more,  
 That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;  
 That saw the Corsican his cap and bells  
 Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror !  
 Enough ; my Country's Cliffs I can behold,  
 And proudly think, beside the murmuring sea,  
 Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,  
 And folly cursed with endless memory :  
 These local recollections ne'er can cloy ;  
 Such ground I from my very heart enjoy !

## XXXIV.

AFTER LANDING — THE VALLEY OF DOVER. —  
 NOV. 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game  
 Which Faction breeds ; the turmoil where ? that past  
 Through Europe, echoing from the Newsman's blast,  
 And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame.  
 Peace greets us ; — rambling on without an aim  
 We mark majestic herds of cattle free  
 To ruminate\* — couched on the grassy lea,  
 And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim  
 The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound  
 Stirs not ; enrapt I gaze with strange delight,  
 While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,  
 Here only serve a feeling to invite  
 That lifts the Spirit to a calmer height,  
 And makes the rural stillness more profound.

## XXXV.

## DESULTORY STANZAS.

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM  
 THE PRESS.

## 1.

Is then the final page before me spread,  
 Nor further outlet left to mind or heart ?  
 Presumptuous Book ! too forward to be read —  
 How can I give thee license to depart ?  
 One tribute more ; — unbidden feelings start  
 Forth from their coverts — slighted objects rise —  
 My Spirit is the scene of such wild art  
 As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,  
 Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

## 2.

All that I saw returns upon my view,  
 All that I heard comes back upon my ear,  
 All that I felt this moment doth renew ;  
 And where the foot with no unmanly fear  
 Recoiled — and wings alone could travel — there

\* This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Everywhere one misses, in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.

I move at ease, and meet contending themes  
 That press upon me, crossing the career  
 Of recollections vivid as the dreams  
 Of midnight, — cities — plains — forests — and mighty  
 streams.

## 3.

Where Mortal never breathed I dare to sit  
 Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,  
 Who triumphed o'er diluvian power ! — and yet  
 What are they but a wreck and residue,  
 Whose only business is to perish ? — true  
 To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time  
 Labour their proper greatness to subdue ;  
 Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime  
 Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime.

## 4.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge  
 Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone !  
 Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge  
 Of Monte Rosa — *there* on frailer stone  
 Of secondary birth — the Jung-frau's cone ;  
 And, from that arch, down-looking on the Vale  
 The aspect I behold of every zone ;  
 A sea of foliage tossing with the gale,  
 Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail !

## 5.

Far as ST. MAURICE, from yon eastern Forks†,  
 Down the main avenue my sight can range :  
 And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks  
 Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange,  
 For my enjoyment meet in vision strange ;  
 Snows — torrents ; — to the region's utmost bound,  
 Life, Death, in amicable interchange —  
 But list ! the avalanche — the hush profound  
 That follows, yet more awful than that awful sound !

## 6.

Is not the Chamois suited to his place ?  
 The Eagle worthy of her ancestry !  
 — Let Empires fall ; but ne'er shall Ye disgrace  
 Your noble birthright, Ye that occupy  
 Your Council-seats beneath the open sky,  
 On Sarnen's Mount‡, there judge of fit and right,

† At the head of the Vallais. LES FOURCHES, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that enclose the Vallais, which terminates at ST. MAURICE.

‡ Sarnen, one of the two Capitals of the Canton of Unterwalden : the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose château formerly stood there. On the 1st of January, 1305, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their Country, all the Castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem ; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their Strong-holds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

In simple democratic majesty;  
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows — the might  
And purity of nature spread before your sight !

## 7.

From this appropriate Court, renowned **LUCERNE**  
Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge\* — that cheers  
The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern,  
An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.  
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears  
That work of kindred frame, which spans the Lake  
Just at the point of issue, where it fears  
The form and motion of a Stream to take;  
Where it begins to stir, yet voiceless as a Snake.

## 8.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,  
This long-roofed Vista penetrate — but see,  
One after one, its Tablets, that unfold  
The whole design of Scripture history;  
From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,  
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,  
Announcing, **ONE** was born Mankind to free;  
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;  
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

## 9.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.  
— Long may these homely works devised of old,  
These simple Efforts of Helvetian skill,  
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold  
The State, — the Country's destiny to mould;  
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust  
Of servile opportunity to gold;  
Filling the soul with sentiments august —  
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just !

## 10.

No more ; — Time halts not in his noiseless march —  
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood;  
Life slips from underneath us, like that arch  
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,  
Earth stretched below, Heaven in our neighbourhood.  
Go forth, my little Book ! pursue thy way ;  
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good ;  
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say  
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some future  
Lay.

\* The Bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the Passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters ; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral-bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the Passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The Pictures on these Bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art ; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.

## XXXVI.

## TO ENTERPRISE.†

KEEP for the Young the impassioned smile  
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand  
High on a chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,  
A slender Volume grasping in thy hand —  
(Perchance the pages that relate  
The various turns of Crusoe's fate) —  
Ah, spare the exulting smile,  
And drop thy pointing finger bright  
As the first flash of beacon light;  
But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,  
Nor turn thy face away  
From One who, in the evening of his day,  
To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn !

## 1.

**BOLD** Spirit ! who art free to rove  
Among the starry courts of Jove,  
And oft in splendour dost appear  
Embodied to poetic eyes,  
While traversing this nether sphere,  
Where Mortals call thee **ENTERPRISE**.  
Daughter of Hope ! her favourite Child,  
Whom she to young Ambition bore,  
When Hunter's arrow first defiled  
The Grove, and stained the turf with gore ;  
Thee winged Fancy took, and nursed  
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,  
Or where the mightier Waters burst  
From caves of Indian mountains hoar !  
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin ;  
And thou, whose earliest thoughts held dear  
Allurements that were edged with fear,  
(The food that pleased thee best, to win)  
With infant shout wouldst often scare  
From her rock-fortress in mid air  
The flame-eyed Eagle — often sweep,  
Paired with the Ostrich, o'er the plain ;  
And, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep  
Upon the couchant Lion's mane !  
With rolling years thy strength increased ;  
And, far beyond thy native East,  
To thee, by varying titles known,  
As variously thy power was shown,  
Did incense-bearing Altars rise,  
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,  
From Suppliants panting for the skies !

## 2.

What though this ancient Earth be trod  
No more by step of Demi-god  
Mounting from glorious deed to deed  
As thou from clime to clime didst lead,

† This Poem having risen out of the "Italian Itinerant." &c. is here annexed.

Yet still, the bosom beating high,  
 And the hushed farewell of an eye  
 Where no procrastinating gaze  
 A last infirmity betrays,  
 Prove that thy heaven-descended sway  
 Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.  
 By thy divinity impelled,  
 The stripling seeks the tented field;  
 The aspiring Virgin kneels; and, pale  
 With awe, receives the hallowed veil,  
 A soft and tender Heroine  
 Vowed to severer discipline  
 Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy  
 Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,  
 And of the Ocean's dismal breast  
 A play-ground and a couch of rest;  
 'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,  
 Thou to his dangers dost enchain  
 The Chamois-chaser awed in vain  
 By chasm or dizzy precipice;  
 And hast Thou not with triumph seen  
 How soaring Mortals glide serene  
 From cloud to cloud, and brave the light  
 With bolder than Icarian flight?  
 How they in bells of crystal dive,  
 Where winds and waters cease to strive,  
 For no unholy visitings,  
 Among the monsters of the deep,  
 And all the sad and precious things  
 Which there in ghastly silence sleep?  
 Or, adverse tides and currents headed,  
 And breathless calms no longer dreaded,  
 In never slackening voyage go  
 Straight as an arrow from the bow;  
 And, slighting sails and scorning oars,  
 Keep faith with Time on distant shores.  
 — Within our fearless reach are placed  
 The secrets of the burning Waste,—  
 Egyptian Tombs unlock their Dead,  
 Nile trembles at his fountain head;  
 Thou speak'st — and lo! the polar Seas  
 Unbosom their last mysteries.

— But oh! what transports, what sublime reward,  
 Won from the world of mind, dost thou prepare  
 For philosophic Sage, or high-souled Bard,  
 Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,  
 Hath fed on pageants floating through the air,  
 Or calentured in depth of limpid floods;  
 Nor grieves — tho' doomed thro' silent night to bear  
 The domination of his glorious themes,  
 Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams!

## 3.

If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,  
 From source still deeper, and of higher worth,  
 'T is thine the quickening impulse to control,

And in due season send the mandate forth;  
 Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore,  
 When but a single Mind resolves to crouch no more.

## 4.

Dread Minister of wrath!  
 Who to their destined punishment dost urge  
 The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of hardened heart  
 Not unassisted by the flattering stars,  
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path  
 When they in pomp depart,  
 With trampling horses and refulgent cars —  
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge  
 Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strands;  
 Or stifled under weight of desert sands —  
 An Army now, and now a living hill\*  
 Heaving with convulsive throes, —  
 It quivers — and is still;  
 Or to forget their madness and their woes,  
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows!

## 5.

Back flows the willing current of my Song:  
 If to provoke such doom the Impious dare,  
 Why should it daunt a blameless prayer?  
 — Bold Goddess! range our Youth among;  
 Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat  
 In hearts no longer young;  
 Still may a veteran Few have pride  
 In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet;  
 In fixed resolves by Reason justified;  
 That to their object cleave like sleet  
 Whitening a tall pine's northern side,  
 While fields are naked far and wide,  
 And withered leaves, from Earth's cold breast  
 Upcaught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find rest.

## 6.

But, if such homage thou disdain  
 As doth with mellowing years agree,  
 One rarely absent from thy train  
 More humble favours may obtain  
 For thy contented Votary.  
 She, who incites the frolic lambs  
 In presence of their heedless dams,  
 And to the solitary fawn  
 Vouchsafes her lessons — bounteous Nymph  
 That wakes the breeze — the sparkling lymph  
 Doth hurry to the lawn;  
 She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy  
 Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy,  
 Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for me;  
 And vernal mornings opening bright  
 With views of undefined delight,

\* ————— "awhile the living hill  
 Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still."



And cheerful songs, and suns that shine  
On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine.

## 7.

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle  
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,  
The wide Earth's store-house fenced about

With breakers roaring to the gales  
That stretch a thousand thousand sails)  
Quicken the Slothful, and exalt the Vile!  
Thy impulse is the life of Fame;  
Glad Hope would almost cease to be  
If torn from thy society;  
And Love, when worthiest of the name,  
Is proud to walk the Earth with thee!

## THE RIVER DUDDON.

## A SERIES OF SONNETS.

THE RIVER DUDDON rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, serving as a boundary to the two last counties, for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

## TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION.)

THE Minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,  
That overpowered their natural green.  
Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze  
Nor check the music of the strings;  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.  
And who but listened! — till was paid  
Respect to every Inmate's claim;  
The greeting given, the music played,  
In honour of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call.  
And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice  
That took thee from thy native hills;  
And it is given thee to rejoice:  
Though public care full often tills  
(Heaven only witness of the toil)  
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine,  
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;  
And seen on other faces shine  
A true revival of the light

Which Nature and these rustic Powers,  
In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds,  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door  
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep  
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
To hear — and sink again to sleep!  
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,  
By blazing fire, the still suspense  
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod, — the grave disguise  
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;  
And some unbidden tears that rise  
For names once heard, and heard no more;  
Tears brightened by the serenade  
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,  
With ambient streams more pure and bright  
Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,  
Is to my heart of hearts endeared,  
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;  
Remnants of love whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room withdraws;  
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,  
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought  
That slights this passion, or condemns;  
If thee fond Fancy ever brought  
From the proud margin of the Thames,  
And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,  
Short leisure even in busiest days;  
Moments, to cast a look behind,  
And profit by those kindly rays  
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,  
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din  
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
A pleased attention I may win  
To agitations less severe,  
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

## I.

Nor envying shades which haply yet may throw  
A grateful coolness round that rocky spring,  
Bandusia, once responsive to the string  
Of the Horatian lyre with babbling flow;  
Careless of flowers that in perennial blow  
Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling;  
Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering  
Through icy portals radiant as heaven's bow;  
I seek the birth-place of a native Stream. —  
All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light!  
Better to breathe upon this æry height  
Than pass in needless sleep from dream to dream:  
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,  
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

## II.

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every taint  
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;  
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;  
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,  
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint  
Thy cradle decks; — to chant thy birth, thou hast  
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,  
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!  
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare  
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,  
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair\*  
Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green,  
Thousands of years before the silent air  
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

## III.

How shall I paint thee! — Be this naked stone  
My seat while I give way to such intent;  
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,  
Make to the eyes of men thy features known.

\*The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

But as of all those tripping lambs not one  
Oustruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent  
To thy beginning nought that doth present  
Peculiar grounds for hope to build upon.  
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,  
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem  
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;  
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam  
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare;  
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

## IV.

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take  
This parting glance, no negligent adieu!  
A Protean change seems wrought while I pursue  
The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth make;  
Or rather thou appear'st a glistening snake,  
Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,  
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through  
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.  
Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill  
Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam;  
And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb  
So high, a rival purpose to fulfil;  
Else let the Dastard backward wend, and roam,  
Seeking less bold achievement, where he will!

## V.

SOME listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played  
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound  
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound,  
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid  
The sun in heaven! — but now, to form a shade  
For Thee, green alders have together wound  
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;  
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.  
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,  
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and gray;  
Whose ruddy Children, by the mother's eyes  
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day  
Thy pleased associates: — light as endless May  
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

## VI.

## FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with social trees  
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,  
Where small birds warbled to their paramours  
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees;  
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,

And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,  
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,  
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.  
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;  
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,\*  
The thyme her purple, like the blush of even;  
And, if the breath of some to no caress  
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,  
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

## VII.

"CHANGE me, some God, into that breathing rose!"  
The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,  
The envied flower beholding, as it lies  
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose;  
Or he would pass into her Bird, that throws  
The darts of song from out its wiry cage;  
Enraptured, — could he for himself engage  
The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows,  
And what the little careless Innocent  
Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice!  
There are whose calmer mind it would content  
To be an unculled floweret of the glen,  
Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling wren,  
That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

## VIII.

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,  
First of his tribe, to this dark dell — who first  
In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?  
What hopes came with him? what designs were spread  
Along his path? His unprotected bed  
What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder nursed  
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,  
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?  
No voice replies; — the earth, the air is mute;  
And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more  
Than a soft record that, whatever fruit  
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,  
Thy function was to heal and to restore,  
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

## IX.

## THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown  
Into a Brook of loud and stately march,  
Crossed ever and anon by plank and arch;  
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone  
Chosen for ornament; stone matched with stone  
In studied symmetry, with interspace  
For the clear waters to pursue their race

\* See Note.

Without restraint. — How swiftly have they flown,  
Succeeding — still succeeding! Here the Child  
Put, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,  
His budding courage to the proof; — and here  
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly  
And sure encroachments of infirmity,  
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

## X.

## THE SAME SUBJECT.

Nor so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance  
With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;  
A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass;  
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance, —  
To stop ashamed — too timid to advance;  
She ventures once again — another pause!  
His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws —  
She sues for help with piteous utterance!  
Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch  
Both feel when he renews the wished-for aid:  
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,  
Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.  
The frolic Loves, who, from yon high rock, see  
The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

## XI.

## THE FAERY CHASM.

No fiction was it of the antique age:  
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,  
Is of the very foot-marks unbereft  
Which tiny elves impressed; — on that smooth stage  
Dancing with all their brilliant equipage  
In secret revels — haply after theft  
Of some sweet babe, flower stolen, and coarse weed  
left  
For the distracted mother to assuage  
Her grief with, as she might! — But, where, oh! where  
Is traceable a vestige of the notes  
That ruled those dances wild in character?  
— Deep underground! — Or in the upper air,  
On the shrill wind of midnight! or where floats  
O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer!

## XII.

## HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

Ox, loitering Muse! — The swift stream chides us — on!  
Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure  
Objects immense portrayed in miniature,  
Wild shapes for many a strange comparison!  
Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon

Abodes of Naiada, calm abysses pure,  
 Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure  
 When the broad Oak drops, a leafless skeleton,  
 And the solidities of mortal pride,  
 Palace and Tower, are crumbled into dust!  
 — The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide,  
 Shall find such toys of Fancy thickly set:  
 Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse — we must;  
 And, if thou canst, leave them without regret!

## XIII.

## OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields — with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,  
 And one small hamlet, under a green hill,  
 Clustered with barn and byre, and spouting mill!  
 A glance suffices; — should we wish for more,  
 Gay June would scorn us; but when bleak winds roar  
 Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,  
 Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts that lash  
 The matted forests of Ontario's shore  
 By wasteful steel unsmitten, then would I  
 Turn into port, — and, reckless of the gale,  
 Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,  
 While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,  
 Laugh with the generous household heartily,  
 At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

## XIV.

O MOUNTAIN Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot  
 Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;  
 Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude  
 A field or two of brighter green, or plot  
 Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot  
 Of stationary sunshine: — thou hast viewed  
 These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed  
 By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.  
 Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,  
 Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,  
 Though simple thy companions were and few;  
 And through this wilderness a passage cleave  
 Attended but by thy own voice, save when  
 The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue!

## XV.

FROM this deep chasm — where quivering sunbeams  
 play

Upon its loftiest crags — mine eyes behold  
 A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and cold;  
 A concave free from shrubs and mosses gray;  
 In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,  
 Some statue, placed amid these regions old  
 For tutelary service, thence had rolled,  
 Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!

Was it by mortals sculptured! — weary slaves  
 Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast  
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast  
 Tempestuously let loose from central caves!  
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,  
 Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge passed!

## XVI.

## AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long beguile  
 Or plague the fancy, 'mid the sculptured shows  
 Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows;  
*There* would the Indian answer with a smile  
 Aimed at the White Man's ignorance the while,  
 Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they rose,  
 Covered the plains, and, wandering where they chose  
 Mounted through every intricate defile,  
 Triumphant. — Inundation wide and deep,  
 O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep  
 Else unapproachable, their buoyant way;  
 And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey;  
 Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or deified!"

## XVII.

## RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted Yew,  
 Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks;  
 Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes  
 Departed ages, shedding where he flew  
 Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew  
 The clouds, and thrill the chambers of the rocks,  
 And into silence hush the timorous flocks,  
 That, calmly couching while the nightly dew  
 Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars  
 Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's height,†  
 Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars:  
 Or, near that mystic Round of Druid frame  
 Tardily sinking by its proper weight  
 Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast it  
 came!

## XVIII.

## SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion, "mother of form and fear,"  
 Dread Arbitress of mutable respect,  
 New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,  
 Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;  
 If one strong wish may be embosomed here,

\* See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

† See Note.



Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect  
 Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,  
 Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere  
 That seeks to stifle it; — as in those days  
 When this low Pile\* a Gospel Teacher knew,  
 Whose good works formed an endless retinue:  
 Such Priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays;  
 Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;  
 And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise!

## XIX.

## TRIBUTARY STREAM.

My frame hath often trembled with delight  
 When hope presented some far-distant good,  
 That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood  
 Of yon pure waters, from their æry height  
 Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite;  
 Who, 'mid a world of images impest  
 On the calm depth of his transparent breast,  
 Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,  
 The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all!  
 And seldom hath ear listened to a tune  
 More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,  
 Sworn by that voice — whose murmur musical  
 Announces to the thirsty fields a boon  
 Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

## XX.

## THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,  
 Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains  
 Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery plains,  
 The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,  
 Transferred to bowers imperishably green,  
 Had beautified Elysium! But these chains  
 Will soon be broken; — a rough course remains,  
 Rough as the past; where Thou, of placid mien,  
 Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,  
 And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,  
 Shall change thy temper; and, with many a shock  
 Given and received in mutual jeopardy,  
 Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,  
 Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

## XXI.

WHENCE that low voice! — A whisper from the heart,  
 That told of days long past, when here I roved  
 With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;

\* See Note, and Appendix.

Some who had early mandates to depart,  
 Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart,  
 By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,  
 Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light;  
 And smothered joys into new being start.  
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall  
 Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;  
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free  
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall  
 On gales that breathe too gently to recall  
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

## XXII.

## TRADITION.

A LOVELORN Maid, at some far-distant time,  
 Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass  
 In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;  
 And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from the prime  
 Derives its name, reflected as the chime  
 Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:  
 The starry treasure from the blue profound  
 She longed to ravish; — shall she plunge, or climb  
 The humid precipice, and seize the guest  
 Of April, smiling high in upper air?  
 Desperate alternative! what fiend could dare  
 To prompt the thought! — Upon the steep rock's breast  
 The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,  
 Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

## XXIII.

## SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avault! — the fervour of the year,  
 Poured on the fleece-encumbered flock, invites  
 To laving currents for prelusive rites  
 Duly performed before the Dalesmen shear  
 Their panting charge. The distant Mountains hear,  
 Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites  
 Clamour of boys with innocent despites  
 Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear.  
 Meanwhile, if Duddon's spotless breast receive  
 Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise  
 Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive  
 Such wrong; nor need we blame the licensed joys,  
 Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:  
 Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

## XXIV.

## THE RESTING PLACE.

MID-NOON is past; — upon the sultry mead  
 No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws:  
 If we advance unstrengthened by repose,  
 Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!

This Nook, with woodbine hung and straggling weed,  
 Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,  
 Half grot, half arbour, proffers to enclose  
 Body and mind from molestation freed,  
 In narrow compass — narrow as itself:  
 Or if the fancy, too industrious Elf,  
 Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt  
 From new incitements friendly to our task,  
 There wants not stealthy prospect, that may tempt  
 Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

## XXV.

METHINKS 't were no unprecedented feat,  
 Should some benignant Minister of air  
 Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,  
 The One for whom my heart shall ever beat  
 With tenderest love; — or, if a safer seat  
 Atween his downy wings be furnished, there  
 Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear  
 O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat!  
 Rough ways my steps have trod; — too rough and long  
 For her companionship; here dwells soft ease:  
 With sweets which she partakes not some distaste  
 Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong;  
 Languish the flowers; the waters seem to waste  
 Their vocal charm; their sparklings cease to please.

## XXVI.

RETURN, Content! for fondly I pursued,  
 Even when a child, the Streams — unheard, unseen;  
 Through tangled woods, impending rocks between;  
 Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed  
 The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood,  
 Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,  
 Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green,  
 Poured down the hills, a choral multitude!  
 Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;  
 They taught me random cares and truant joys,  
 That shield from mischief and preserve from stains  
 Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys;  
 Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise  
 Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

## XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,  
 Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,  
 Is that embattled House, whose massy Keep

Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold. —  
 There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold,  
 Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep  
 Of winds — though winds were silent, struck a deep  
 And lasting terror through that ancient Hold.  
 Its line of Warriors fled; — they shrunk when tried  
 By ghostly power: — but Time's unsparing hand  
 Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the land  
 And now, if men with men in peace abide,  
 All other strength the weakest may withstand,  
 All worse assaults may safely be defied.

## XXVIII.

## JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-opprest,  
 Crowded together under rustling trees,  
 Brushed by the current of the water-breeze;  
 And for *their* sakes, and love of all that rest,  
 On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest;  
 For all the startled scaly tribes that slink  
 Into his coverts, and each fearless link  
 Of dancing insects forged upon his breast;  
 For these, and hopes and recollections worn  
 Close to the vital seat of human clay;  
 Glad meetings — tender partings — that upstay  
 The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn  
 In his pure presence near the trysting thorn;  
 I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

## XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,  
 Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired domains;  
 Tells that their turf drank purple from the veins  
 Of heroes fallen, or struggling to advance,  
 Till doubtful combat issued in a trance  
 Of victory, that struck through heart and reins,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,  
 And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.  
 Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie  
 In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,  
 The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;  
 The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn  
 Of power usurped with proclamation high,  
 And glad acknowledgment of lawful sway.

## XXX.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce  
 Of that serene companion — a good name,  
 Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,

With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse :  
 And oft-times he, who, yielding to the force  
 Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,  
 From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend,  
 In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.  
 Not so with such as loosely wear the chain  
 That binds them, pleasant River ! to thy side : —  
 Through the rough copse wheel Thou with hasty stride,  
 I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,  
 Sure, when the separation has been tried,  
 That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

## XXXI.

THE KIRK of ULPHA to the Pilgrim's eye  
 Is welcome as a Star, that doth present  
 Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent  
 Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky :  
 Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high  
 O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent ;  
 Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,  
 Take root again, a boundless canopy.  
 How sweet were leisure ! could it yield no more  
 Than 'mid that wave-washed Church-yard to recline,  
 From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine ;  
 Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar  
 Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly shine,  
 Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

## XXXII.

Nor hurled precipitous from steep to steep ;  
 Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands  
 And blooming thickets ; nor by rocky bands  
 Held ; — but in radiant progress tow'rd the Deep  
 Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep  
 Sink, and forget their nature ; — *now* expands  
 Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands  
 Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep !  
 Beneath an ampler sky a region wide  
 Is opened round him : — hamlets, towers, and towns,  
 And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar ;  
 In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied,  
 Spreading his bosom under Kentish Downs,  
 With Commerce freighted, or triumphant War.

## XXXIII.

## CONCLUSION.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale ;  
 Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast  
 A crimson splendour ; lowly is the mast  
 That rises here, and humbly spread the sail ;  
 While, less disturbed than in the narrow Vale  
 Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,

The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast  
 Where all his unambitious functions fail.  
 And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream ! be free,  
 The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,  
 And each tumultuous working left behind  
 At seemly distance, to advance like Thee,  
 Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind  
 And soul, to mingle with Eternity.

## AFTER-THOUGHT.

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,  
 As being past away. — Vain sympathies !  
 For, backward, Duddon ! as I cast my eyes,  
 I see what was, and is, and will abide ;  
 Still glides the Stream, and shall not cease to glide ;  
 The Form remains, the Function never dies ;  
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,  
 We Men, who in our morn of youth defied  
 The elements, must vanish ; — be it so !  
 Enough, if something from our hands have power  
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;  
 And if, as tow'rd the silent tomb we go,  
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent  
 dower,  
 We feel that we are greater than we know.\*

## POSTSCRIPT.

A POET, whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be, thus enters upon his description of the  
 "Ruins of Rome :"

"The rising Sun  
 Flames on the ruins in the purer air  
 Towering aloft ;"

and ends thus —

"The setting Sun displays  
 His visible great round, between yon towers,  
 As through two shady cliffs."

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem,  
 "Lewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing  
 the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

"To-morrow for severer thought, but now  
 To breakfast, and keep festival to-day."

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that these  
 Poems were actually composed within such limits of  
 time ; nor was there any reason why a prose statement  
 should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the  
 disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present  
 case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series  
 of Sonnets was the growth of many years ; — the one  
 which stands the 14th was the first produced ; and

\* "And feel that I am happier than I know." — MILTON.

The allusion to the Greek Poet will be obvious to the classical reader.

others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hinderance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of

his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it! — There is a sympathy in streams, — "one calleth to another;" and, I would gladly believe, that "The Brook" will, ere long, murmur in concert with "The Duddon." But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say, that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages; — through the "Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius" of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns, (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo "Brook,")

"The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,  
Till by himsel' he learned to wander,  
Adown some trotting burn's meander,  
AND NA' THINK LANG."

## YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS,

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND ON  
THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

TO  
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS  
A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP,

AND  
AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS,

THESE POEMS

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1834.

### YARROW REVISITED.

[The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation, for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated stream. See pp. 202 and 210.]

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,  
Or seeks, a "Winsome Marrow,"  
Was but an Infant in the lap  
When first I looked on Yarrow;

Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate  
Long left without a Warder,  
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,  
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,  
Their dignity installing  
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
Were on the bough, or falling;  
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed —  
The forest to embolden;  
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot  
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on  
In foamy agitation;  
And slept in many a crystal pool  
For quiet contemplation:  
No public and no private care  
The freeborn mind enthralling,  
We made a day of happy hours,  
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,  
With freaks of graceful folly, —  
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,  
Her Night not melancholy,



Past, present, future, all appeared  
In harmony united,  
Like guests that meet, and some from far,  
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
And down the meadow ranging,  
Did meet us with unaltered face,  
Though we were changed and changing;  
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread  
Our inward prospect over,  
The soul's deep valley was not slow  
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
And her divine employment!  
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons  
For hope and calm enjoyment;  
Albeit sickness lingering yet  
Has o'er their pillow brooded  
And Care waylay their steps—a sprite  
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change  
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot  
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;  
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot  
For mild Sorento's breezy waves;  
May classic Fancy, linking  
With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

O! while they minister to thee,  
Each vying with the other,  
May Health return to mellow Age,  
With Strength, her venturous brother;  
And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
Renowned in song and story,  
With unimagined beauty shine,  
Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,  
By tales of love and sorrow,  
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;  
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,  
Where'er thy path invite thee,  
At parent Nature's grateful call,  
With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,  
Such looks of love and honour  
As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
When first I gazed upon her;  
Beheld what I had feared to see,  
Unwilling to surrender  
Dreams treasured up from early days,  
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all  
That mortals do or suffer  
Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
Memorial tribute offer?  
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self!  
Her features, could they win us,  
Unhelped by the poetic voice  
That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localized Romance  
Plays false with our affections;  
Unsantifies our tears—made sport  
For fanciful dejections:  
Ah, no! the visions of the past  
Sustain the heart in feeling  
Life as she is—our changeful Life,  
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day  
In Yarrow's groves were center'd;  
Who through the silent portal arch  
Of mouldering Newark entered,  
And clomb the winding stair that once  
Too timidly was mounted  
By the "last Minstrel," (not the last)  
Ere he his Tale recounted

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!  
Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
Well pleased that future Bards should chant  
For simple hearts thy beauty,  
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,  
Dear to the common sunshine,  
And dearer still, as now I feel,  
To memory's shadowy moonshine!

#### ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:  
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain  
For kindred Power departing from their sight;  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,  
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.  
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might  
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;  
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue  
Than sceptred King or laurelled Conqueror knows,  
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,  
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

## II.

## A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a ragged steep  
That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard lies;  
The Hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep  
Which moonlit Elves, far seen by credulous eyes,  
Enter in dance. Of Church, or Sabbath ties,  
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep  
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep  
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.  
Proud tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured knights,  
By humble choice of plain old times, are seen  
Level with earth, among the hillocks green:  
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites  
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring  
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

## III.

## ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

SAV, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills,  
Among the happiest-looking Homes of men  
Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep glen,  
On airy upland, and by forest rills,  
And o'er wide plains whereon the sky distils  
Her lark's loved warblings; does aught meet your ken  
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,  
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills  
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode  
Of the good Priest; who, faithful through all hours  
To his high charge, and truly serving God,  
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,  
Enjoys the walks his Predecessors trod,  
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

## IV.

## COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A STORM.

THE wind is now thy organist; — a clank  
(We know not whence) ministers for a bell  
To mark some change of service. As the swell  
Of music reached its height, and even when sank  
The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a blank  
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,  
Pillars, and arches, — not in vain time-proof,  
'Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bank  
Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown  
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown?  
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche  
Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,  
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,  
Though mute, of all things blending into one.

## V.

## THE TROSACHS.

THERE 's not a nook within this solemn Pass,  
But were an apt confessional for One  
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,  
That Life is but a tale of morning grass,  
Withered at eve. From scenes of art that chase  
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes  
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass  
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice-happy Quest,  
If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
(October's workmanship to rival May)  
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast  
This moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,  
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest.

## VI.

## CHANGES.

THE Pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute;  
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy  
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;  
The target mouldering like ungathered fruit;  
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,  
As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread  
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head —  
All speak of manners withering to the root,  
And some old honours, too, and passions high:  
Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should  
range  
Among the conquests of civility,  
Survives imagination — to the change  
Superior! Help to virtue does it give?  
If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

## VII.

## COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE.

THIS Land of Rainbows, spanning glens whose walls,  
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mists,  
Of far-stretched Meres, whose salt flood never rests,  
Of tuneful caves and playful waterfalls,  
Of mountains varying momentarily their crests —  
Proud be this Land! whose poorest Huts are Halls  
Where Fancy entertains becoming guests;  
While native song the heroic Past recalls.  
Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,  
The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must hide  
Her trophies, Fancy crouch; — the course of pride  
Has been diverted, other lessons taught,  
That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head  
Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

## VIII.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF  
THE DAY.

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing link by link;  
Soon shall the Rich be levelled down — the Poor  
Meet them half way." Vain boast! for These, the more  
They thus would rise, must low and lower sink  
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think;  
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few  
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,  
And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.  
Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to cry,  
'Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe.'  
For, if than other rash ones more thou know,  
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly  
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,  
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

## IX.

## EAGLES.

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE BAY  
OF OBAN.

DISHONoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law  
Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred  
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.  
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw  
Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe  
Man, bird, and beast; then, with a Consort paired,  
From a bold headland, their loved eiry's guard,  
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw  
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.  
Such was this Prisoner once; and, when his plumes  
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,  
In spirit, for a moment, he resumes  
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,  
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

## X.

## IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw  
Thy veil, in mercy, o'er the records hung  
Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient  
tongue  
On rock and ruin darkening as we go, —  
Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show  
What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung;  
From honour misconceived, or fancied wrong,  
What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe:  
Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed  
By civil arts and labours of the pen,  
Could gentleness be scorned by these fierce Men,  
Who, to spread wide the reverence that they claimed  
For patriarchal occupations, named  
Yon towering Peaks, "Shepherds of Etive Glen!"\*

\* In Gaelic, *Buachail Eite*.

## XI.

## AT TYNDRUM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,  
And all that Greece and Italy have sung  
Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!  
*Ours* couched on naked rocks, will cross a brook  
Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look  
This way or that, or give it even a thought  
More than by smoothest pathway may be brought  
Into a vacant mind. Can written book  
Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Mountaineer!  
And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One  
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,  
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear  
To what dread Power He delegates his part  
On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens, alone.

## XII.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION  
AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the Grave, in strains  
Thoughtful and sad, the "Narrow House." No style  
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile  
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains  
The sleeping dust, stern Death: how reconcile  
With truth, or with each other, decked Remains  
Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,  
For the departed, built with curious pains  
And mausolean pomp! Yet here they stand  
Together, — 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,  
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,  
That, for the living and the dead, demand  
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;  
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

## XIII.

REST AND BE THANKFUL, AT THE HEAD OF  
GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,  
Who, that has gained at length the wished-for Height,  
This brief this simple way-side call can slight,  
And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by talk  
With some loved Friend, or by the unseen Hawk  
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine  
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,  
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk  
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,  
Will we forget that, as the Fowl can keep  
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
And Fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep, —  
So may the Soul, through powers that Faith bestows,  
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that Angels  
share.

## XIV.

## HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,  
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,  
Shines in the greeting of the Sun's first ray  
Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot.  
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;  
And why shouldst thou? If rightly trained and bred,  
Humanity is humble, — finds no spot  
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.  
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,  
Undressed the pathway leading to the door;  
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor;  
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,  
Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,  
Belike less happy. — Stand no more aloof!\*

## XV.

## THE BROWNIE.

Upon a small island, not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the Clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "*The Brownie*." (See "*The Brownie's Cell*," p. 207, to which the following Sonnet is a sequel.

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad;  
Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell  
How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;  
Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gathering flood  
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared to try  
Privation's worst extremities, and die  
With no one near save the omnipresent God.  
Verily so to live was an awful choice —  
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;  
But in the mould of mercy all is cast  
For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;  
And this forgotten Taper to the last  
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

## XVI.

## TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

THOUGH joy attend thee orient at the birth  
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most  
To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from earth,

\* See Note.

In the gray sky hath left his lingering Ghost,  
Perplexed as if between a splendour lost  
And splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun,  
The absolute, the world-absorbing One,  
Relinquished half his empire to the Host  
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,  
Holy as princely, who that looks on thee  
Touching, as now, in thy humility  
The mountain borders of this seat of care,  
Can question that thy countenance is bright,  
Celestial Power, as much with love as light!

## XVII.

## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

IMMURED in Bothwell's Towers, at times the Brave  
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
The liberty they lost at Bannockbourn.  
Once on those steepes I roamed at large, and have  
In mind the landscape, as if still in sight;\*  
The river glides, the woods before me wave;  
But, by occasion tempted, now I crave  
Needless renewal of an old delight.  
Better to thank a dear and long-past day  
For joy its sunny hours were free to give  
Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost.  
Memory, like Sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,  
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive:  
How little that she cherishes is lost!

## XVIII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN AT  
HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood  
And fresh with rivers, well doth it become  
The Ducal Owner, in his Palace-home  
To naturalize this tawny Lion brood;  
Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood,  
Couched in their Den, with those that roam at large  
Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
But *these* are satiate, and a stillness drear  
Calls into life a more enduring fear;  
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
Daunt him — if his Companions, now be-drowsed  
Yawning and listless, were by hunger roused:  
Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save

\* See Note.



## XIX.

THE AVON (*a feeder of the Annan.*)

AVON — a precious, an immortal name!  
 Yet is it one that other Rivulets bear  
 Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear  
 Like this contented, though unknown to Fame:  
 For great and sacred is the modest claim  
 Of streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow;  
 And ne'er did genius slight them, as they go,  
 Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.  
 But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,  
 Anguish, and death; full oft where innocent blood  
 Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,  
 Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears;  
 Never for like distinction may the good  
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with unpleased ears!

## XX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN  
INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon  
 Is but a name, nor more is Inglewood,  
 That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:  
 On her last thorn the nightly Moon has shone;  
 Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be none,  
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign  
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,  
 To kill for merry feast their venison.  
 Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade  
 His Church with monumental wreck bestrown;  
 The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,  
 Hath still his Castle, though a Skeleton,  
 That he may watch by night, and lessons con  
 Of Power that perishes, and Rights that fade.

## XXI.

## HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed  
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,  
 The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,  
 Whom the dog Hercules pursued — his part  
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart,  
 Mutual the Victory, mutual the Defeat!  
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;  
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;  
 And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide  
 Verse that would guard thy memory, *Hart's-horn*  
*Tree!*<sup>\*</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> See Note.

## XXII.

## COUNTESS'S PILLAR.

On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*"

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the end of time  
 May this bright flower of Charity display  
 Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;  
 Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
 Lovelier — transplanted from heaven's purest clime!  
 "Charity never faileth:" on that creed,  
 More than on written testament or deed,  
 The pious Lady built with hope sublime.  
 Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*  
 "*Laus Deo!*" Many a Stranger passing by  
 Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,  
 Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour;  
 And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,  
 Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God be praised!"

## XXIII.

## ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

## (FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,  
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,  
 Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
 Too high, or idle agitations lull!  
 Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
 To have no seat for thought were better doom,  
 Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
 Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.  
 Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?  
 Our fond regrets, insatiate in their grasp?  
 The Sage's theory! the Poet's lay!  
 Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;  
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls,  
 Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

## APOLOGY.

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,  
 Abrupt — as without preconceived design  
 Was the beginning, yet the several Lays  
 Have moved in order, to each other bound  
 By a continuous and acknowledged tie  
 Though unapparent, like those Shapes distinct  
 That yet survive ensculptured on the walls

Of Palace, or of Temple, 'mid the wreck  
 Of famed Persepolis; each following each,  
 As might beseem a stately embassy,  
 In set array; these bearing in their hands  
 Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,  
 Or gift, to be presented at the Throne  
 Of the Great King; and others, as they go  
 In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
 Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.  
 Nor will the Muse condemn, or treat with scorn  
 Our ministration, humble but sincere,  
 That from a threshold loved by every Muse  
 Its impulse took — that sorrow-stricken door,  
 Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,  
 Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,  
 Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
 From kindred sources; while around us sighed  
 (Life's three first seasons having passed away)  
 Leaf-scattering winds, and hoar-frost sprinklings fell,  
 Foretaste of winter, on the moorland heights;  
 And every day brought with it tidings new  
 Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.  
 Hence, if dejection have too oft encroached  
 Upon that sweet and tender melancholy  
 Which may itself be cherished and caressed  
 More than enough, a fault so natural,  
 Even with the young, the hopeful, or the gay,  
 For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

#### THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

It to Tradition faith be due,  
 And echoes from old verse speak true,  
 Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore  
 Glad tidings to Iona's shore,  
 No common light of nature blessed  
 The mountain region of the west,  
 A land where gentle manners ruled  
 O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
 That raised, for centuries, a bar  
 Impervious to the tide of war;  
 Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain  
 Where haughty Force had striven in vain;  
 And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,  
 By wanderers brought from foreign lands  
 And various climes, was not unknown  
 The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;  
 The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,  
 Still in the Highland Broach is seen,\*

\* The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula, must strike every one, and concurs with the plaid and kilt to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country. How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old

The silver Broach of massy frame,  
 Worn at the breast of some grave Dame  
 On road or path, or at the door  
 Of fern-thatched Hut on heathy moor:  
 But delicate of yore its mould,  
 And the material finest gold;  
 As might beseem the fairest Fair,  
 Whether she graced a royal chair,  
 Or shed, within a vaulted Hall,  
 No fancied lustre on the wall  
 Where shields of mighty Heroes hung,  
 While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic age expired — it slept  
 Deep in its tomb: — the bramble crept  
 O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod  
 Grew on the floors his Sons had trod:  
 Malvina! where art thou! Their state  
 The noblest-born must abdicate,  
 The fairest, while with fire and sword  
 Come spoilers — horde impelling horde,  
 Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest  
 By ruder hands in homelier vest.  
 Yet still the female bosom lent,  
 And loved to borrow, ornament;  
 Still was its inner world a place  
 Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;  
 Still Pity to this last retreat  
 Clove fondly; to his favourite seat  
 Love wound his way by soft approach,  
 Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage  
 Yet fiercer, in a darker age;  
 And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,  
 The weaker perished to a man;  
 For maid and mother, when despair  
 Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,  
 One small possession lacked not power,  
 Provided in a calmer hour,  
 To meet such need as might befall —  
 Roof, raiment, bread, or burial:  
 For woman, even of tears bereft,  
 The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go,  
 Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;  
 Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,  
 And feeble, of themselves, decay;  
 What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,  
 In which the castle once took pride!

woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter, in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give any thing I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!" and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,  
 If saved at all, are saved by stealth.  
 Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,  
 Mount along ways by man prepared;  
 And in far-stretching vales, whose streams  
 Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.  
 Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts  
 Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts;  
 Soon, like a lingering star forlorn  
 Among the novelties of morn,  
 While young delights on old encroach,  
 Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,  
 Like vapours, years have rolled and spread;  
 And this poor verse, and worthier lays,  
 Shall yield no light of love or praise,  
 Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,  
 Or torrent from the mountain's brow,  
 Or whirlwind, reckless what his might  
 Entombs, or forces into light,  
 Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,  
 That oft befriends Antiquity,  
 And clears Oblivion from reproach,  
 May render back the Highland Broach.

## SONNETS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,  
 IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of sonnets is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were past) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Gail-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfries-shire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.

## I.

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown  
 And spread as if ye knew that days might come  
 When ye would shelter in a happy home,  
 On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,  
 One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown  
 To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade  
 All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid  
 Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown.  
 Farewell! no Minstrels now with Harp new-strung  
 For summer wandering quit their household bowers;  
 Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue  
 To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours  
 Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,  
 Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

## II.

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying through this  
 Isle,  
 Repine as if his hour were come too late?  
 Not unprotected in her mouldering state,  
 Antiquity salutes him with a smile,  
 'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,

And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-mate  
 Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,  
 Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.  
 Fair land! by Time's parental love made free,  
 By social Order's watchful arms embraced,  
 With unexampled union meet in thee,  
 For eye and mind, the present and the past;  
 With golden prospect for futurity,  
 If what is rightly revered may last.

## III.

THEY called Thee merry England, in old time;  
 A happy people won for thee that name  
 With envy heard in many a distant clime;  
 And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same  
 Endearing title, a responsive chime  
 To the heart's fond belief, though some there are  
 Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare  
 For inattentive Fancy, like the lime  
 Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,  
 This face of rural beauty be a mask  
 For discontent, and poverty, and crime;  
 These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will;  
 Forbid it, Heaven! — that "merry England" still  
 May be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

## IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening! when huge stones  
 Rumble along thy bed, block after block:  
 Or, whirling with reiterated shock,  
 Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans:

But if thou (like Cocytus\* from the moans  
 Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named  
 The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,  
 And the habitual murmur that atones  
 For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as Spring  
 Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,  
 Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,  
 The concert, for the happy, then may vie  
 With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony:  
 To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

## V.

## TO THE RIVER DERWENT.†

Among the mountains were we nursed, loved stream!  
 Thou near the Eagle's nest — within brief sail,  
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,  
 Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the beam  
 Of human life when first allowed to gleam  
 On mortal notice. — Glory of the Vale,  
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,  
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam  
 Of thy soft breath! — Less vivid wreath entwined  
 Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was worn,  
 Meed of some Roman chief — in triumph borne  
 With captives chained; and shedding from his car  
 The sunset splendours of a finished war  
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

## VI.

## IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH.

(WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN, AND HIS FATHER'S REMAINS  
 ARE LAID.)

A POINT of life between my Parents' dust,  
 And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I;  
 And to those graves looking habitually  
 In kindred quiet I repose my trust.  
 Death to the innocent is more than just,  
 And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;  
 So may I hope, if truly I repent  
 And meekly bear the ills which bear I must:  
 And You, my Offspring! that do still remain,  
 Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,  
 If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain  
 We breathed together for a moment's space,  
 The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,  
 And only love keep in your hearts a place.

\* See Note.

† This sonnet has already appeared in several editions of the author's poems; but he is tempted to reprint it in this place, as a natural introduction to the two that follow it.

## VII.

## ADDRESS FROM

## THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,  
 Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,  
 We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,  
 Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink  
 Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link  
 United us; when thou, in boyish play,  
 Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey  
 To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink  
 Of light was there; — and thus did I, thy Tutor,  
 Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave;  
 While thou wert chasing the wing'd butterfly  
 Through my green courts; or climbing, a bold suitor,  
 Up to the flowers whose golden progeny  
 Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.

## VIII.

## NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle crowding round this beverage clear  
 To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod  
 The encircling turf into a barren clod;  
 Through which the waters creep, then disappear,  
 Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near;  
 Yet, o'er the brink, and round the limestone-cell  
 Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's well,"  
 Name that first struck by chance my startled ear  
 A tender Spirit broods — the pensive Shade  
 Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid  
 By hooded Votaries† with saintly cheer;  
 Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild  
 Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled  
 Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

## IX.

## TO A FRIEND.

(ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.)

PASTOR and Patriot! at whose bidding rise  
 These modest Walls, amid a flock that need  
 For one who comes to watch them and to feed  
 A fixed Abode, keep down presageful sighs.  
 Threats which the unthinking only can despise,  
 Perplex the Church; but be thou firm, — be true  
 To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,  
 Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice  
 Dost thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke

† Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed portion some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.



Of thy new hearth ; and sooner shall its wreaths,  
 Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,  
 From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,  
 And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain  
 This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

## X.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

(LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT, WORKINGTON.\*)

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,  
 The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore ;  
 And to the throng how touchingly she bowed  
 That hailed her landing on the Cumbrian shore ;  
 Bright as a Star (that, from a sombre cloud  
 Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,  
 When a soft summer gale at evening parts  
 The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)  
 She smiled ; but Time, the old Saturnian Seer,  
 Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,  
 With step prelusive to a long array  
 Of woes and degradations hand in hand,  
 Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear  
 Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay !

## XI.

## IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

RANGING the Heights of Scawfell or Black-coom,  
 In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,  
 And strive to fathom the mysterious laws  
 By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,  
 On Mona settle, and the shapes assume  
 Of all her peaks and ridges. What He draws  
 From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause  
 He will take with him to the silent tomb :  
 Or, by his fire, a Child upon his knee,  
 Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak  
 Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory  
 That satisfies the simple and the meek,  
 Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak  
 To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

\* "The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland ; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it ; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction."

## XII.

## AT SEA, OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith was strong,  
 That no adventurer's bark had power to gain  
 These shores if he approached them bent on wrong ;  
 For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,  
 Mists rose to hide the Land—that search, though long,  
 And eager, might be still pursued in vain.  
 O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song !  
 That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,  
 As men believed, the waters were impelled,  
 The air controlled, the stars their courses held,  
 But element and orb on *acts* did wait  
 Of *Powers* endued with visible form, instinct  
 With will, and to their work by passion linked.

## XIII.

DESIRE we past illusions to recall !  
 To reinstate wild Fancy would we hide  
 Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside.  
 No,—let this Age, high as she may, install  
 In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,  
 The universe is infinitely wide,  
 And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,  
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall  
 Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,  
 Imaginative Faith ! canst overleap,  
 In progress toward the fount of Love,—the throne  
 Of Power, whose ministering Spirits records keep  
 Of periods fixed, and laws established, less  
 Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

## XIV.

## ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

"Dignum laude vitum Musa vetat mori."

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,  
 Even when they rose to check or to repel  
 Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well  
 Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn  
 Just limits ; but yon tower, whose smiles adorn  
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence ;  
 Blest work it is of love and innocence,  
 A Tower of refuge to the else forlorn.  
 Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,  
 Struggling for life, into its saving arms !  
 Spare, too, the human helpers ! Do they stir  
 'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die ?  
 No, their dread service nerves the heart it warms,  
 And they are led by noble HILLARY.†

† The TOWER OF REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary ; and he also was the founder of the life-boat establishment, at that place ; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life many seamen and passengers have been saved.

## XV.

## BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine  
 With wonder, smit by its transparency,  
 And all enraptured with its purity!  
 Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,  
 Have ever in them something of benign;  
 Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,  
 A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye  
 Of a young maiden, only not divine.  
 Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm  
 For beverage drawn as from a mountain well:  
 Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;  
 Our daily raiment seems no obstacle  
 To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!  
 And revelling in long embrace with Thee.

## XVI.

## ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade  
 On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,  
 To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee  
 Leapt from this rock, and surely, had not aid  
 Been near, must soon have breathed out life, betrayed  
 By fondly trusting to an element  
 Fair, and to others more than innocent;  
 Then had sea-nymphs sung dirges for him laid  
 In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was frank,  
 Utterly in himself devoid of guile;  
 Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;  
 Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,  
 Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless  
 The Power that saved him in his strange distress.

## XVII.

## THE RETIRED MARINE OFFICER, ISLE OF MAN.

Nor pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,  
 Grief that devouring waves had caused, nor guilt  
 Which they had witnessed, swayed the man who built  
 This homestead, placed where nothing could be seen,  
 Nought heard of ocean, troubled or serene.  
 A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,  
 That o'er the channel holds august command,  
 The dwelling raised, — a veteran Marine;  
 Who, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring sea  
 To shun the memory of a listless life  
 That hung between two callings. May no strife  
 More hurtful here beset him, doomed, though free,  
 Self-doomed to worse inaction, till his eye  
 Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky!

## XVIII.

## BY A RETIRED MARINER.

(A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)\*

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless Main,  
 My mind as restless and as apt to change;  
 Through every clime and ocean did I range,  
 In hope at length a competence to gain;  
 For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.  
 Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,  
 And hardships manifold did I endure,  
 For Fortune on me never deigned to smile;  
 Yet I at last a resting-place have found,  
 With just enough life's comforts to procure,  
 In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,  
 A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound;  
 Then sure I have no reason to complain,  
 Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.

## XIX.

## AT BALASALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire  
 And sound in principle, I seek repose  
 Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,†  
 In ruin beautiful. When vain desire  
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire  
 To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,  
 A gray-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee,  
 A shade but with some sparks of heavenly fire  
 Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note  
 The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams  
 Of sunset ever there, albeit streams  
 Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,  
 I thank the silent Monitor, and say,  
 "Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!"

## XX.

## TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal mound  
 (Still marked with green turf circles narrowing  
 Stage above stage) would sit this Island's King  
 The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned;  
 While, compassing the little mount around,  
 Degrees and Orders stood, each under each:  
 Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,

\* This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with the author, who hopes, as it falls so easily into its place that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.

† Rushen Abbey.

The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.  
Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!\* that thine eye  
Over three Realms may take its widest range;  
And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange  
Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,  
If the whole State must suffer mortal change,  
Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

## XXI.

Despond who will — I heard a voice exclaim,  
"Though fierce the assault, and shattered the defence,  
It cannot be that Britain's social frame,  
The glorious work of time and providence,  
Before a flying season's rash pretence,  
Should fall; that She, whose virtue put to shame,  
When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,  
Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense  
The cloud is; but brings *that* a day of doom  
To Liberty! Her sun is up the while,  
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone,  
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,  
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle  
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."

## XXII.

## IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.

(JULY 17, 1833.)

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,  
Appeared the Crag of Ailsa: ne'er did morn  
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn  
His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high:  
Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,  
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,  
Towering above the sea and little ships;  
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by  
Each for her haven; with her freight of Care,  
Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks  
Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;  
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,  
Or ought that watchful Love to Nature owes  
For her mute Powers, fixed Forms, and transient Shows.

\*The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley, as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not become still more striking as months and years advance!

## XXIII.

## ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

(IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,  
A St. Helena next—in shape and hue,  
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;  
Who but must covet a cloud-seat or skiff  
Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff,  
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,  
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;  
And, like a God, light on thy topmost cliff.  
Impotent wish! which reason would despise  
If the mind knew no union of extremes,  
No natural bond between the boldest schemes  
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.  
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,  
And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

## XXIV.

## ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE†

[See Sonnet IX. of former series, p. 255.]

THE captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor  
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;  
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm:  
Him found we not; but, climbing a tall tower,  
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity  
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,  
An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—  
An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.  
Effigies of the Vanished, (shall I dare  
To call thee so!) or symbol of past times,  
That towering courage, and the savage deeds  
Those times were proud of, take Thou too a share.  
Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes  
That animate my way where'er it leads!

## XXV.

## THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

Nor to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;  
But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,  
Came and delivered him, alone he sped  
Into the Castle-dungeon's darkest mew.  
Now, near his Master's house in open view  
He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,  
Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic Fowl,  
Beware of him! Thou, saucy Cockatoo,

† This ingenious piece of workmanship, as the author afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.

Look to thy plumage and thy life! — The Roe,  
Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry;  
Balanced in ether, he will never tarry,  
Eying the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird! even so  
Doth Man of Brother-man a creature make,  
That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

## XXVI.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,  
Not One of us has *felt*, the far-famed sight;  
How *could* we feel it! each the other's blight,  
Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.  
O for those motions only that invite  
The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave!  
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave  
Softly embosoming the timid light  
And by *one* Votary who at will might stand  
Gazing, and take into his mind and heart,  
With undistracted reverence, the effect  
Of those proportions where the almighty hand  
That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,  
Has deigned to work as if with human Art!

## XXVII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.\*

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot — fit school  
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign  
Mechanic laws to agency divine;  
And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule  
Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,  
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,  
Might seem designed to humble Man, when proud  
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.  
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight  
Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,  
And flashing upwards to its topmost height,  
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace  
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight  
Of softest music some responsive place.

## XXVIII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims  
In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,  
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,

\* The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steam-boat, the author returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions, which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

Our Fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,  
And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names;  
And they could hear *his* ghostly song who trod  
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,  
While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or  
aims.

Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;  
Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread law  
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they *saw*,  
Not by black arts but magic natural!  
If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,  
Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief.

## XXIX.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE  
ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,  
Children of Summer!† Ye fresh flowers that brave  
What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,  
And whole artillery of the western blast,  
Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nave  
Smiting, as if each moment were their last.  
But ye, bright flowers, on frieze and architrave  
Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast,  
Calm as the Universe, from specular Towers  
Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure —  
Suns and their systems, diverse yet sustained  
In symmetry, and fashioned to endure,  
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,  
As the supreme Artificer ordained.

## XXX.

Ox to Iona! — What can she afford  
To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,  
Heaved over ruin with stability  
In urgent contrast! To diffuse the WORD  
(Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and Time's Lord)  
Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom; but why,  
Even for a moment, has our verse deplored  
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny!  
And when, subjected to a common doom  
Of mutability, those far-famed Piles  
Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,  
Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,  
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,  
While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise.

† Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. The author had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.



## XXXI.

## IONA.

(UPON LANDING.)

With earnest look, to every voyager,  
Some ragged child holds up for sale his store  
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore  
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,  
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.  
But see yon neat trim church, a grateful speck  
Of novelty amid this sacred wreck —  
Nay, spare thy scorn, haughty Philosopher!  
Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,  
Still on her sons the beams of mercy shine;  
And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,  
A grace by thee unsought and unpossessed,  
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine  
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."\*

## XXXII.

## THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's Voyage among the Western Isles.]

Here on their knees men swore: the stones were  
black,  
Black in the People's minds and words, yet they  
Were at that time, as now, in colour gray.  
But what is colour, if upon the rack  
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack  
Concord with oaths! What differ night and day  
Then, when before the Perjured on his way  
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack  
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer  
To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom  
He had insulted — Peasant, King, or Thane.  
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom;  
And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,  
Come links for social order's awful chain.

## XXXIII.

Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell,  
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark  
(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark  
Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell! —  
Remote St. Kilda, art thou visible?  
No — but farewell to thee, beloved sea-mark  
For many a voyage made in Fancy's bark,  
When, with more hues than in the rainbow dwell,  
Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold;  
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,  
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,

\* The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying the author's feeling better than any words of his own could do.

That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,  
Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,  
Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail.

## XXXIV.

## GREENOCK.

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

We have not passed into a doleful City,  
We who were led to-day down a grim Dell,  
By some too boldly named "the Jaws of Hell:"  
Where be the wretched Ones, the sights for pity!  
These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty:  
As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,  
Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,  
It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.  
Too busy Mart! thus fared it with old Tyre,  
Whose Merchants Princes were, whose decks were  
thrones:

Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire  
To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde  
Whose nursing current brawls o'er mossy stones,  
The poor, the lonely Herdsman's joy and pride.

## XXXV.

"There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride  
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed  
"Is Mossiel farm; and that's the very field  
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy." Far and wide  
A plain below stretched sea-ward, while, descried  
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose;  
And, by that simple notice, the repose  
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.  
Beneath "the random *bird* of clod or stone"  
Myriads of Daisies have shone forth in flower  
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour  
Have passed away, less happy than the One  
That by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove  
The tender charm of Poetry and Love.

## XXXVI.

## FANCY AND TRADITION.

The Lovers took within this ancient grove  
Their last embrace; beside those crystal springs  
The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings  
For instant flight; the Sage in yon alcove  
Sate musing; on that hill the Bard would rove,  
Not mute, where now the Linnet only sings:  
Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,

Or Fancy localises Powers we love,  
 Were only History licensed to take note  
 Of things gone by, her meagre monuments  
 Would ill suffice for persons and events:  
 There is an ampler page for man to quote,  
 A readier book of manifold contents,  
 Studied alike in palace and in cot.

## XXXVII.

## THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed  
 By glimpses only, and confess with shame  
 That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,  
 Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name;  
 Yet fetched from Paradise\* that honour came,  
 Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee flowers  
 That have no rivals among British bowers;  
 And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.  
 Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at length I pay  
 To my life's neighbour dues of neighbourhood;  
 But I have traced thee on thy winding way  
 With pleasure sometimes by the thought restrained  
 That things far off are toiled for, while a good  
 Not sought, because too near, is seldom gained.

## XXXVIII.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,  
 (By Nollekins.)

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE BANKS  
 OF THE EDEN.

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead  
 Her new-born Babe, dire issue of bright hope!  
 But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope  
 Of luminous faith heavenward hath raised that head  
 So patiently; and through one hand has spread  
 A touch so tender for the insensate Child,  
 Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled;  
 Brief parting—for the spirit is all but fled;  
 That we, who contemplate the turns of life  
 Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered;  
 Feel with the Mother, think the severed Wife  
 Is less to be lamented than revered;  
 And own that Art, triumphant over strife  
 And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

\* It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word Dean, a valley? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Eamont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands, is called the Ea.

## XXXIX.

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert thou  
 In heathen schools of philosophic lore;  
 Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore  
 The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow;  
 And what of hope Elysium could allow  
 Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore  
 Peace to the Mourner's soul; but He who wore  
 The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow  
 Warmed our sad being with his glorious light:  
 Then Arts, which still had drawn a softening grace  
 From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,  
 Communed with that Idea face to face;  
 And move around it now as planets run,  
 Each in its orbit, round the central Sun.

## XL.

## NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary;  
 Down from the Pennine Alps† how fiercely sweeps  
 CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary!  
 He raves, or through some moody passage creeps  
 Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps  
 Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,  
 That voice which soothed the Nuns while on the  
 steeps  
 They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.  
 That union ceased: then, cleaving easy walks  
 Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,  
 Came studious Taste; and many a pensive Stranger  
 Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.  
 What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell?  
 Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!‡

## XLI.

## STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea at war  
 With old poetic feeling, not for this,  
 Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!  
 Nor shall your presence, howsoever it mar  
 The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar  
 To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense  
 Of future change, that point of vision whence  
 May be discovered what in soul ye are.  
 In spite of all that beauty may disown  
 In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace

† The chain of Crossfell, which parts Cumberland and Westmoreland from Northumberland and Durham.

‡ At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.

Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and Time,  
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,  
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown  
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

---

XLII.

LOWTHER! in thy majestic pile are seen  
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord  
With the baronial castle's sterner mien;  
Union significant of God adored,  
And charters won and guarded by the sword  
Of ancient honour; whence that goodly state  
Of Polity which wise men venerate,  
And will maintain, if God his help afford.  
Hourly the democratic torrent swells;  
For airy promises and hopes suborned  
The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.  
Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,  
With what ye symbolise, authentic Story  
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory!

---

XLIII.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.\*

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"Magistratus indicat virum."

---

LONSDALE! it were unworthy of a Guest,  
Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,  
If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs  
On thy abode harmoniously imprest,  
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest  
How in thy mind and moral frame agree  
Fortitude and that christian Charity  
Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.  
And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach  
With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE MAN;"  
That searching test thy public course has stood;  
As will be owned alike by bad and good,  
Soon as the measuring of life's little span  
Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach.

---

\* This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.

XLIV.

TO CORDELIA M———,  
HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER.

Nor in the mines beyond the western main,  
You tell me, Delia! was the metal sought,  
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought  
Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;  
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain  
You say, but from Helvellyn's depths was brought  
Our own domestic mountain. Thing and thought  
Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly vain,  
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being:  
Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound  
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,  
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,  
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,  
For precious tremblings in your bosom found!

---

XLV.

CONCLUSION

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,  
While a fair region round the Traveller lies,  
Which he forbears again to look upon;  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse;  
With Thought and Love companions of our way,  
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,  
The Mind's internal Heaven shall shed her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

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STANZAS

SUGGESTED

IN A STEAM-BOAT OFF ST. BEES' HEADS,  
ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

---

St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N. E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a Bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees; a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in the following Stanzas; and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M. A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College; and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in the following Piece, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monien," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith; a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for nature.

## 1.

IF Life were slumber on a bed of down,  
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,  
Sad were our lot: no Hunter of the Hare  
Exults like him whose javelin from the lair  
Has roused the Lion; no one plucks the Rose,  
Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows  
'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,  
With joy like his who climbs on hands and knees,  
For some rare Plant, yon Headland of St. Bees.

## 2.

This independence upon oar and sail,  
This new indifference to breeze or gale,  
This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,  
And regular as if locked in certainty,  
Depress the hour. Up, Spirit of the Storm!  
That Courage may find something to perform;  
That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze  
At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,  
Firm as the towering Headlands of St. Bees.

## 3.

Dread Cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish may sleep,  
Bold as if Men and Creatures of the Deep  
Breathed the same element: too many wrecks  
Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks  
Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought  
Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought:  
With thy stern aspect better far agrees  
Utterance of thanks that we have past with ease,  
As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of St. Bees.

## 4.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store,  
What boots the gain if Nature should lose more?  
And Wisdom, that once held a Christian place  
In Man's intelligence sublimed by grace?  
When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian Coast,  
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed;  
As high and higher heaved the billows, faith  
Grew with them, mightier than the powers of death.  
She knelt in prayer—the waves their wrath appease;  
And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's decrees,  
Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of  
St. Bees.

## 5.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,"  
Who in these Wilds then struggled for command:  
The strong were merciless, without hope the weak;  
Till this bright Stranger came, fair as Day-break,  
And as a Cresset true that darts its length  
Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength;  
Guiding the Mariner through troubled seas,  
And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,  
Like the fixed Light that crowns yon headland of  
St. Bees.

## 6.

To aid the Votaries, miracles believed  
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved;  
So piety took root; and Song might tell  
What humanizing Virtues round her Cell  
Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around;  
How savage bosoms melted at the sound  
Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies  
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,  
From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

## 7.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,  
Was glorified, and took its place, above  
The silent stars, among the angelic Quire,  
Her Chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,  
And perished utterly; but her good deeds  
Had sown the spot that witnessed them with seeds  
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze  
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,  
And lo! a *statelier* Pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

## 8.

There were the naked clothed, the hungry fed;  
And Charity, extended to the Dead,  
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest  
Of tardy Penitents: or for the best  
Among the good (when love might else have slept,  
Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.  
Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,  
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,  
Kept watch before the Altars of St. Bees.



## 9.

Were not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties\*  
 Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,  
 Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,  
 To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart!  
 The prayer for them whose hour was past away  
 Said to the Living, profit while ye may!  
 A little part, and that the worst, he sees  
 Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys  
 That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

## 10.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,  
 Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,  
 Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray  
 In many an hour when judgment goes astray.  
 Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try  
 Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;  
 Consume with zeal, in winged ecstasies  
 Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,  
 Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

## 11.

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect  
 The forlorn Traveller, or Sailor wrecked  
 On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the boon  
 Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon  
 Claim for the Pilgrim: and, though chidings sharp  
 May sometimes greet the strolling Minstrel's harp,  
 It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,  
 It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,  
 Brightening the archway of revered St. Bees.

## 12.

How did the Cliffs and echoing Hills rejoice  
 What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,  
 Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,  
 Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,  
 And under one blest ensign serve the Lord  
 In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword  
 Flaming till thou from Paynim hands release  
 That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities  
 Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

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\* See Note.

## 13.

On, Champions, on! — But mark! the passing Day  
 Submits her intercourse to milder sway,  
 With high and low whose busy thoughts from far  
 Follow the fortunes which they may not share.  
 While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,  
 She helps to make a Holy-land at home:  
 The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites  
 To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights;  
 And wedded life, through scriptural mysteries,  
 Heavenward ascends with all her charities,  
 Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

## 14.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,  
 And to green meadows changed the swampy shores!  
 Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful Grange  
 Made room where Wolf and Boar were used to range!  
 Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler chains  
 Should bind the Vassal to his Lord's domains!  
 The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,  
 For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies  
 Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St. Bees!

## 15.

But all availed not; by a mandate given  
 Through lawless will the Brotherhood was driven  
 Forth from their cells; — their ancient House laid low  
 In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.  
 But now once more the local Heart revives,  
 The inextinguishable Spirit strives.  
 Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,  
 And cleared a way for the first Votaries,  
 Prosper the new-born College of St. Bees!

## 16.

Alas! the Genius of our age from Schools  
 Less humble draws her lessons, aims, and rules.  
 To Prowess guided by her insight keen,  
 Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;  
 Boastful Idolatress of formal skill,  
 She in her own would merge the eternal will:  
 Expert to move in paths that Newton trod,  
 From Newton's Universe would banish God.  
 Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,  
 Her flight before the bold credulities  
 That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

1837.

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

COMPANION! by whose buoyant spirit cheered,  
In whose experience trusting, day by day  
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared  
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,

RYDAL MOUNT, FEB. 14th, 1842.

These records take, and happy should I be  
Were but the gift a meet return to thee  
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,  
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe  
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE TOUR of which the following poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

## MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE.

April, 1837.

YE Apennines! with all your fertile vales  
Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores  
Of either sea, an Islander by birth,  
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound  
Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims  
Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds  
Inherited: — presumptuous thought! — it fled  
Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.  
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness; —  
Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops  
Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,  
Lulling the leisure of that high perched town,  
AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site  
Its neighbour and its namesake — town, and flood  
Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm  
Bright sunbeams — the fresh verdure of this lawn  
Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,  
O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,  
Unquestionably kenne'd, that cone-shaped hill  
With fractured summit, no indifferent sight  
To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,  
Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy —  
These are before me; and the varied scene  
May well suffice, till noontide's sultry heat  
Relax to fix and satisfy the mind  
Passive yet pleased. What! with this broom in flower  
Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet  
Her sisters, soon like her to be attired  
With golden blossoms opening at the feet  
Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting given,  
Given with a voice and by a look returned  
Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes  
Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,  
The local Genius hurries me aloft,  
Transported over that cloud-wooling hill,  
Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,

With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top,  
There to alight upon crisp moss and range,  
Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,  
Of visual sovereignty — hills multitudinous,  
(Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills  
Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,  
And prospect right below of deep coves shaped  
By skeleton arms, that from the mountain's trunk  
Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan  
Struggling for liberty, while undismayed  
The shepherd struggles with them. Onward thence  
And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,  
And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glencoign,  
Places forsaken now, though loving still  
The muses, as they loved them in the days  
Of the old minstrels and the border bards. —  
But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,  
The simple rapture; — who that travels far  
To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share  
Or wish to share it! — One there surely was,  
"The Wizard of the North," with anxious hope  
Brought to this genial climate, when disease  
Preyed upon body and mind — yet not the less  
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words  
That spake of bards and minstrels; and his spirit  
Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,  
Where once together, in his day of strength,  
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free  
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.

Years followed years, and when upon the eve  
Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned.  
Or by another's sympathy was led,  
To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,  
Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped  
No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,  
Survives for me, and cannot but survive  
The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words

To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile  
 Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,  
 He said, "When I am there, although 'tis fair,  
 'Twill be another Yarrow." \* Prophecy  
 More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores  
 Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,  
 Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering tombs;  
 And more than all, that Eminence which showed  
 Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood  
 A few short steps (painful they were) apart  
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave.

Peace to their Spirits! why should Poesy  
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover  
 In gloom on wings with confidence outspread  
 To move in sunshine? — Utter thanks, my Soul!  
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion  
 For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,  
 That I — so near the term to human life  
 Appointed by man's common heritage,  
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that  
 Deserve a thought) but little known to fame —  
 Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,  
 Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,  
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered  
 The whole world's Darling — free to rove at will  
 O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,  
 Rest from enjoyment only.

Thanks poured forth  
 For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks  
 Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe  
 Where gladness seems a duty — let me guard  
 Those seeds of expectation which the fruit  
 Already gathered in this favoured Land  
 Enfolds within its core. The faith be mine,  
 That He who guides and governs all, approves  
 When gratitude, though disciplined to look  
 Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown  
 Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand;  
 Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden beams,  
 Reflected through the mists of age, from hours  
 Of innocent delight, remote or recent,  
 Shoot but a little way — 't is all they can —  
 Into the doubtful future. Who would keep  
 Power must resolve to cleave to it through life,  
 Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.  
 Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels frown  
 If one — while tossed, as was my lot to be,  
 In a frail bark urged by two slender oars

\* These words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Unvisited," by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy: and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.

[See also Mr. Lockhart's interesting and pathetic account of the interview of Scott and Wordsworth, in the "Life of Sir Walter Scott." Chap. lxxx., Vol. X., p. 104, &c. — H. R.]

Over waves rough and deep, that, when they broke,  
 Dashed their white foam against the palace walls  
 Of Genoa the superb — should there be led  
 To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,  
 However humble in themselves, with thoughts  
 Raised and sustained by memory of him  
 Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds  
 Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's strength  
 And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship  
 To lay a new world open.

Nor less prized  
 Be those impressions which incline the heart  
 To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,  
 Bend that way her desires. The dew, the storm —  
 The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops  
 On the small hyssop destined to become,  
 By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,  
 A purifying instrument — the storm  
 That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,  
 And as it shook, enabling the blind roots  
 Further to force their way, endowed its trunk  
 With magnitude and strength fit to uphold  
 The glorious temple — did alike proceed  
 From the same gracious will, were both an offspring  
 Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim  
 Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled  
 By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive  
 By conflict, and their opposites, that trust  
 In lowliness — a mid-way tract there lies  
 Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind  
 Pregnant with good. Young, middle-aged, and old,  
 From century on to century, must have known  
 The emotion — nay, more fitly were it said —  
 The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep  
 Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed  
 In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor  
 Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,  
 And through each window's open fret-work looked  
 O'er the blank area of sacred earth  
 Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply delved  
 In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,  
 By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought  
 For its deliverance — a capacious field  
 That to descendants of the dead it holds  
 And to all living mute memento breathes,  
 More touching far than aught which on the walls  
 Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,  
 Of the changed City's long departed power,  
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,  
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.  
 And, high above that length of cloistral roof,  
 Peering in air and backed by azure sky,  
 To kindred contemplations ministers  
 The Baptistry's dome, and that which swells  
 From the Cathedral pile; and with the twain  
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed  
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet,  
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower.

Nor less remuneration waits on him  
 Who having left the Cemetery stands  
 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall  
 Admonished not without some sense of fear,  
 Fear that soon vanishes before the sight  
 Of splendor unextinguished, pomp unscathed,  
 And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,  
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair  
 To view, and for the mind's consenting eye  
 A type of age in man, upon its front  
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence  
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more  
 Struggling against the stream of destiny,  
 But with its peaceful majesty content.  
 — Oh what a spectacle at every turn  
 The place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss,  
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot  
 Provokes no echoes but must softly tread;  
 Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short  
 Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe  
 Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps  
 Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care  
 Those images of genial beauty, oft  
 Too lovely to be pensive in themselves  
 But by reflexion made so, which do best  
 And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths  
 Life's cup when almost filled with years, like mine.  
 — How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,  
 Each ministering to each, didst thou appear  
 Savona, Queen of territory fair  
 As aught that marvellous coast through all its length  
 Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds  
 As a selected treasure thy one cliff,  
 That, while it wore for melancholy crest  
 A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have  
 Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs  
 And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind  
 The breath of air can be where earth had else  
 Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near,  
 Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,  
 And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze  
 Expanding; and along the smooth shore curved  
 Into a natural port, a tideless sea,  
 To that mild breeze with motion and with voice  
 Softly responsive; and, attuned to all  
 Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared  
 Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort  
 Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,  
 In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here  
 Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay  
 Than his unmitigated beams allow,  
 Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,  
 From mortal change, aught that is born on earth  
 Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink  
 Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,  
 Modest Savona! over all did brood  
 A pure poetic spirit — as the breeze,

Mild — as the verdure, fresh — the sunshine, bright —  
 Thy gentle Chiabrera! — not a stone,  
 Mural or level with the trodden floor,  
 In church or chapel, if my curious quest  
 Missed not the truth, retains a single name  
 Of young or old, warrior, of saint, or sage,  
 To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse \*  
 Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed  
 From the clear spring of a plain English heart,  
 Say rather, one in native fellowship  
 With all who want not skill to couple grief  
 With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.  
 The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,  
 Yet in his page the records of that worth  
 Survive, uninjured; — glory then to words,  
 Honour to word-preserving arts, and hail  
 Ye kindred local influences that still,  
 If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,  
 Await my steps when they the breezy height  
 Shall range of philosophic Tusculum;  
 Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish  
 To meet the shade of Horace by the side  
 Of his Bandusian fount; or I invoke  
 His presence to point out the spot where once  
 He sat, and eulogized with earnest pen  
 Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires;  
 And all the immunities of rural life  
 Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.  
 Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given  
 Nor asking more on that delicious Bay,  
 Parthenope's Domain — Virgilian haunt,  
 Illustrated with never-dying verse,  
 And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,  
 Age after age to Pilgrim's from all lands  
 Endeared.

And who — if not a man as cold  
 In heart as dull in brain — while pacing ground  
 Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high minds  
 Out of her early struggles well inspired  
 To localize heroic acts — could look  
 Upon the spots with undelighted eye,  
 Though even to their last syllable the lays  
 And very names of those who gave them birth  
 Have perished? — Verily to her utmost depth,  
 Imagination feels what Reason fears not  
 To recognise, the lasting virtue lodged  
 In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned  
 To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,  
 And others like in fame, created Powers  
 With attributes from History derived,  
 By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,  
 Through marvellous felicity of skill,  
 With something more propitious to high aims

\* If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epitaphs of Chiabrera, he will find translated specimens of them in this Volume, under the head of "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces."



Than either, pent within her separate sphere,  
Can oft with justice claim.

And not disdaining  
Union with those primeval energies  
To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height  
Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call  
Descend, and on the brow of ancient Rome  
As she survives in ruin, manifest  
Your glories mingled with the brightest hues  
Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,  
But never to be extinct while Earth endures.  
O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,  
From all her Sanctuaries! — Open for my feet  
Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse  
Of the Devout, as, mid your glooms convened  
For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross  
On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned  
Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,  
But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,  
Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,  
Into that vault receive me from whose depth  
Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,  
Albeit lifting human to divine,  
A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic Keys  
Grasped in his hand; and lo! with upright sword  
Prefiguring his own impendent doom,  
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both prepared  
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate  
Inflicted; — blessed Men, for so to Heaven  
They follow their dear Lord.

Time flows — nor winds,

Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,  
But many a benefit borne upon his breast  
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,  
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth  
An angry arm that snatches good away,  
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream  
Has to our generation brought and brings  
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now  
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely  
To a chilled age, most pitably shut out  
From that which is and actuates, by forms,  
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact  
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,  
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,  
By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed  
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be  
Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.  
So with the internal mind it fares; and so  
With morals, trusting in contempt or fear  
Of vital principle's controlling law,  
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so  
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view  
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn  
The best that should keep pace with it, and must,  
Else more and more the general mind will droop,  
Even as if bent on perishing. There lives  
No faculty within us which the Soul

Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,  
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,  
Zealous co-operation of all means  
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire  
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.  
By gross utilities enslaved we need  
More of ennobling impulse from the past,  
If to the future aught of good must come  
Sounder and therefore holier than the ends  
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,  
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown  
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff  
From Knowledge! — If the Muse, whom I have served  
This day, be mistress of a single pearl  
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;  
Then, not in vain, under these chesnut boughs  
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul  
To transports from the secondary founts  
Flowing of time and place, and paid to both  
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,  
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse  
Accordant meditations, which in times  
Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed  
Influence, at least among a scattered few,  
To soberness of mind and peace of heart  
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been  
This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood, the light  
And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,  
And all the varied landscape. Let us now  
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.\*

#### THE PINE OF MONTE MARIÓ AT ROME.

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine  
Look like a cloud — a slender stem the tie  
That bound it to its native earth — poised high  
'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,  
Striving in peace each other to outshine.  
But when I learned the Tree was living there,  
Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,  
Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!  
The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright  
And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,  
Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,  
Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome  
(Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)  
Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome.†

#### AT ROME.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitoline Hill?  
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,  
Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still  
That name, a local Phantom proud to mock

\* See Note.

† See Note.

The Traveller's expectation! — Could our Will  
 Destroy the ideal Power within, 't were done  
 'Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves wandering on,  
 Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.  
 Full oft our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;  
 Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,  
 From that depression raised, to mount on high  
 With stronger wing, more clearly to discern  
 Eternal things; and, if need be, defy  
 Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern.

AT ROME.—REGRETS.—IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR AND  
 OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS.

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,  
 Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock  
 Of History, stript naked as a rock  
 'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?  
 The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,  
 Her morning splendors vanish, and their place  
 Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face  
 With those bright beams yet hid it not, must steer  
 Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow;  
 One solace yet remains for us who came  
 Into this world in days when story lacked  
 Severe research, that in our hearts we know  
 How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,  
 Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the same  
 Involved a history of no doubtful sense,  
 History that proves by inward evidence  
 From what a precious source of truth it came.  
 Ne'er could the boldest eulogist have dared  
 Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,  
 But for coeval sympathy prepared  
 To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.  
 None but a noble people could have loved  
 Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style:  
 Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved;  
 He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile  
 Humanity, sang feats that well might call  
 For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall.

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,  
 Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,  
 Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth  
 Has spared of sound and grave realities,  
 Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,  
 Dear as they are to unsuspecting youth,  
 That might have drawn down Clio from the skies  
 To vindicate the majesty of truth.

Such was her office while she walked with men,  
 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her sire  
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be  
 Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,  
 And taught her faithful servants how the lyre  
 Should animate, but not mislead the pen.\*

AT ROME.

THEY — who have seen the noble Roman's scorn  
 Break forth at thought of laying down his head,  
 When the blank day is over, garreted  
 In his ancestral palace, where, from morn  
 To night, the desecrated floors are worn  
 By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—who have read  
 In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,  
 How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;  
 They—who have heard some learned patriot treat  
 Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme  
 From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright  
 dream  
 Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat  
 Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—  
 Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S.

Lo! has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;  
 O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon  
 Is shed, the languor of approaching noon;  
 To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn  
 Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,  
 Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,  
 Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,  
 Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn.  
 — Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve  
 Shrinks from the note as from a mis-timed thing,  
 Oft for a holy warning may it serve,  
 Charged with remembrance of his sudden sting,  
 His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair  
 And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

AT ALBANO.

DAYS passed — and Monte Calvo would not clear  
 His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed through  
 Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,  
 My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear  
 Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good cheer;  
 Our yesterday's procession did not sue  
 In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,  
 Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to hear,  
 But not in scorn: — the Matron's Faith may lack  
 The heavenly sanction needed to ensure

\* Quem virum — lyra —  
 —sumes celebrare Clio?

Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track  
Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure  
Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,  
For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown.

NEAR ANIO'S stream, I spied a gentle Dove  
Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing  
'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,  
While all things present told of joy and love.  
But restless Fancy left that olive grove  
To hail the exploratory Bird renewing  
Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,  
On the great flood were spared to live and move.  
O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough  
Brought to the ark are coming evermore,  
Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough  
This sea of life without a visible shore,  
Do neither promise ask nor grace implore  
In what alone is ours, the living Now.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS LOOKING TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,  
Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown  
With monuments decayed or overthrown,  
For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,  
Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,  
Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;  
Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;  
Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.  
Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—Fallen Power.  
Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke  
Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour  
When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,  
And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,  
On the third stage of thy great destiny.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,  
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,  
Checked not its rage; unfelt the ground did rock,  
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.—  
Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,  
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,  
Save in this rill that took from blood the name\*  
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.  
So may all trace and signs of deeds aloof  
From the true guidance of humanity,  
Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify  
Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof  
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground  
That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

\* Sanguinetto.

NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

For action born, existing to be tried,  
Powers manifold we have that intervene  
To stir the heart that would too closely screen  
Her peace from images allied.  
What wonder if at midnight, by the side  
Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymane,  
The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,  
Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen;  
And singly thine, O vanquished Chief! whose corse,  
Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain:  
But who is He?—the Conqueror. Would he force  
His way to Rome! Ah, no,—round hill and plain  
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,  
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his hand.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

MAY 25TH, 1837.

LIE!—'t was the Cuckoo.—O with what delight  
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,  
Far off and faint, and melting into air,  
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!  
Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,  
Although invisible as Echo's self,  
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy Creature,  
For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured  
From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,  
We have pursued, through various lands, a long  
And pleasant course; flower after flower has blown,  
Embellishing the ground that gave them birth  
With aspects novel to my sight; but still  
Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew  
In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,  
For old remembrance sake. And oft—where Spring  
Display'd her richest blossoms among files  
Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit  
Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade  
Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,  
The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—  
Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush  
Blending as in a common English grove  
Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,  
Whate'er assemblages of new and old,  
Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,  
A gratulation from that vagrant voice  
Was wanting;—and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,  
High on the brink of that precipitous rock,  
Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth  
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned  
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,  
By a few Monks, a stern society,  
Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys.  
Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,

St. Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide  
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine,  
 Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have ceased  
 To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules  
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live;  
 His milder Genius (thanks to the good God  
 That made us) over those severe restraints  
 Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,  
 Doth sometimes here predominate, and works  
 By unsought means for gracious purposes;  
 For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful  
 earth,  
 Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,  
 Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart  
 Of that once sinful Being overflowed  
 On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,  
 And every shape of creature they sustain,  
 Divine affections; and with beast and bi  
 (Stilled from afar — such marvel story tells —  
 By casual outbreak of his passionate words,  
 And from their own pursuits in field or grove  
 Drawn to his side by look or act of love  
 Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)  
 He went to hold companionship so free,  
 So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight  
 As to be likened in his followers' minds  
 To that which our first Parents, ere the fall  
 From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,  
 Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful bowers.

Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,  
 Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,  
 Some true partakers of his loving spirit  
 Do still survive, and, with those gentle hearts  
 Consorted, others, in the power, the faith,  
 Of a baptized imagination, prompt  
 To catch from Nature's humblest monitors  
 Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale  
 With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,  
 Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,  
 Upon a pine-tree's storm uprooted trunk,  
 Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,  
 Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore  
 Appended to his bosom, and lips closed  
 By the joint pressure of his musing mood  
 And habit of his vow. That ancient Man —  
 Nor haply less the brother whom I marked,  
 As we approached the Convent gate, aloft  
 Looking far forth from his aerial cell,  
 A young Ascetic — Poet, Hero, Sage,  
 He might have been, Lover belike he was —  
 If they received into a conscious ear  
 The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,  
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy  
 My heart — may have been moved like me to think,

Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,  
 On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of One*  
*Crying amid the wilderness*, and given,  
 Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers  
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,  
 That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,  
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore  
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave  
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies  
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights  
 Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.

Voice of the desert, fare-thee-well; sweet Bird!  
 If that substantial title please thee more,  
 Farewell! — but go thy way, no need hast thou  
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower  
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,  
 The gentle breezes waft — or airs that meet  
 Thy course and sport around the softly fan —  
 Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,  
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,  
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

#### AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came bereft,  
 And seeking consolation from above;  
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left  
 To paint this picture of his lady-love:  
 Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve?  
 And O, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing  
 So fair, to which with peril he must cling,  
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.  
 That bloom — those eyes — can they assist to bind  
 Thoughts that would stray from Heaven? The dream  
 must cease  
 To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;  
 Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find  
 How wide a space can part from inward peace  
 The most profound repose his cell can give.

#### CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares  
 And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,  
 All trust abandoned in the healing might  
 Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,  
 Labour accomplishes, or patience bears —  
 Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive  
 How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may heave  
 For such a one beset with cloistral snares.  
 Father of Mercy! rectify his view,  
 If with his vows this object ill agree;  
 Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue  
 Imperious passion in a heart set free: —  
 That earthly love may to herself be true,  
 Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee.\*

\* See Note.



## AT THE EREMITES OR UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLE.

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size  
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they sate,  
By panting steers up to this convent gate?  
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,  
Dare they confront the lean austerities  
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait  
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate  
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?  
Strange contrast! — verily the world of dreams,  
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,  
Things in their very essences at strife,  
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes  
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,  
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.\*

## AT VALLOMBROSA.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
Vallambrosa, where Etrurian shades  
High over-arch'd embower.†

PARADISE LOST.

"VALLOMBROSA — I longed in thy shadiest wood  
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!"  
Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,  
That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once more,  
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,  
Near that Cell — yon sequestered Retreat high in air —  
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep  
For converse with God, sought through study and  
prayer.

The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,  
And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit is here;  
In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,  
In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere;  
In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace  
Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might  
confide,

That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that  
place

Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.

When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,  
And darkness and danger had compassed him round,  
With a thought he would flee to these haunts of his  
prime,

And here once again a kind shelter be found.  
And let me believe that when nightly the Muse  
Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,  
Here also, on some favoured height, he would choose  
To wander and drink inspiration at will.

Vallambrosa! of thee I first heard in the page  
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind  
Had a musical charm, which the winter of age  
And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.

\* See Note.

† See for the two first lines, "Stanzas composed in the  
Simplon Pass," p. 287. — See Note.

And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you  
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,  
While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will  
strew,

And the realized vision is clasped to my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may  
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense;  
Unblamed — if the soul be intent on the day  
When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence.  
For he and he only with wisdom is blest  
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,  
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,  
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

## AT FLORENCE.

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile  
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,  
Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,  
I stood and gazed upon a marble stone,  
The laurelled Dante's favourite seat. A throne,  
In just esteem, it rivals; though no style  
Be there of decoration to beguile  
The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown.  
As a true man, who long had served the lyre,  
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more.  
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore  
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.  
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate down,  
And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY RAPHAEL,  
IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

THE Baptist might have been ordain'd to cry  
Forth from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein  
His Father served Jehovah; but how win  
Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy  
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry  
Of the Jerusalem below, her sin  
And folly, if they with united din  
Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?  
Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence  
To Her, as to her opposite in peace,  
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,  
To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,  
Crying with earnestness that might not cease,  
"Make straight a highway for the Lord — repent!"

## AT FLORENCE. — FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

RAPT above earth by power of one fair face,  
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,  
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights  
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.

With Him who made the Work that Work accords  
 So well, that by its help and through his grace  
 I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,  
 Clasp her beauty in my soul's embrace.  
 Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,  
 I feel how in their presence doth abide  
 Light which to God is both the way and guide;  
 And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,  
 My noble fire emits the joyful ray  
 That through the realms of glory shines for aye.

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AT FLORENCE.—FROM M. ANGELO.

ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,  
 And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee;  
 Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee  
 To thy protection for a safe abode.  
 The crowns of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,  
 The meek, benign, and lacerated face,  
 To a sincere repentance promised grace,  
 To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.  
 With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,  
 My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear;  
 Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;  
 Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto incline  
 More readily the more my years require  
 Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

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AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE APENNINES.

YE Trees! whose slender roots entwine  
 Altars that piety neglects;  
 Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine  
 Which no devotion now respects;  
 If not a straggler from the herd  
 Here ruminates, nor shrouded bird,  
 Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride  
 In aught that ye would grace or hide—  
 How sadly is your love misplaced,  
 Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,  
 And ye—full often spurned as weeds—  
 In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness  
 From fractured arch and mouldering wall—  
 Do but more touchingly recal  
 Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,  
 Making the precincts ye adorn  
 Appear to sight still more forlorn.

---

IN LOMBARDY

SEE, where his difficult way that Old Man wins  
 Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—most hard  
 Appears his lot, to the small Worm's compared,  
 For whom his toil with early day begins.

Acknowledging no task-master, at will  
 (As if her labour and her ease were twins)  
 She seems to work, at pleasure to lie still;—  
 And softly sleeps within the thread she spins.  
 So fare they—the Man serving as her Slave.  
 Ere long their fates do each to each conform:  
 Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,  
 Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave;  
 His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend  
 To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

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AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

FAIR Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few,  
 Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,  
 Part from thee without pity dyed in shame:  
 I could not—while from Venice we withdrew,  
 Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view  
 Within its depths, and to the shore we came  
 Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,  
 Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw  
 Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,  
 (Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid lake)  
 Shall a few partial breezes only creep!—  
 Be its depths quickened; what thou dost inherit  
 Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil; awake,  
 Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

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CONTINUED.

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue  
 Spoke bitter words; words that did ill agree  
 With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,  
 And divine Art, that fast to memory clung—  
 Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young  
 In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight  
 How beautiful! how worthy to be sung  
 In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!  
 I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock  
 That followed the first sound of German speech,  
 Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.  
 In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock  
 Parting; the casual word had power to reach  
 My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.

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COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838.

IF with old love of you, dear Hills! I share  
 New love of many a rival image brought  
 From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought:  
 Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare  
 Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair,  
 So rich to me in favours. For my lot  
 Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot  
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air

Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning too,  
 Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming  
 Amid the sunny, shadowy Coliseum;  
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,  
 For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,  
 Chant in full choir their innocent *Te Deum*.

### THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

WHERE towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds  
 O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;  
 And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold  
 A new magnificence that vies with old;  
 Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood  
 A votive Column, spared by fire and flood:—  
 And, though the passions of man's fretful race  
 Have never ceased to eddy round its base,  
 Not injured more by touch of meddling hands  
 Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,  
 Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save  
 From death the memory of the good and brave.  
 Historic figures round the shaft embost  
 Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost:  
 Still as he turns, the charmed spectator sees  
 Group winding after group with dream-like ease;  
 Triumphs in sunbright gratitude displayed,  
 Or softly stealing into modest shade.  
 —So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine  
 Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring vine;  
 The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes  
 Wide-spreading odours from her flowery wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherd's ears  
 Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,  
 I gladly commune with the mind and heart  
 Of him who thus survives by classic art,  
 His actions witness, venerate his mien,  
 And study Trajan as by Pliny seen;  
 Behold how fought the Chief whose conquering sword  
 Stretched far as earth might own a single lord;  
 In the delight of moral prudence schooled,  
 How feelingly at home the Sovereign ruled;

Best of the good — in pagan faith allied  
 To more than man by virtue deified.

Memorial Pillar! 'mid the wrecks of Time  
 Preserve thy charge with confidence sublime —  
 The exultations, pomps, and cares of Rome,  
 Whence half the breathing world received its doom;  
 Things that recoil from language; that, if shown  
 By apter pencil, from the light had flown.  
 A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,  
*There* greets an Embassy from Indian shores;  
 Lo! he harangues his cohorts — *there* the storm  
 Of battle meets him in authentic form!  
 Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish horse  
 Sweep to the charge; more high, the Dacian force,  
 To hoof and finger mailed; \* — yet, high or low,  
 None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe;  
 In every Roman, through all turns of fate  
 Is Roman dignity inviolate;  
 Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,  
 Supports, adorns, and over all presides;  
 Distinguished only by inherent state  
 From honoured Instruments that round him wait;  
 Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test  
 Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest  
 On aught by which another is deprest.  
 — Alas! that one thus disciplined could toil  
 To enslave whole nations on their native soil;  
 So emulous of Macedonian fame,  
 That, when his age was measured with his aim,  
 He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,  
 And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs:  
 O weakness of the Great! O folly of the Wise!

Where now the haughty Empire that was spread  
 With such fond hope? her very speech is dead;  
 Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,  
 And Trajan still, through various enterprise,  
 Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies:  
 Still are we present with the imperial Chief,  
 Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief  
 Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,  
 Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind.

\* Here and infra, see Forsyth.

## THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

## THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

"They that deny a God, destroy Man's nobility: for certainly Man is of kinn to the Beasts by his Body; and if he be not of kinn to God by his Spirit, he is a base ignoble Creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane Nature: for take an example of a Dogg, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or Melior Natura. Which courage is manifestly such, as that Creature without that confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So Man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human Nature in itself could not obtain."—LORD BACON.

DURING the Summer of 1807, the Author visited, for the first time, the beautiful scenery that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the Poem of the WHITE DOE, founded upon a Tradition connected with the place, was composed at the close of the same year.\*

IN trellised shed with clustering roses gay,  
And, MARY! oft beside our blazing fire,  
When years of wedded life were as a day  
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,  
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay  
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,  
The gentle Una, born of heavenly birth,  
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Beloved! pleasing was the smart,  
And the tear precious in compassion shed  
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,  
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;  
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart  
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led,—  
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,  
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell  
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;  
Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,  
And all its finer inspiration caught;  
Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell,  
We by a lamentable change were taught  
That "bliss with mortal Man may not abide;"—  
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,  
For us the voice of melody was mute.  
—But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,  
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,  
Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow  
A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,

Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content  
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear,  
Once more, of troubles wrought by magic spell;  
And griefs whose aery motion comes not near  
The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel;  
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,  
High over hill and low adown the dell  
Again we wandered, willing to partake  
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

Then, too, this Song of mine once more could please,  
Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,  
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies  
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,  
Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest trees  
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep  
Of the sharp winds;—fair Creatures!—to whom  
Heaven  
A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic Story cheered us; for it speaks  
Of female patience winning firm repose;  
And of the recompense which conscience seeks  
A bright, encouraging example shows;  
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,  
Needful amid life's ordinary woes;—  
Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless  
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,  
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:  
O, that my mind were equal to fulfil  
The comprehensive mandate which they give—  
Vain aspiration of an earnest will!  
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,  
Beloved Wife! such solace to impart  
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

See Note.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND.  
April 20, 1815.



## CANTO FIRST.

From Bolton's old monastic tower\*  
 The bells ring loud with gladsome power;  
 The sun is bright; the fields are gay  
 With people in their best array  
 Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,  
 Along the banks of crystal Wharf,  
 Through the Vale retired and lowly,  
 Trooping to that summons holy.  
 And, up among the moorlands, see  
 What sprinklings of blithe company!  
 Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,  
 That down the steep hills force their way,  
 Like cattle through the budded brooms;  
 Path, or no path, what care they?  
 And thus in joyous mood they hie  
 To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there? — Full fifty years  
 That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,  
 Too harshly hath been doomed to taste  
 The bitterness of wrong and waste:  
 Its courts are ravaged; but the tower  
 Is standing with a voice of power,  
 That ancient voice which wont to call  
 To mass or some high festival;  
 And in the shattered fabric's heart  
 Remaineth one protected part;  
 A rural Chapel, neatly drest,†  
 In covert like a little nest;  
 And thither young and old repair,  
 This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills; — anon  
 Look again, and they all are gone;  
 The cluster round the porch, and the folk  
 Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak!‡  
 And scarcely have they disappeared  
 Ere the prelusive hymn is heard: —  
 With one consent the people rejoice,  
 Filling the church with a lofty voice!

\* It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey wants this ornament; but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. "Formerly," says Dr. Whitaker, "over the Transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge."

† "The Nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution, for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial Chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the neatest English Cathedral."

‡ "At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for 70*l*. According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1400 feet of timber."

They sing a service which they feel;  
 For 't is the sunrise now of zeal,  
 And faith and hope are in their prime  
 In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,  
 And all is hushed, without and within;  
 For though the priest, more tranquilly,  
 Recites the holy liturgy,  
 The only voice which you can hear  
 Is the river murmuring near.  
 — When soft! — the dusky trees between,  
 And down the path through the open green,  
 Where is no living thing to be seen;  
 And through yon gateway, where is found,  
 Beneath the arch with ivy bound,  
 Free entrance to the church-yard ground;  
 And right across the verdant sod  
 Towards the very house of God;  
 — Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,  
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,  
 Soft and silent as a dream,  
 A solitary Doe!  
 White she is as lily of June,  
 And beauteous as the silver moon  
 When out of sight the clouds are driven  
 And she is left alone in heaven;  
 Or like a ship some gentle day  
 In sunshine sailing far away,  
 A glittering ship, that hath the plain  
 Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!  
 Lie quiet in your church-yard bed!  
 Ye living, tend your holy cares;  
 Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;  
 And blame not me if my heart and sight  
 Are occupied with one delight!  
 'T is a work for sabbath hours  
 If I with this bright Creature go:  
 Whether she be of forest bowers,  
 From the bowers of earth below;  
 Or a Spirit, for one day given,  
 A gift of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes  
 Wait upon her as she ranges  
 Round and through this Pile of state,  
 Overthrown and desolate!  
 Now a step or two her way  
 Is through space of open day,  
 Where the enamoured sunny light  
 Brightens her that was so bright;  
 Now doth a delicate shadow fall,  
 Falls upon her like a breath,  
 From some lofty arch or wall,  
 As she passes underneath:

Now some gloomy nook partakes  
Of the glory that she makes,—  
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell  
With perfect cunning framed as well  
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread  
Of the elder's bushy head;  
Some jealous and forbidding cell,  
That doth the living stars repel,  
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering Doe  
Fills many a damp obscure recess  
With lustre of a saintly show;  
And, re-appearing, she no less  
To the open day gives blessedness.  
But say, among these holy places,  
Which thus assiduously she paces,  
Comes she with a votary's task,  
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?  
Fair Pilgrim! harbours she a sense  
Of sorrow, or of reverence?  
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,  
Crushed as if by wrath divine?  
For what survives of house where God  
Was worshipped, or where Man abode;  
For old magnificence undone;  
Or for the gentler work begun  
By Nature, softening and concealing,  
And busy with a hand of healing,—  
For altar, whence the cross was rent,  
Now rich with mossy ornament,—  
Or dormitory's length laid bare,  
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;  
And sapling ash, whose place of birth  
Is that lordly chamber's hearth?  
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,  
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone  
A warrior, with his shield of pride  
Cleaving humbly to his side,  
And hands in resignation prest,  
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast:  
Methinks she passeth by the sight,  
As a common creature might:  
If she be doomed to inward care,  
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.  
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,  
And on she moves—with pace how light!  
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste  
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;  
And thus she fares, until at last  
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave  
In quietness she lays her down;  
Gently as a weary wave  
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,  
Against an anchored vessel's side;  
Even so, without distress, doth she  
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,  
To a lingering motion bound,  
Like the river in its flowing—  
Can there be a softer sound?  
So the balmy minutes pass,  
While this radiant Creature lies  
Couched upon the dewy grass,  
Pensively with downcast eyes.  
—When now again the people rear  
A voice of praise, with awful cheer!  
It is the last, the parting song;  
And from the temple forth they throng—  
And quickly spread themselves abroad—  
While each pursues his several road.  
But some, a variegated band,  
Of middle-aged, and old, and young,  
And little children by the hand  
Upon their leading mothers hung,  
Turn, with obeisance gladly paid,  
Towards the spot, where, full in view,  
The lovely Doe, of whitest hue,  
Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;  
Which two spears'-length of level ground  
Did from all other graves divide:  
As if in some respect of pride;  
Or melancholy's sickly mood,  
Still shy of human neighbourhood;  
Or guilt, that humbly would express  
A penitential loneliness.

“Look, there she is, my Child! draw near;  
She fears not, wherefore should we fear?  
She means no harm;”—but still the Boy  
To whom the words were softly said,  
Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,  
A shame-faced blush of glowing red!  
Again the Mother whispered low,  
“Now you have seen the famous Doe;  
From Rylstone she hath found her way  
Over the hills this sabbath-day;  
Her work, whate'er it be, is done,  
And she will depart when we are gone;  
Thus doth she keep, from year to year,  
Her sabbath morning, foul or fair.”

This whisper soft repeats what he  
Had known from early infancy.  
Bright is the Creature—as in dreams  
The Boy had seen her—yea, more bright;  
But is she truly what she seems?  
He asks with insecure delight,  
Asks of himself—and doubts—and still  
The doubt returns against his will:  
Though he, and all the standers-by,  
Could tell a tragic history

Of facts divulged, wherein appear  
Substantial motive, reason clear,  
Why thus the milk-white Doe is found  
Couchant beside that lonely mound  
And why she duly loves to pace  
The circuit of this hallowed place.  
Nor to the Child's inquiring mind  
Is such perplexity confined:  
For, spite of sober truth, that sees  
A world of fixed remembrances  
Which to this mystery belong,  
If, undeceived, my skill can trace  
The characters of every face,  
There lack not strange delusion here,  
Conjecture vague, and idle fear,  
And superstitious fancies strong,  
Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire,  
(Who in his youth hath often fed  
Full cheerily on convent bread,  
And heard old tales by the convent-fire,  
And lately hath brought home the scars  
Gathered in long and distant wars)  
That Old Man—studious to expound  
The spectacle—hath mounted high  
To days of dim antiquity;  
When Lady Ailiza mourned\*  
Her Son, and felt in her despair,  
The pang of unavailing prayer;  
Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,  
The noble Boy of Egremound.  
From which affliction, when God's grace  
At length had in her heart found place,  
A pious structure, fair to see,  
Rose up—this stately Priory!  
The Lady's work,—but now laid low;  
To the grief of her soul that doth come and go,  
In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe:  
Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to  
sustain  
A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,  
Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright;  
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door;†  
And, through the chink in the fractured floor,

Look down, and see a grisly sight;  
A vault where the bodies are buried upright!  
There, face by face, and hand by hand,  
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;  
And, in his place, among son and sire,  
Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,  
A valiant man, and a name of dread,  
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;  
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church,  
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!  
Look down among them, if you dare  
Oft does the White Doe loiter there,  
Prying into the darksome rent;  
Nor can it be with good intent:—  
So thinks that Dame of haughty air,  
Who hath a Page her book to hold,  
And wears a frontlet edged with gold.  
Well may her thoughts be harsh; for she  
Numbers among her ancestry  
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,  
From Oxford come to his native vale,  
He also hath his own conceit:  
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,  
Who loved the Shepherd Lord to meet  
In his wanderings solitary:  
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,  
A song of Nature's hidden powers;  
That whistled like the wind, and rang  
Among the rocks and holly bowers.  
'T was said that she all shapes could wear;  
And oftentimes before him stood,  
Amid the trees of some thick wood,  
In semblance of a lady fair;  
And taught him signs, and showed him sights,  
In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights;  
When under cloud of fear he lay,  
A Shepherd clad in homely gray,  
Nor left him at his later day.  
And hence, when he, with spear and shield,  
Rode full of years to Flodden field,  
His eye could see the hidden spring,  
And how the current was to flow;  
The fatal end of Scotland's King,  
And all that hopeless overthrow.  
But not in wars did he delight,  
This Clifford wished for worthier might;  
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;  
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—  
Most happy in the shy recess  
Of Barden's humble quietness.  
And choice of studious friends had he  
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;  
Who, standing on this old church tower,  
In many a calm propitious hour,

\* The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's book, and in a Poem at page 412, of this edition, entitled "The Force of Prayer," &c.

† "At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton Priory Church, is a chantry belonging to Bethmesly Hall, and a vault, where, according to tradition, the Claphams" (who inherited this estate, by the female line, from the Mauleverers) "were interred upright." John de Clapham, of whom this ferocious act is recorded, was a man of great note in this time: "he was a vehement partisan of the house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of its chieftains, the Cliffords, seemed to survive."

‡ See Note.

Perused, with him, the starry sky;  
Or, in their cells, with him did pry  
For other lore,—through strong desire  
Searching the earth with chemic fire:  
But they and their good works are fled—  
And all is now disquieted—  
And peace is none, for living or dead!

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,  
But look again at the radiant Doe!  
What quiet watch she seems to keep,  
Alone, beside that grassy heap!

Why mention other thoughts unmeet  
For vision so composed and sweet!  
While stand the people in a ring,  
Gazing, doubting, questioning;  
Yea, many overcome in spite  
Of recollections clear and bright;  
Which yet do unto some impart  
An undisturbed repose of heart.  
And all the assembly own a law  
Of orderly respect and awe;  
But see—they vanish one by one,  
And last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long beguiled  
By busy dreams, and fancies wild;  
To which, with no reluctant strings,  
Thou hast attuned thy murmurings;  
And now before this Pile we stand  
In solitude, and utter peace:  
But, harp! thy murmurs may not cease—  
Thou hast breeze-like visitings;  
For a Spirit with angel-wings  
Hath touched thee, and a Spirit's hand:  
A voice is with us—a command  
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,  
A tale of tears, a mortal story!

## CANTO SECOND.

THE Harp in lowliness obeyed;  
And first we sang of the green-wood shade  
And a solitary Maid;  
Beginning, where the song must end,  
With her, and with her sylvan Friend;  
The Friend who stood before her sight,  
Her only unextinguished light;  
Her last companion in a dearth  
Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For she it was—this Maid, who wrought  
Meekly, with foreboding thought,  
In vermeil colours and in gold,  
An unblest work; which, standing by,  
Her Father did with joy behold,—  
Exulting in the imagery;

A Banner, one that did fulfil  
Too perfectly his headstrong will:  
For on this Banner had her hand  
Embroidered (such was the command)  
The Sacred Cross; and figured there  
The five dear wounds our Lord did bear;  
Full soon to be uplifted high,  
And float in rueful company!

It was the time when England's Queen  
Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign dread,  
Nor yet the restless crown had been  
Disturbed upon her virgin head;  
But now the inly-working North  
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,  
A potent vassalage, to fight  
In Percy's and in Neville's right,  
Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,  
Who gave their wishes open vent;  
And boldly urged a general plea,  
The rites of ancient piety  
To be triumphantly restored,  
By the dread justice of the sword!  
And that same Banner, on whose breast  
The blameless Lady had exprest  
Memorials chosen to give life  
And sunshine to a dangerous strife;  
That Banner, waiting for the call,  
Stood quietly in Rylstone Hall.

It came,—and Francis Norton said,  
"O Father! rise not in this fray—  
The hairs are white upon your head;  
Dear Father, hear me when I say  
It is for you too late a day!  
Bethink you of your own good name:  
A just and gracious Queen have we,  
A pure religion, and the claim  
Of peace on our humanity.  
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn,—  
I am your son, your eldest born;  
But not for lordship or for land,  
My Father, do I clasp your knees—  
The Banner touch not, stay your hand,—  
This multitude of men disband,  
And live at home in blameless ease;  
For these my brethren's sake, for me;  
And, most of all, for Emily!"

Loud noise was in the crowded hall,  
And scarcely could the Father hear  
That name—which had a dying fall,  
The name of his only Daughter dear,—  
And on the banner which stood near  
He glanced a look of holy pride,  
And his moist eyes were glorified;



Then seized the staff, and thus did say:  
 "Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's name,  
 Keep thou this ensign till the day  
 When I of thee require the same:  
 Thy place be on my better hand;—  
 And seven as true as thou, I see,  
 Will cleave to this good cause and me."  
 He spake, and eight brave sons straightway  
 All followed him, a gallant band!

Forth when Sire and Sons appeared  
 A gratulating shout was reared,  
 With din of arms and minstrelsy,  
 From all his warlike tenantry,  
 All horsed and harnessed with him to ride;  
 —A shout to which the hills replied!

But Francis, in the vacant hall,  
 Stood silent under dreary weight,—  
 A phantasm, in which roof and wall  
 Shook—tottered—swam before his sight;  
 A phantasm like a dream of night!  
 Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,  
 He found his way to a postern-gate;  
 And, when he waked at length, his eye  
 Was on the calm and silent sky;  
 With air about him breathing sweet,  
 And earth's green grass beneath his feet;  
 Nor did he fail ere long to hear  
 A sound of military cheer,  
 Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot;  
 He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance  
 Which he had grasped unknowingly,—  
 Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,  
 That dimness of heart agony;  
 There stood he, cleansed from the despair  
 And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.  
 The past he calmly hath reviewed:  
 But where will be the fortitude  
 Of this brave Man, when he shall see  
 That Form beneath the spreading tree,  
 And know that it is Emily!  
 Oh! hide them from each other, hide,  
 Kind Heaven, this pair severely tried!

He saw her where in open view  
 She sate beneath the spreading yew,—  
 Her head upon her lap, concealing  
 In solitude her bitter feeling;  
 How could he choose but shrink or sigh?  
 He shrunk, and muttered inwardly,  
 "Might ever son command a sire,  
 The act were justified to-day."  
 This to himself—and to the Maid,  
 Whom now he had approached, he said,  
 —"Gone are they,—they have their desire;  
 And I with thee one hour will stay,  
 To give thee comfort if I may."

He paused, her silence to partake,  
 And long it was before he spake:  
 Then, all at once, his thoughts turned round,  
 And fervent words a passage found.

"Gone are they, bravely, though mixed;  
 With a dear Father at their head!  
 The Sons obey a natural lord;  
 The Father had given solemn word  
 To noble Percy,—and a force  
 Still stronger, bends him to his course  
 This said, our tears to-day may fall  
 As at an innocent funeral.  
 In deep and awful channel runs  
 This sympathy of Sire and Sons;  
 Untried our Brothers were beloved,  
 And now their faithfulness is proved:  
 For faithful we must call them, bearing  
 That soul of conscientious daring.  
 —There were they all in circle—there  
 Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,  
 John with a sword that will not fail,  
 And Marmaduke in fearless mail,  
 And those bright Twins were side by side  
 And there, by fresh hopes beautified,  
 Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power  
 Of man, our youngest, fairest flower!  
 I, by the right of eldest born,  
 And in a second father's place,  
 Presumed to grapple with their scorn,  
 And meet their pity face to face;  
 Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,  
 I to my Father knelt and prayed,  
 And one, the pensive Marmaduke,  
 Methought, was yielding inwardly,  
 And would have laid his purpose by,  
 But for a glance of his Father's eye,  
 Which I myself could scarcely brook.

Then be we, each, and all, forgiven!  
 Thee, chiefly thee, my Sister dear,  
 Whose pangs are registered in heaven  
 The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,  
 And smiles, that dared to take their place,  
 Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,  
 As that unhallowed Banner grew  
 Beneath a loving old man's view.  
 Thy part is done—thy painful part;  
 Be thou then satisfied in heart!  
 A further, though far easier, task  
 Than thine hath been, my duties ask;  
 With theirs my efforts cannot blend,  
 I cannot for such cause contend;  
 Their aims I utterly forswear;  
 But I in body will be there.  
 Unarmed and naked will I go,  
 Be at their side, come weal or woe:

On kind occasions I may wait,  
See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.  
Bare breast I take and an empty hand.\*—  
Therewith he threw away the lance,  
Which he had grasped in that strong trance,  
Spurned it—like something that would stand  
Between him and the pure intent  
Of love on which his soul was bent.

"For thee, for thee, is left the sense  
Of trial past without offence  
To God or Man;—such innocence,  
Such consolation, and the excess  
Of an unmerited distress;  
In that thy very strength must lie.  
—O Sister, I could prophesy!  
The time is come that rings the knell  
Of all we loved, and loved so well;—  
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak  
To thee a woman, and thence weak;  
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we  
Are doomed to perish utterly:  
'Tis meet that thou with me divide  
The thought while I am by thy side,  
Acknowledging a grace in this,  
A comfort in the dark abyss:  
But look not for me when I am gone,  
And be no farther wrought upon.  
Farewell all wishes, all debate,  
All prayers for this cause, or for that!  
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend  
Upon no help of outward friend;  
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave  
To fortitude without reprieve.  
For we must fall, both we and ours,—  
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,  
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall,  
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;  
The young Horse must forsake his manger,  
And learn to glory in a Stranger;  
The Hawk forget his perch—the Hound  
Be parted from his ancient ground:  
The blast will sweep us all away,  
One desolation, one decay!  
And even this Creature!" which words saying,  
He pointed to a lovely Doe,  
A few steps distant, feeding, straying;  
Fair Creature, and more white than snow!  
"Even she will to her peaceful woods  
Return, and to her murmuring floods,  
And be in heart and soul the same  
She was before she hither came,—  
Ere she had learned to love us all,  
Herself beloved in Rylstone Hall.  
—But thou, my Sister, doomed to be  
The last leaf which by Heaven's decree  
Must hang upon a blasted tree;

If not in vain we breathed the breath  
Together of a purer faith —  
If hand in hand we have been led,  
And thou, (O happy thought this day!)  
Not seldom foremost in the way —  
If on one thought our minds have fed,  
And we have in one meaning read —  
If, when at home our private weal  
Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,  
Together we have learned to prize  
Forbearance and self-sacrifice —  
If we like combatants have fared,  
And for this issue been prepared —  
If thou art beautiful, and youth  
And thought endue thee with all truth —  
Be strong;—be worthy of the grace  
Of God, and fill thy destined place;  
A Soul, by force of sorrows high,  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed humanity!"

He ended,—or she heard no more;  
He led her from the Yew-tree shade,  
And at the Mansion's silent door,  
He kissed the consecrated Maid;  
And down the Valley he pursued,  
Alone, the armed Multitude.

### CANTO THIRD.

Now joy for you and sudden cheer,  
Ye Watchmen upon Brancepeth Towers;†  
Looking forth in doubt and fear,  
Telling melancholy hours!  
Proclaim it, let your masters hear  
That Norton with his Band is near!  
The Watchmen from their station high  
Pronounced the word,—and the Earls descry  
Forthwith the armed Company  
Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the Pair  
Gone forth to hail him on the Plain—  
"This meeting, noble Lords! looks fair,  
I bring with me a goodly train;  
Their hearts are with you:—hill and dale  
Have helped us:—Ure we crossed, and Swale,  
And Horse and Harness followed—see  
The best part of their yeomanry!  
—Stand forth, my Sons!—these eight are mine,  
Whom to this service I commend;  
Which way so'er our fate incline,  
These will be faithful to the end;  
They are my all"—voice failed him here,  
"My all save one, a Daughter dear!

† Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.

\* See the Old Ballad,—"The Rising of the North."

Whom I have left, the mildest birth,  
The meekest Child on this blessed earth.  
I had—but these are by my side,  
These Eight, and this is a day of pride!  
The time is ripe—with festive din  
Lo! how the people are flocking in,—  
Like hungry Fowl to the Feeder's hand  
When snow lies heavy upon the land."

He spake bare truth; for far and near  
From every side came noisy swarms  
Of Peasants in their homely gear;  
And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came  
Grave Gentry of estate and name,  
And Captains known for worth in arms;  
And prayed the Earls in self-defence  
To rise, and prove their innocence.—  
"Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might  
For holy Church, and the People's right!"

The Norton fixed, at this demand,  
His eye upon Northumberland,  
And said, "The Minds of Men will own  
No loyal rest while England's Crown  
Remains without an Heir, the bait  
Of strife and factions desperate;  
Who, paying deadly hate in kind  
Through all things else, in this can find  
A mutual hope, a common mind;  
And plot, and pant to overwhelm  
All ancient honour in the realm.  
—Brave Earls! to whose heroic veins  
Our noblest blood is given in trust,  
To you a suffering State complains,  
And ye must raise her from the dust.  
With wishes of still bolder scope  
On you we look, with dearest hope,  
Even for our Altars,—for the prize  
In Heaven, of life that never dies;  
For the old and holy Church we mourn,  
And must in joy to her return.  
Behold!"—and from his Son whose stand  
Was on his right, from that guardian hand  
He took the Banner, and unfurled  
The precious folds—"behold," said he,  
"The ransom of a sinful world;  
Let this your preservation be,—  
The wounds of hands and feet and side,  
And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died  
—This bring I from an ancient hearth,  
These Records wrought in pledge of love  
By hands of no ignoble birth,  
A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove  
Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood  
While she the holy work pursued."  
"Uplift the Standard!" was the cry  
From all the Listeners that stood round,

"Plant it,—by this we live or die"—  
The Norton ceased not for that sound,  
But said, "The prayer which ye have heard,  
Much injured Earls! by these preferred,  
Is offered to the Saints, the sigh  
Of tens of thousands, secretly."  
"Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,  
And then a thoughtful pause ensued.  
"Uplift it!" said Northumberland—  
Whereat, from all the multitude,  
Who saw the Banner reared on high  
In all its dread emblazonry,  
With tumult and indignant rout  
A voice of uttermost joy brake out:  
The transport was rolled down the river of Were,  
And Durham, the time-honoured Durham, did hear,  
And the Towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by  
the shout!

Now was the North in arms:—they shine  
In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,  
At Percy's voice: and Neville sees  
His Followers gathering in from Tees,  
From Were, and all the little Rills  
Concealed among the forked Hills—  
Seven Hundred Knights, Retainers all  
Of Neville, at their Master's call  
Had sate together in Raby Hall!  
Such strength that Earldom held of yore;  
Nor wanted at this time rich store  
Of well-appointed Chivalry.  
—Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,  
And greet thee old paternal shield,  
They heard the summons;—and, furthermore,  
Horsemen and Foot of each degree,  
Unbound by pledge of fealty,  
Appeared, with free and open hate,  
Of novelties in Church and State;  
Knight, Burgher, Yeoman, and Esquire;  
And Romish Priest, in Priest's attire.  
And thus, in arms, a zealous Band  
Proceeding under joint command,  
To Durham first their course they bear;  
And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat  
Sang Mass,—and tore the book of Prayer,—  
And trod the Bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and free,  
"They mustered their Host at Wetherby,  
Full sixteen thousand fair to see;"\*  
The choicest Warriors of the North!  
But none for beauty and for worth  
Like those Eight Sons—embosoming  
Determined thoughts—who, in a ring,  
Each with a lance, erect and tall,  
A falchion, and a buckler small,

\* From the old Ballad.

Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,  
 To guard the Standard which he bore.  
 — With feet that firmly pressed the ground  
 They stood, and girt their Father round;  
 Such was his choice, — no Steed will he  
 Henceforth bestride; — triumphantly  
 He stood upon the grassy sod,  
 Trusting himself to the earth, and God.  
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire!  
 Proud was the field of Sons and Sire,  
 Of him the most; and, sooth to say,  
 No shape of Man in all the array  
 So graced the sunshine of that day.  
 The monumental pomp of age  
 Was with this goodly Personage;  
 A stature undepressed in size,  
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,  
 In open victory o'er the weight  
 Of seventy years, to higher height;  
 Magnific limbs of withered state, —  
 A face to fear and venerate, —  
 Eyes dark and strong, and on his head  
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick-spread,  
 Which a brown morion half-concealed,  
 Light as a hunter's of the field;  
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,  
 Whereon the Banner-staff might rest  
 At need, he stood, advancing high  
 The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him! — many see, and One  
 With unparticipated gaze;  
 Who 'mong these thousands Friend hath none,  
 And treads in solitary ways.  
 He, following wheresoe'er he might,  
 Hath watched the Banner from afar,  
 As Shepherds watch a lonely star,  
 Or Mariners the distant light  
 That guides them on a stormy night.  
 And now, upon a chosen plot  
 Of rising ground, yon heathy spot!  
 He takes, this day, his far-off stand,  
 With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.  
 — Bold is his aspect; but his eye  
 Is pregnant with anxiety.  
 While, like a tutelary Power,  
 He there stands fixed, from hour to hour:  
 Yet sometimes, in more humble guise,  
 Stretched out upon the ground he lies;  
 As if it were his only task  
 Like Herdsman in the sun to bask,  
 Or by his mantle's help to find  
 A shelter from the nipping wind:  
 And thus, with short oblivion blest,  
 His weary spirits gather rest.  
 Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!  
 The pageant glancing to and fro;  
 And hope is awakened by the sight.

He thence may learn, ere fall of night,  
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent;  
 But what avails the bold intent?  
 A Royal Army is gone forth  
 To quell the **RISE OF THE NORTH**;  
 They march with Dudley at their head,  
 And, in seven days' space, will to York be led!  
 Can such a mighty Host be raised  
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near?  
 The Earls upon each other gazed;  
 And Neville was opprest with fear;  
 For, though he bore a valiant name,  
 His heart was of a timid frame,  
 And bold if both had been, yet they  
 "Against so many may not stay."  
 And therefore will retreat to seize  
 A strong hold on the banks of Tees;  
 There wait a favourable hour,  
 Until Lord Dacre with his power  
 From Naworth comes; and Howard's aid  
 Be with them, openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to man,  
 A rumour of this purpose ran,  
 The Standard giving to the care  
 Of him who heretofore did bear  
 That charge, impatient Norton sought  
 The Chieftains to unfold his thought,  
 And thus abruptly spake, — "We yield  
 (And can it be!) an unfought field!  
 — How often hath the strength of heaven  
 To few triumphantly been given!  
 Still do our very children boast  
 Of mitred Thurston, what a Host  
 He conquered!† — Saw we not the Plain,  
 (And flying shall behold again)  
 Where faith was proved? — while to battle moved  
 The Standard on the Sacred Wain  
 On which the gray-haired Barons stood,  
 And the infant Heir of Mowbray's blood,  
 Beneath the saintly ensigns three,  
 Stood confident of victory!  
 Shall Percy blush, then, for his Name?  
 Must Westmoreland be asked with shame  
 Whose were the numbers, where the loss,  
 In that other day of Neville's Cross!‡  
 When, as the Vision gave command,  
 The Prior of Durham with holy hand  
 Saint Cuthbert's Relic did uprear  
 Upon the point of a lofty spear,

\*From the old Ballad.

†See the *Historians* for the account of this memorable battle usually denominated the *Battle of the Standard*.

‡See Note 17.



And God descended in his power,  
 While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower.  
 Less would not at our need be due  
 To us, who war against the Untrue;—  
 The delegates of Heaven we rise,  
 Convoked the impious to chastise;  
 We, we, the sanctities of old  
 Would re-establish and uphold."—  
 —The Chiefs were by his zeal confounded,  
 But word was given—and the trumpet sounded;  
 Back through the melancholy Host  
 Went Norton, and resumed his post.  
 Alas! thought he, and have I borne  
 This Banner raised so joyfully,  
 This hope of all posterity,  
 Thus to become at once the scorn  
 Of babbling winds as they go by,  
 A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,  
 To the frail clouds a mockery!  
 —"Even these poor eight of mine would stem;"  
 Half to himself, and half to them  
 He spake, "would stem, or quell a force  
 Ten times their number, man and horse;  
 This by their own unaided might,  
 Without their father in their sight,  
 Without the cause for which they fight;  
 A Cause, which on a needful day  
 Would breed us thousands brave as they."  
 —So speaking, he his reverend head  
 Raised towards that imagery once more:  
 But the familiar prospect shed  
 Despondency unfelt before:  
 A shock of intimations vain,  
 Dismay, and superstitious pain,  
 Fell on him, with the sudden thought  
 Of her by whom the work was wrought:—  
 Oh wherefore was her countenance bright  
 With love divine and gentle light?  
 She did in passiveness obey,  
 But her Faith leaned another way.  
 Ill tears she wept,—I saw them fall,  
 I overheard her as she spake  
 Sad words to that mute Animal,  
 The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;  
 She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,  
 This cross in tears:—by her, and One  
 Unworthier far, we are undone—  
 Her Brother was it who assailed  
 Her tender spirit and prevailed,  
 Her other Parent, too, whose head  
 In the cold grave hath long been laid,  
 From reason's earliest dawn beguiled  
 The docile, unsuspecting Child:  
 Far back—far back my mind must go  
 To reach the well-spring of this woe!—  
 While thus he brooded, music sweet  
 Was played to cheer them in retreat;  
 But Norton lingered in the rear:

Thought followed thought—and ere the last  
 Of that unhappy train was past,  
 Before him Francis did appear.

"Now when 'tis not your aim to oppose,"  
 Said he, "in open field your Foes;  
 Now that from this decisive day  
 Your multitude must melt away,  
 An unarmed Man may come unblamed:—  
 To ask a grace, that was not claimed  
 Long as your hopes were high, he now  
 May hither bring a fearless brow:  
 When his discountenance can do  
 No injury—may come to you.  
 Though in your cause no part I bear,  
 Your indignation I can share;  
 Am grieved this backward march to see,  
 How careless and disorderly!  
 I scorn your Chieftains, men who lead,  
 And yet want courage at their need;  
 Then look at them with open eyes!  
 Deserve they further sacrifice?  
 My Father! I would help to find  
 A place of shelter, till the rage  
 Of cruel men do like the wind  
 Exhaust itself and sink to rest:  
 Be Brother now to Brother joined!  
 Admit me in the equipage  
 Of your misfortunes, that at least,  
 Whatever fate remains behind,  
 I may bear witness in my breast  
 To your nobility of mind!"

"Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!  
 Oh! bold to fight the Coward's fight  
 Against all good"—but why declare,  
 At length, the issue of this prayer?  
 Or how, from his depression raised,  
 The Father on his Son had gazed;  
 Suffice it that the Son gave way,  
 Nor strove that passion to allay,  
 Nor did he turn aside to prove  
 His Brothers' wisdom or their love—  
 But calmly from the spot withdrew;  
 The like endeavours to renew,  
 Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

#### CANTO FOURTH.

From cloudless ether looking down,  
 The Moon, this tranquil evening, sees  
 A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,  
 And Castle like a stately crown  
 On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—  
 And southward far, with moors between.  
 Hill-tops, and floods, and forests green,

The bright Moon sees that valley small  
 Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall  
 A venerable image yields  
 Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;  
 While from one pillared chimney breathes  
 The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.  
 —The courts are hushed;—for timely sleep  
 The Grey-hounds to their kennel creep;  
 The Peacock in the broad ash-tree  
 Aloft is roosted for the night,  
 He who in proud prosperity  
 Of colours manifold and bright  
 Walked round, affronting the daylight;  
 And higher still above the bower,  
 Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower  
 The Hall-clock in the clear moonshine  
 With glittering finger points at nine.  
 —Ah! who could think that sadness here  
 Hath any sway? or pain, or fear?  
 A soft and lulling sound is heard  
 Of streams inaudible by day;  
 The garden pool's dark surface, stirred  
 By the night insects in their play,  
 Breaks into dimples small and bright;  
 A thousand, thousand rings of light  
 That shape themselves and disappear  
 Almost as soon as seen:—and lo!  
 Not distant far, the milk-white Doe:  
 The same fair Creature who was nigh  
 Feeding in tranquillity,  
 When Francis uttered to the Maid  
 His last words in the yew-tree shade;—  
 The same fair Creature, who hath found  
 Her way into forbidden ground;  
 Where now, within this spacious plot  
 For pleasure made, a goodly spot,  
 With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades  
 Of trellis-work in long arcades,  
 And cirque and crescent framed by wall  
 Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,  
 Converging walks, and fountains gay,  
 And terraces in trim array,—  
 Beneath yon cypress spiring high,  
 With pine and cedar spreading wide,  
 Their darksome boughs on either side,  
 In open moonlight doth she lie;  
 Happy as others of her kind,  
 That, far from human neighbourhood,  
 Range unrestricted as the wind,  
 Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But where at this still hour is she,  
 The consecrated Emily?  
 Even while I speak, behold the Maid  
 Emerging from the cedar shade  
 To open moonshine, where the Doe  
 Beneath the cypress-spire is laid;  
 Like a patch of April snow,

Upon a bed of herbage green,  
 Lingering in a woody glade,  
 Or behind a rocky screen;  
 Lonely relic! which, if seen  
 By the Shepherd, is passed by  
 With an inattentive eye.  
 —Nor more regard doth she bestow  
 Upon the uncomplaining Doe!

Yet the meek Creature was not free,  
 Erewhile, from some perplexity:  
 For thrice hath she approached, this day,  
 The thought-bewildered Emily;  
 Endeavouring, in her gentle way,  
 Some smile or look of love to gain,—  
 Encouragement to sport or play;  
 Attempts which by the unhappy Maid  
 Have all been slighted or gainsaid.  
 Yet is she soothed: the viewless breeze  
 Comes fraught with kindlier sympathies:  
 Ere she had reached yon rustic Shed  
 Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread  
 Along the walls and overhead;  
 The fragrance of the breathing flowers  
 Revives a memory of those hours  
 When here, in this remote Alcove,  
 (While from the pendent woodbine came  
 Like odours, sweet as if the same)  
 A fondly-anxious Mother strove  
 To teach her salutary fears  
 And mysteries above her years.  
 —Yes, she is soothed:—an image faint—  
 And yet not faint—a presence bright  
 Returns to her;—'tis that blest Saint  
 Who with mild looks and language mild  
 Instructed here her darling Child,  
 While yet a prattler on the knee,  
 To worship in simplicity  
 The invisible God, and take for guide  
 The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the vision, and the sense  
 Of that beguiling influence!  
 "But oh! thou Angel from above,  
 Thou Spirit of maternal love,  
 That stood'st before my eyes, more clear  
 Than Ghosts are fabled to appear  
 Sent upon embassies of fear;  
 As thou thy presence hast to me  
 Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry  
 Descend on Francis:—through the air  
 Of this sad earth to him repair,  
 Speak to him with a voice, and say,  
 'That he must cast despair away!'"

Then from within the embowered retreat  
 Where she had found a grateful seat,

Perturbed she issues. — She will go;  
 Herself will follow to the war,  
 And clasp her father's knees; — ah, no!  
 She meets the insuperable bar,  
 The injunction by her Brother laid;  
 His parting charge — but ill obeyed!  
 That interdicted all debate,  
 All prayer for this cause or for that;  
 All efforts that would turn aside  
 The headstrong current of their fate:  
*Her duty is to stand and wait;*  
 In resignation to abide  
 The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE  
 O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.  
 — She knows, she feels it, and is cheered;  
 At least her present pangs are checked.  
 — But now an ancient Man appeared,  
 Approaching her with grave respect,  
 Down the smooth walk which then she trod  
 He paced along the silent sod,  
 And greeting her thus gently spake,  
 "An old Man's privilege I take;  
 Dark is the time — a woeful day!  
 Dear daughter of affliction, say  
 How can I serve you! point the way."

"Rights have you, and may well be bold:  
 You with my Father have grown old  
 In friendship; — go — from him — from me —  
 Strive to avert this misery,  
 This would I beg; but on my mind  
 A passive stillness is enjoined.  
 — If prudence offer help or aid,  
 On *you* is no restriction laid;  
 You not forbidden to recline  
 With hope upon the Will divine."

"Hope," said the Sufferer's zealous Friend,  
 "Must not forsake us till the end. —  
 In Craven's wilds is many a den,  
 To shelter persecuted men:  
 Far under ground is many a cave,  
 Where they might lie as in the grave,  
 Until this storm hath ceased to rave;  
 Or let them cross the river Tweed,  
 And be at once from peril freed!"

— "Ah tempt me not!" she faintly sighed;  
 "I will not counsel nor exhort, —  
 With my condition satisfied;  
 But you, at least, may make report  
 Of what befalls; — be this your task —  
 This may be done; — 't is all I ask!"

She spake — and from the Lady's sight  
 The Sire, unconscious of his age,

Departed promptly as a Page  
 Bound on some errand of delight.  
 — The noble Francis — wise as brave,  
 Thought he, may have the skill to save:  
 With hopes in tenderness concealed,  
 Unarmed he followed to the field.  
 Him will I seek: the insurgent Powers  
 Are now besieging Barnard's Towers, —  
 "Grant that the Moon which shines this night  
 May guide them in a prudent flight!"

But quick the turns of chance and change,  
 And knowledge has a narrow range;  
 Whence idle fears, and needless pain,  
 And wishes blind, and efforts vain. —  
 Their flight the fair Moon may not see;  
 For, from mid-heaven, already she  
 Hath witnessed their captivity.  
 She saw the desperate assault  
 Upon that hostile castle made; —  
 But dark and dismal is the Vault  
 Where Norton and his sons are laid!  
 Disastrous issue! — he had said,  
 "This night yon haughty Towers must yield,  
 Or we for ever quit the field.  
 — Neville is utterly dismayed,  
 For promise fails of Howard's aid;  
 And Dacre to our call replies  
 That he is unprepared to rise.  
 My heart is sick; — this weary pause  
 Must needs be fatal to the cause.  
 The breach is open — on the Wall,  
 This night, the Banner shall be planted!"  
 — "T was done — his Sons were with him — all; —  
 They belt him round with hearts undaunted  
 And others follow; — Sire and Son  
 Leap down into the court — "T is won"  
 They shout aloud — but Heaven decreed

Another close

To that brave deed

Which struck with terror friends and foes!  
 The friend shrinks back — the foe recoils  
 From Norton and his filial band;  
 But they, now caught within the toils,  
 Against a thousand cannot stand; —  
 The foe from numbers courage drew,  
 And overpowered that gallant few.  
 "A rescue for the Standard!" cried  
 The Father from within the walls:  
 But, see, the sacred Standard falls! —  
 Confusion through the Camp spread wide;  
 Some fled — and some their fears detained;  
 But ere the Moon had sunk to rest  
 In her pale chambers of the West,  
 Of that rash levy nought remained

## CANTO FIFTH.

HIGH on a point of rugged ground  
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,  
Above the loftiest ridge or mound  
Where Foresters or Shepherds dwell,  
An Edifice of warlike frame  
Stands single (Norton Tower its name);\*  
It fronts all quarters, and looks round  
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,  
Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,  
Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent,  
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free  
As Pendle-hill or Pennygent  
From wind, or frost, or vapours wet,  
Had often heard the sound of glee  
When there the youthful Nortons met,  
To practise games and archery:  
How proud and happy they! the crowd  
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud!  
And from the scorching noon-tide sun,  
From showers, or when the prize was won,  
They to the Watch-tower did repair,  
Commodious Pleasure-house! and there  
Would mirth run round, with generous fare;  
And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall,  
He was the proudest of them all!

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,  
Upon the height walks to and fro;  
'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,  
Received the bitterness of woe:  
For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,  
Such rights did feeble nature claim;  
And oft her steps had hither steered,  
Though not unconscious of self-blame;  
For she her brother's charge revered,  
His farewell words; and by the same,  
Yea, by her brother's very name,  
Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

\* It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds, two of them are pretty entire,) of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch-tower."

She turned to him, who with his eye  
Was watching her while on the height  
She sate, or wandered restlessly,  
O'erburthened by her sorrow's weight;  
To him who this dire news had told  
And now beside the Mourner stood;  
(That gray-haired Man of gentle blood,  
Who with her Father had grown old  
In friendship, rival Hunters they,  
And fellow Warriors in their day)  
To Rylstone he the tidings brought;  
Then on this place the Maid had sought:  
And told, as gently as could be,  
The end of that sad Tragedy,  
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned; "You said  
That Francis lives, *he* is not dead!"

"Your noble Brother hath been spared,  
To take his life they had not dared;  
On him and on his high endeavour  
The light of praise shall shine for ever!  
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain  
His solitary course maintain:  
Not vainly struggled in the might  
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;  
He was their comfort to the last,  
Their joy till every pang was past.

"I witnessed when to York they came—  
What, Lady, if their feet were tied;  
They might deserve a good Man's blame;  
But, marks of infamy and shame,  
These were their triumph, these their pride  
Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd  
Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,  
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,  
'A Prisoner once, but now set free!  
'Tis well, for he the worst defied  
For sake of natural Piety;  
He rose not in this quarrel, he  
His Father and his Brothers wooed,  
Both for their own and Country's good,  
To rest in peace—he did divide  
He parted from them; but at their side  
Now walks in unanimity—  
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,  
While to the prison they are borne,  
Peace, peace to all indignity!"

"And so in Prison were they laid  
Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,  
For I am come with power to bless,  
By scattering gleams, through your distress,  
Of a redeeming happiness.  
Me did a reverent pity move  
And privilege of ancient love;



And, in your service, I made bold —  
And entrance gained to that strong-hold.

"Your Father gave me cordial greeting;  
But to his purposes, that burned  
Within him, instantly returned —  
He was commanding and entreating,  
And said, 'We need not stop, my Son!  
But I will end what is begun;  
'Tis matter which I do not fear  
To entrust to any living ear.'  
And so to Francis he renewed  
His words, more calmly thus pursued.

"Might this our enterprise have sped,  
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,  
A renovation from the dead,  
A spring-tide of immortal green:  
The darksome Altars would have blazed  
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;  
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,  
Once more the Rood had been upraised  
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.  
Then, then, had I survived to see  
New life in Bolton Priory;  
The voice restored, the eye of Truth  
Re-opened that inspired my youth;  
To see her in her pomp arrayed;  
This Banner (for such vow I made)  
Should on the consecrated breast  
Of that same Temple have found rest:  
I would myself have hung it high,  
Glad offering of glad victory!

"A shadow of such thought remains  
To cheer this sad and pensive Time;  
A solemn fancy yet sustains  
One feeble Being — bids me climb  
Even to the last — one effort more  
To attest my Faith, if not restore.

"Hear then," said he, 'while I impart,  
My Son, the last wish of my heart.  
— The Banner strive thou to regain;  
And, if the endeavour be not vain,  
Bear it — to whom if not to thee  
Shall I this lonely thought consign? —  
Bear it to Bolton Priory,  
And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine, —  
To wither in the sun and breeze  
'Mid those decaying Sanctities.  
There let at least the gift be laid,  
The testimony there displayed;  
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,  
But for lost Faith and Christ's dear name,  
I helmeted a brow though white,  
And took a place in all men's sight;  
Yea offered up this beauteous Brood  
This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,

And turned away from thee, my Son!  
And left — but be the rest unsaid,  
The name untouched, the tear unshed, —  
My wish is known, and I have done:  
Now promise, grant this one request,  
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!"

"Then Francis answered fervently,  
'If God so will, the same shall be.'

"Immediately, this solemn word  
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,  
And Officers appeared in state  
To lead the Prisoners to their fate.  
They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear  
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear!  
They rose — embraces none were given —  
They stood like trees when earth and heaven  
Are calm; they knew each other's worth,  
And reverently the Band went forth:  
They met, when they had reached the door,  
The Banner, which a Soldier bore,  
One marshalled thus with base intent  
That he in scorn might go before,  
And, holding up this monument,  
Conduct them to their punishment;  
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained  
By human feeling, had ordained.  
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,  
And, with a look of calm command  
Inspiring universal awe  
He took it from the Soldier's hand;  
And all the people that were round  
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.  
— High transport did the Father shed  
Upon his Son — and they were led,  
Led on, and yielded up their breath,  
Together died, a happy death!  
But Francis, soon as he had braved  
This insult, and the Banner saved,  
That moment, from among the tide  
Of the spectators occupied  
In admiration or dismay,  
Bore unobserved his Charge away."

These things, which thus had in the sight  
And hearing passed of him who stood  
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,  
In Rylstone's woeful neighbourhood,  
He told; and oftentimes with voice  
Of power to comfort or rejoice;  
For deepest sorrows that aspire,  
Go high, no transport ever higher.  
"Yet, yet in this affliction," said  
The old Man to the silent Maid,  
"Yet, Lady! heaven is good — the night  
Shows yet a Star which is most bright;  
Your Brother lives — he lives — is come  
Perhaps already to his home;

Then let us leave this dreary place.  
 She yielded, and with gentle pace,  
 Though without one uplifted look,  
 To Rylstone-hall her way she took. —

### CANTO SIXTH.

WHY comes not Francis! — Joyful cheer  
 In that parental gratulation,  
 And glow of righteous indignation,  
 Went with him from the doleful City:  
 He fled — yet in his flight could hear  
 The death-sound of the Minster-bell;  
 That sullen stroke pronounced farewell  
 To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!  
 To Ambrose that! and then a knell  
 For him, the sweet half-opened Flower!  
 For all — all dying in one hour!  
 — Why comes not Francis! Thoughts of love  
 Should bear him to his Sister dear  
 With motion fleet as winged Dove;  
 Yea, like a heavenly Messenger,  
 An Angel-guest, should he appear.  
 Why comes he not! — for westward fast  
 Along the plain of York he past;  
 The Banner-staff was in his hand,  
 The Imagery concealed from sight,  
 And cross the expanse; in open flight,  
 Reckless of what impels or leads,  
 Unchecked he hurries on; — nor heeds  
 The sorrow through the Villages,  
 Spread by triumphant cruelties  
 Of vengeful military force,  
 And punishment without remorse.  
 He marked not, heard not as he fled;  
 All but the suffering heart was dead,  
 For him abandoned to blank awe,  
 To vacancy, and horror strong:  
 And the first object which he saw,  
 With conscious sight, as he swept along, —  
 It was the banner in his hand!  
 He felt, and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed:  
 What hath he done! what promise made?  
 Oh weak, weak moment! to what end  
 Can such a vain oblation tend,  
 And he the Bearer! — Can he go  
 Carrying this instrument of woe,  
 And find, find any where, a right  
 To excuse him in his Country's sight?  
 No, will not all Men deem the change  
 A downward course, perverse and strange!  
 Here is it, — but how, when! must she,  
 The unoffending Emily,  
 Again this piteous object see?

Such conflict long did he maintain  
 Within himself, and found no rest;  
 Calm liberty he could not gain;  
 And yet the service was unblest.  
 His own life into danger brought  
 By this sad burden — even that thought,  
 Exciting self-suspicion strong,  
 Swayed the brave man to his wrong.  
 And how, unless it were the sense  
 Of all-disposing Providence,  
 Its will intelligibly shown,  
 Finds he the banner in his hand,  
 Without a thought to such intent,  
 Or conscious effort of his own;  
 And no obstruction to prevent,  
 His Father's wish, and last command!  
 And, thus beset, he heaved a sigh;  
 Remembering his own prophecy  
 Of utter desolation, made  
 To Emily in the yew-tree shade:  
 He sighed, submitting to the power,  
 The might of that prophetic hour.  
 "No choice is left, the deed is mine —  
 Dead are they, dead! — And I will go,  
 And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,  
 Will lay the Relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will  
 He went, and traversed plain and hill;  
 And up the vale of Wharf his way  
 Pursued; — and, on the second day,  
 He reached a summit whence his eyes  
 Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.  
 There Francis for a moment's space  
 Made halt — but hark! a noise behind  
 Of horsemen at an eager pace!  
 He heard, and with misgiving mind.  
 — 'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the Band:  
 They come, by cruel Sussex sent;  
 Who, when the Nortons from the hand  
 Of Death had drunk their punishment,  
 Bethought him, angry and ashamed,  
 How Francis had the Banner claimed,  
 And with that charge had disappeared;  
 By all the standers-by revered.  
 His whole bold carriage (which had quelled  
 Thus far the Opposer, and repelled  
 All censure, enterprise so bright  
 That even bad men had vainly striven  
 Against that overcoming light)  
 Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,  
 That to what place soever fled  
 He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the height  
 Where Francis stood in open sight.

They hem him round — "Behold the proof,  
Behold the Ensign in his hand!  
He did not arm, he walked aloof!  
For why? — to save his Father's Land; —  
Worst Traitor of them all is he,  
A Traitor dark and cowardly!" —

"I am no Traitor," Francis said,  
"Though this unhappy freight I bear;  
It weakens me, my heart hath bled  
Till it is weak — but you, beware,  
Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,  
Whose self-reproaches are too strong!"  
At this he from the beaten road  
Retreated tow'rd a brake of thorn,  
Which like a place of 'vantage showed;  
And there stood bravely though forlorn.  
In self-defence with warlike brow  
He stood, — nor weaponless was now;  
He from a Soldier's hand had snatched  
A spear, — and with his eyes he watched  
Their motions, turning round and round: —  
His weaker hand the Banner held;  
And straight, by savage zeal impelled,  
Forth rushed a Pikeman, as if he,  
Not without harsh indignity,  
Would seize the same: — instinctively —  
To smite the Offender — with his lance  
Did Francis from the brake advance;  
But, from behind, a treacherous wound  
Unfeeling brought him to the ground,  
A mortal stroke: — oh grief to tell!  
Thus, thus, the noble Francis fell:  
There did he lie of breath forsaken;  
The Banner from his grasp was taken,  
And borne exultingly away;  
And the Body was left on the ground where it lay.

Two days, as many nights, he slept  
Alone, unnoticed, and unwept;  
For at that time distress and fear  
Possessed the Country far and near;  
The third day, One, who chanced to pass,  
Beheld him stretched upon the grass.  
A gentle Forester was he,  
And of the Norton Tenantry;  
And he had heard that by a Train  
Of Horsemen Francis had been slain.  
Much was he troubled — for the Man  
Hath recognized his pallid face;  
And to the nearest Huts he ran,  
And called the People to the place.  
— How desolate is Rylstone-hall!  
Such was the instant thought of all;  
And if the lonely Lady there  
Should be, this sight she cannot bear!  
Such thought the Forester expressed;  
And all were swayed, and deemed it best

That, if the Priest should yield assent  
And join himself to their intent,  
Then, they, for Christian pity's sake,  
In holy ground a grave would make;  
That straightway buried he should be  
In the Church-yard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made  
The grave where Francis must be laid.  
In no confusion or neglect  
This did they, — but in pure respect  
That he was born of gentle Blood;  
And that there was no neighbourhood  
Of kindred for him in that ground:  
So to the Churchyard they are bound,  
Bearing the Body on a bier  
In decency and humble cheer  
And psalms are sung with holy sound.

But Emily hath raised her head,  
And is again disquieted;  
She must behold! — so many gone,  
Where is the solitary One!  
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she, —  
To seek her Brother forth she went,  
And tremblingly her course she bent  
Tow'rd Bolton's ruined Priory.  
She comes, and in the Vale hath heard  
The Funeral dirge; — she sees the knot  
Of people, sees them in one spot —  
And darting like a wounded Bird  
She reached the grave, and with her breast  
Upon the ground received the rest, —  
The consummation, the whole ruth  
And sorrow of this final truth!

#### CANTO SEVENTH.

Thou Spirit, whose angelic hand  
Was to the Harp a strong command,  
Called the submissive strings to wake  
In glory for this Maiden's sake,  
Say, Spirit! whither hath she fled  
To hide her poor afflicted head?  
What mighty forest in its gloom  
Enfolds her? — is a rifted tomb  
Within the Wilderness her sent?  
Some island which the wild waves beat  
Is that the Sufferer's last retreat!  
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds  
Its perilous front in mists and clouds?  
High-climbing rock — low sunless dale —  
Sea — desert — what do these avail?  
Oh take her anguish and her fears  
Into a deep recess of years!

'Tis done;—despoil and desolation  
 O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown \*;  
 The walks and pools neglect hath sown  
 With weeds; the bowers are overthrown,  
 Or have given way to slow mutation,  
 While, in their ancient habitation  
 The Norton name hath been unknown.  
 The lordly Mansion of its pride  
 Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide  
 Through park and field, a perishing  
 That mocks the gladness of the Spring!  
 And with this silent gloom agreeing  
 There is a joyless human Being,  
 Of aspect such as if the waste  
 Were under her dominion placed:  
 Upon a primrose bank, her throne  
 Of quietness, she sits alone;  
 There seated, may this Maid be seen,  
 Among the ruins of a wood,  
 Erewhile a covert bright and green,  
 And where full many a brave Tree stood,  
 That used to spread its boughs, and ring  
 With the sweet Bird's carolling.  
 Behold her, like a Virgin Queen,  
 Neglecting in imperial state  
 These outward images of fate,  
 And carrying inward a serene  
 And perfect sway, through many a thought  
 Of chance and change, that hath been brought  
 To the subjection of a holy,  
 Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!  
 The like authority, with grace  
 Of awfulness, is in her face,—  
 There hath she fixed it; yet it seems  
 To o'ershadow by no native right  
 That face, which cannot lose the gleams,  
 Lose utterly the tender gleams  
 Of gentleness and meek delight,  
 And loving-kindness ever bright:

\* After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2d or 3d of James; they were then granted to Francis, Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that the mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivary, so called, undoubtedly, from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fish-ponds, an island, &c. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the neighbourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey, among the old tenants, is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon.

Such is her sovereign mien:—her dress  
 (A vest with woollen cincture tied,  
 A hood of mountain-wool undyed)  
 Is homely,—fashioned to express  
 A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and far,  
 Beneath the light of sun and star;  
 Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,  
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,  
 Yea like a Ship at random blown  
 To distant places and unknown.  
 But now she dares to seek a haven  
 Among her native wilds of Craven;  
 Hath seen again her Father's Roof,  
 And put her fortitude to proof;  
 The mighty sorrow hath been borne,  
 And she is thoroughly forlorn:  
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast,  
 Sustained by memory of the past  
 And strength of Reason; held above  
 The infirmities of mortal love;  
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,  
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so—beneath a mouldered tree,  
 A self-surviving leafless Oak,  
 By unregarded age from stroke  
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.  
 There did she rest, with head reclined,  
 Herself most like a stately Flower,  
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of birth  
 Hath separated from its kind,  
 To live and die in a shady bower,  
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,  
 A troop of Deer came sweeping by;  
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder!  
 For, of that band of rushing Deer,  
 A single One in mid career  
 Hath stopped, and fixed his large full eye  
 Upon the Lady Emily,  
 A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,  
 A radiant Creature, silver-bright!

Thus checked, a little while it stayed;  
 A little thoughtful pause it made;  
 And then advanced with stealth-like pace,  
 Drew softly near her—and more near  
 Stopped once again;—but, as no trace  
 Was found of any thing to fear,  
 Even to her feet the Creature came,  
 And laid its head upon her knee,  
 And looked into the Lady's face,  
 A look of pure benignity,  
 And fond unclouded memory;  
 It is, thought Emily, the same,



The very Doe of other years!  
The pleading look the lady viewed,  
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,  
She melted into tears—  
A flood of tears, that flowed apace,  
Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair!  
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's choicest care,  
This was for you a precious greeting,  
For both a bounteous, fruitful meeting.  
Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe  
Can she depart! can she forego,  
The Lady, once her playful Peer,  
And now her sainted Mistress dear?  
And will not Emily receive  
This lovely Chronicler of things  
Long past, delights and sorrows?  
Lone Sufferer! will not she believe  
The promise in that speaking face,  
And take this gift of Heaven with grace?

That day, the first of a re-union  
Which was to teem with high communion,  
That day of balmy April weather,  
They tarried in the wood together.  
And when, ere fall of evening dew,  
She from this sylvan haunt withdrew,  
The White Doe tracked with faithful pace  
The Lady to her Dwelling-place;  
That nook where, on paternal ground,  
A habitation she had found,  
The Master of whose humble board  
Once owned her Father for his Lord;  
A Hut by tufted trees defended,  
Where Rylstone Brook with Wharf is blended.

When Emily by morning light  
Went forth, the Doe was there in sight.  
She shrunk:—with one frail shock of pain,  
Received and followed by a prayer,  
Did she behold—saw once again;  
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear;—  
But, wheresoever she looked round,  
All now was trouble-haunted ground.  
So doth the Sufferer deem it good  
Even once again this neighbourhood  
To leave. — Unwooded, yet unforbidden,  
The White Doe followed up the Vale,  
Up to another Cottage—hidden  
In the deep fork of Amerdale;\*  
And there may Emily restore  
Herself, in spots unseen before.

\* "At the extremity of the parish of Burnsal, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfedale, to the source of the river; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly, Amerdale. Dern-brook, which runs along an obscure valley from the N. W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment." — DR. WHITAKER.

Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,  
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,  
Haunts of a strengthening amity  
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified?  
For she hath ventured now to read  
Of time, and place, and thought, and deed,  
Endless history that lies  
In her silent Follower's eyes!  
Who with a power like human Reason  
Discerns the favourable season,  
Skilled to approach or to retire,—  
From looks conceiving her desire,  
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,  
That vary to the heart within.  
If she too passionately wreathed  
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,  
Walked quick or slowly, every mood  
In its degree was understood;  
Then well may their accord be true,  
And kindly intercourse ensue.  
— Oh! surely 't was a gentle rousing  
When she by sudden glimpse espied  
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,  
Or in the meadow wandered wide!  
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank  
Beside her, on some sunny bank!  
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,  
They like a nested Pair reposed!  
Fair Vision! when it crossed the Maid  
Within some rocky cavern laid,  
The dark cave's portal gliding by,  
White as whitest cloud on high,  
Floating through an azure sky.  
— What now is left for pain or fear?  
That Presence, dearer and more dear,  
Did now a very gladness yield  
At morning to the dewy field,  
While they, side by side, were straying.  
And the Shepherd's pipe was playing;  
And with a deeper peace endued  
The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her Companion, in such frame  
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came;  
And, wandering through the wasted groves,  
Received the memory of old Loves,  
Undisturbed and undistrest,  
Into a soul which now was blest  
With a soft spring-day of holy,  
Mild, delicious, melancholy;  
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,  
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the Bells of Rylstone played  
Their Sabbath music — "God us ayde!"

\* On one of the bells of Rylstone church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, S. R. for John Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde!"

That was the sound they seemed to speak;  
 Inscriptive legend which I ween  
 May on those holy Bells be seen,  
 That legend and her Grandsire's name;  
 And oftentimes the Lady meek  
 Had in her Childhood read the same,  
 Words which she slighted at that day;  
 But now, when such sad change was wrought  
 And of that lonely name she thought,  
 The Bells of Rylstone seemed to say,  
 While she sate listening in the shade,  
 With vocal music, "Ged us ayde;"  
 And all the Hills were glad to bear  
 Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked She Reason's firmest power;  
 But with the White Doe at her side  
 Up doth she climb to Norton Tower,  
 And thence looks round her far and wide;  
 Her fate there measures,—all is stilled,—  
 The Feeble hath subdued her heart;  
 Behold the prophecy fulfilled,  
 Fulfilled, and she sustains her part!  
 But here her Brother's words have failed;  
 Here hath a milder doom prevailed;  
 That she, of him and all bereft,  
 Hath yet this faithful Partner left;  
 This single Creature that disproves  
 His words, remains for her, and loves.  
 If tears are shed, they do not fall  
 For loss of him—for one, or all;  
 Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep,  
 Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep;  
 A few tears down her cheek descend  
 For this her last and living Friend.

Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,  
 And bless for both this savage spot!  
 Which Emily doth sacred hold  
 For reasons dear and manifold—  
 Here hath she, here before her sight,  
 Close to the summit of this height,  
 The grassy rock-encircled Pound\*  
 In which the Creature first was found.

\* Which is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall stretching from the S.W. to the N.E. corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the N. and W. where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that could stand on such ground.

"From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, it appears that such pounds for deer, sheep, &c. were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was

So beautiful the spotless Thrall  
 (A lovely youngling white as foam)  
 That it was brought to Rylstone-hall;  
 Her youngest Brother led it home,  
 The youngest, then a lusty Boy,  
 Brought home the prize—and with what joy!

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,  
 On favouring nights, she loved to go:  
 There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,  
 Attended by the soft-paced Doe;  
 Nor feared she in the still moonshine  
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;  
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed  
 Where Francis slept in his last abode.  
 For that she came; there oft and long  
 She sate in meditation strong:  
 And, when she from the abyss returned  
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned;  
 Was happy that she lived to greet  
 Her mute Companion as it lay  
 In love and pity at her feet;  
 How happy in its turn to meet  
 That recognition! the mild glance  
 Beamed from that gracious countenance;  
 Communication, like the ray  
 Of a new morning, to the nature  
 And prospects of the inferior Creature!

A mortal Song we frame, by dower  
 Encouraged of celestial power;  
 Power which the viewless Spirit shed  
 By whom we were first visited;  
 Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wings  
 Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,  
 When, left in solitude, erewhile  
 We stood before this ruined Pile  
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,  
 Sang in this presence kindred themes;  
 Distress and desolation spread  
 Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,  
 Dead—but to live again on Earth,  
 A second and yet nobler birth;  
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high  
 The re-ascent in sanctity!  
 From fair to fairer day by day  
 A more divine and loftier way!  
 Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod,  
 By sorrow lifted tow'ards her God;  
 Uplifted to the purest sky  
 Of undisturbed mortality.  
 Her own thoughts loved she; and could bend  
 A dear look to her lowly Friend,—

probably taken that these enclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these sequacious animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, an herd would follow."

There stopped;—her thirst was satisfied  
 With what this innocent spring supplied—  
 Her sanction inwardly she bore,  
 And stood apart from human cares:  
 But to the world returned no more,  
 Although with no unwilling mind  
 Help did she give at need, and joined  
 The Wharfedale Peasants in their prayers.  
 At length, thus faintly, faintly tied  
 To earth, she was set free, and died.  
 Thy soul, exalted Emily,  
 Maid of the blasted family,  
 Rose to the God from whom it came!  
 —In Rylstone Church her mortal frame  
 Was buried by her Mother's side.

Most glorious sunset! and a ray  
 Survives—the twilight of this day—  
 In that fair Creature whom the fields  
 Support, and whom the forest shields;  
 Who, having filled a holy place,  
 Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace;  
 And bears a memory and a mind  
 Raised far above the law of kind;  
 Haunting the spots with lonely cheer  
 Which her dear Mistress once held dear:  
 Loves most what Emily loved most—  
 The enclosure of this Church-yard ground;

Here wanders like a gliding Ghost,  
 And every Sabbath here is found;  
 Comes with the People when the Bells  
 Are heard among the moorland dells,  
 Finds entrance through yon arch, where way  
 Lies open on the Sabbath-day;  
 Here walks amid the mournful waste  
 Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,  
 And floors encumbered with rich show  
 Of fret-work imagery laid low;  
 Paces softly, or makes halt,  
 By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,  
 By plate of monumental brass  
 Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,  
 And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave;  
 But chiefly by that single grave,  
 That one sequestered hillock green,  
 The pensive Visitant is seen.  
 There doth the gentle Creature lie  
 With those adversities unmoved;  
 Calm Spectacle, by earth and sky  
 In their benignity approved!  
 And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,  
 Subdued by outrage and decay,  
 Looks down upon her with a smile,  
 A gracious smile, that seems to say,  
 "Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,  
 But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!"\*

## ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES,

IN A SERIES OF SONNETS.

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies  
 Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise  
 Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

### ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-loved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his Estate, with a view to fix upon the Site of a New Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and, such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this

Series, were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in Verse. Accordingly,

\*I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery—Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added, has done justice to the place, by working with an invisible hand of art in the very spirit of nature.

I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the Reader was the result.\*

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my Friend, Mr. Southey, was engaged, with similar views, in writing a concise History of the Church in England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my Friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, January 24, 1822.

## ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

### PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO  
BRITAIN, TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PA-  
PAL DOMINION.

#### I.

##### INTRODUCTION.

I, who accompanied with faithful pace  
Cerulean Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,  
And loved with Spirit ruled by his to sing  
Of mountain quiet and boon nature's grace;  
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace  
Of Liberty, and smote the plausible string  
Till the checked Torrent, proudly triumphing,  
Won for herself a lasting resting-place;  
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source  
Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are found  
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned  
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;  
Where, for delight of him who tracks its course,  
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

#### II.

##### CONJECTURES.

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest  
Past things, revealed like future, they can tell  
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred Well  
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed  
With its first bounty. Wandering through the West,

\* For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a Series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only — its difficulty

Did holy Paul† a while in Britain dwell,  
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,  
And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest!  
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors  
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred?  
Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores  
Storm-driven, who having seen the cup of woe  
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard  
The precious Current they had taught to flow!

#### III.

##### TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the Seainew† —  
white  
As Menai's foam; and tow'rd the mystic ring  
Where Augurs stand, the future questioning,  
Slowly the Cormorant aims her heavy flight,  
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,  
That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er  
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.  
Haughty the Bard; — can these meek doctrines blight  
His transports! wither his heroic strains?  
But all shall be fulfilled; — the Julian spear  
A way first opened; and, with Roman chains,  
The tidings come of Jesus crucified;  
They come — they spread — the weak, the suffering,  
hear;  
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

#### IV.

##### DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy road,  
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire  
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,  
From every sympathy that Man bestowed!  
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,  
Ancient of Days! that to the eternal Sire  
These jealous Ministers of Law aspire,  
As to the one sole fount whence Wisdom flowed,  
Justice, and Order. Tremblingly escaped,  
As if with prescience of the coming storm,  
That intimation when the stars were shaped;  
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth  
Glimmers through many a superstitious form  
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

† Sillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Catholic Writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude Church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of Monasteries.

‡ This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.



## V.

## UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us; seeking, we are lost  
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,  
Or where the solitary Shepherd roves  
Along the Plain of Sarum, by the Ghost  
Of Time and Shadows of Tradition, crost;  
And where the boatman of the Western Isles  
Slackens his course — to mark those holy piles  
Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.  
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest fame,  
Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays  
Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,  
To an unquestionable Source have led;  
Enough — if eyes that sought the fountain-head,  
In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

## VI.

## PERSECUTION.

LAMENT! for Dioclesian's fiery sword  
Works busy as the lightning: but instinct  
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked,  
Which God's ethereal store-houses afford:  
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord  
It rages; — some are smitten in the field —  
Some pierced beneath the ineffectual shield  
Of sacred home; — with pomp are others gored  
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,  
England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake:  
Self-offered Victim, for his friend he died,  
And for the faith — nor shall his name forsake  
That Hill\*, whose flowery platform seems to rise  
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.

## VII.

## RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain  
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim  
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn  
To the blue ether and bespangled plain;  
Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,  
Have the Survivors of this storm renewed  
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:  
And solemn ceremonials they ordain

\* This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works: — "*Variis herbarum floribus depictus imò usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum aquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insitâ sibi specie venustatus jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur.*"

To celebrate their great deliverance;  
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear,  
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,  
May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance  
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;  
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

## VIII.

## TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm! for soul-subduing vice,  
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.  
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,  
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,  
Their radiance through the woods, may yet suffice  
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate  
Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate  
The crown of thorns; whose life-blood flowed, the  
price  
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts  
That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown  
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,  
Language, and letters; — these, though fondly viewed  
As humanizing graces, are but parts  
And instruments of deadliest servitude!

## IX.

## DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be scanned  
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,  
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.  
Lo! Discord at the Altar dares to stand  
Uplifting tow'rd high Heaven her fiery brand,  
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized!  
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.  
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land  
By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant cries,  
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell,  
For she returns not. — Awed by her own knell,  
She cast the Britons upon strange Allies,  
Soon to become more dreaded enemies  
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

## X.

## STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS.

RISE! — they *have* risen: of brave Aneurin ask  
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends:  
The spirit of Caractacus defends  
The Patriots, animates their glorious task; —  
Amazement runs before the towering casque  
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field  
The Virgin sculptured on his Christian shield: —  
Stretched in the sunny light of victory, bask

The Host that followed Urien as he strode  
O'er heaps of slain;—from Cambrian wood and moss  
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;  
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode  
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,  
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

## XI.

## SAXON CONQUEST.

None wants the cause the panic-striking aid  
Of hallelujahs\* tost from hill to hill—  
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will  
Permits a second and a darker shade  
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,  
The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains:  
O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like foun-  
tains:

Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid,  
By men yet scarcely conscious of a care  
For other monuments than those of Earth;†  
Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,  
Will build their savage fortunes only there;  
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth  
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

## XII.

## MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.‡

*The oppression of the tumult — wrath and scorn —  
The tribulation — and the gleaming blades —  
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades*

\* Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus. — See Bede.

† The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other Prose Writers are frequent, — obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.

‡ "Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'if they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half-ruined walls,

The song of Taliesin; — Ours shall mourn  
The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would turn  
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store  
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,  
And Christian monuments, that now must burn  
To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things swerve  
From their known course, or vanish like a dream;  
Another language spreads from coast to coast;  
Only perchance some melancholy Stream  
And some indignant Hills old names preserve,  
When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost

## XIII.

## CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful Slaves,  
Beautiful Strangers, stand within the Pale  
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,  
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:  
ANGEL by name; and not an Angel waves  
His wing who seemeth lovelier in Heaven's eye  
Than they appear to holy Gregory;  
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves  
For Them, and for their Land. The earnest Sire,  
His questions urging, feels in slender ties  
Of chiming sound commanding sympathies;  
DE-IRIANS — he would save them from God's IRE;  
Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA — they shall sing  
Glad HALLELUJAHs to the eternal King!

## XIV.

## GLAD TIDINGS

For ever hallowed be this morning fair,  
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,  
And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead  
Of martial banner, in procession bear;  
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,  
The pictured Saviour! — By Augustin led,  
They come — and onward travel without dread,  
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,  
Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free!  
Rich conquest waits them: — the tempestuous sea  
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high,  
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords  
These good men humble by a few bare words,  
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

gates, and rubbish, were all that remained of the magnificent edifice." — See Turner's valuable History of the Anglo-Saxons.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.

§ Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

## XV.

## PAULINUS.\*

BUT, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,  
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school  
Of Sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,  
Who comes with functions apostolical?  
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,  
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,  
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;  
A Man whose aspect doth at once appal  
And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans  
Tow'rd the pure truths this Delegate propounds,  
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds  
With careful hesitation, — then convenes  
A synod of his Counsellors: — give ear,  
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear:

## XVI.

## PERSUASION.

"MAN's life is like a Sparrow†, mighty King!  
"That, stealing in while by the fire you sit  
"Housed with rejoicing Friends, is seen to flit  
"Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying.  
"Here did it enter — there, on hasty wing,  
"Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;  
"But whence it came we know not, nor behold  
"Whither it goes. Even such that transient Thing,  
"The human Soul; not utterly unknown  
"While in the Body lodged, her warm abode;  
"But from what world She came, what woe or weal  
"On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown;  
"This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,  
"His be a welcome cordially bestowed!"

## XVII.

## CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel Loro;  
The Council closed, the Priest in full career  
Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a spear  
To desecrate the Fane which heretofore  
He served in folly. — Woden falls — and Thor  
Is overturned; the mace, in battle heaved  
(So might they dream) till victory was achieved,  
Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.  
Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame  
Amid oblivious weeds. "O come to me,

\* The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness: — "Longæ stature, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilenta, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."

† See Note 18.

"Ye heavy laden!" such the inviting voice  
Heard near fresh streams‡, — and thousands, who rejoice

In the new Rite — the pledge of sanctity,  
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

## XVIII.

## APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend  
The Soul's eternal interests to promote:  
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;  
And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend  
For aught the wisest know or comprehend;  
Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note  
Of elevation; let their odours float  
Around these Converts; and their glories blend,  
Outshining nightly tapers, or the blaze  
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords  
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise  
The soul to purer worlds: and *who* the line  
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,  
That even imperfect faith to Man affords?

## XIX.

## PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.§

How beautiful your presence, how benign,  
Servants of God! who not a thought will share  
With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare  
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign  
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine!  
Such Priest, when service worthy of his care  
Has called him forth to breathe the common air,  
Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine  
Descended: — happy are the eyes that meet  
The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed  
At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat  
A benediction from his voice or hand;  
Whence grace, through which the heart can under  
stand;  
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

‡ The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.

§ Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds: — "Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, in ut ulicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere peregrinus inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexa cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortationis diligenter auditum præbebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.

## XX.

## OTHER INFLUENCES

Ah, when the Frame, round which in love we clung,  
 Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?  
 Is tender pity then of no avail?  
 Are intercessions of the fervent tongue  
 A waste of hope? — From this sad source have sprung  
 Rites that console the spirit, under grief  
 Which ill can brook more rational relief:  
 Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung  
 For souls whose doom is fixed! The way is smooth  
 For Power that travels with the human heart:  
 Confession ministers, the pang to soothe  
 In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start,  
 Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,  
 Of your own mighty instruments beware!

## XXI.

## SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished — at his side  
 A Beed-roll, in his hand a clasped Book,  
 Or staff more harmless than a Shepherd's crook,  
 The war-worn Chieftain quits the world — to hide  
 His thin autumnal locks where monks abide  
 In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell  
 In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,  
 Round the decaying trunk of human pride,  
 At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,  
 Do penitential cogitations cling:  
 Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine  
 In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;  
 Yet, while they strangle without mercy, bring  
 For recompense their own perennial bower.

## XXII.

## CONTINUED.

METHINKS that to some vacant Hermitage  
 My feet would rather turn — to some dry nook  
 Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook  
 Hurl'd down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,  
 Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage  
 In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;  
 Thence creeping under forest arches cool,  
 Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage  
 Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,  
 A maple dish, my furniture should be;  
 Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting Owl  
 My night-watch: nor should e'er the crested Fowl  
 From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,  
 Tired of the world and all its industry.

## XXIII.

## REPROOF.

But what if One, through grove or flowery mead,  
 Indulging thus at will the creeping feet  
 Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet  
 Thy hovering shade, O venerable Bede!  
 The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed  
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat  
 Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat  
 On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed  
 Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!  
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt  
 Imposed on human kind, must first forget  
 Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use  
 Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,  
 The last dear service of thy passing breath!\*

## XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES  
OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought pains,  
 The people work like congregated bees\*;  
 Eager to build the quiet Fortresses  
 Where Piety, as they believe, obtains  
 From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains  
 Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,  
 Justice and peace: — bold faith! yet also rise  
 The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.  
 The Sensual think with reverence of the palms  
 Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave;  
 If penance be redeemable†, thence alms  
 Flow to the Poor, and freedom to the Slave;  
 And if full oft the sanctuary save  
 Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

## XXV.

## MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

Not sedentary all: there are who roam  
 To scatter seeds of Life on barbarous shores;  
 Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors  
 To seek the general Mart of Christendom;  
 Whence they, like richly-laden Merchants, come  
 To their beloved Cells: — or shall we say  
 That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way  
 To lead in memorable triumph home  
 Truth — their immortal Una? Babylon,  
 Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,

\* He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St John's Gospel.

† See, in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery.

‡ Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.



Nor leaves her speech one word to aid the sigh  
That would lament her; — Memphis, Tyre, are gone  
With all their Arts, — but classic Lore glides on,  
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

## XXVI.

## ALFRED.

BEHOLD a Pupil of the Monkish gown,  
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!  
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;  
Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown  
Might range the starry ether for a crown  
Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,  
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,  
And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.  
Ease from this noble Miser of his time  
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.\*  
Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,  
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,  
And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,  
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

## XXVII.

## HIS DESCENDANTS.

CAN aught survive to linger in the veins  
Of kindred bodies — an essential power  
That may not vanish in one fatal hour,  
And wholly cast away terrestrial chains?  
The race of Alfred covet glorious pains  
When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!  
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view!  
But manly sovereignty its hold retains;  
The root sincere, the branches bold to strive  
With the fierce tempest, while, within the round  
Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive;  
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,  
Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,  
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

## XXVIII.

## INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest skill  
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe  
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,  
And turn the instruments of good to ill,  
Moulding the credulous People to his will.  
Such DUNSTAN: — from its Benedictine coop  
Issues the master Mind, at whose fell swoop  
The chaste affections tremble to fulfil  
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,  
The Might of spiritual sway! his thoughts, his dreams,

\* Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

Do in the supernatural world abide:  
So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with pride  
In shows of virtue pushed to its extremes,  
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

## XXIX.

## DANISH CONQUESTS.

Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!†  
Dissension checks the arms that would restrain  
The incessant Rovers of the Northern Main;  
And widely spreads once more a Pagan sway:  
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay  
Fierceness and rage; and soon the cruel Dane  
Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,  
His native superstitions melt away.  
Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,  
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear  
Silently to consume the heavy clouds;  
*How* no one can resolve; but every eye  
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear  
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

## XXX.

## CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,  
From Monks in Ely chanting service high,  
Whileas Canute the King is rowing by:  
"My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty King, "draw near,  
"That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear!"  
He listens (all past conquests and all schemes  
Of future vanishing like empty dreams)  
Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.  
The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,  
While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along,  
Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.‡  
O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest clime  
And rudest age are subject to the thrill  
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

## XXXI.

## THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares  
The evanescence of the Saxon line.  
Hark! 't is the tolling Curfew! the stars shine,  
But of the lights that cherish household cares  
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares

† The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish Invasions. — See *Turner*.

‡ Which is still extant.

To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,  
 Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,  
 Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares!  
 Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,  
 That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires,  
 Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires,  
 Even so a thralldom studious to expel  
 Old laws and ancient customs to derange,  
 Brings to Religion no injurious change.

## XXXII.

## THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"And shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow  
 "From Nazareth — source of Christian Piety,  
 "From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony  
 "And glorified Ascension! Warriors, go,  
 "With prayers and blessings we your path will sow;  
 "Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye  
 "Have chased far off by righteous victory  
 "These sons of Amalec, or laid them low!"  
 "GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly cry;  
 Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds!  
 The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply;  
 "God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,  
 And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,  
 Through "Nature's hollow arch" the voice resounds.\*

## XXXIII.

## CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms  
 Along the West; though driven from Aquitaine,  
 The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain;  
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;  
 The scimitar, that yields not to the charms  
 Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain;  
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain  
 Their tents, and check the current of their arms.  
 Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever  
 Known to the moral world, Imagination,  
 Upheave (so seems it) from her natural station  
 All Christendom: — they sweep along (was never  
 So huge a host!) — to tear from the Unbeliever  
 The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

## XXXIV.

## RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,  
 I mark thee, Richard! urgent to equip  
 Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip;  
 I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine;  
 In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline

\*The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,  
 And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,  
 As thence she holds her way to Palestine.  
 My Song, (a fearless Homager) would attend  
 Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press  
 Of war, but duty summons her away  
 To tell — how, finding in the rash distress  
 Of those enthusiast powers a constant Friend,  
 Through giddier heights hath clomb the Papal way.

## XXXV.

## AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace,  
 The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the power  
 She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,  
 Closes the gates of every sacred place.  
 Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace  
 All sacred things are covered: cheerful morn  
 Grows sad as night — no seemly garb is worn,  
 Nor is a face allowed to meet a face  
 With natural smile of greeting. Bells are dumb  
 Ditches are graves — funereal rites denied;  
 And in the Church-yard he must take his Bride  
 Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly come  
 Into the pensive heart ill fortified,  
 And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

## XXXVI.

## PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,  
 The gross materials of this world present  
 A marvellous study of wild accident;  
 Uncouth proximities of old and new;  
 And bold transfigurations, more untrue,  
 (As might be deemed) to disciplined intent  
 Than aught the sky's fantastic element,  
 When most fantastic, offers to the view.  
 Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine!  
 Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia: — crown,  
 Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down  
 At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that line  
 Baronial Halls, the opprobrious insult feel;  
 And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

## XXXVII.

## SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,  
 To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake;  
 "Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy neck  
 "Levelled with Earth this foot of mine may tread."  
 Then, he, who to the Altar had been led,

He, whose strong arm the Orient could not check,  
 He, who had held the Soldan at his beck,  
 Stopped, of all glory disinherited,  
 And even the common dignity of man!  
 Amazement strikes the crowd; — while many turn  
 Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn  
 With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban  
 From outraged Nature; but the sense of most  
 In abject sympathy with power is lost.

## XXXVIII.

## PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's chair the viewless wind  
 Must come and ask permission when to blow,  
 What further empire would it have? for now  
 A ghostly Domination, unconfined  
 As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,  
 Sits there in sober truth — to raise the low,  
 Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow —  
 Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind!  
 Resist — the thunder quails thee! — crouch — rebuff  
 Shall be thy recompense! from land to land  
 The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff  
 For occupation of a magic wand,  
 And 'tis the Pope that wields it: — whether rough  
 Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!

## ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

## PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE  
REIGN OF CHARLES I.

## I.

## CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

*"Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,\*  
 "More promptly rises, walks with nicer heed,  
 "More safely rests, dies happier, is freed  
 "Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal  
 "A brighter crown."* — On yon Cistercian wall  
 That confident assurance may be read;  
 And, to like shelter, from the world have fled  
 Increasing multitudes. The potent call  
 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's desires;  
 Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee  
 Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,  
 A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;  
 Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,  
 And æry harvests crown the fertile lea.

\* "Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius." Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed on some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

## II.

## RELAXATIONS OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,  
 His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil  
 Of villain-service, passing with the soil  
 To each new Master, like a steer or hound,  
 Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound;  
 But, mark how gladly, through their own domains,  
 The Monks relax or break these iron chains;  
 While Mercy, uttering, through their voice, a sound  
 Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "ye Chiefs, abate  
 These legalized oppressions! Man whose name  
 And Nature God disdained not; Man, whose soul  
 Christ died for, cannot forfeit his high claim  
 To live and move exempt from all control  
 Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

## III.

## MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,  
 That many hooded Cenobites there are,  
 Who in their private Cells have yet a care  
 Of public quiet; unambitious Men,  
 Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;  
 Whose fervent exhortations from afar  
 Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;  
 And oft-times in the most forbidding den  
 Of solitude, with love of science strong,  
 How patiently the yoke of thought they bear!  
 How subtly glide its finest threads along!  
 Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere  
 With mazy boundaries, as the Astronomer  
 With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

## IV.

## OTHER BENEFITS.

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,  
 Religion finds even in the stern retreat  
 Of feudal Sway her own appropriate seat;  
 From the Collegiate pomps on Windsor's height,  
 Down to the humble altar, which the Knight  
 And his Retainers of the embattled hall  
 Seek in domestic oratory small,  
 For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;  
 Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,  
 Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place,  
 Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,  
 And suffering under many a perilous wound,  
 How sad would be their durance, if forlorn  
 Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

## V.

## CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times prevail!  
 And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam  
 Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream!  
 What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale  
 That swells the bosom of our passing sail!  
 For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow  
 Those flowers of Chivalry, to bind the brow  
 Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail!  
 Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the world!  
 I see a matchless blazonry unfurled  
 Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;  
 And meekness tempering honourable pride;  
 The Lamb is couching by the Lion's side,  
 And near the flame-eyed Eagle sits the Dove.

## VI.

## CRUSADERS.

NOR can Imagination quit the shores  
 Of these bright scenes without a farewell glance  
 Given to those dream-like Issues — that Romance  
 Of many-coloured life which Fortune pours  
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores  
 Their labours end; or they return to lie,  
 The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,  
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.  
 Am I deceived? Or is their requiem chanted  
 By voices never mute when Heaven unties  
 Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;  
 Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted,  
 When she would tell how Good, and Brave, and Wise,  
 For their high guerdon not in vain have panted!

## VII.

## TRANSUBSTANTIATION

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association  
 The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds  
 A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;  
 The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;  
 And, while the Host is raised, its elevation  
 An awe and supernatural horror breeds,  
 And all the People bow their heads, like reeds  
 To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.  
 This Valdo brooked not. On the banks of Rhone  
 He taught, till persecution chased him thence  
 To adore the Invisible, and him alone.  
 Nor were his Followers loth to seek defence,  
 'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,  
 From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

## VIII.

## THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour Lord  
 Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach?  
 Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach  
 In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,  
 Their fugitive Progenitors explored  
 Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats  
 Where that pure Church survives, though summer  
       heats  
 Open a passage to the Romish sword,  
 Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,  
 And fruitage gathered from the chestnut wood,  
 Nourish the Sufferers then; and mists, that brood  
 O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,  
 Protect them; and the eternal snow that daunts  
 Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

## IX.

## CONTINUED.

PRaised be the Rivers, from their mountain-springs  
 Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy Banners here!"  
 To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,  
 And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!"  
 Nor be unthanked their tardiest lingerings  
 'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marches drear,  
 Their own creation, till their long career  
 End in the sea engulfed. Such welcomings  
 As came from mighty Po when Venice rose,  
 Greeted those simple Heirs of truth divine  
 Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,  
 Yet were prepared as glorious lights to shine,  
 Should that be needed for their sacred Charge;  
 Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits are at large!

## X.

## WALDENSES.

THESE who gave earliest notice, as the Lark  
 Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate;  
 Who rather rose the day to antedate,  
 By striking out a solitary spark,  
 When all the world with midnight gloom was dark  
 These Harbingers of good, whom bitter hate  
 In vain endeavoured to exterminate,  
 Fell Obloquy pursues with hideous bark;\*

\* The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious; — and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them *Patariensians* or *Paturins*, from *patis*, to suffer.

Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the Pine  
 And green Oak are their covert; as the gloom  
 Of night oft foils their Enemy's design,  
 She calls them Riders on the flying broom;  
 Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become  
 One and the same through practices malign



But they desist not;—and the sacred fire,  
Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods  
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,  
Through courts, through camps, o'er liminary floods;  
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share  
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

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XI.

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V.

"WHAT Beast in wilderness or cultured field  
"The lively beauty of the Leopard shows?  
"What Flower in meadow-ground or garden grows  
"That to the towering Lily doth not yield?  
"Let both meet only on thy royal shield!  
"Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows;  
"Conquer the Gallic Lily which thy foes  
"Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to wield,  
"And Heaven will crown the right."—The mitred  
Sire

Thus spake — and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul address,  
Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas;  
For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast  
Of youthful Heroes, is no sullen fire,  
But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

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XII.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

Thus is the storm abated by the craft  
Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect  
The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,  
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft  
Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed  
In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—  
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!  
For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught  
Of civil slaughter. Yet, while Temporal power  
Is by these shocks exhausted, Spiritual truth  
Maintains the else endangered gift of life;  
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;  
And, under cover of this woeful strife,  
Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

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XIII.

WICLIFFE.

Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear,  
And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:  
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed  
And flung into the brook that travels near;  
Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can hear,  
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,  
Though seldom heard by busy human kind,)

"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear  
"Into the Avon, Avon to the tide  
"Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
"Into main Ocean they, this Deed accurst  
"An emblem yields to friends and enemies  
"How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified  
"By Truth, shall spread throughout the world dis-  
persed.\*

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XIV.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease  
"And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your estate;  
"You, on whose progress dazzling trains await  
"Of pompous horses; whom vain titles please;  
"Who will be served by others on their knees,  
"Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;  
"Pastors who neither take nor point the way  
"To Heaven; for either lost in vanities  
"Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know  
"And speak the word—"Alas! of fearful things  
"Tis the most fearful when the People's eye  
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;  
And taught the general voice to prophesy  
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

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XV.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

And what is Penance with her knotted thong,  
Mortification with the shirt of hair,  
Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,  
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long,  
If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong  
The pious, humble, useful Secular,  
And rob the people of his daily care,  
Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong!  
Inversion strange! that unto One who lives  
For self, and struggles with himself alone,  
The amplest share of heavenly favour gives:  
That to a Monk allots, in the esteem  
Of God and Man, place higher than to him  
Who on the good of others builds his own!

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XVI.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Yet more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire  
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;  
There Venus sits disguised like a Nun,—  
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,  
Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher

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\* See Note 19.

Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run  
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won  
An instant kiss of masterful desire —  
To stay the precious waste. Through every brain  
The domination of the sprightly juice  
Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,  
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse  
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,  
Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KINGDOM'S HERE!"

## XVII.

## DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission may assuage;  
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;  
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,  
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,  
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;  
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;  
And the green lizard and the gilded newt  
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.\*  
The owl of evening and the woodland fox  
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose:  
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse  
To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—  
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,  
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

## XVIII.

## THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek  
Through saintly habit than from effort due  
To unrelenting mandates that pursue  
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)  
Goes forth—unveiling timidly her cheek  
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,  
While through the Convent gate to open view  
Softly she glides, another home to seek.  
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,  
An Apparition more divinely bright!  
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight  
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine  
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,  
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

## XIX.

## CONTINUED.

YET some, Noviciates of the cloistral shade,  
Or chained by vows, with undissembled glee  
The warrant hail—exulting to be free;

\* These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," &c.

Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed  
In polar ice, propitious winds have made  
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,  
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,  
In all her quarters temptingly displayed!  
Hope guides the young; but when the old must pass  
The threshold, whither shall they turn to find  
The hospitality—the alms (alas!  
Alms may be needed) which that house bestowed?  
Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind  
To keep this new and questionable road?

## XX.

## SAINTS.

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,  
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!  
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,  
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land:  
Her adoration was not your demand,  
The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart;  
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,  
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand  
The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret  
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:  
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen  
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,  
Who in the penitential desert met  
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!

## XXI.

## THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was uncrost  
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
Woman! above all women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;  
Purer than foam on central Ocean tost  
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;  
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,  
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,  
As to a visible Power, in which did blend  
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee  
Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

## XXII.

## APOLOGY.

NOR utterly unworthy to endure  
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;  
Age after age to the arch of Christendom  
Aërial keystone haughtily secure;  
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,

As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb  
 Pass, some through fire — and by the scaffold some —  
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.  
 "Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit  
 "Upon his throne;" unsoftened, undismayed  
 By aught that mingled with the tragic scene  
 Of pity or fear; and More's gay genius played  
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,  
 Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

## XXIII.

## IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone  
 From Sages justly honoured by mankind,  
 But from the ghostly Tenants of the wind,  
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan  
 Issues for that dominion overthrown:  
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind  
 As his own worshippers: — and Nile, reclined  
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan  
 Renews. — Through every forest, cave, and den,  
 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past—  
 Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,  
 Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned,  
 'Mid phantom lakes bemocking thirsty men,  
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

## XXIV.

## REFLECTIONS.

GRANT, that by this unsparing Hurricane  
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,  
 And goodly fruitage with the mother spray,  
 'T were madness — wished we, therefore to detain,  
 With hands stretched forth in mollified diadain,  
 The "trumpery" that ascends in bare display, —  
 Bulls, pardons, relics, cows black, white, and gray,  
 Upwhirled — and flying o'er the ethereal plain  
 Fast bound for Limbo Lake. — And yet not choice  
 But habit rules the unreflecting herd,  
 And airy bonds are hardest to disown;  
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred  
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice  
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

## XXV.

## TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,  
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,  
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue;  
 And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,  
 With understanding spirit now may look

Upon her records, listen to her song,  
 And sift her laws — much wondering that the wrong,  
 Which faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.  
 Transcendent Boon! noblest that earthly King  
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless  
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!  
 But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild  
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering  
 Beneath their feet — detested and defiled.

## XXVI.

## THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise! for nothing less  
 Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,  
 And to her God restored by evidence  
 Of things not seen — drawn forth from their recess,  
 Root there, and not in forms, her holiness;  
 For Faith which to the Patriarchs did dispense  
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence  
 Was needful round men thirsting to transgress;  
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord  
 Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth  
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill  
 The temples of their hearts — who, with his word  
 Informed, were resolute to do his will,  
 And worship him in spirit and in truth.

## XXVII.

## EDWARD VI.

"SWEET is the holiness of Youth" — so felt  
 Time-honoured Chaucer, when he framed the lay  
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,  
 And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.  
 Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt  
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen  
 King, Child, and Seraph, blended in the mien  
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt  
 In meek and simple Infancy, what joy  
 For universal Christendom had thrilled  
 Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled  
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)  
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,  
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

## XXVIII.

## EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush  
 From various sources; gently overflow  
 From blissful transport some — from clefts of woe  
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush;  
 And some, coëval with the earliest blush

Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show  
 Their pearly lustre — coming but to go;  
 And some break forth when others' sorrows crush  
 The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet  
 The noblest drops to admiration known,  
 To gratitude, to injuries forgiven,  
 Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet  
 The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven  
 To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.

## XXIX.

## REVIVAL OF POPERY.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, disrowned  
 By unrelenting Death. O People keen  
 For change, to whom the new looks always green!  
 Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground  
 Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the sound  
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,  
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)  
 Lifting them up, the worship to confound  
 Of the Most High. Again do they invoke  
 The Creature, to the Creature glory give;  
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke  
 Like those the Heathen served; and mass is sung;  
 And prayer, man's rational prerogative,  
 Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

## XXX.

## LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!  
 See Latimer and Ridley in the night  
 Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight!  
 One (like those Prophets whom God sent of old)  
 Transfigured\*, from this kindling hath foretold  
 A torch of inextinguishable light;  
 The Other gains a confidence as bold;  
 And thus they foil their enemy's despite.  
 The penal instruments, the shows of crime,  
 Are glorified while this once-mitred pair  
 Of saintly Friends "the Murderer's chain partake,  
 Corded, and burning at the social stake:"  
 Earth never witnessed object more sublime  
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

## XXXI.

## CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flame-ward his upbraided hand  
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat  
 Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat!)  
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand;  
 Firm as the stake to which with iron band

\* See Note 20.

His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet  
 To the bare head, the victory complete;  
 The shrouded Body, to the Soul's command,  
 Answering with more than Indian fortitude,  
 Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,  
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:  
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,  
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,  
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation!

## XXXII.

## GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,  
 Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust  
 (While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just:  
 Which few can hold committed to a fight  
 That shows, ev'n on its better side, the might  
 Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,  
 'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,  
 Which showers of blood seem rather to incite  
 Than to allay. — Anathemas are hurled  
 From both sides; veteran thunders (the brute test  
 Of Truth) are met by fulminations new —  
 Tartarian flags are caught at, and unfurled —  
 Friends strike at Friends — the flying shall pursue —  
 And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

## XXXIII.

## ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like Birds escaped the Fowler's net,  
 Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand  
 Most happy, re-assembled in a land  
 By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget  
 Their Country's woes. But scarcely have they met,  
 Partners in faith, and Brothers in distress,  
 Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,  
 Ere hope declines; their union is beset  
 With speculative notions rashly sown,  
 Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds;  
 Their forms are broken staves; their passions steeds  
 That master them. How enviably blest  
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone  
 The peace of God within his single breast!

## XXXIV.

## ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envions bar  
 Triumphant—snatched from many a treacherous wile!  
 All hail, Sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle  
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war  
 Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar

† For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians.



Defiance breathes with more malignant aim;  
 And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim  
 Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,  
 By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on;  
 Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint  
 Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright;  
 For, wheresoe'er she moves, the clouds anon  
 Disperse; or, under a divine constraint,  
 Reflect some portion of her glorious light.

## XXXV.

## EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINES that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,  
 Light as a buoyant Bark from wave to wave,  
 Were mine the trusty Staff that JEWEL gave  
 To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style  
 The gift exalting, and with playful smile:\*  
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his head  
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread  
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil?  
 More sweet than odours caught by him who sails  
 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,  
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,  
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,  
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales  
 From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein  
 they rest.

## XXXVI.

## THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,  
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,  
 With what entire affection do they prize  
 Their new-born Church! labouring with earnest  
 To baffle all that may her strength impair;  
 That Church — the unperverted Gospel's seat;  
 In their afflictions a divine retreat;  
 Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer!  
 The Truth exploring with an equal mind,  
 In doctrine and communion they have sought  
 Firmly between the two extremes to steer;  
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,  
 To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,  
 And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

## XXXVII.

## DISTRACTIONS.

Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy  
 Their Forefathers; lo! Sects are formed — and split  
 With morbid restlessness, — the ecstatic fit

Spreads wide; though special mysteries multiply,  
*The Saints must govern*, is their common cry;  
 And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ  
 Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit  
 Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.  
 The Romanist exults; fresh hope he draws  
 From the confusion — craftily incites  
 The overweening — personates the mad† —  
 To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause:  
 Totters the Throne; the new-born Church is sad  
 For every wave against her peace unites.

## XXXVIII.

## GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree  
 To plague her beating heart; and there is one  
 (Nor idlest that!) which holds communion  
 With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be  
 Aghast within its gloomy cavity  
 That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done  
 Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)  
 Beholds the horrible catastrophe  
 Of an assembled Senate unredeemed  
 From subterraneous Treason's darkling power  
 Merciless act of sorrow infinite!  
 Worse than the product of that dismal night,  
 When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,  
 The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed

## XXXIX.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE  
 NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

(AN ILLUSTRATION.)

THE Virgin Mountain‡, wearing like a Queen  
 A brilliant crown of everlasting Snow,  
 Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below  
 Wonder that aught of aspect so serene  
 Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,  
 And seeming, at a little distance, slow,  
 The waters of the Rhine; but on they go  
 Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen,  
 Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,  
 Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe  
 Blasts of tempestuous smoke — wherewith he tries  
 To hide himself, but only magnifies;  
 And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,  
 Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

† A common device in religious and political conflicts. — See  
*Styrie in support of this instance.*

‡ The Jung-frau.

\* See Note 21.

## XL.

## TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we move,  
 To the mind's eye Religion doth present;  
 Now with her own deep quietness content;  
 Then, like the mountain, thundering from above  
 Against the ancient Pine-trees of the grove  
 And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her mood  
 Recalls the transformation of the flood,  
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,  
 Earth cannot check. O terrible excess  
 Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety!  
 No — some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name;  
 And scourges England struggling to be free:  
 Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!  
 Her blessings cursed — her glory turned to shame!

## XLI.

## LAUD.\*

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,  
 An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,  
 Laud "in the painful art of dying" tried  
 (Like a poor Bird entangled in a Snare  
 Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear  
 To stir in useless struggle) hath relied  
 On hope that conscious Innocence supplied,  
 And in his prison breathes celestial air.  
 Why tarries then thy Chariot? Wherefore stay,  
 O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels,  
 Which thou prepar'st, full often to convey  
 (What time a State with madding faction reels)  
 The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals  
 All wounds, all perturbations doth allay!

## XLII.

## AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string,  
 The faintest note to echo which the blast  
 Caught from the hand of Moses as it past  
 O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd King,  
 Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing  
 Of dread Jehovah; then, should wood and waste  
 Hear also of that name, and mercy cast  
 Off to the mountains, like a covering  
 Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,  
 Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest  
 Despised by that stern God to whom they raise  
 Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast  
 He keepeth; like the firmament his ways,  
 His statues like the chambers of the deep.

\* See Note 22.

## ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

## PART III.

## FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

## I.

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid  
 Seated alone beneath a darksome Tree,  
 Whose fondly overhanging canopy  
 Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.  
 Substance she seemed (and *that* my heart betrayed,  
 For she was one I loved exceedingly;)   
 But while I gazed in tender reverie  
 (Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)  
 The bright corporeal presence, form, and face,  
 Remaining still distinct, grew thin and rare,  
 Like sunny mist; at length the golden hair,  
 Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace  
 Each with the other, in a lingering race  
 Of dissolution, melted into air.

## II.

## PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, this Vision spake  
 Fear to my Spirit — passion that might seem  
 Wholly dis severed from our present theme;  
 Yet, my beloved Country, I partake  
 Of kindred agitations for thy sake;  
 Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream;  
 Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam  
 Of light, which tells that morning is awake.  
 If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,  
 Or but forbode destruction, I deplore  
 With filial love the sad vicissitude;  
 If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore  
 The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,  
 And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

## III.

## CHARLES THE SECOND.

Who comes with rapture greeted, and caress'd  
 With frantic love — his kingdom to regain!  
 Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain  
 Received, and fostered in her iron breast:  
 For all she taught of hardiest and of best,  
 Or would have taught, by discipline of pain  
 And long privation, now dissolves amain,

Or is remembered only to give zest  
To wantonness. — Away, Circean revels!  
Already stands our Country on the brink  
Of bigot rage, that all distinction levels  
Of truth and falsehood, swallowing the good name,  
And, with that draught, the life-blood : misery, shame,  
By Poets loathed ; from which Historians shrink !

## IV.

## LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind  
Charged with rich words poured out in thought's defence ;  
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,  
Or a Platonic Piety confined  
To the sole temple of the inward mind ;  
And One there is who builds immortal lays,  
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,  
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind !  
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel  
Sad thoughts ; for from above the starry sphere  
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear ;  
And the pure spirit of celestial light  
Shines through his soul — " that he may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

## V.

## CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

Not shall the eternal roll of praise reject  
Those Unconforming ; whom one rigorous day  
Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey  
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,  
And some to want — as if by tempest wrecked  
On a wild coast ; how destitute ! did They  
Feel not that Conscience never can betray,  
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.  
Their Altars they forego, their homes they quit,  
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,  
And cast the future upon Providence ;  
As men the dictate of whose inward sense  
Outweighs the world ; whom self-deceiving wit  
Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

## VI.

## PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,  
The majesty of England interposed  
And the sword stopped ; the bleeding wounds were  
closed ;  
And Faith preserved her ancient purity.  
How little boots that precedent of good,  
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,  
For England's shame, O Sister Realm ! from wood,

Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie  
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,  
Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw  
From councils senseless as intolerant  
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law ;  
But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw  
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

## VII.

## ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands sent,  
Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire —  
For Justice hath absolved the Innocent,  
And Tyranny is balked of her desire :  
Up, down, the busy Thames — rapid as fire  
Coursing a train of gunpowder — it went,  
And transport finds in every street a vent,  
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.  
The Fathers urge the People to be still,  
With outstretched hands and earnest speech—in vain !  
Yea, many, haply wont to entertain  
Small reverence for the Mitre's offices,  
And to Religion's self no friendly will,  
A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

## VIII.

## WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under current — strong to draw  
Millions of waves into itself, and run,  
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun  
And ploughing storm — the spirit of Nassau  
(By constant impulse of religious awe  
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend  
With the wide world's commotions) from its end  
Swerves not — diverted by a casual law.  
Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope ?  
The Hero comes to liberate, not defy ;  
And, while he marches on with righteous hope,  
Conqueror beloved ! expected anxiously !  
The vacillating Bondman of the Pope  
Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye.

## IX.

## OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget  
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled !  
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,  
And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet ;  
But these had fallen for profitless regret,  
Had not thy holy Church her Champions bred,  
And claims from other worlds inspired

The Star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet  
 (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things  
 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,  
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,  
 However hardly won or justly dear:  
 What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,  
 And if dissevered thence, its course is short.

## X.

## WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky  
 So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen  
 Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,  
 Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye  
 We read of faith and purest charity  
 In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:  
 O could we copy their mild virtues, then  
 What joy to live, what blessedness to die!  
 Methinks their very names shine still and bright;  
 Apart — like glow-worms on a summer night;  
 Or lonely tapers when from far they fling  
 A guiding ray; or seen like stars on high,  
 Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
 Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

## XI.

## SACHEVEREL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell  
 Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained  
 In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,  
 Spread through all ranks; and lo! the Sentinel  
 Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,  
 Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes  
 Mingling their glances with grave flatteries  
 Lavished on *Him* — that England may rebel  
 Against her ancient virtue. High and Low,  
 Watch-words of Party, on all tongues are rife;  
 As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe  
 To opposites and fierce extremes her life, —  
 Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow  
 Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

## XII.

Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design  
 Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart  
 Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,  
 The living landscapes greet him, and depart;  
 Sees spires fast sinking — up again to start!  
 And strives the towers to number, that recline  
 O'er the dark steep, or on the horizon line  
 Striding with shattered crests his eye athwart.  
 So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure:  
 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream

That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,  
 We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,  
 May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure  
 How widely spread the interests of our theme.

## XIII

## ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.\*

## I. — THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

WELL worthy to be magnified are they  
 Who with sad hearts, of friends and country took  
 A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,  
 And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;  
 Then to the new-found World explored their way,  
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook  
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook  
 Her Lord might worship and his word obey  
 In freedom. Men they were who could not bend;  
 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide  
 A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;  
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascend  
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,  
 But in His glory who for Sinners died.

## XIV.

## II. CONTINUED.

From rite and ordinance abused they fled  
 To wilds where both were utterly unknown;  
 But not to them had Providence foreshown  
 What benefits are missed, what evils bred,  
 In worship neither raised nor limited  
 Save by self-will. Lo! from that distant shore,  
 For rite and ordinance, Piety is led  
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,  
 Led by her own free choice. So Truth and Love  
 By Conscience governed do their steps retrace. —  
 Fathers! your Virtues, such the power of grace,  
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve.  
 Transcendent over time, unbound by place,  
 Concord and Charity in circles move.

\* American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends, Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America, by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."



## XV.

## III. CONCLUDED. — AMERICAN EPISCOFACY.

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic light  
 Were they, who, when their Country had been freed,  
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,  
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church their sight,  
 And strove in filial love to reunite  
 What force had severed. Thence they fetched the seed  
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed  
 Of praise from Heaven. To thee, O saintly WHITE,  
 Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,  
 Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn  
 Whether they would restore or build — to thee,  
 As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn,  
 As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn  
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

## XVI.

BISHOPS and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep  
 (As yours above all offices is high)  
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;  
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep  
 From wolves your portion of his chosen sheep:  
 Labouring as ever in your Master's sight,  
 Making your hardest task your best delight,  
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap! —  
 But, in the solemn Office which ye sought  
 And undertook premonished, if unsound  
 Your practice prove, faithless though but in thought,  
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound  
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught  
 Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned!

## XVII.

## PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star  
 Is to the sky while we look up in love;  
 As to the deep fair ships which though they move  
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar;  
 As to the sandy desert fountains are,  
 With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,  
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls  
 Of roving tired or desultory war —  
 Such to this British Isle her christian Fanes,  
 Each linked to each for kindred services;  
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes  
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,  
 Where a few villagers on bended knees  
 Find solace which a busy world disdains.

## XVIII.

## PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,  
 And a refined rusticity, belong  
 To the neat mansion, where his flock among,  
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.  
 Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword;  
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong  
 To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,  
 Gentleness in his heart — can earth afford  
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,  
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,  
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;  
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can  
 For re-subjecting to divine command  
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

## XIX.

## THE LITURGY.

Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear  
 Attract us still, and passionate exercise  
 Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies  
 Distinct with signs, through which in set career,  
 As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year  
 Of England's Church; stupendous mysteries!  
 Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,  
 As he approaches them with solemn cheer.  
 Upon that circle traced from sacred story  
 We only dare to cast a transient glance,  
 Trusting in hope that others may advance  
 With mind intent upon the King of Glory,  
 From his mild advent till his countenance  
 Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

## XX.

## BAPTISM.

DEAR be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs  
 Of Infancy, provides a timely shower  
 Whose virtue changes to a christian Flower  
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds! —  
 Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds  
 The ministration; while parental Love  
 Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above  
 As the high service pledges now, now pleads.  
 There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings  
 and fly  
 To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,  
 The tombs — which hear and answer that brief cry,  
 The Infant's notice of his second birth —  
 Recal the wandering Soul to sympathy  
 With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from  
 Earth.

## XXI.

## SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give  
 A holier name! then lightly do not bear  
 Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care  
 Be duly mindful: still more sensitive  
 Do thou, in truth a second Mother, strive  
 Against disheartening custom, that by thee  
 Watched, and with love and pious industry  
 Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive  
 For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure  
 This ordinance, whether loss it would supply,  
 Prevent omission, help deficiency,  
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.  
 Shame if the consecrated vow be found  
 An idle form, the word an empty sound!

## XXII.

## CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree,  
 Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,  
 Each with a vernal posy at his breast,  
 We stood, a trembling, earnest company!  
 With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,  
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed  
 And some a bold unerring answer made:  
 How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,  
 Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy hand  
 Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie:  
 Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command  
 Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear:  
 O lost too early for the frequent tear,  
 And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

## XXIII.

## CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,  
 With holiday delight on every brow:  
 'Tis passed away; far other thoughts prevail;  
 For they are taking the baptismal vow  
 Upon their conscious selves; their own lips speak  
 The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,  
 And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek  
 Under the holy fear of God turns pale;  
 While on each head his lawn-robed Servant lays  
 An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals  
 The covenant. The Omnipotent will raise  
 Their feeble souls; and bear with his regrets,  
 Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels  
 That ere the sun goes down their childhood sets.

## XXIV.

## CONFIRMATION—CONTINUED.

I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent  
 Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt;  
 In and for whom the pious Mother felt  
 Things that we judge of by a light too faint:  
 Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint!  
 Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved—  
 Then, when her child the hallowing touch received,  
 And such vibration through the Mother went  
 That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear?  
 Opened a vision of that blissful place  
 Where dwells a Sister-child? And was power given  
 Part of her lost one's glory back to trace  
 Even to this rite? For thus *She* knelt, and, ere  
 The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

## XXV.

## SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:  
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,  
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!  
 The offspring, haply at the parent's side;  
 But not till they, with all that do abide  
 In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud  
 And magnify the glorious name of God,  
 Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners died.  
 Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pause  
 No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite  
 The Altar calls; come early under laws  
 That can secure for you a path of light  
 Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor dread its  
 weight)  
 Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

## XXVI.

## THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

THE vested priest before the Altar stands;  
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight  
 Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight  
 With the symbolic ring, and willing hands  
 Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands  
 O Father!—to the espoused thy blessing give,  
 That mutually assisted they may live  
 Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.  
 So prays the Church, to consecrate a vow  
 "The which would endless matrimony make;"  
 Union that shadows forth and doth partake  
 A mystery potent human love to endow  
 With heavenly, each more prized for the other's  
 sake;  
 Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid brow.

## XXVII.

## THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

WOMAN! the Power who left his throne on high,  
And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,  
The power that through the straits of infancy  
Did pass dependent on maternal care,  
His own humanity with thee will share,  
Pleased with the thanks that in his people's eye  
Thou offerest up for safe delivery  
From childbirth's perilous throes. And should the  
    heir

Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined  
To courses fit to make a mother rue  
That ever he was born, a glance of mind  
Cast upon this observance may renew  
A better will; and, in the imagined view  
Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.

## XXVIII.

## VISITATION OF THE SICK.

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal;  
Glad music! yet there be that, worn with pain  
And sickness, listen where they long have lain,  
In sadness listen. With maternal zeal  
Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel  
Beside the afflicted; to sustain with prayer,  
And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare—  
That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal  
On a true penitent. When breath departs  
From one disburthened so, so comforted,  
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be hope  
That, if the sufferer rise from his sick-bed,  
Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope  
With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts.

## XXIX.

## THE COMMINATION SERVICE.

SHUN not this rite, neglected, yea abhorred,  
By some of unreflecting mind, as calling  
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and appalling.)  
Go thou and hear the threatenings of the Lord;  
Listening within his Temple see his sword  
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's head,  
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,  
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.  
Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation;  
Who knows not *that*?—yet would this delicate age  
Look only on the Gospel's brighter page:  
Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ;  
So shall the fearful words of Commination  
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

## XXX.

## FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

To kneeling worshippers no earthly floor  
Gives holier invitation than the deck  
Of a storm-shattered vessel saved from wreck  
(When all that Man could do avail'd no more)  
By him who raised the tempest and restrains;  
Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour  
Forth for his mercy, as the Church ordains,  
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* implore  
In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath  
To words the Church prescribes aiding the lip  
For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship  
Encounters, armed for work of pain and death.  
Suppliants! the God to whom your cause ye trust  
Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

## XXXI.

## FUNERAL SERVICE.

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe,  
The Church extends her care to thought and deed;  
Nor quits the body when the soul is freed,  
The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.  
Blest rite for him who hears in faith, "I know  
That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears each word  
That follows—striking on some kindred chord  
Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears will flow.  
Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,  
Grows green, and is cut down and withereth  
Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim a sigh,  
Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn  
At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O Death  
Where is thy Sting—O Grave where is thy Victory!"

## XXXII.

## RURAL CEREMONY.\*

CLOSING the sacred Book which long has fed  
Our meditations, give we to a day  
Of annual joy one tributary lay;  
This day, when forth by rustic music led,  
The village children, while the sky is red  
With evening lights, advance in long array  
Through the still church-yard, each with garland gay,  
That carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head  
Of the proud bearer. To the wide church-door,  
Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore  
For decoration in the papal time,  
The innocent procession softly moves:—  
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,  
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

\* This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."

## XXXIII.

## REGRETS.

Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave  
 Less scanty measure of those graceful rites  
 And usages, whose due return invites  
 A stir of mind too natural to deceive ;  
 Giving to Memory help when she would weave  
 A crown for Hope! — I dread the boasted lights  
 That all too often are but fiery blights,  
 Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.  
 Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,  
 The counter Spirit found in some gay church  
 Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch  
 In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,  
 Merry and loud and safe from prying search,  
 Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

## XXXIV.

## MUTABILITY.

From low to high doth dissolution climb,  
 And sink from high to low, along a scale  
 Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;  
 A musical but melancholy chime,  
 Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,  
 Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
 Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear  
 The longest date do melt like frosty rime,  
 That in the morning whitened hill and plain  
 And is no more; drop like the tower sublime  
 Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
 His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain  
 Some casual shout that broke the silent air,  
 Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

## XXXV.

## OLD ABBEYS.

Monastic Domes! following my downward way,  
 Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!  
 Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all  
 Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay  
 On our past selves in life's declining day:  
 For as, by discipline of Time made wise,  
 We learn to tolerate the infirmities  
 And faults of others — gently as he may,  
 So with our own the mild Instructor deals,  
 Teaching us to forget them or forgive.\*  
 Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill  
 Why should we break Time's charitable seals!  
 Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;  
 Your spirit freely let me drink, and live!

\* This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.

## XXXVI.

## EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France  
 Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled  
 From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,  
 Wander the Ministers of God, as chance  
 Opens a way for life, or consonance  
 Of faith invites. More welcome to no land  
 The fugitives than to the British strand,  
 Where priest and layman with the vigilance  
 Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test  
 Vanish before the unreserved embrace  
 Of catholic humanity: — distress  
 They came, — and, while the moral tempest roars  
 Throughout the Country they have left, our shores  
 Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

## XXXVII.

## CONGRATULATION.

Thus all things lead to Charity, secured  
 By **THEM** who blessed the soft and happy gale  
 That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,  
 Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!  
 Propitious hour! had we, like them, endured  
 Sore stress of apprehension,† with a mind  
 Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,  
 From month to month trembling and unassured,  
 How had we then rejoiced! But we have felt,  
 As a loved substance their futurity:  
 Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen;  
 A State whose generous will through earth is dealt;  
 A State — which, balancing herself between  
 License and slavish order, dares be free.

## XXXVIII.

## NEW CHURCHES.

But liberty, and triumphs on the Main,  
 And laurelled armies, not to be withstood —  
 What serve they? if, on transitory good  
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,  
 The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!)  
 Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood  
 Of sacred truth may enter — till it brood  
 O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain  
 The all-sustaining Nile. No more — the time  
 Is conscious of her want; through England's bounds,  
 In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!  
 I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime  
 Float on the breeze — the heavenliest of all sounds  
 That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

† See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject: the east wind so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the "Protestant wind."



## XXXIX.

## CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod,  
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,  
Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive  
The corner-stone from hands that build to God.  
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod  
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;  
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,  
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode  
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band  
Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove  
May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand  
For kneeling adoration; — while — above,  
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove  
That shall protect from blasphemy the Land.

## XL.

## CONTINUED.

My ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,  
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,  
When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed  
While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,  
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed  
Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling rite  
Our church prepares not, trusting to the might  
Of simple truth with grace divine imbued;  
Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,\*  
Like men ashamed: the Sun with his first smile  
Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile:  
And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn  
Shall wooingly embrace it; and green moss  
Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

## XLI.

## NEW CHURCH-YARD.

The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,  
Is now by solemn consecration given  
To social interests, and to favouring Heaven,  
And where the rugged colts their gambols played,  
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,  
Unchecked as when by merry outlaw driven,  
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even;  
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade  
Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,  
But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!  
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow; —  
The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust,"  
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust  
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

\* The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.

## XLII.

## CATHEDRALS, ETC.

Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!  
Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared;  
Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward  
And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles  
To kneel, or thrud your intricate defiles,  
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow;  
Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow  
And mount, at every step, with living wiles  
Instinct — to rouse the heart and lead the will  
By a bright ladder to the world above.  
Open your gates, ye Monuments of love  
Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!  
Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours cheer  
Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear

## XLIII.

## INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,  
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned —  
Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
Of white-robed Scholars only — this immense  
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!  
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore  
Of nicely-calculated less or more;  
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense  
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof  
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,  
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells  
Lingering — and wandering on as loth to die;  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.

## XLIV.

## THE SAME.

What awful perspective! while from our sight  
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide  
Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed  
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.  
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,  
Whoe'er ye be, that thus yourselves unseen,  
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,  
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night! —  
But from the arms of silence — list! O list!  
The music bursteth into second life;  
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed  
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;  
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye  
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

## XLV.

## CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home  
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear  
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;  
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;  
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam  
 Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath  
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path  
 Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome  
 Hath typified by reach of daring art  
 Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,  
 The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread  
 As now, when She hath also seen her breast  
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part  
 Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

## XLVI.

## EJACULATION.

GLORY to God! and to the Power who came  
 In filial duty, clothed with love divine,  
 That made his human tabernacle shine  
 Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;  
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name\*  
 From roseate hues, far kenne'd at morn and even,

In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven  
 Along the nether region's rugged frame!  
 Earth prompts — Heaven urges; let us seek the light,  
 Studious of that pure intercourse begun  
 When first our infant brows their lustre won;  
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright  
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,  
 At the approach of all-involving night.

## XLVII.

## CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,  
 Coil within coil, at noontide! For the WORD  
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,  
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold  
 His drowsy rings. Look forth! — that Stream behold,  
 THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed  
 Floating at ease while nations have effaced  
 Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold  
 Long lines of mighty Kings — look forth, my Soul!  
 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)  
 The living Waters, less and less by guilt  
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,  
 Till they have reached the eternal City — built  
 For the perfected Spirits of the just!

## ADDITIONAL ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

## I.

(SEQUEL TO NO. XXXI., PART II.)

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, overpowered  
 By wrong triumphant through its own excess,  
 From fields laid waste, from house and home devoured  
 By flames, look up to heaven and crave redress  
 From God's eternal justice. Pitiless  
 Though men be, there are angels that can feel  
 For wounds that death alone has power to heal,  
 For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.  
 And has a Champion risen in arms to try  
 His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes no more;  
 Him in their hearts the people canonize;  
 And far above the mine's most precious ore  
 The least small pittance of bare mould they prize  
 Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.

\* Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit — a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.

## II.

(TO PRECEDE NO. I., PART II.)

How soon — alas! did man created pure —  
 By Angels guarded, deviate from the line  
 Prescribed to duty: — woeful forfeiture  
 He made by wilful breach of law divine.  
 With like perverseness did the Church abjure  
 Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,  
 'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye endure,  
 Weeds on whose front the world had fixed her sign.  
 O Man, if with thy trials thus it fares,  
 If good can smooth the way to evil choice,  
 From all rash censure be the mind kept free:  
 He only judges right who weighs, compares,  
 And, in the sternest sentence which his voice  
 Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

## III.

(TO FOLLOW THE FOREGOING.)

From false assumption rose, and fondly hail'd  
 By superstition, spread the Papal power;  
 Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevail'd  
 Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.  
 She daunts, forth-thundering from her spiritual tower  
 Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.  
 Justice and Peace through her uphold their claims  
 And Chastity finds many a sheltering bower.  
 Realm there is none that if control'd or sway'd  
 By her commands partakes not, in degree,  
 Of good, o'er manners, arts, and arms, diffused:  
 Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,  
 Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused  
 By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

## IV

(TO FOLLOW NO. VI., PART II.)

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest  
 While from the Papal Unity there came,  
 What feebleness had failed to give, one aim  
 Diffused through all the regions of the West;  
 So does her Unity its power attest

By works of Art, that shed on the outward frame  
 Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame  
 That ever looked to heaven for final rest!  
 Hail countless Temples! that so well befit  
 Your ministry; that as ye rise and take  
 Form, spirit, and character from holy writ,  
 Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,  
 Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make  
 The unconverted soul with awe submit.

## V.

(TO FOLLOW THE ABOVE.)

Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root  
 In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,  
 (Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,  
 Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)  
 Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.  
 Witness the church that oft times, with effect  
 Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject  
 Her bane, her vital energies recruit.  
 Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine  
 When such good work is doomed to be undone,  
 The conquests lost that were so hardly won:—  
 All promises vouchsafed by Heaven, will shine  
 In light confirmed while years their course shall run,  
 Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

## NOTES

TO

## POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Note 1, p. 186.

*"Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle."*

Henry Lord Clifford, &c. &c., who is the subject of this Poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is known to the Reader of English History, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, who had fallen in the battle, "in part of revenge" (say the Authors of the History of Cumberland and Westmoreland); "for the Earl's Father had slain his." A deed which worthily blemished the author (saith Speed): but who, as he adds, "dare promise any thing temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury! chiefly, when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this Lord to speak." This, no doubt, I would observe by the by, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; "for the Earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this, (say the Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the illustrious name to which she was born,) that he was the next Child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: and for the small distance betwixt her Children, see Austin Vincent, in his Book of Nobility, page 622., where he writes of them all." It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading Man and Commander, two or three years together, in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth. — But, independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the Family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York: so that after the Battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the Poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his Father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and

honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, "when called to parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his Castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles." Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd-life, he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that after the wars of York and Lancaster they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence, by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, &c. &c. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th chap. 12th verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle, by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his Grandmother), at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader: "*And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.*" The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

[This subject is again alluded to in Canto I. of 'The White Doe of Rylstone,' p. 331, and in an additional note (N. 16) attached to it. The story of "the Shepherd Lord" has so deep an interest that, at the hazard



of repetition, I am induced to enlarge these notices of his career by the insertion of a passage from Mr. Hartley Coleridge's 'Lives of Distinguished Northerns'—a volume which may be classed with that brief list of works, which fully develop the charm of biographical composition.

..... "Thus was the house of Clifford driven from its possessions, and deprived of its rank. The children of the ruthless warrior sought and found a refuge among the simple dalesmen of Cumberland. Who has not heard of the *Good Lord Clifford*, the *Shepherd Lord*? He that in his childhood was placed among lowly men for safety, found more in obscurity than he sought,—love, humble wisdom, and a docile heart. How his time past during his early years, it is pleasanter to imagine than safe to conjecture; but we doubt not, happily, and since he proved equal to his highest elevation, his nurture must needs have been good. His mother Margaret, with whom came in the barony of Vescy, was married to Sir Lancelot Threlkeld who extended his protection over the offspring of her former husband. Much of Henry Clifford's boyhood is said to have been passed in the village named after his kind step-father, which lies under Blencathara, on the road between Keswick and Penrith..... The 'Shepherd Lord' was restored to all his estates and titles in the first year of Henry VII. He was a lover of study and retirement, who had lived too long at liberty, and according to reason, to assimilate readily with the court of the crafty Henry. By the Lady Anne, he is described 'as a plain man, who lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to court or to London, excepting when called to Parliament, on which occasion he behaved himself like a wise and good English nobleman.' His usual retreat, when in Yorkshire, was Barden-tower; his chosen companions the Canons of Bolton. His favourite pursuit was astronomy. He had been accustomed to watch the motions of the heavenly bodies from the hill-tops, when he kept sheep: for in those days, when clocks and almanacs were few, every shepherd made acquaintance with the stars. If he added a little judicial astrology, and was a seeker for the philosopher's-stone, he had the countenance of the wisest of his time for his learned superstition. It is asserted that at the period of his restoration he was almost wholly illiterate. Very probably he was so; but it does not follow that he was *ignorant*. He might know many things well worth knowing, without being able to write his name. He might learn a great deal of Astronomy by patient observation. He might know where each native flower of the hills was grown, what real qualities it possessed, and what occult powers the fancy, the fears, or the wishes of men had ascribed to it. The haunts, habits, and instincts of animals, the notes of birds, and their wondrous architecture, were to him instead of books; but above all, he learned to know something of what man is, in that

condition to which the greater number of men are born, and to know himself better than he could have done in his hereditary sphere. Moreover, the legendary lore, the floating traditions, the wild superstitions of that age, together with the family history, which must have been early instilled into him, and the romantic and historical ballads, which were orally communicated from generation to generation, or published by the voice and harp of the errant minstrel, if they did not constitute sound knowledge, at least preserved the mind from undead vacancy. The man 'whose daily teachers had been woods and rills,\* must needs, when suddenly called to the society of 'Knights and barons bold,' have found himself deficient in many things; and that want was exceeding great gain, both to his tenantry and neighbours, and to his own moral nature. He lived at Barden with what was then a small retinue, though his household accounts make mention of sixty servants on that establishment, whose wages were from five to five-and-twenty shillings each. But the state of his revenues, after so many years of spoliation, must have required rigorous economy, and he preferred abating something of ancestral splendour, to *grinding the faces of the poor*. This peaceful life he led, with little interruption, from the accession of the house of Tudor, till the Scotch invasion, which was defeated at Flodden-field. Then he became a warrior in his sixtieth year, and well supported the military fame of his house on that bloody day. He survived the battle ten years, and died April 23, 1523, aged about 70."

HARTLEY COLERIDGE'S *Lives of Distinguished Northerns*:  
Life of Anne Clifford.—H. R.]

Note 2, p. 189.

#### "French Revolution."

[The passage in 'The Friend', introductory to this extract on the French Revolution is here annexed, with a view to restore the original connection, and thus to preserve unimpaired their mutual interest. Coleridge records his own lofty enthusiasm in this confession:

"My feelings and imagination did not remain unkindled in this general conflagration; and I confess I should be more inclined to be ashamed than proud of myself, if they had! I was a sharer in the general vortex, though my little world described the path of its revolution in an orbit of its own. What I dared not expect from constitutions of government and whole nations, I hoped from Religion and a small company of chosen individuals, and formed a plan, as harmless as it was extravagant, of trying the experiment of

\* See Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," a strain of triumph supposed to be chanted by a minstrel of the day of rejoicing for the "good Lord's restoration, in which the poet has almost excelled himself. Had he never written another Ode, this alone would set him decidedly at the head of the lyric poets of England."]

of human perfectibility on the banks of the *Susquehannah*; where our little society, in its second generation, was to have combined the innocence of the patriarchal age with the knowledge and genuine refinements of European culture; and where I dreamt that in the sober evening of my life, I should behold the Cottages of Independence in the *undivided Dale of Industry*,

"And oft, soothed sadly by some dirgeful wind,  
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind!"

Strange fancies! and as vain as strange! yet to the intense interest and impassioned zeal, which called forth and strained every faculty of my intellect for the organization and defence of this scheme, I owe much of whatever I at present possess, my clearest insight into the nature of individual man, and my most comprehensive views of his social relations, of the true uses of trade and commerce, and how far the *wealth* and relative *power* of nations promote or impede their *welfare* and inherent *strength*. Nor were they less serviceable in securing myself, and perhaps some others, from the pitfalls of sedition: and when we gradually alighted on the firm ground of common sense from the gradually exhausted balloon of youthful enthusiasm, though the air-built castles, which we had been pursuing, had vanished with all their pageantry of shifting forms and glowing colours, we were yet free from the stains and impurities which might have remained upon us, had we been travelling with the crowd of less imaginative malcontents, through the dark lanes and foul bye-roads of ordinary fanaticism.

But oh! there were thousands as young and as innocent as myself, who, not like me, sheltered in the tranquil nook or inland cove of a particular fancy, were driven along with the general current! Many there were, young men of loftiest minds, yea the prime stuff out of which manly wisdom and practicable greatness is to be formed, who had appropriated their hopes and the ardour of their souls to mankind at large, to the wide expanse of national interests, which then seemed fermenting in the French Republic as in the main outlet and chief crater of the revolutionary torrents; and who confidently believed, that these torrents, like the lavas of Vesuvius, were to subside into a soil of inexhaustible fertility on the circumjacent lands, the old divisions and mouldering edifices of which they had covered or swept away.—Enthusiasts of kindest temperament, who, to use the words of the Poet (having already borrowed the meaning and the metaphor) had approached

—————"the shield  
Of human nature from the golden side,  
And would have fought even to the death to attest  
The quality of the metal which they saw."

My honoured friend has permitted me to give a value and relief to the present Essay, by a quotation from one of his unpublished Poems, the length of which I

regret only from its forbidding me to trespass on his kindness by making it longer. I trust there are many of my readers of the same age with myself, who will throw themselves back into the state of thought and feeling in which they were, when France was reported to have solemnised her first sacrifice of error and prejudice on the bloodless altar of Freedom, by an oath of peace and good-will to all mankind."

'*The Friend*,' II. p. 38.—H. R.]

Note 3, p. 240.

"*Ellen Irwin*."

[This is affectionate Service to the old Minstrelsy. The Poet has here versified, with great fidelity to the tradition, the incidents associated with an ancient ballad, abounding with the tragic pathos and simplicity of the Scottish minstrelsy. It was fitting that the story of 'Fair Helen,' as well as her lover's lament, should be preserved in verse. The ballad is contained in Sir Walter Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Border,' from which it is here inserted:

#### "FAIR HELEN.

I wish I were where Helen lies,  
Night and day on me she cries;  
O that I were where Helen lies  
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,  
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!  
There did she swoon wi' mickle care,  
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!  
I'll make a garland of thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, "Haste and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!  
If I were with thee, I were blest,  
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,  
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,  
And I in Helen's arms lying,  
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me."

Scott's *Poetical Works*, III. p. 103.—H. R.]

Note 4, p. 255.

#### Sonnet XI.

[The concluding lines of this sonnet are thus quoted by Coleridge :

"Effects will not immediately disappear with their causes; but neither can they long continue without them. If by the *reception* of Truth in the spirit of Truth, we *became* what we are; only by the *retention* of it in the same spirit, can we *remain* what we are. The narrow seas that form our boundaries, what were they in times of old? The convenient highway for Danish and Norman pirates. What are they now? Still but 'a Span of Waters.'—Yet they roll at the base of the inisled Ararat, on which the Ark of the Hope of Europe and of Civilization rested!

• Even so doth God protect us, if we be  
Virtuous and Wise. Winds blow and Waters roll,  
Strength to the Brave, and Power and Deity:  
Yet in themselves are nothing! One Decree  
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the Soul  
Only the Nations shall be great and free!"—WORDSWORTH.

'*The Friend*,' Vol. I p. 106.

Again, in the 'Sibylline Leaves':

"Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,  
O Albion! O my mother Isle!  
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,  
Glitter green with sunny showers;  
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells  
Echo to the bloat of flocks;  
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells  
Proudly ramparted with rocks)  
AND OCEAN 'MID HIS UPROAR WILD  
SPEAKS SAFETY TO HIS ISLAND-CHILD;  
Hence for many a fearless age  
Has Social Quiet loved thy shore;  
Nor ever proud invader's rage  
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore."

COLERIDGE: '*Ode to the Departing Year*.'—H. R.]

Note 5, p. 255.

#### Sonnet XIII.

[This Sonnet appears to have been composed in a state of feeling different from that which pervades the Series, of which one distinguishing trait is a placid but constant confidence in the cause of Truth, — a relying upon a rational love of freedom and of country as a

means of security—a hope which resulting from a looking up to Providence is not lastingly impaired by either fear or distrust—in a word, that mood of mind which at an earlier day enabled a kindred spirit to

— "argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward."

Well does the Poet claim the praise that "his song did not shrink from hope in the worst moments of evil days," (Sonnet XXXIII. p. 263.) It is true, indeed, there may be traced apprehensions—momentary misgivings—anxieties, but only *white* clouds floating over a gentle sky, adorning rather than darkening it. The peculiarity of this Sonnet seems to be simply this: that after the expression of heart-sinking, it does not, as is usual with him, express also the self-recovery of the Poet's spirit, a beautiful instance of which occurs in Sonnet XVII. p. 255. At the same time the feeling which is expressed is perfectly natural, especially if we consider the locality of the Sonnet; nor is it, if we regard it as a *transitory* feeling, at all at variance with the general tenor of the poems of the Series. In inserting in this Note the affectionate expostulation of one of the Poet's most zealous admirers, Mr. Hartley Coleridge, it will, I hope, be perceived that it is designed not for a corrective comment, but to guard against a probable over-estimate of the despondency which darkened the Poet's thought in the conception of the Sonnet alluded to.

"Mr. Wordsworth will, I doubt not, excuse me, if, admiring above measure the poetry of this sublime Sonnet, I venture to object to the querulous spirit which it breathes. That we are much worse than we ought to be is unfortunately a standing truism, but that the 'stream of tendency' is *recently* diverted from good to evil, I confidently deny. Having said this much, it is better to give the Sonnet at once, for I am afraid that some one of my readers may not have a copy of Wordsworth's poems in his pocket, or even in his parlour window." (After quoting the Sonnet, he proceeds:)

"Seldom has the same feeling, which is expressed so often, been expressed so beautifully; but is not the feeling itself a delusion, or rather in minds like Wordsworth's a voluntary *illusion*? Greater virtues were rendered visible by the trials of the past, than by the security of the present; but it was not the *goodness* of the times that called those virtues into act. Had there been no persecutors, there would have been no martyrs: war and oppression make patriots and heroes; and wherever we hear of much almsgiving, we may be sure that there is much poverty. If Anne Clifford had not had a bad father and two bad husbands, and a long weary widowhood, and lived in days of rebellion, usurpation, and profligacy, she perhaps would have obtained no other record than that of a sensible, good sort of a woman, upon whose brow the



coronet sat with graceful ease. Nay, it is possible, that the same disposition which her adversities disciplined to steady purpose, meek self-command, considerate charity, and godly fortitude, might under *better* circumstances have produced a most unamiable degree of patrician haughtiness. From reading the memoirs of her, and such as her, an imaginative mind receives a strong impression of the superior sanctity of former generations; but a little examination will prove that these high examples have always been *elect exceptions*, called out of the world — no measures of the world's righteousness. No period produced more saintly excellence than that in which Anne Clifford lived: in none were greater crimes perpetrated; and if we look to her later years — never, in a christian age, was the average of morals so low. But the age was characterised more by the evil than the good, as Rochester's poems were much more *characteristical* of Charles the Second's time than Milton's.

One thing is obvious, that if we are not better than our ancestors, we must be much worse — if we are not wiser than the ancients, we must be incorrigible fools. God forbid that I should glory, save in the glory of God. God forbid that I should flatter the men of my own generation, or detract one atom from the wise or good of ages past. What we are we did not make ourselves; whatever truth perfumes our atmosphere, is the flower of a seed planted long ago. We do not, we need not do more than cultivate and improve our paternal fields. But to deny that we *are* benefiting by the labours of our forefathers, morally as well as physically, would be impious ingratitude to that Great Power which hath given, and is giving, and will give the wish, and the will, and the power, and the knowledge, and the means to do the good which he willet and doeth.

Much, very much remains to do. It is no time to sit down self-complacently and count our gains; but neither is it a time to stretch out our arms vainly to catch the irrevocable past. We can neither stand still nor go backward, but striving to go backward, we may go lamentably astray. There is one line in Mr. Wordsworth's sonnet, against which, for *his own* sake, I must enter my protest:

'No grandeur now in nature or in book  
Delights us.'

If by 'us,' he means the numerical majority of the population, I answer, that many more are awake to the grandeur and beauty of nature now than at any former era: if he means that the mind and soul of England is insensible to the sublime, in the visible or in the intellectual world, let him only consider the number of young, and pure, and noble hearts, that have joyfully acknowledged the grandeur of his *book*, and let him unsay the slander."—HARTLEY COLERIDGE'S '*Lives of distinguished Northerns*.'—Life of Anne Clifford.—H. R.]

2 X

Note 6, p. 260.

## Sonnet XVI.

"Of more than martial courage in the breast  
Of peaceful civic virtue."

[The siege-renowned City has received from the Poet another tribute, — indeed a high 'impassioned strain,' though sustained 'without aid of numbers.' It occurs in his Tract on the Convention of Cintra, referred to in Sonnets VII. and VIII. p. 259; and whether we regard the eloquence of the expression or the sublime moral truth it teaches, it is a noble passage of English prose. It is in such true harmony with these Sonnets, that it is gratifying to place it in connection with them by means of a note:

"Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth, — yet consolatory and full of joy, — that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept, (his own or his neighbours';) upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoza contained at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."—WORDSWORTH: 'On the Convention of Cintra.'

In closing this note I cannot refrain from adding the single remark, that he must be dull of heart, who, in perusing this series of Poems 'dedicated to Liberty,' does not feel his affection for his own country — wherever it may be — and his love of freedom — under whatever form of government his lot may have been cast — at once invigorated and chastened into a purer and more thoughtful emotion; — and that mind must be of a weak abstracting power, which fails to trace amid these notices of men and of events which have passed away, the record of those

..... truths that wake,

To perish never.

H. R.]

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Note 7, p. 278.

*"Bruges."*

This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful City. Mr. Southey, in the "Poet's Pilgrimage," speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought  
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,  
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,  
When Mutability, in drunken joy  
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,  
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

"But for the scars in that unhappy rage  
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;  
Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age  
Is hers in venerable years arrayed;  
And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,  
What fate denies to man, — a second spring.

"When I may read of tilts in days of old,  
And tourneys graced by Chiefs of renown,  
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,  
If fancy would pourtray some stately town  
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,  
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee."

In this City are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave deportment of its inhabitants. Bruges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden, a little pond, about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein, her symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her portly waist. In Brussels, the modern taste in costume, architecture, &c., has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle; but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled City is inexpressibly soothing; a penesive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children. — *Extract from Journal.*

Note 8, p. 295.

*Sonnet VI.*

*"There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness,  
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue."*

These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Sympson, author of "The Vision of Alfred," &c. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead school: his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred," is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Sylphs, that constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he uses the following illustrative simile: —

—————"Glancing from their plumes  
A changeful light the azure vault illumines.  
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn  
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,  
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed  
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread,  
Where the lone native, as he homeward glides  
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides,  
And still the balance of his frame preserves,  
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves  
Sees at a glance, above him and below,  
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.  
Sphered in the centre of the world he seems:  
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;  
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray oppose to ray,  
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day."

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmoreland.

Note 9, p. 296.

*Sonnet XVII.*

The EAGLE requires a large domain for its support. but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steeples of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal Lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle.—There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of Hardknot and Wry-

nose. On the margin of Rydal Lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The ROMAN FORT here alluded to, called by the country people "*Hardknot Castle*," is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons.—The DRUIDICAL CIRCLE is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it "*Sunken Church*."

The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing Sonnets, (which together may be considered as a Poem,) will not be displeased to find in this place a prose account of the Duddon, extracted from Green's comprehensive *Guide to the Lakes*, lately published. "The road leading from Coniston to Broughton is over high ground, and commands a view of the River Duddon; which, at high water, is a grand sight, having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale; wooded grounds and buildings; amongst the latter, Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone.

"The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of foam which the rocky channel of a river can give to water."—*Vide Green's Guide to the Lakes*, vol. i. pp. 98—100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the way-side. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with gray rocks plumed with

birch trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature every where, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a perfection and consummation of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging "good-morrows" as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage-chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming Brook; then, he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the Brook descends in a rapid torrent, passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite Brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the River makes its way into the Plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one opposite is called WALLA-HARROW CRAIG, a name that occurs in several places to designate rocks of the same character. The chaotic aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is *finished*!"

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, "are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls," (or rather water-breaks, for none of them are high,) "displayed in the short space of half a mile." That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an

immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had lingered the day before. The concussion," says Mr. Green, speaking of the event, (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril,) "was heard, not without alarm, by the neighbouring shepherds." But to return to Seathwaite Church-yard: it contains the following inscription.

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th of June, 1802, in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne, his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93d year of her age."

In the parish-register of Seathwaite Chapel, is this notice:

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity."

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, in the eighteenth Sonnet, as a worthy compeer of the Country Parson of Chaucer, &c. In the Seventh Book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given, beginning—

"A Priest abides before whose life such doubts  
Fall to the ground;—"

and some account of his life, for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here. [See Appendix IV., to which this memoir has been transferred, reference being made to the subject of it in several places in this volume.—H. R.]

Note 10, p. 304.

"*Highland Hut.*"

This sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. The reader may not be displeased with the following extract from the journal of a Lady, my fellow-traveller in Scotland, in the autumn of 1803, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one these rude habitations.

"On our return from the Trossachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till

she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird: he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for his refreshment, at our request. "She keeps a dram," as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk; and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, "Ye'll get that," bringing each article separately. We caroused over our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over, and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was "bonnier than Loch Lomond." Our companion from the Trossachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John o' Groat's house, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlanders is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to "*go ben*," attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not "*sic as* I had been used to." It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels, covered over. The walls of the whole house were of stone unplastered: it consisted of three apartments, the cowhouse at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage



for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family: the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under boughs of a large beech tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colours were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room: I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Fairy-land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times, and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomime-maker, could he but transplant it to Drury Lane, with all its beautiful colours!"—MS.

Note 11, p. 304.

"Bothwell Castle."

The following is from the same MS., and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:—

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonizing perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close

to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it had forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion: its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place: elm trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the sea-side. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake, or of the sea, come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer, and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard no-



thing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel." — *MS. Journal*.

Note 12, p. 305.

'*The Hart's-horn Tree.*'

"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol, king of Scotland, came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhyme was made upon them:

'Hercules kill'd Hart a greese  
And Hart a greese kill'd Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place." — *Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*.

The tree has now disappeared, but the author of these poems well remembers its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz., Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith church-yard; Arthur's Round Table; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Eamont; Long Meg and her Daughters, near Eden, &c. &c.

Note 13, p. 308.

*The River Greta.*

"*But if thou like Cocytus,*" &c.

Many years ago, when the author was at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." But Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the north of England, "*to greet*;" signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up *that* name till within three miles of its disappearance in the river Derwent, may be considered as having its

source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his *Colloquies*, "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most rememberable kind: —

— 'ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque,  
Occurritque sibi venturas aspicit undas.'

Note 14, p. 317.

*St. Bees.*

"*Were not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties.*"

The author is aware that he is here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader he feels that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results; and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; but no reflecting person can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalizing sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: *they* were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages, or of the present time.

Note 15, p. 328.

"*The White Doe of Rylstone.*"

The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled, "The Rising of the North." The

tradition is as follows:—"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe, say the aged people of the neighbourhood, long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—*DR. WHITAKER'S History of the Deanery of Craven.*—Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

"Bolton Priory," says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, *The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven*, "stands upon a beautiful curvature of the Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect.

"Opposite to the East window of the Priory Church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out, instead of maintaining their usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted by some inconceivable process into undulating and spiral lines. To the South all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the bounding hills beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.

"But, after all, the glories of Bolton are on the North. Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, &c. of the finest growth: on the right a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of gray rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward, are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simon-seat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of gray rock jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the River, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinning in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horned flood enclosing a woody island—sometimes it reposes for a moment, and

then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous STRID. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed on either side, a broad strand of naked gritstone full of rock-basins, or 'pots of the Linn,' which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the Voice of the angry Spirit of the Waters,' heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods.

"The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite."

Note 16, p. 331.

"Who loved the Shepherd Lord to meet."

At page 186 of this volume will be found a Poem entitled, "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford the Shepherd to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors," to which is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burn's and Nicholson's History of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whitaker, who says, "he retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden.

"His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science.

"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company.

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS. on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, &c., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution,

they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

"He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23d, 1523, aged about 70. I shall endeavour to appropriate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry in the choir of the church of Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his lifetime he loved so well.

"By his last will he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire."

With respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit with them.

Note 17, p. 336.

*"In that other day of Neville's Cross."*

"In the night before the battle of Durham was stricken and begun, the 17th day of October, *anno*, 1346, there did appear to John Fosse, then Prior of the abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporax-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the Maid's Bower wont to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which vision, the Prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy by the mediation of holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said abbey, repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of the Scots running and pressing by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty Providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy relique.) And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the Englishmen and the King of Scots and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies: And then the said Prior and monks accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and

John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home, and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God and holy St. Cuthbert for the victory achieved that day."

This battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville's Cross, from the following circumstance:—

"On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stone-work was erected and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevil's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made," (which is then described at great length,) "and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth enclosed, &c. &c. and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and showed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean WHITTINGHAM, whose wife, called KATHERINE, being a French woman, (as is most credibly reported by eye-witnesses,) did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques." — Extracted from a book entitled, "Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery." It appears, from the old metrical History, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field.

Note 18, p. 351.

*"Man's life is like a Sparrow."*

See the original of this speech in Bede. — The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. "Who, exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, shall first desecrate the Altars and the Temples? I, answered the Chief Priest; for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him, what the laws did not allow to a Priest, arms and a courser (*equum emissarium*); which



mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he however halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the Temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the Temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham, ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit eas, quas ipse sacraverat aras." The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable Monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

Note 19, p. 357.

Sonnet XIII.

"Wickliffe."

[The concluding part of this Sonnet, marked as a quotation, is one of the instances of the obligations of the Poet to the early Prose writers acknowledged by him in a note at p. 292. The judgment and skill with which he has adapted to verse the phraseology of old Fuller, scarcely changing it in the process, can be appreciated only by a comparison with the original passage, which should be placed within reach of every reader of this volume, were it only for that purpose.

*Wickliffe's body burnt by order of the Council of Constance, A. D. 1428.*—"Hitherto the corpse of John Wickliffe had quietly slept in his grave about one and forty years after his death, till his body was reduced to bones, and his bones almost to dust. For though the earth in the chancel of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where he was interred, hath not so quick a digestion with the earth of Aceldama, to consume flesh in twenty-four hours, yet such the appetite thereof, and all other English graves, to leave small reversion of a body after so many years. But now such the spleen of the Council of Constance, as they not only cursed his memory as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution,—if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people) to be taken out of the ground, and thrown far off from any Christian burial. In obedience hereunto, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight scent, at a dead carcass) to ungrave him accordingly. To Lutterworth they come, Sumner, Commissary, Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors, and the servants (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands), take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook, running hard by. Thus this brook has conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into

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*the narrow seas, they into the main Ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.*"—FULLER.—"The Church History of Britain."—Book IV.

The delightful comment of the late Charles Lamb upon this passage in Fuller will not, I am confident, be regarded by any one, as intruded by being here connected with the sonnet containing the imitation:

"The concluding period of this most lively narrative I will not call a conceit: it is one of the grandest conceptions I ever met with. One feels the ashes of Wickliffe gliding away out of reach of the Sumners, Commissaries, Officials, Proctors, Doctors, and all the puddering rout of executioners of the impotent rage of the baffled Council: from Swift to Avon, from Avon into Severn, from Severn into the narrow seas, from the narrow seas into the main Ocean, where they become the emblem of his doctrine, "dispersed all the world over." Hamlet's tracing the body of Cæsar to the clay that stops a beer-barrel, is a no less curious pursuit of "ruined mortality;" but it is in an inverse ratio to this: it degrades and saddens us, for one part of our nature at least; but this expands the whole of our nature, and gives to the body a sort of ubiquity,—a diffusion, as far as the actions of its partner can have reach or influence.

"I have seen this passage smiled at, and set down as a quaint conceit of old Fuller. But what is not a conceit to those who read it in a temper different from that in which the writer composed it? The most pathetic parts of poetry to cold tempers seem and are nonsense, as divinity was to the Greeks foolishness. When Richard II., meditating on his own utter annihilation as to royalty, cries out,

"Oh that I were a mockery King of snow,  
To melt before the sun of Bolingbroke,"

if we have been going on pace for pace with the passion before, this sudden conversion of a strong-felt metaphor into something to be actually realized in nature, like that of Jeremiah, "Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears," is strictly and strikingly natural; but come unprepared upon it, and it is a conceit: and so is a 'head' turned into 'waters.'"

LAMB'S Prose Works. — H. R.]

Note 20, p. 360.

"One (like those Prophets whom God sent of old)  
Transfigured," &c.

"M. Latimer very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to look unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as

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comely a father as one might lightly behold. \* \* \* \*  
Then they brought a fagotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at Dr. Ridley's feete. To whom M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out.'—*Fox's Acts, &c.*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

Note 21, p. 361.

"*The gift exalting, and with playful smile.*"

"On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table: which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a Servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her, I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard.'"—See *Walton's Life of Richard Hooker*.

Note 22, p. 362.

"*Laud.*"

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but, fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe, that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the Bar of the House of Peers:—  
"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more, than that the external publick worship of God, so

much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw, that the publick neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which, while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour.*"

Note 23, p. 365.

"*A genial hearth,——  
And a refined rusticity, belong  
To the neat Mansion.*"

Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church Establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the Country to which it belongs, may be reckoned, as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the Clergy, stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. The established Clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered Peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe, that their Taste, as acting upon rural Residences and scenery, often furnishes models which Country Gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of Fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by Ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural Seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of Garden and Architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy Layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A Parsonage-house generally stands not far from the Church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the Residence of an old and much valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The house and Church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn, or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the Dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the Church. From the front of this Dwelling, no part of the Burial-ground is seen; but, as you wind by the side of the Shrubs towards the Steeple-end of the Church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards, the earth. Advance, and the Church-yard, populous and gay with glittering Tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble, and beautiful Parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see p. 228.

## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 164.

## "Yew Trees."

[Mr. Ruskin in his chapter on "Imagination Contemplative" refers to—"the real and high action of the Imagination in Wordsworth's Yew Trees" (perhaps the most vigorous and solemn bit of forest landscape ever painted):—

"Each particular trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine,  
Up coiling and inveterately convolved,  
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks  
That threaten the profane."

It is too long to quote, but the reader should refer to it: let him note, especially if painter, that pure touch of colour, "by sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged." "*Modern Painters*," Vol. II., p. 189. Part III., Sect. ii., Chap. iv.

Coleridge in quoting this poem, in his '*Biographia Literaria*' substituted the word '*pinal*' for '*pinning* umbrage,' and his daughter remarks, "I have left my father's substitution, as a curious instance of a possible different reading. '*Piny* shade' and *piny* 'verdure' we read of in the poets, but '*pinal*' I believe is new. '*Pining*, which has quite a different sense, is doubtless still better; but, perhaps my father's ear shrunk from it after the word '*sheddings*' at the beginning of the line. S. C."—(SARA COLERIDGE.) "*Biographia Literaria*," Vol. II., p. 177, Note: Chap. ix. — H. R.]

Page 167.

## "The Horn of Egremont Castle."

This story is a Cumberland tradition. I have heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Huddlestons, in a sequestered valley upon the river Dacor.

Page 186.

## "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle."

["The transitions and vicissitudes in this noble lyric, I have always thought, rendered it one of the finest specimens of modern subjective poetry which our age has seen. The ode commences in a tone of high gratulation and festivity—a tone not only glad, but, comparatively, even jocund and light-hearted. The Clifford is restored to the home, the honours, and estates of his ancestors. Then it sinks and falls away to the remembrance of tribulation—times of war and bloodshed, flight and terror, and hiding away from the enemy—times of poverty and distress, when the Clifford was brought, a little child to the shelter of the northern valley.

After a while it emerges from those depths of sorrow—gradually rises into a strain of elevated tranquillity and contemplative rapture! Through the power of the imagination, the beautiful and impressive aspects of nature are brought into relationship with the spirit of him, whose fortunes and character form the subject of the piece, and are represented as gladdening and exalting it, whilst they keep it *pure and unspotted from the world*. Suddenly the Poet is carried on with greater animation and passion;—he has returned to the point whence he started—flung himself back into the tide of stirring life and moving events. All is to come over again, struggle and conflict, chances and changes of war, victory and triumph, overthrow and desolation. I know nothing, in lyric poetry, more beautiful or affecting than the final transition from this part of the ode, with its rapid metre, to the slow elegiac stanzas at the end; when, from the warlike fervour and eagerness, the jubilant menacing strain which has just been described, the Poet passes back into the sublime silence of Nature gathering amid her deep and quiet bosom a more subdued and solemn tenderness than he had manifested before;—it is as if from the heights of the imaginative intellect, his spirit had retreated into the recesses of a profoundly thoughtful christian heart.—S. C." (SARA COLERIDGE.) *Biographia Literaria* of S. T. Coleridge, Vol. II., p. 152, Note: Edit. 1847. — H. R.]

Page 215.

## "Mild content."

"Something less than joy, but more than dull content."  
COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

Page 221.

## "The world is too much with us; late and soon."

[See Dr. Arnold's comment on this sonnet as quoted by him: "*Miscellaneous Works of Thomas Arnold, D. D.*," p. 311: and also that of Mr. Henry Taylor, in the Quarterly Review, Vol. LXIX., p. 25., No. 137, now reprinted in Mr. Taylor's "*Notes from Books*." H. R.]

Page 229.

## "Strange visitation," &amp;c.

This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and

alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it — this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the verses to the Redbreast, page 127. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hearing of the invalid, who had long been confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away.

Page 237.

*"At Furness Abbey."*

[The subject of these four sonnets (Nos. XXII. to XXV.), was also handled by the author in his "Two Letters on the Kendal and Windermere Railway" — published in the "Morning Post," (London,) and afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, in 1845. The following is an extract from the second letter :

"It will be felt, by those who think with me on this occasion, that I have been writing on behalf of a social condition which no one, who is competent to judge of it, will be willing to subvert; and that I have been endeavouring to support moral sentiments and intellectual pleasures of a high order against an enmity which seems growing more and more formidable every day; I mean 'Utilitarianism,' serving as a mask for cupidity and gambling speculations. My business with this evil lies in its reckless mode of action by Railways — now its favourite instrumenta. Upon good authority, I have been told that there was lately an intention of driving one of these pests, as they are likely too often to prove, through a part of the magnificent ruins of Furness Abbey — an outrage which was prevented by some one pointing out how easily a deviation might be made; and the hint produced its due effect upon the engineer.

"Sacred as that relic of the devotion of our ancestors deserves to be kept; there are temples of Nature — temples built by the Almighty, which have a still higher claim to be left unviolated. Almost every reach of the winding vales in this district might once have presented itself to a man of imagination and feeling under that aspect; or, as the Vale of Grasmere appeared to the Poet Gray, more than seventy years ago. 'No flaring gentleman's house,' says he, 'nor garden-walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected *paradise*, but all is peace,' &c., &c. Were the poet now living, how would he have lamented the probable intrusion of a railway, with its scarifications, its intersections, its noisy machinery, its smoke, and swarms of pleasure-hunters, most of them thinking that they do not fly fast enough through the country which they have come to see. Even a broad highway may, in some places, greatly impair the characteristic beauty of the country, as will be readily acknowledged by those who remember what the Lake of Grasmere was before the new

road that runs along its eastern margin had been constructed.

Quanto præstantius esset  
Numen aquæ viridi si margine clauderet undas  
Herba —

As it once was, and fringed with wood, instead of the breastwork of bare wall that now confines it. In the same manner has the beauty, and still more the sublimity of many Passes in the Alps been injuriously affected."

After citing the sonnet entitled "*Steamboats, Viaducts and Railways*," written some years before, and contained in the "Poems Suggested during a Tour in 1833," to show that he was "far from undervaluing the benefit to be expected from railways in their legitimate application," the writer concluded as follows :

"I have now done with the subject. The time of life at which I have arrived may, I trust, if nothing else will, guard me from the imputation of having written from any selfish interest, or from fear of disturbance which a railway might cause to myself. If gratitude for what repose and quiet in a district hitherto, for the most part, not disfigured but beautified by human hands, have done for me through the course of a long life, and hope that others might be benefited in the same manner and in the same country, *be* selfishness; then, indeed, but not otherwise, I plead guilty to the charge. Nor have I opposed this undertaking on account of the inhabitants of the district *merely*, but as hath been intimated, for the sake of every one, however humble his condition, who coming hither shall bring with him an eye to perceive, and a heart to feel and worthily to enjoy. And as for holiday pastimes, if a scene is to be chosen suitable to them, for persons thronging from a distance, it may be found elsewhere at less cost of every kind. But, in fact, we have too much hurrying about in these islands; much for idle pleasure, and more from over-activity in the pursuit of wealth, without regard to the good or happiness of others." — H. R.]

Page 239.

The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions : —

"Dumfries, August, 1803.

"On our way to the church-yard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the front whitewashed; dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window. Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the church-yard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of monument. 'There,' said the book-



seller, pointing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr. — (I have forgotten the name) — a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and scarcely ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see.' We looked at Burns's grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet's epitaph: —

Is there a man, &c.

"The church-yard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes — obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, &c. When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to inquire after Mrs. Burns, who was gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the maid-servant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sate down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the same room. The servant told us she had lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace. She said that Mrs. B.'s youngest son was now at Christ's Hospital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little distance on our right — his farm-house. Our pleasure in looking round would have been still greater, if the road had led us nearer the spot.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I cannot take leave of this country which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half-a-mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connexion which this neighbourhood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say, —

'Scruffel, from the sky

That Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous eye  
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,  
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten him.'

"These lines came to my brother's memory, as well as the Cumberland saying, —

'If Skiddaw hath a cap,  
Scruffel wots well of that.'

"We talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions; indulging ourselves in the fancy that we might have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes."

[The fellow-traveller, whose admirable Journal is

here and elsewhere quoted, was the poet's sister, whose genius and influence upon his character have been partly made known by the Tintern Abbey Lines, and now will become more so by his beautiful tributes of gratitude to her in "*The Prelude*," particularly in Book XI., and in the fine passage in Book XIV., beginning:

"Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!"

Wordsworth's opinion of the character of Burns, and of the proper mode of treating it in biography, has been given also in prose, in his "Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns," (James Gray, Esq., Edinburgh,) published in pamphlet in 1816. — H. R.]

Page 253.

"Jones! as from Calais southward."

(See Dedication to "*Descriptive Sketches*," p. 29.)

This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were under-graduates together of the same year, at the same college; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic Country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude; which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption, — and, while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasing sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the 33d of the "*Miscellaneous Sonnets*," Part II., p. 228.

Page 257. Sonnet xxvii.

"Danger which they fear, and honour which they understand not."

Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir P. Sidney.

Page 259.

"Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra."

[Of this prose work, Southey writing to William Taylor, of Norwich, says with a confident anticipation which was realized:

"Wordsworth's pamphlet upon the cursed Cintra Convention will be in that strain of political morality to which Hutchinson, and Milton, and Sidney could have set their hands." "*Keswick*, December 6, 1808." *Life of Taylor*, Vol. II. p. 232.

The title "pamphlet," it may be added, does not adequately name this philosophical and eloquent



treatise on the principles of government and nationality as applied to the affairs of Spain and Portugal during the Peninsular War. — H. R.]

Page 260.

"O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain."

[That thoughtful and eloquent writer, the younger Aubrey De Vere, in quoting this sonnet, has accompanied it with the following classical comment:

"The fact that defensive wars are religious wars, and assisted by religious sanctions, is in no instance more remarkably illustrated than in the glorious defence of Greece against Persia. Among the instances of supernatural aid by which the righteous cause was supposed to have been vindicated, perhaps the most remarkable was the interference of the god Pan, who had promised to leave his Arcadian retreats, and to help the Athenians at Marathon. It was in commemoration of such aid that the Athenians dedicated to that pastoral, and not less mystical divinity, the cave in the rocky foundations of the Acropolis, which still bears his name. As I gazed on that cave, I could not but call to mind that the support which the Athenians believed they had received, was no other than that to which Wordsworth appealed on behalf of the Tyrolese. The circumstance is a singular instance of that analogy of thought which is to be found in all places and at all times, when great minds are moved by great events. The deepest poet of modern times uttering, in his 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty,' his solemn and authoritative protest against the aggressive tyranny of Buonaparte, and exhorting each nation of Europe, in turn, to withstand that aggression to the death, admonishes them likewise that

'The power of armies is a visible thing,  
Formal and circumscribed in time and place.'

And bids them place their trust in that *universal* principle of Strength, Justice and Immortality, of which the soul of man is the special abode, and of which Pan was a Pagan type." *Aubrey De Vere's Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey*, Vol. I., p. 204, Chap. viii. — H. R.]

Page 260.

"Zaragoza."

In this Sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.

Page 270-1.

"Thanksgiving Ode." Stanza xii.

[The poetical figures, which once were objected to as expressing too strongly the idea of this stanza, are not without a parallel in Shakspeare, in that passage of "Henry the Fifth," where the king is represented saying, " \* \* if these men have defeated law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip

men, they have no wings to fly from God: *war is his beadle, war is his vengeance.*" Act IV., Scene I. — H. R.]

Page 273.

"Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound."

"All change is perilous, and all chance unsound."

SPENSER.

Page 278. Sonnet i.

If in this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissards of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in; at all events the resemblance was striking.

Page 321.

"Aquapendente."

It would be ungenerous not to advert to the religious movement that, since the composition of these verses in 1837, has made itself felt, more or less strongly, throughout the English Church; — a movement that takes, for its first principle, a devout deference to the voice of Christian antiquity. It is not my office to pass judgment on questions of theological detail; but my own repugnance to the spirit and system of Romanism has been so repeatedly and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall not be suspected of a leaning that way, if I do not join in the grave charge, thrown out, perhaps in the heat of controversy, against the learned and pious men to whose labours I allude. I speak apart from controversy; but, with strong faith in the moral temper which would elevate the present by doing reverence to the past, I would draw cheerful auguries for the English Church from this movement, as likely to restore among us a tone of piety more earnest and real, than that produced by the mere formalities of the understanding, refusing, in a degree, which I cannot but lament, that its own temper and judgment shall be controlled by those of antiquity. [1842.]

Page 321.

Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome. I saw from Monte Pincio, the Pine tree as described in the sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.

Page 325.

"Camaldoli."

This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of Saint Romualdo, (or Rumwald, as our ancestors saxonised the name) in the 11th century, the ground

(campo) being given by a Count Maldo. The Camaldolensi, however, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictines, and may therefore be classed among the *gentlemen* of the monastic orders. The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits; symbolised by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside, is beautifully situated, but a large unattractive edifice, not unlike a factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wilder region of the forest. It comprehends between 20 and 30 distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old age arrives, he descends from the mountain and takes his abode among the monks.

My companion had, in the year 1831, fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about 40 years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession, but on taking orders changed his name from Santi to Raffaello, perhaps with an unconscious reference as well to the great Sanzio d'Urbino as to the archangel. He assured my friend that he had been 13 years in the hermitage and had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little recess for study and prayer, there was a small collection of books. "I read only," said he, "books of asceticism and mystical theology." On being asked the names of the most famous mystics, he enumerated *Scaramelli*, *San Giovanni della Croce*, *St. Dionysius the Areopagite* (supposing the work which bears his name to be really his), and with peculiar emphasis *Ricardo di San Vittori*. The works of *Saint Theresa* are also in high repute among ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that Raffaello was then living in the convent; my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.

Page 325.

"What aim had they the pair of Monks?"

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice, that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two Monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us toward the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.

Page 325.

"At Vallombrosa."

The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the Monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in "*Paradise Lost*," where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are themselves mistaken; the *natural* woods of the region of Vallombrosa are deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees planted within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being forced to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

[The Author's political Work on "*The Relations of Great Britain, Spain and Portugal*," (referred to at p. 259, and in the Notes, pp. 377 and 389,) has become so rare a volume that I insert here the two following extracts, not only on account of the valuable truths expressed in them, but also as having an especial interest for the American reader.

Treating of the qualifications needed by military men, as "heads of an army," Wordsworth speaks of,—

"\* \* \* intellectual courage \* \* \* that higher quality, which is never found without one or other of the three accompaniments, talents, genius, or principle;—talents matured by experience, without which it cannot exist at all; or the rapid insight of peculiar genius, by which the fitness of an act may be instantly determined, and which will supply higher motives than mere talents can furnish for encountering difficulty and danger, and will suggest better resources for diminishing or overcoming them. Thus, through the power of genius, this quality of intellectual courage may exist in an eminent degree, though the moral character be greatly perverted; as in those personages who are so conspicuous in history, conquerors and usurpers, the Alexanders, the Cæsars and Cromwells; and in that other class still more perverted, remorseless and energetic minds, the Catilines, and Borgias, whom poets have denominated "bold bad men." But though a course of depravity will neither preclude nor destroy this quality, nay, in certain circumstances will give it a peculiar promptness and hardihood of decision, it is not on this account the less true, that to consummate this species of courage, and to render it equal to all occasions (especially when a man is not acting for himself, but has an additional claim on his resolution from the circumstance of responsibility to a superior), *principle* is indispensably requisite. I mean that fixed and habitual principle, which implies the absence of all selfish anticipations, whether of hope or fear, and the inward disavowal of any tribunal higher and more dreaded than the mind's own judgment upon its own act. The existence of such principle cannot but elevate the most commanding genius, add rapidity to the quickest glance, a wider range to the most ample comprehension; but without this principle, the ordinary powers must, in the trying hour, be found utterly wanting. Neither without it can the man of excelling powers be trust-worthy, or have at all times a calm and confident repose in himself. But he, in whom talents, genius, and principle

are united, will have a firm mind, in whatever embarrassments he may be placed; will look steadily at the most undefined shapes of difficulty and danger, of possible mistake or mischance; nor will they appear to him more formidable than they really are. For his attention is not distracted—he has but one business, and that is with the object before him. Neither in general conduct nor in particular emergencies, are his plans subservient to considerations of rewards, estate or title: these are not to have precedence in his thoughts, to govern his actions, but to follow in the train of his duty. Such men in ancient times, were Phocion, Epaminondas, and Philopœmen; and such a man was Sir Philip Sidney, of whom it has been said, that he first taught his country *the majesty of honest dealing*. With these may be named the honour of our own age, Washington, the deliverer of the American Continent; with these, though in many things unlike, Lord Nelson, whom we have lately lost. Lord Peterborough, who fought in Spain a hundred years ago, had the same excellence with a sense of exalted honour, and a tinge of romantic enthusiasm, well suited to the country which was the scene of his exploits." — Pages 54–56.

"\* \* \* Our duty is—our aim ought to be—to employ the true means of liberty and virtue for the ends of liberty and virtue. In such policy, thoroughly understood, there is fitness and concord and rational subordination; it deserves a higher name—organization, health, and grandeur. Contrast, in a single instance, the two processes; and the qualifications which they require. The ministers of that period found it an easy task to hire a band of Hessians, and to send it across the Atlantic, that they might assist in *bringing the Americans* (according to the phrase then prevalent) *to reason*. The force with which these troops would attack was gross—tangible—and might be calculated; but the spirit of resistance, which their presence would create, was subtle—ethereal—mighty—and incalculable. Accordingly, from the moment when these foreigners landed—men who had no interest, no business in the quarrel, but what the wages of their master bound them to, and he imposed upon his miserable slaves;—nay, from the first rumour of their destination, the success of the British was (as has since been affirmed by judicious Americans) impossible." Pages 139–40. — H. R.]

## POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

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### EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"WHY, William, on that old gray stone,  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away!

Where are your books! — that light bequeathed  
To beings else forlorn and blind!  
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed  
From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your mother Earth,  
As if she for no purpose bore you;  
As if you were her first-born birth,  
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
To me my good friend Matthew spake,  
And thus I made reply:

"The eye — it cannot choose but see;  
We cannot bid the ear be still;  
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
Against, or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking!

— Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,  
Conversing as I may,  
I sit upon this old gray stone,  
And dream my time away."

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### THE TABLES TURNED;

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?

22

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 't is a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland Linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the Throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless —  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;  
Our meddling intellect  
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:  
— We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;  
Close up these barren leaves;  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives.

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### WRITTEN IN GERMANY,

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

The Reader must be apprised, that the Stoves in North-Germany generally have the impression of a galloping Horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Norse!  
Let me have the song of the Kettle;  
And the tongs and the poker, instead of that Horse  
That gallops away with such fury and force  
On his dreary dull plate of black metal.



See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature! perhaps  
A child of the field or the grove;  
And, sorrow for him! the dull treacherous heat  
Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat,  
And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains  
Which this comfortless oven environ!  
He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,  
Now back to the tiles, then in search of the wall,  
And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller bemazed:  
The best of his skill he has tried;  
His feelers, methinks, I can see him put forth  
To the East and the West, to the South and the North;  
But he finds neither Guide-post nor Guide.

How his spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh!  
His eyesight and hearing are lost;  
Between life and death his blood freezes and thaws;  
And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze  
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No Brother, no Mate has he near him — while I  
Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Love;  
As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom,  
As if green summer grass were the floor of my room,  
And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless Thing!  
Thy life I would gladly sustain  
Till summer comes up from the South, and with crowds  
Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst sound through  
the clouds,  
And back to the forests again!

#### A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Lo! where the moon along the sky  
Sails with her happy destiny;  
Oft is she hid from mortal eye  
Or dimly seen,  
But when the clouds asunder fly  
How bright her mien!

Far different we—a froward race,  
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace  
With cherished sullenness of pace  
Their way pursue,  
Ingrates who wear a smileless face  
The whole year through.

If kindred humours e'er would make  
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,  
From Fancy following in thy wake,  
Bright ship of heaven!  
A counter impulse let me take  
And be forgiven.

#### UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

Who rashly strove thy image to portray?  
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;  
How could he think of the live creature — gay  
With a divinity of colours, drest  
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest  
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train  
Extended and extending to sustain  
The motions that it graces — and forbear  
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime  
Depicted on these pages smile at time;  
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care  
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell  
Tossed ashore by restless waves,  
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves  
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:  
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,  
'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,  
To circumscribe this shape in fixed repose;  
Could imitate for indolent survey,  
Perhaps for touch profane,  
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;  
And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share  
The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes  
Where'er her course; mysterious bird!  
To whom by wondering fancy stirred,  
Eastern Islanders have given  
A holy name — the Bird of Heaven!  
And even a title higher still,  
The Bird of God! whose blessed will  
She seems performing as she flies  
Over the earth and through the skies  
In never-wearied search of Paradise —  
Region that crowns her beauty with the name  
She bears for us — for us how blest,  
How happy at all seasons, could like aim  
Uphold our spirits urged to kindred flight  
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,  
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest  
Seeking with indefatigable quest  
Above a world that deems itself most wise  
When most enslaved by gross realities!

#### CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy Warrior! Who is he?  
That every Man in arms should wish to be!  
— It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:  
Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright:

Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;  
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime care;  
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
 In face of these doth exercise a power  
 Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives:  
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;  
 Is placable — because occasions rise  
 So often that demand such sacrifice;  
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
 As tempted more; more able to endure,  
 As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
 — 'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
 Upon that law as on the best of friends;  
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
 And what in quality or act is best  
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
 He fixes good on good alone, and owes  
 To virtue every triumph that he knows:  
 — Who, if he rise to station of command,  
 Rises by open means; and there will stand  
 On honourable terms, or else retire,  
 And in himself possess his own desire;  
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;  
 Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,  
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all:  
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace;  
 But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
 Is happy as a Lover; and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;  
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:  
 — He who though thus endued as with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans  
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;  
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve;  
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love: —

'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,  
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
 Where what he most doth value must be won:  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;  
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpass:  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
 Or He must go to dust without his fame,  
 And leave a dead unprofitable name,  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;  
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:  
 This is the happy Warrior; this is He  
 Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

#### A POET'S EPITAPH.

Art thou a Statesman, in the van  
 Of public business trained and bred?  
 — First learn to love one living man;  
 Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou? — draw not nigh:  
 Go, carry to some fitter place  
 The keenness of that practised eye,  
 The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?  
 A rosy Man, right plump to see?  
 Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near:  
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,  
 A Soldier, and no man of chaff?  
 Welcome! — but lay thy sword aside,  
 And lean upon a Peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,  
 Philosopher! a fingering slave,  
 One that would peep and botanize  
 Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
 O turn aside, — and take, I pray,  
 That he below may rest in peace,  
 That abject thing, thy soul, away!

— A Moralist perchance appears;  
 Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:  
 And He has neither eyes nor ears;  
 Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling  
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;  
A reasoning, self-sufficient thing,  
An intellectual All in All!

Shut close the door; press down the latch;  
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;  
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He, with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart,  
— The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both Man and Boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land;  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

— Come hither in thy hour of strength;  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length;  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

### TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND,

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING TOGETHER IN HIS  
PLEASURE-GROUND.

SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his Lands,  
And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,  
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands;  
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride.

Rare Master has it been thy lot to know;  
Long hast Thou served a Man to reason true;  
Whose life combines the best of high and low,  
The toiling many and the resting few;

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,  
And industry of body and of mind;  
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
As Nature is; — too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing  
In concord with his River murmuring by;  
Or in some silent field, while timid Spring  
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid  
Low in the darksome Cell thine own dear Lord!  
That Man will have a trophy, humble Spade!  
A trophy nobler than a Conqueror's sword.

If he be One that feels, with skill to part  
False praise from true, or greater from the less,  
Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,  
Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

With Thee he will not dread a toilsome day,  
His powerful Servant, his inspiring Mate!  
And, when thou art past service, worn away,  
Thee a surviving soul shall consecrate.

His thrift thy usefulness will never scorn;  
An *Heir-loom* in his cottage wilt thou be:  
High will he hang thee up, and will adorn  
His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!

### TO MY SISTER.

WRITTEN AT A SMALL DISTANCE FROM MY HOUSE,  
AND SENT BY MY LITTLE BOY.

It is the first mild day of March:  
Each minute sweeter than before,  
The Redbreast sings from the tall Larch  
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,  
Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
And grass in the green field.

My Sister! ('tis a wish of mine)  
Now that our morning meal is done,  
Make haste, your morning task resign,  
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you; — and, pray,  
Put on with speed your woodland dress;  
And bring no book: for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate  
Our living Calendar:  
We from to-day, my Friend, will date  
The opening of the year.

Love, now an universal birth,  
From heart to heart is stealing,  
From earth to man, from man to earth:  
— It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more  
Than fifty years of reason:  
Our minds shall drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,  
Which they shall long obey:  
We for the year to come may take  
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
We'll frame the measure of our souls:  
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland dress;  
— And bring no book: for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

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#### TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG  
WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!  
— There is a nest in a green dale,  
A harbour and a hold,  
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see  
Thy own delightful days, and be  
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a Shepherd-boy,  
And treading among flowers of joy,  
That at no season fade,  
Thou, while thy Babes around thee cling,  
Shalt show us how divine a thing  
A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
Nor leave thee when gray hairs are nigh  
A melancholy slave;  
But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

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#### LINES

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played;  
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,  
If such be Nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?

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#### SIMON LEE,

THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,  
An Old Man dwells, a little man,  
'Tis said he once was tall.  
Full five-and-thirty years he lived  
A running Huntsman merry;  
And still the centre of his cheek  
Is blooming as a cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,  
And hill and valley rang with glee  
When Echo banded, round and round,  
The halloo of Simon Lee.  
In those proud days, he little cared  
For husbandry or tillage;  
To blither tasks did Simon rouse  
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,  
Could leave both man and horse behind;  
And often, ere the chase was done,  
He reeled and was stone-blind.  
And still there's something in the world  
At which his heart rejoices;  
For when the chiming hounds are out,  
He dearly loves their voices!



But, oh the heavy change!—bereft  
 'Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see!  
 Old Simon to the world is left  
 In liveried poverty.  
 His Master's dead,—and no one now  
 Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;  
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;  
 He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick;  
 His body, dwindled and awry,  
 Rests upon ancles swollen and thick;  
 His legs are thin and dry.  
 One prop he has, and only one,  
 His Wife, an aged woman,  
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
 Upon the village Common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
 Not twenty paces from the door,  
 A scrap of land they have, but they  
 Are poorest of the poor.  
 This scrap of land he from the heath  
 Enclosed when he was stronger;  
 But what avails it now, the land  
 Which he can till no longer!

Oft, working by her Husband's side,  
 Ruth does what Simon cannot do;  
 For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
 Is stouter of the two.  
 And, though you with your utmost skill  
 From labour could not wean them,  
 Alas! 't is very little—all  
 Which they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store,  
 As he to you will tell,  
 For still, the more he works, the more  
 Do his weak ancles swell.  
 My gentle Reader, I perceive  
 How patiently you've waited,  
 And now I fear that you expect  
 Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind  
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
 O gentle Reader! you would find  
 A tale in every thing.\*  
 What more I have to say is short,  
 And you must kindly take it:  
 It is no tale; but should you *think*,  
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see  
 This Old Man doing all he could  
 To unearth the root of an old tree,  
 A stump of rotten wood.

The mattock tottered in his hand;  
 So vain was his endeavour,  
 That at the root of the old tree  
 He might have worked for ever.

"You're overtaken, good Simon Lee,  
 Give me your tool," to him I said;  
 And at the word right gladly he  
 Received my proffered aid.  
 I struck, and with a single blow  
 The tangled root I severed,  
 At which the poor Old Man so long  
 And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
 And thanks and praises seemed to run  
 So fast out of his heart, I thought  
 They never would have done.  
 —I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
 With coldness still returning;  
 Alas! the gratitude of men  
 Hath oftener left me mourning.

#### INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

In Bruges town is many a street,  
 Whence busy life hath fled;  
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet  
 The grass-grown pavement tread.  
 There heard we, halting in the shade  
 Flung from a Convent-tower,  
 A harp that tuneful prelude made  
 To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,  
 Was fit for some gay throng;  
 Though from the same grim turret fell  
 The shadow and the song.  
 When silent were both voice and chords  
 The strain seemed doubly dear,  
 Yet sad as sweet, for *English* words  
 Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;  
 And pinnacle and spire  
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,  
 Clothed with innocuous fire;  
 But where we stood, the setting sun  
 Showed little of his state;  
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,  
 'T was through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,  
 Nor pity idly born,  
 If even a passing Stranger sighs  
 For them who do not mourn.

\* See Note.

Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,  
 Captive, whoe'er thou be!  
 Oh! what is beauty, what is love,  
 And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,  
 A feeling sanctified  
 By one soft trickling tear that stole  
 From the Maiden at my side;  
 Less tribute could she pay than this,  
 Borne gaily o'er the sea,  
 Fresh from the beauty and the bias  
 Of English liberty!

### THE WISHING-GATE.

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the high-way, leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue.

Hope rules a land for ever green:  
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen  
 Are confident and gay;  
 Clouds at her bidding disappear;  
 Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,  
 And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of wishes—there  
 Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,  
 And thoughts with things at strife;  
 Yet how forlorn should ye depart,  
 Ye superstitions of the heart,  
 How poor were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,  
 Ye did not forfeit one dear right,  
 One tender claim abate;  
 Witness this symbol of your sway,  
 Surviving near the public way,  
 The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race  
 Shed kindly influence on the place,  
 Ere northward they retired;  
 If here a warrior left a spell,  
 Panting for glory as he fell;  
 Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,  
 Composed with Nature's finest care  
 And in her fondest love;  
 Peace to embosom and content,  
 To overawe the turbulent,  
 The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,  
 Reclining on this moss-grown bar,  
 Unknowing and unknown,  
 The infection of the ground partakes,  
 Longing for his Beloved—who makes  
 All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear  
 The mystic stirrings that are here,  
 The ancient faith disclaim?  
 The local Genius ne'er befriends  
 Desires whose course in folly ends,  
 Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,  
 If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,  
 Here crave an easier lot;  
 If some have thirsted to renew  
 A broken vow, or bind a true,  
 With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast  
 Upon the irrevocable past,  
 Some penitent sincere  
 May for a worthier future sigh,  
 While trickles from his downcast eye  
 No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed  
 From turmoil, who would turn or speed  
 The current of his fate,  
 Might stop before this favoured scene,  
 At Nature's call, nor blush to lean  
 Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak  
 Is man, though loth such help to seek,  
 Yet, passing, here might pause,  
 And yearn for insight to allay  
 Misgiving, while the crimson day  
 In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound  
 To Time's first step across the bound  
 Of midnight makes reply;  
 Time pressing on with starry crest,  
 To filial sleep upon the breast  
 Of dread eternity!

### INCIDENT

#### CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG

On his morning rounds the Master  
 Goes to learn how all things fare;  
 Searches pasture after pasture,  
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care;

And, for silence or for talk,  
He hath comrades in his walk;  
Four dogs, each pair of different breed,  
Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started  
— Off they fly in earnest chase;  
Every dog is eager-hearted,  
All the four are in the race:  
And the hare whom they pursue,  
Hath an instinct what to do;  
Her hope is near: no turn she makes;  
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the River was, and crusted  
Thinly by a one night's frost;  
But the nimble Hare hath trusted  
To the ice, and safely crost;  
She hath crost, and without heed  
All are following at full speed,  
When, lo! the ice, so thinly spread,  
Breaks—and the Greyhound, DART, is over head!

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—  
See them cleaving to the sport!  
Music has no heart to follow,  
Little Music, she stops short.  
She hath neither wish nor heart,  
Hers is now another part:  
A loving Creature she, and brave!  
And fondly strives her struggling Friend to save

From the brink her paws she stretches,  
Very hands as you would say!  
And afflicting moans she fetches,  
As he breaks the ice away.  
For herself she hath no fears,—  
Him alone she sees and hears,—  
Makes efforts and complainings; nor gives o'er  
Until her Fellow sank, and re-appeared no more.

### TRIBUTE

#### TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,  
Beneath a covering of the common earth!  
It is not from unwillingness to praise,  
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;  
More thou deserv'st; but *this* Man gives to Man,  
Brother to Brother, *this* is all we can.  
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear  
Shall find thee through all changes of the year:  
This Oak points out thy grave; the silent Tree  
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

I grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past  
And willingly have laid thee here at last:  
For thou hadst lived till every thing that cheers  
In thee had yielded to the weight of years;  
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,  
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;  
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,—  
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,  
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,  
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.  
It came, and we were glad; yet tears were shed;  
Both Man and Woman wept when Thou wert dead;  
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,  
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share;  
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,  
Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!  
For love, that comes to all—the holy sense,  
Best gift of God—in thee was most intense;  
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,  
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind  
Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:  
Yea, for thy Fellow-brutes in thee we saw  
The soul of Love, Love's intellectual law:—  
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;  
Our tears from passion and from reason came,  
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name!

In the School of ——— is a Tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several Persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the Foundation of the School, with the Time at which they entered upon and quitted their Office. Opposite to one of those Names the Author wrote the following Lines.

If Nature, for a favourite Child,  
In thee hath tempered so her clay,  
That every hour thy heart runs wild,  
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines; and then review  
This tablet, that thus humbly rears  
In such diversity of hue  
Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wreck of fame,  
Cipher and syllable! thine eye  
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,  
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,  
Then be it neither checked nor stayed:  
For Matthew a request I make,  
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,  
Is silent as a standing pool;  
Far from the chimney's merry roar,  
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs  
Of one tired out with fun and madness;  
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes  
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup  
Of still and serious thought went round,  
It seemed as if he drank it up—  
He felt with spirit so profound.

—Thou soul of God's best earthly mould!  
Thou happy Soul! and can it be  
That these two words of glittering gold  
Are all that must remain of thee!

### THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

We walked along, while bright and red  
Uprose the morning sun;  
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,  
"The will of God be done!"

A village Schoolmaster was he,  
With hair of glittering gray;  
As blithe a man as you could see  
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
And by the steaming rills,  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun;  
Then, from thy breast what thought,  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh has brought!"

A second time did Matthew stop;  
And fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made reply:

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
Brings fresh into my mind  
A day like this which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

"And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colours, and no other,  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

"With rod and line I sued the sport  
Which that sweet season gave,  
And, coming to the church, stopped short  
Beside my daughter's grave.

"Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
The pride of all the vale;  
And then she sang;—she would have been  
A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay;  
And yet I loved her more,  
For so it seemed, than till that day  
I e'er had loved before.

"And, turning from her grave, I met,  
Beside the church-yard Yew,  
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet  
With points of morning dew.

"A basket on her head she bare;  
Her brow was smooth and white:  
To see a child so very fair,  
It was a pure delight!

"No fountain from its rocky cave  
E'er tripped with foot so free;  
She seemed as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine;  
I looked at her, and looked again:  
—And did not wish her mine."

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,  
Methinks, I see him stand,  
As at that moment, with a bough  
Of wilding in his hand.

### THE FOUNTAIN.

#### A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of Friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
Beside a mossy seat;  
And from the turf a fountain broke,  
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match  
This water's pleasant tune  
With some old Border-song, or Catch,  
That suits a summer's noon;

Or of the Church-clock and the chimes  
Sing here beneath the shade,  
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
Which you last April made!"



In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
The spring beneath the tree;  
And thus the dear old man replied,  
The gray-haired man of glee:

"Down to the vale this water steers,  
How merrily it goes!  
'T will murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this Fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay:  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

"The Blackbird in the summer trees,  
The Lark upon the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
Are quiet when they will.

"With Nature never do *they* wage  
A foolish strife; they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free:

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;  
And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household hearts that were his own,  
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my Friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me; but by none  
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains!  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains.

"And, Matthew, for thy Children dead  
I'll be a son to thee!"  
At this he grasped my hand, and said,  
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;  
And down the smooth descent  
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;  
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
He sang those witty rhymes  
About the crazy old church clock,  
And the bewildered chimes.

### A CHARACTER.

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find space  
For so many strange contrasts in one human face:  
There's thought and no thought, and there's paleness  
and bloom  
And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure and gloom.

There's weakness, and strength, both redundant and  
vain;  
Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain  
Could pierce through a temper that's soft to disease,  
Would be rational peace — a philosopher's ease

There's indifference, alike when he fails or succeeds,  
And attention full ten times as much as there needs;  
Pride where there's no envy, there's so much of joy;  
And mildness, and spirit both forward and coy.

There's freedom, and sometimes a diffident stare  
Of shame scarcely seeming to know that she's there,  
There's virtue, the title it surely may claim,  
Yet wants heaven knows what to be worthy the name.

This picture from nature may seem to depart,  
Yet the man would at once run away with your heart,  
And I for five centuries right gladly would be  
Such an odd, such a kind, happy creature as he.

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive  
With shadows slung from leaves — to strive  
In dance, amid a press  
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields  
Of worldlings revelling in the fields  
Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze  
Encounter, and to narrow seas  
Forbid a moment's rest;  
The medley less when boreal lights  
Glance to and fro, like aery sprites  
To feats of arms address!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,  
This ceaseless play, the genuine life  
That serves the steadfast hours,  
Is in the grass beneath, that grows  
Unheeded, and the mute repose  
Of sweetly-breathing flowers

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,  
Would that the little flowers were born to live,  
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were known  
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown  
On the smooth surface of this naked stone!

And what if hence a bold desire should mount  
High as the sun, that he could take account  
Of all that issues from his glorious fount!

So might he ken how by his sovereign aid  
These delicate companionships are made;  
And how he rules the pomp of light and shade;

And were the sister-power that shines by night  
So privileged, what a countenance of delight  
Would through the clouds break forth on human sight

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye  
On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,  
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,  
Be thou to love and praise alike impelled,  
Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHER-  
SON'S OSSIAN.

Ort have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,  
Fragments of far-off melodies,  
With ear not coveting the whole,  
A part so charmed the pensive soul:  
While a dark storm before my sight  
Was yielding, on a mountain height  
Loose vapours have I watched, that won  
Prismatic colours from the sun;  
Nor felt a wish that Heaven would show  
The image of its perfect bow.  
What need, then, of these finished strains?  
Away with counterfeit remains!  
An abbey in its lone recess,  
A temple of the wilderness,  
Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling  
The majesty of honest dealing.  
Spirit of Ossian! if imbound  
In language thou may'st yet be found,  
If aught (intrusted to the pen  
Or floating on the tongues of men,  
Albeit shattered and impaired)  
Subsist thy dignity to guard,  
In concert with memorial claim  
Of old gray stone, and high-born name,  
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave,  
Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,

Let Truth, stern Arbitress of all,  
Interpret that Original,  
And for presumptuous wrongs atone;  
Authentic words be given, or none!

Time is not blind;—yet He, who spare:  
Pyramid pointing to the Stars,  
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite  
On all that marked the primal flight  
Of the poetic ecstasy  
Into the land of mystery.  
No tongue is able to rehearse  
One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;  
Mææus, stationed with his lyre  
Supreme among the Elysian quire,  
Is, for the dwellers upon earth,  
Mute as a Lark ere morning's birth.  
Why grieve for these, though past away  
The Music, and extinct the Lay?  
When thousands, by severer doom,  
Full early to the silent tomb  
Have sunk, at Nature's call; or strayed  
From hope and promise, self-betrayed;  
The garland withering on their brows;  
Stung with remorse for broken vows;  
Frantic—else how might they rejoice?  
And friendless, by their own sad choice

Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you  
I chiefly call, the chosen Few,  
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,  
Who faltered not, nor turned aside;  
Whose lofty Genius could survive  
Privation, under sorrow thrive;  
In whom the fiery Muse revered  
The symbol of a snow-white beard,  
Bedewed with meditative tears  
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in Soul! though distant times  
Produced you, nursed in various climes,  
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,  
A plenitude of love retained;  
Hence, while in you each sad regret  
By corresponding hope was met,  
Ye lingered among human kind,  
Sweet voices for the passing wind;  
Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,  
Though smiling on the last hill top!

Such to the tender-hearted Maid  
Even ere her joys begin to fade;  
Such, haply, to the rugged Chief  
By Fortune crushed, or tamed by grief,  
Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,  
Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,

The Son of Fingal; such was blind  
Mæonides of ampler mind;  
Such Milton, to the fountain head  
Of Glory by Urania led!

### VERNAL ODE.

"Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam in minimis."  
*Plin. Nat. Hist.*

#### 1.

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,  
When all the fields with freshest green were dight,  
Appeared, in presence of that spiritual eye  
That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,  
The form and rich habiliments of One  
Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,  
When it reveals, in evening majesty,  
Features half lost amid their own pure light.  
Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air  
He hung, — then floated with angelic ease  
(Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)  
Till he had reached a summit sharp and bare,  
Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the noon-tide  
breeze.

Upon the apex of that lofty cone  
Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone;  
Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the East  
Suddenly raised by some Enchanter's power,  
Where nothing was; and firm as some old Tower  
Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest  
Waves high, embellished by a gleaming shower!

#### 2.

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings  
Rested a golden Harp; — he touched the strings;  
And, after prelude of unearthly sound  
Poured through the echoing hills around,  
He sang —

"No wintry desolations,  
"Scorching blight or noxious dew,  
"Affect my native habitations;  
"Buried in glory, far beyond the scope  
"Of man's inquiring gaze, but imaged to his hope  
"(Alas, how faintly!) in the hue  
"Profound of night's ethereal blue;  
"And in the aspect of each radiant orb; —  
"Some fixed, some wandering with no timid curb;  
"But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye,  
"Blended in absolute serenity,  
"And free from semblance of decline; —  
"Fresh as if Evening brought their natal hour;  
"Her darkness splendour gave, her silence power,  
"To testify of Love and Grace divine. —  
"And though to every draught of vital breath  
"Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,

"The melancholy gates of Death  
"Respond with sympathetic motion;  
"Though all that feeds on nether air,  
"Howe'er magnificent or fair,  
"Grows but to perish, and intrust  
"Its ruins to their kindred dust;  
"Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,  
"Her procreant vigils Nature keeps  
"Amid the unfathomable deeps;  
"And saves the peopled fields of earth  
"From dread of emptiness or dearth.  
"Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the sky  
"The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,  
"The shadow-casting race of Trees survive:  
"Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive  
"Sweet Flowers; — what living eye hath viewed  
"Their myriads! — endlessly renewed,  
"Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;  
"Where'er the subtle waters stray;  
"Wherever sportive zephyrs bend  
"Their course, or genial showers descend!  
"Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit  
"Their mansions unsusceptible of change,  
"Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,  
"And through your sweet vicissitudes to range!"

#### 3.

O, nursed at happy distance from the cares  
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse!  
That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,  
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,  
Prefer'st a garland culled from purple heath,  
Or blooming thicket moist with morning dew;  
Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to me!  
And was it granted to the simple ear  
Of thy contented Votary  
Such melody to hear!  
Him rather suits it, side by side with thee,  
Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,  
While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn tree  
To lie and listen, till o'er-drows'd sense  
Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence,  
To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.  
— A slender sound! yet hoary Time  
Doth to the Soul exalt it with the chim  
Of all his years; — a company  
Of ages coming, ages gone;  
(Nations from before them sweeping,  
Regions in destruction steeping,)  
But every awful note in unison  
With that faint utterance, which tells  
Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,  
For the pure keeping of those waxen cells;  
Where She, a statish prudent to confer  
Upon the public weal; a warrior bold, —  
Radiant all over with unburnished gold,  
And armed with living spear for mortal fight;  
A cunning forager

That spreads no waste;—a social builder; one  
In whom all busy offices unite  
With all fine functions that afford delight,  
Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwells!

## 4.

And is She brought within the power  
Of vision!—o'er this tempting flower  
Hovering until the petals stay  
Her flight, and take its voice away!—  
Observe each wing!—a tiny van!—  
The structure of her laden thigh,  
How fragile!—yet of ancestry  
Mysteriously remote and high;  
High as the imperial front of man,  
The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;  
The soaring eagle's curved beak  
The white plumes of the floating swan;  
Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane  
Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain  
At which the desert trembles.—Humming Bee!  
Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown;  
The seeds of malice were not sown;  
All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,  
And no pride blended with their dignity.  
—Tears had not broken from their source;  
Nor anguish strayed from her Tartarian den;  
The golden years maintained a course  
Not undiversified, though smooth and even;  
We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow,—then  
Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men;  
And earth and stars composed a universal heaven!

## ODE TO LYCORIS.

MAY, 1817.

## 1.

As age hath been when Earth was proud  
Of lustre too intense  
To be sustained; and Mortals bowed  
The front in self-defence.  
Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,  
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed  
While on the wing the Urchin played,  
Could fearlessly approach the shade?  
—Enough for one soft vernal day,  
If I, a Bard of ebbing time,  
And nurtured in a fickle clime,  
May haunt this horned bay;  
Whose amorous water multiplies  
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes;  
And smooths her liquid breast—to show  
These swan-like specks of mountain snow,  
White as the pair that slid along the plains  
Of Heaven, when Venus held the reins!

## 2.

In youth we love the darksome lawn  
Brushed by the owlet's wing;  
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,  
And Autumn to the Spring.  
Sad fancies do we then affect,  
In luxury of disrespect  
To our own prodigal excess  
Of too familiar happiness.  
Lycoris (if such name befit  
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)  
When Nature marks the year's decline,  
Be ours to welcome it;  
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs  
Before the path of milder suns;  
Pleased while the sylvan world displays  
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze;  
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell  
Of the resplendent miracle.

## 3.

But something whispers to my heart  
That, as we downward tend,  
Lycoris! life requires an *art*  
To which our souls must bend;  
A skill—to balance and supply;  
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,  
As soon it must, a sense to sip,  
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.  
Frank greeting, then, to that blithe Guest  
Diffusing smiles o'er land and sea  
To aid the vernal Deity  
Whose home is in the breast!  
May pensive Autumn ne'er present  
A claim to her disparagement!  
While blossoms and the budding spray  
Inspire us in our own decay;  
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,  
Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul!

## TO THE SAME.

Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads  
Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep and rough,  
Or slippery even to peril! and each step,  
As we for most uncertain recompense  
Mount tow'rd the empire of the fickle clouds,  
Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,  
Induces, for its own familiar sights,  
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,  
With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be tied,  
In anxious bondage, to such nice array  
And formal fellowship of petty things!  
—Oh! 't is the *heart* that magnifies this life,  
Making a truth and beauty of her own;  
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,



And gurgling rills, assist her in the work  
More efficaciously than realms outspread,  
As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze —  
Ocean and Earth contending for regard.

The umbrageous woods are left — how far beneath!  
But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth  
Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows are fringed  
With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still  
And sultry air, depending motionless.  
Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered  
(As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)  
By stealthy influx of the timid day  
Mingling with night, such twilight to compose  
As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian Grot,  
From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish,  
He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask,  
Or need, of council breathed through lips divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave  
Protect us, there deciphering as we may  
Diluvian records; or the sighs of Earth  
Interpreting; or counting for old Time  
His minutes, by reiterated drops,  
Audible tears, from some invisible source  
That deepens upon fancy — more and more  
Drawn tow'rd the centre whence those sighs creep forth  
To awe the lightness of humanity.  
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,  
There let me see thee sink into a mood  
Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye  
Be calm as water when the winds are gone,  
And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend!  
We two have known such happy hours together,  
That, were power granted to replace them (fetched  
From out the pensive shadows where they lie)  
In the first warmth of their original sunshine,  
Loth should I be to use it: passing sweet  
Are the domains of tender memory!

### ODE

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

WHILE from the purpling east departs  
The Star that led the dawn,  
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,  
For May is on the lawn.  
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,  
Foreran the expected Power,  
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,  
Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway  
Tempers the year's extremes;  
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,  
Like morning's dewy gleams;

While mellow warble, sprightly trill,  
The tremulous heart excite;  
And hums the balmy air to still  
The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when Youths and Maids  
At peep of dawn would rise,  
And wander forth, in forest glades  
Thy birth to solemnize.  
Though mute the song — to grace the rite  
Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;  
Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings  
In love's disport employ;  
Warmed by thy influence, creeping Things  
Awake to silent joy:  
Queen art thou still for each gay Plant  
Where the slim wild Deer roves;  
And served in depths where Fishes haunt  
Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing Peak, and trackless Heath,  
Instinctive homage pay;  
Nor wants the dim-lit Cave a wreath  
To honour Thee, sweet May!  
Where Cities fanned by thy brisk airs  
Behold a smokeless sky,  
Their puniest Flower-pot nursling dares  
To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,  
The Pole, from which thy name  
Hath not departed, stands forlorn  
Of song and dance and game,  
Still from the village-green a vow  
Aspires to thee address  
Wherever peace is on the brow,  
Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst teach  
The soul to love the more;  
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach  
That never loved before.  
Stript is the haughty One of pride,  
The bashful freed from fear,  
While rising, like the ocean-tide,  
In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words refuse  
The service to prolong!  
To yon exulting Thrush the Muse  
Intrusts the imperfect song;  
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,  
Throughout the live-long day,  
Till the first silver Star appear,  
The sovereignty of May.

## TO MAY.

THOUGH many suns have risen and set  
 Since thou, blithe May, wert born,  
 And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget  
 Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;  
 There are who to a birthday strain  
 Confine not harp and voice,  
 But evermore throughout thy reign  
 Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,  
 Too sweet to pass away!  
 Oh for a deathless song to meet  
 The soul's desire—a lay  
 That, when a thousand years are told,  
 Should praise thee, genial Power!  
 Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
 And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, Sea, thy presence feel—nor less,  
 If yon ethereal blue  
 With its soft smile the truth express,  
 The Heavens have felt it too.  
 The inmost heart of man if glad  
 Partakes a livelier cheer;  
 And eyes that cannot but be sad  
 Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks  
 Of hope that grew by stealth,  
 How many wan and faded cheeks  
 Have kindled into health  
 The Old, by thee revived, have said,  
 "Another year is ours;"  
 And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,  
 Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lips a merry song  
 Amid his playful peers!  
 The tender Infant who was long  
 A prisoner of fond fears;  
 But now, when every sharp-edged blast  
 Is quiet in its sheath,  
 His Mother leaves him free to taste  
 Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the Weed that creeps  
 Along the humblest ground;  
 No Cliff so bare but on its steeps  
 Thy favours may be found;  
 But most on some peculiar nook  
 That our own hands have drest,  
 Thou and thy train are proud to look,  
 And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth,  
 When May is whispering, "Come!  
 Choose from the bowers of virgin earth  
 The happiest for your home;

Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread  
 From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,  
 Drops on the mouldering turret's head,  
 And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs  
 For lilies that must fade,  
 Or "the rathe primrose as it dies  
 Forsaken" in the shade!  
 Vernal fruitions and desires  
 Are linked in endless chase;  
 While, as one kindly growth retires,  
 Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known  
 Mishap by worm and blight;  
 If expectations newly blown  
 Have perished in thy sight;  
 If loves and joys, while up they sprung,  
 Were caught as in a snare;  
 Such is the lot of all the young,  
 However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check  
 Are patient of thy rule;  
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,  
 Loitering in glassy pool:  
 By thee, thee only, could be sent  
 Such gentle Mists as glide,  
 Curling with unconfirmed intent,  
 On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil  
 Through which yon House of God  
 Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale,  
 By few but shepherds trod!  
 And lowly Huts, near beaten ways,  
 No sooner stand attired  
 In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise  
 Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,  
 Permit not for one hour  
 A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
 Nor add to it a flower!  
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
 Of self-restraining art,  
 This modest charm of not too much,  
 Part seen, imagined part!

## DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

"Not to the earth confined,  
 "Ascend to heaven."

WHERE will they stop, those breathing Powers,  
 The Spirits of the new-born flowers?  
 They wander with the breeze, they wind  
 Where'er the streams a passage find;

Up from their native ground they rise  
 In mute aërial harmonies ;  
 From humble violet, modest thyme,  
 Exhaled, the essential odours climb,  
 As if no space below the sky  
 Their subtle flight could satisfy :  
 Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride  
 If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindest of May-showers,  
 The spirit-quickener of the flowers,  
 That with moist virtue softly cleaves  
 The buds, and freshens the young leaves,  
 The Birds pour forth their souls in note  
 Of rapture from a thousand throats,  
 Here checked by too impetuous haste,  
 While there the music runs to waste,  
 With bounty more and more enlarged,  
 Till the whole air is overcharged ;  
 Give ear, O Man ! to their appeal  
 And thirst for no inferior zeal,  
 Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth ; aspire ! aspire !  
 So pleads the town's cathedral choir,  
 In strains that from their solemn height  
 Sink, to attain a loftier flight ;  
 While incense from the altar breathes  
 Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths ;  
 Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds  
 The taper lights, and curls in clouds  
 Around angelic Forms, the still  
 Creation of the painter's skill,  
 That on the service wait concealed  
 One moment, and the next revealed.  
 — Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,  
 And for no transient ecstasies !  
 What else can mean the visual plea  
 Of still or moving imagery ?  
 The iterated summons loud,  
 Not wasted on the attendant crowd,  
 Nor wholly lost upon the throng  
 Hurrying the busy streets along ?

Alas ! the sanctities combined  
 By art to unsensualise the mind,  
 Decay and languish ; or, as creeds  
 And humours change, are spurned like weeds :\*  
 The solemn rites, the awful forms,  
 Founder amid fanatic storms ;  
 The priests are from their altars thrust,  
 The temples levelled with the dust :  
 Yet evermore, through years renewed  
 In undisturbed vicissitude  
 Of seasons balancing their flight  
 On the swift wings of day and night,

Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door  
 Wide open for the scattered Poor.  
 Where flower-breathed incense to the skies  
 Is wafted in mute harmonies ;  
 And ground fresh cloven by the plough  
 Is fragrant with a humbler vow ;  
 Where birds and brooks from leafy dells  
 Chime forth unwearied canticles,  
 And vapours magnify and spread  
 The glory of the sun's bright head ;  
 Still constant in her worship, still  
 Conforming to the Almighty Will,  
 Whether men sow or reap the fields,  
 Her admonitions Nature yields ;  
 That not by bread alone we live,  
 Or what a hand of flesh can give ;  
 That every day should leave some part  
 Free for a sabbath of the heart ;  
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
 From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

#### THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A Rock there is whose homely front  
 The passing Traveller slights ;  
 Yet there the Glow-worms hang their lamps,  
 Like stars, at various heights ;  
 And one coy Primrose to that Rock  
 The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
 What kingdoms overthrown,  
 Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft  
 And marked it for my own ;  
 A lasting link in Nature's chain  
 From highest heaven let down !

The Flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
 Their fellowship renew ;  
 The stems are faithful to the root,  
 That worketh out of view ;  
 And to the rock the root adheres,  
 In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
 Though threatening still to fall ;  
 The earth is constant to her sphere ;  
 And God upholds them all :  
 So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads  
 Her annual funeral.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here closed the meditative Strain ;  
 But air breathed soft that day,  
 The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,  
 The sunny vale looked gay ;  
 And to the Primrose of the Rock  
 I gave this after-lay.

\* See Note.

I sang, Let myriads of bright flowers,  
Like Thee, in field and grove  
Revive unenvied,—mightier far  
Than tremblings that reprove  
Our vernal tendencies to hope  
In God's redeeming love:

That love which changed, for wan disease,  
For sorrow that had bent  
O'er hopeless dust, for withered age,  
Their moral element,  
And turned the thistles of a curse  
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,  
The reasoning Sons of Men,  
From one oblivious winter called  
Shall rise, and breathe again;  
And in eternal summer lose  
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends  
This prescience from on high,  
The faith that elevates the Just,  
Before and when they die;  
And makes each soul a separate heaven,  
A court for Deity.

#### THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

FLATTERED with promise of escape  
From every hurtful blast,  
Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,  
Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high  
In fierce solstitial power,  
Less fair than when a lenient sky  
Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves  
The labours of the plough,  
And ripening fruits and forest leaves  
All brighten on the bough,

What pensive beauty autumn shows,  
Before she hears the sound  
Of winter rushing in, to close  
The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such;  
So may our Autumn blend  
With hoary Winter, and life touch,  
Through heaven-born hope, her end!

THE unremitting voice of nightly streams  
That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,  
If neither soothing to the worm that gleams  
Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in bowers,  
Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers,—  
That voice of unpretending harmony  
(For who what is shall measure by what seems  
To be, or not to be,  
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)  
Wants not a healing influence that can creep  
Into the human breast, and mix with sleep  
To regulate the motion of our dreams  
For kindly issues—as through every clime  
Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time;  
As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell  
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell  
Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.

#### FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a Dog or Fox;  
He halts—and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks:  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern;  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;  
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry:  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height;  
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;  
What is the Creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps, till June, December's snow;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn\* below!  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land;  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
In symphony austere;

\* Tarn is a small Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.



Thither the rainbow comes — the cloud —  
And mists that spread the flying shroud;  
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,  
That, if it could, would hurry past;  
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
The Shepherd stood: then makes his way  
Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
As quickly as he may;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground;  
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh  
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The Man had fallen, that place of fear!  
At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear:  
He instantly recalled the Name,  
And who he was, and whence he came;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the Traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable Tale I tell!  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This Dog, had been through three months' space  
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day  
When this ill-fated Traveller died,  
The Dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his Master's side:  
How nourished here through such long time  
He knows, who gave that love sublime;  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate.

### THE GLEANER

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,  
Those locks from summer's golden skies,  
That o'er thy brow are shed;  
That cheek — a kindling of the morn,  
That lip — a rose-bud from the thorn,  
I saw; — and Fancy sped  
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,  
Of bliss that grows without a care,  
Of happiness that never flies —  
How can it where love never dies!  
Of promise whispering, where no blight  
Can reach the innocent delight;  
Where pity, to the mind conveyed  
In pleasure, is the darkest shade

That Time, unwrinkled Grandsire, flings  
From his smoothly-gliding wings.  
What mortal form, what earthly face,  
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,  
And mingle colours that should breed  
Such rapture, nor want power to feed;  
For had thy charge been idle flowers,  
Fair Damsel, o'er my captive mind,  
To truth and sober reason blind,  
'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,  
The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours.

— Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,  
That touchingly bespeaks thee born  
Life's daily tasks with them to share  
Who, whether from their lowly bed  
They rise, or rest the weary head,  
Ponder the blessing they entreat  
From Heaven, and *feel* what they repeat,  
While they give utterance to the prayer  
That asks for daily bread.

### THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And he accepts the punctual hymn  
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside  
From holy offerings at noontide:  
Then here reposing let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light  
We need not toil from morn to night;  
The respite of the mid-day hour  
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestowed  
Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallowed spot?  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A Church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven! the industrious Sun  
Already half his race hath run;  
He cannot halt nor go astray,  
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,  
If we have faltered or transgressed,  
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,  
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,  
Our upward and our downward way;  
And glorify for us the west,  
When we shall sink to final rest.

TO THE LADY —,

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE  
ERECTION OF ——— CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

BLEST is this Isle — our native Land;  
Where battlement and moated gate  
Are objects only for the hand  
Of hoary Time to decorate;  
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes  
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,  
No rampart's stern defence require,  
Nought but the heaven-directed Spire,  
And steeple Tower (with pealing bells)  
Far heard — our only Citadels.

O Lady! from a noble line  
Of Chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore  
The spear, yet gave to works divine  
A bounteous help in days of yore,  
(As records mouldering in the Dell  
Of Nightshade\* haply yet may tell)  
Thee kindred aspirations moved  
To build, within a Vale beloved,  
For Him upon whose high behests  
All peace depends, all safety rests.

How fondly will the woods embrace  
This Daughter of thy pious care,  
Lifting her front with modest grace  
To make a fair recess more fair;  
And to exalt the passing hour;  
Or soothe it, with a healing power  
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled,  
Before this rugged soil was tilled,  
Or human habitation rose  
To interrupt the deep repose!

Well may the Villagers rejoice!  
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,  
Will be a hinderance to the voice  
That would unite in prayer and praise;  
More duly shall wild wandering Youth  
Receive the curb of sacred truth,  
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear  
The Promise, with uplifted ear;  
And all shall welcome the new ray  
Imparted to their Sabbath-day.

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,  
His fancy cheated — that can see  
A shade upon the future cast,  
Of Time's pathetic sanctity;  
Can hear the monitory clock  
Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock  
At evening, when the ground beneath  
Is ruffled o'er with cells of Death;  
Where happy generations lie,  
Here tutored for Eternity.

Lives there a Man whose sole delights  
Are trivial pomp and city noise,  
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights  
What every natural heart enjoys?  
Who never caught a noon-tide dream  
From murmur of a running stream;  
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields  
To him, their verdure from the fields;  
And take the radiance from the clouds  
In which the sun his setting shrouds.

A Soul so pitiably forlorn,  
If such do on this earth abide,  
May season apathy with scorn,  
May turn indifference to pride,  
And still be not unblest — compared  
With him who grovels, self-debarred  
From all that lies within the scope  
Of holy faith and Christian hope;  
Yea, strives for others to bedim  
The glorious Light too pure for him.

Alas! that such perverted zeal  
Should spread on Britain's favoured ground!  
That public order, private weal,  
Should e'er have felt or feared a wound  
From champions of the desperate law  
Which from their own blind hearts they draw:  
Who tempt their reason to deny  
God, whom their passions dare defy,  
And boast that *they alone* are free  
Who reach this dire extremity!

But turn we from these "bold bad" men;  
The way, mild Lady! that hath led  
Down to their "dark opprobrious den,"  
Is all too rough for Thee to tread.  
Softly as morning vapours glide  
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,  
Should move the tenour of his song  
Who means to Charity no wrong;  
Whose offering gladly would accord  
With this day's work, in thought and word.

Heaven prosper it! may peace, and love,  
And hope, and consolation, fall,  
Through its meek influence, from above,  
And penetrate the hearts of all;

\* Bekanga Ghyll — or the Vale of Nightshade — in which  
stands St. Mary's Abbey, in Low Furness.

All who, around the hallowed Fane,  
 Shall sojourn in this fair domain;  
 Grateful to Thee, while service pure,  
 And ancient ordinance, shall endure,  
 For opportunity bestowed  
 To kneel together, and adore their God!

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ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may  
 The help which slackening Piety requires;  
 Nor deem that he perforce must go astray  
 Who treads upon the footmarks of his Sires.

Our Churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but why is by few persons exactly known; nor, that the degree of deviation from due east often noticeable in the ancient ones was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon, at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our Ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

When in the antique age of bow and spear  
 And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,  
 Came Ministers of peace, intent to rear  
 The mother Church in yon sequestered vale;

Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite  
 Resounded with deep swell and solemn close,  
 Through unremitting vigils of the night,  
 Till from his couch the wished-for Sun uprose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine command,  
 They who had waited for that sign to trace,  
 Their work's foundation, gave with careful hand  
 To the high Altar its determined place;

Mindful of Him who in the Orient born  
 There lived, and on the cross his life resigned,  
 And who, from out the regions of the Morn,  
 Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge Mankind.

So taught *their* creed;—nor failed the eastern sky,  
 'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse  
 The sweet and natural hopes that shall not die,  
 Long as the Sun his gladsome course renews.

For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased;  
 Yet still we plant, like men of elder days,  
 Our Christian Altar faithful to the East,  
 Whence the tall window drinks the morning rays;

That obvious emblem giving to the eye  
 Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,  
 That symbol of the dayspring from on high,  
 Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER\*;

OR,

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A TRADITION.

"What is good for a bootless bene?"  
 With these dark words begins my Tale;  
 And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring  
 When Prayer is of no avail!

"What is good for a bootless bene?"  
 The Falconer to the Lady said:  
 And she made answer "ENDLESS SORROW!"  
 For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words,  
 And from the look of the Falconer's eye;  
 And from the love which was in her soul  
 For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods  
 Is ranging high and low;  
 And holds a Greyhound in a leash,  
 To let slip upon buck or doe.

The Pair have reached that fearful chasm,  
 How tempting to bestride!  
 For Lordly Wharf is there pent in  
 With rocks on either side.

This Striding-place is called THE STRID,  
 A name which it took of yore:  
 A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
 And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,  
 And what may now forbid  
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
 Shall bound across THE STRID?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he  
 That the River was strong, and the rocks were steep?  
 —But the Greyhound in the leash hung back,  
 And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
 And strangled by a merciless force;  
 For never more was young Romilly seen  
 Till he rose a lifeless Corse.

Now there is stillness in the Vale,  
 And deep, unspeaking sorrow:  
 Wharf shall be to pitying hearts  
 A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a Lover the Lady wept,  
 A solace she might borrow  
 From death, and from the passion of death;—  
 Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

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\* See the White Doe of Rylstone, p. 331.

She weeps not for the wedding-day  
Which was to be to-morrow:  
Her hope was a further-looking hope,  
And hers is a Mother's sorrow.

He was a Tree that stood alone,  
And proudly did its branches wave;  
And the root of this delightful Tree  
Was in her Husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
And her first words were, "Let there be  
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared;  
And Wharf, as he moved along,  
To Matins joined a mournful voice,  
Nor failed at Even-song.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness  
That looked not for relief!  
But slowly did her succour come,  
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a timely end,  
If but to God we turn, and ask  
Of Him to be our Friend.

#### A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION;

OR,

#### CANUTE AND ALFRED ON THE SEA-SHORE.

THE Danish Conqueror on his royal chair,  
Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,  
To aid a covert purpose, cried — "O ye  
Approaching waters of the deep, that share  
With this green isle my fortunes, come not where  
Your Master's throne is set!" — Absurd decree!  
A mandate uttered to the foaming sea,  
Is to its motion less than wanton air.  
— Then Canute, rising from the invaded Throne,  
Said to his servile Courtiers, "Poor the reach,  
The undisguised extent, of mortal sway!  
He only is a king, and he alone  
Deserves the name (this truth the billows preach)  
Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and heaven obey."  
This just reproof the prosperous Dane  
Drew, from the influx of the Main,  
For some whose rugged northern mouths would strain  
At oriental flattery;  
And Canute (truth more worthy to be known)  
From that time forth did for his brows disown  
The ostentatious symbol of a Crown;  
Esteeming earthly royalty  
Contemptible and vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,  
Rich theme of England's fondest praise,

Her darling Alfred, *might* have spoken;  
To cheer the remnant of his host  
When he was driven from coast to coast,  
Distressed and harassed, but with mind unbroken:  
"My faithful Followers, lo! the tide is spent;  
That rose, and steadily advanced to fill  
The shores and channels, working Nature's will  
Among the mazy streams that backward went,  
And in the sluggish pools where ships are pent:  
And now, its task performed, the Flood stands still  
At the green base of many an inland hill,  
In placid beauty and sublime content!  
Such the repose that Sage and Hero find;  
Such measured rest the sedulous and good  
Of humbler name; whose souls do, like the flood  
Of Ocean, press right on; or gently wind,  
Neither to be diverted nor withstood,  
Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned."

— "A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on!"  
— What trick of memory to *my* voice hath brought  
This mournful iteration? For though Time,  
The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on this brow  
Planting his favourite silver diadem,  
Nor he, nor minister of his — intent  
To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,  
Though not unmenaced, among those who lean  
Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.  
— O my Antigone, beloved child!  
Should that day come — but hark! the birds salute  
The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east;  
For me, thy natural Leader, once again  
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst  
A tottering Infant, with compliant stoop  
From flower to flower supported; but to curb  
Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,  
Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge  
Of foaming torrent. — From thy orisons  
Come forth; and, while the morning air is yet  
Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,  
Let me, thy happy Guide, now point thy way,  
And now precede thee, winding to and fro,  
Till we by perseverance gain the top  
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous  
Kindles intense desire for powers withheld  
From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands,  
Is seized with strong incitement to push forth  
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge — dread  
thought!  
For pastime plunge — into the "abrupt abyss,"  
Where Ravens spread their plummy vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct  
Through woods and spacious forests, — to behold  
There, how the Original of human art,  
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects



Her temples, fearless for the stately work,  
 Though waves in every breeze its high-arched roof,  
 And storms the pillars rock. But we such schools  
 Of reverential awe will chiefly seek  
 In the still summer noon, while beams of light,  
 Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond  
 Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall  
 To mind the living presences of Nuns;  
 A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,  
 Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom  
 Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,  
 To Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,  
 To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again  
 Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,  
 Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield  
 To heights more glorious still, and into shades  
 More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,  
 We may be taught, O Darling of my care!  
 To calm the affections, elevate the soul,  
 And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

#### SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields  
 Are hung, as if with golden shields,  
 Bright trophies of the sun!  
 Like a fair sister of the sky,  
 Unruffled doth the blue Lake lie,  
 The Mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal Grove,  
 Albeit uninspired by love,  
 By love untaught to ring,  
 May well afford to mortal ear  
 An impulse more profoundly dear  
 Than music of the Spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat  
 Proceeds, from some uneasy seat  
 In Nature's struggling frame,  
 Some region of impatient life;  
 And jealousy, and quivering strife,  
 Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear  
 These vespers of another year,  
 This hymn of thanks and praise,  
 My spirit seems to mount above  
 The anxieties of human love,  
 And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh,  
 Unchecked is that soft harmony:  
 There lives Who can provide  
 For all his creatures; and in Him,  
 Even like the radiant Seraphim,  
 These Choristers confide.

#### UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed  
 An aspect tenderly illumed,  
 The gentlest look of Spring;  
 That calls from yonder leafy shade  
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,  
 A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,  
 Such tribute as to Winter chill  
 The lonely Redbreast pays  
 Clear, loud, and lively is the din,  
 From social warblers gathering in  
 Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer  
 Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,  
 And yellow on the bough:—  
 Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!  
 Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed  
 Around a younger brow!

Yet will I temperately rejoice;  
 Wide is the range, and free the choice  
 Of undiscordant themes;  
 Which, haply, kindred souls may prize  
 Not less than vernal ecstasies,  
 And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,  
 And they like Demi-gods are strong  
 On whom the muses smile;  
 But some their function have disclaimed,  
 Best pleased with what is aptliest framed  
 To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains  
 Committed to the silent plains  
 In Britain's earliest dawn  
 Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,  
 While all-too-daringly the veil  
 Of Nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note  
 When the live chords Alcæus smote,  
 Inflamed by sense of wrong;  
 Woe! woe to Tyrants! from the lyre  
 Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire  
 Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page  
 By winged Love inscribed, to assuage  
 The pangs of vain pursuit;  
 Love listening while the Lesbian Maid  
 With finest touch of passion swayed  
 Her own Æolian late.

O ye, who patiently explore  
The wreck of Herculean lore,  
What rapture! could ye seize  
Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth  
Of poesy; a bursting forth  
Of Genius from the dust:  
What Horace gloried to behold,  
What Maro loved, shall we enfold?  
Can haughty Time be just!

#### THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.\*

'Tis gone — with old belief and dream  
That round it clung, and tempting scheme  
Released from fear and doubt;  
And the bright landscape too must lie,  
By this blank wall from every eye  
Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed  
That opening — but a look ye cast  
Upon the lake below,  
What spirit-stirring power it gained  
From faith which here was entertained,  
Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs  
Of history, Glory claps her wings,  
Fame sheds the exulting tear;  
Yet earth is wide, and many a nook  
Unheard of is, like this, a book  
For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought  
That grafted, on so fair a spot,  
So confident a token  
Of coming good; — the charm is fled;  
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,  
Which one harsh day has broken.

Alas! for him who gave the word;  
Could he no sympathy afford,  
Derived from earth or heaven,  
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;  
Their very wishes wanted aid  
Which here was freely given!

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,  
Will now so readily be found  
A balm of expectation?  
Anxious for far-off children, where  
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air  
Of home-felt consolation?

\* See ante, p. 399.

Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favourite unmolested.

And not unfelt will prove the loss  
'Mid trivial care and petty cross  
And each day's shallow grief;  
Though the most easily beguiled  
Were oft among the first that smiled  
At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,  
A reconciling thought may turn  
To harm that might lurk here,  
Ere judgment prompted from within  
Fit aims, with courage to begin,  
And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is man: our state  
Enjoins, while firm resolves await  
On wishes just and wise,  
That strenuous action follow both,  
And life be one perpetual growth  
Of heaven-ward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face  
All accidents of time and place;  
Whatever props may fail,  
Trust in that sovereign law can spread  
New glory o'er the mountain's head,  
Fresh beauty through the vale.

That truth informing mind and heart,  
The simplest cottager may part,  
Ungrieved with charm and spell;  
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee  
The voice of grateful memory  
Shall bid a kind farewell!

#### DION.\*

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

##### 1.

FAIR is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing  
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,  
Bears him on while proudly sailing  
He leaves behind a moon-illuminated wake:  
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve  
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;  
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings  
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs  
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings  
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!  
— Behold! — as with a gushing impulse heaves  
That downy prow, and softly cleaves  
The mirror of the crystal flood,  
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,

[\* In the later editions, the opening stanza (down to the 20th line) has been removed to the notes, with the following explanation from the author:—"This poem began with the following stanza which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for, the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato." It is a remarkable instance of the comparative sacrifice of a passage of great beauty to the Poet's dutiful regard for the principles of his Art. — H. R.]

And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,  
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate  
Or Rival, save the Queen of Night  
Showering down a silver light,  
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite!

## 2.

So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,  
Where'er he turned, a natural grace  
Of haughtiness without pretence,  
And to unfold a still magnificence,  
Was princely Dion, in the power  
And beauty of his happier hour.  
Nor less the homage that was seen to wait  
On Dion's virtues, when the lunar beam  
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,  
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,  
Softening their inbred dignity austere;  
That he, not too elate  
With self-sufficing solitude,  
But with majestic lowliness endued,  
Might in the universal bosom reign,  
And from affectionate observance gain  
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

## 3.

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day!  
Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear and  
shield,  
Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,  
To Syracuse advance in bright array.  
Who leads them on?—The anxious People see  
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,  
He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,  
And in a white, far-beaming, corslet clad!  
Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear  
The Gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,  
Salute those Strangers as a holy train  
Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)  
That brought their precious liberty again.  
Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,  
Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine  
In seemly order stand,  
On tables set, as if for rites divine;—  
And, as the great Deliverer marches by,  
He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;  
And flowers are on his person thrown  
In boundless prodigality;  
Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,  
Invoking Dion's tutelary care,  
As if a very Deity he were!

## 4.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn  
Illyssus, bending o'er thy classic urn!  
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads

Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades:  
For him who to divinity aspired,  
Not on the breath of popular applause,  
But through dependence on the sacred laws  
Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,  
Intent to trace the ideal path of right  
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with  
stars)

Which Dion learned to measure with delight;  
But he hath overleaped the eternal bars;  
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent  
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,  
Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,  
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.  
Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,  
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;  
And oft his cogitations sink as low  
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,  
The heaviest plummet of despair can go;  
But whence that sudden check! that fearful start!

He hears an uncouth sound—

Anon his lifted eyes

Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,  
A Shape of more than mortal size  
And hideous aspect, stalking round and round!  
A woman's garb the Phantom wore,  
And fiercely swept the marble floor,—  
Like Auster whirling to and fro,  
His force on Caspian foam to try;  
Or Boreas when he scours the snow  
That skins the plains of Thessaly,  
Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops  
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

## 5.

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,  
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,  
Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—  
No pause admitted, no design avowed!  
"Avaunt, inexplicable Guest!—avaunt,"  
Exclaimed the Chieftain—"Let me rather see  
The coronal that coiling vipers make;  
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,  
And the long train of doleful pageantry  
Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt;  
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,  
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,  
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have  
borne!"

## 6.

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,  
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;  
Lords of the visionary Eye, whose lid  
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!  
Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Implement  
Obeys a mystical intent!

Your Minister would brush away  
The spots that to my soul adhere ;  
But should she labour night and day,  
They will not, cannot disappear ;  
Whence angry perturbations, — and that look  
Which no Philosophy can brook !

## 7.

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built  
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name ;  
Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,  
Pursue thee with their deadly aim !  
O matchless perfidy ! portentous lust  
Of monstrous crime ! — that horror-striking blade,  
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid  
The noble Syracusan low in dust !  
Shudder'd the walls — the marble city wept —  
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh ;  
But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,  
As he had fallen, in magnanimity :  
Of spirit too capacious to require  
That Destiny her course should change ; too just  
To his own native greatness to desire  
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.  
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved  
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.  
Released from life and cares of princely state,  
He left this moral grafted on his Fate,  
"Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends  
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,  
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."

## PRESENTIMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right  
Who deem that ye from open light  
Retire in fear of shame ;  
All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch  
Of vulgar sense, and, being such,  
Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,  
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,  
Were mine in early days ;  
And now, unforced by Time to part  
With Fancy, I obey my heart,  
And venture on your praise.

What though some busy Foes to good,  
Too potent over nerve and blood,  
Lurk near you, and combine  
To taint the health which ye infuse,  
This hides not from the moral Muse  
Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers !  
Comes Faith that in auspicious hours  
Builds castles, not of air ;  
Bodings unsanctioned by the will  
Flow from your visionary skill,  
And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,  
That no philosophy can lift,  
Shall vanish, if ye please,  
Like morning mist ; and, where it lay,  
The spirits at your bidding play  
In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided Contemplations move  
Through space, though calm, not raised above  
Prognostics that ye rule ;  
The naked Indian of the Wild,  
And haply, too, the cradled Child,  
Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,  
Number their signs or instruments ?  
A rainbow, a sunbeam,  
A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,  
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,  
An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth  
With sighs of self-exhausted mirth  
Ye feelingly reprove ;  
And daily, in the conscious breast,  
Your visitations are a test  
And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless scope  
To an exulting Nation's hope,  
Oft, startled and made wise  
By your low-breathed interpretings,  
The simply-meek foretaste the springs  
Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of War,  
Pervade the lonely Ocean far  
As sail hath been unfurled ;  
For Dancers in the festive hall  
What ghastly Partners hath your call  
Fetched from the shadowy world !

'Tis said, that warnings ye dispense,  
Emboldened by a keener sense ;  
That men have lived for whom,  
With dread precision, ye made clear  
The hour that in a distant year  
Should knell them to the tomb.



Unwelcome Insight! Yet there are  
 Blest times when mystery is laid bare,  
 Truth shows a glorious face,  
 While on that Isthmus which commands  
 The councils of both worlds she stands,  
 Sage Spirits! by your grace.

God, who instructs the Brutes to scent  
 All changes of the element,  
 Whose wisdom fixed the scale  
 Of Natures, for our wants provides  
 By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,  
 When lights of Reason fail.

### LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF ———  
 NOVEMBER 5, 1834.

LADY! a Pen, perhaps, with thy regard,  
 Among the Favoured, favoured not the least,  
 Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,  
 Deliberate traces, registers of thought  
 And feeling, suited to the place and time  
 That gave them birth: — months passed, and still  
     this hand,  
 That had not been too timid to imprint  
 Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,  
 Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee.  
 And why that scrupulous reserve! In sooth  
 The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.  
 Flowers are there many that delight to strive  
 With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,  
 Yet are by nature careless of the sun  
 Whether he shine on them or not; and some,  
 Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,  
 Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams:  
 Others do rather from their notice shrink,  
 Loving the dewy shade, — a humble Band,  
 Modest and sweet, a Progeny of earth,  
 Congenial with thy mind and character,  
 High-born Augusta!

Towers, and stately Groves,  
 Bear witness for me; thou, too, Mountain-stream!  
 From thy most secret haunts; and ye Parterres,  
 Which she is pleased and proud to call her own;  
 Witness how oft upon my noble Friend  
 Mute offerings, tribute from an inward sense  
 Of admiration and respectful love,  
 Have waited, till the affections could no more  
 Endure that silence, and broke out in song;  
 Snatches of music taken up and dropt  
 Like those self-solacing, those under-notes  
 Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves

Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,  
 The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,  
 Checked, in the moment of its issue checked;  
 And reprehended by a fancied blush  
 From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed,  
 Thua, Lady, is retiredness a veil  
 That, while it only spreads a softening charm  
 O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,  
 Hides half their beauty from the common gaze;  
 And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill  
 Of lofty station, female goodness walks,  
 When side by side with lunar gentleness,  
 As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor  
 (Such the immunities of low estate,  
 Plain Nature's enviable privilege,  
 Her sacred recompense for many wants)  
 Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out  
 All that they think and feel, with tears of joy;  
 And benedictions not unheard in Heaven:  
 And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free  
 To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines  
 A just memorial; and thine eyes consent  
 To read that they, who mark thy course, behold  
 A life declining with the golden light  
 Of summer, in the season of sere leaves;  
 See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time;  
 See studied kindness flow with easy stream,  
 Illustrated with inborn courtesy;  
 And an habitual disregard of self  
 Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the verse not tell of lighter gifts  
 With these ennobling attributes conjoined  
 And blended, in peculiar harmony,  
 By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!  
 A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,  
 Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path  
 Thou tread, or on the managed steed art borne,  
 Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,  
 Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds

Yet one word more — one farewell word — a wish  
 Which came, but it has passed into a prayer,  
 That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,  
 So, at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes  
 Whose tender love, here faltering on the way  
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven, —  
 So may it set in peace, to rise again  
 For everlasting glory won by faith.

## POOR ROBIN.\*

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,  
 And lilies face the March winds in full blow,  
 And humbler growths as moved with one desire  
 Put on to welcome spring their best attire,  
 Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay  
 With his red stalks upon this sunny day!  
 And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content  
 With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,  
 Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power  
 To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower;  
 And flowers they well might seem to passers-by  
 If looked at only with a careless eye;  
 Flowers — or a richer produce (did it suit  
 The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.

But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,  
 Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought?  
 Is the string touched in prelude to a lay  
 Of pretty fancies that would round him play  
 When all the world acknowledged elfin away?  
 Or does it suit our humour to commend  
 Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,  
 Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show  
 Bright colours whether they deceive or no! —  
 Nay, we would simply praise the free good-will  
 With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill  
 Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;  
 Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,  
 Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow:  
 Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,  
 And such as lift their foreheads overprized,  
 Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy  
 This child of Nature's own humility,  
 What recompense is kept in store or left  
 For all that seem neglected or bereft:  
 With what nice care equivalents are given,  
 How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

March, 1840.

## TO A REDBREAST — (IN SICKNESS).

STAY, little cheerful Robin! stay,  
 And at my casement sing,  
 Though it should prove a farewell lay  
 And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy  
 The promise in thy song;  
 A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,  
 Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour  
 Thy song would still be dear,  
 And with a more than earthly power  
 My passing spirit cheer.

\* The small wild Geranium known by that name.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,  
 Come, and my requiem sing,  
 Nor fail to be the harbinger  
 Of everlasting spring. — S. H.

## FLOATING ISLAND.\*

These lines are by the Author of the Address to the Wind, &c., published heretofore along with my Poema. The above to a Redbreast are by a deceased female relative.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work  
 On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;  
 Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,  
 All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth  
 (By throbbing waves long undermined)  
 Loosed from its hold; how, no one knew,  
 But all might see it float, obedient to the wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore  
 Dissevered, float upon the Lake,  
 Float with its crest of trees adorned  
 On which the warbling birds their pastime take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;  
 There berries ripen, flowerets bloom;  
 There insects live their lives, and die;  
 A peopled world it is; in size a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons' space  
 This little Island may survive;  
 But Nature, though we mark her not,  
 Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth  
 Upon some vacant sunny day,  
 Without an object, hope, or fear,  
 Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is passed away;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,  
 Its place no longer to be found;  
 Yet the lost fragments shall remain  
 To fertilize some other ground. — D. W.

## INSCRIPTION

## ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind  
 Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,  
 Yet, like to eddying balls of foam  
 Within this whirlpool, they each other chase  
 Round and round, and neither find  
 An outlet nor a resting place!  
 Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,  
 Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

[\* See Southey's Life and Correspondence, Vol. III., p. 154, Ch. xiv., for an account of the Floating Island of Derwentwater, in a letter from Southey to Mr. Rickman. — H. R.]

To ———,

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD,  
MARCH, 1833.

*'Tum porro puer, ut sevis projectus ab undis  
Navita; nudus humi jacet,' &c. — LUCRETIVS.*

LIKE a shipwreck'd Sailor tost  
By rough waves on a perilous coast,  
Lies the Babe, in helplessness  
And in tenderest nakedness,  
Flung by labouring nature forth  
Upon the mercies of the earth.  
Can its eyes beseech? no more  
Than the hands are free to implore:  
Voice but serves for one brief cry,  
Plaint was it? or prophecy  
Of sorrow that will surely come?  
Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close  
Duly granted to thy throes;  
By the silent thanks now tending  
Incense-like to Heaven, descending  
Now to mingle and to move  
With the gush of earthly love,  
As a debt to that frail Creature,  
Instrument of struggling Nature  
For the blissful calm, the peace  
Known but to this one release;  
Can the pitying spirit doubt  
That for human-kind springs out  
From the penalty a sense  
Of more than mortal recompense?

As a floating summer cloud,  
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,  
To the sun-burnt traveller,  
Or the stooping labourer,  
Oftimes makes its bounty known  
By its shadow round him thrown;  
So, by chequerings of sad cheer,  
Heavenly guardians, brooding near,  
Of their presence tell — too bright  
Haply for corporeal sight!  
Ministers of grace divine,  
Feelingly their brows incline  
O'er this seeming Castaway,  
Breathing, in the light of day,  
Something like the faintest breath  
That has power to baffle death —  
Beautiful, while very weakness  
Captivates like passive meekness!

And, sweet Mother! under warrant  
Of the universal Parent,  
Who repays in season due  
Them who have, like thee, been true

To the filial chain let down  
From his everlasting throne,  
Angels hovering round thy couch,  
With their softest whispers vouch,  
That, whatever griefs may fret,  
Cares entangle, sins beset  
This thy first-born, and with tears  
Stain her cheek in future years,  
Heavenly succour, not denied  
To the Babe, whate'er betide,  
Will to the Woman be supplied!

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;  
Blest the starry promises,  
And the firmament benign  
Hallowed be it, where they shine!  
Yes, for them whose souls have scope  
Ample for a winged hope,  
And can earthward bend an ear  
For needful listening, pledge is here,  
That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread  
In thy footsteps, and be led  
By that other Guide, whose light  
Of manly virtues, mildly bright,  
Gave him first the wished-for part  
In thy gentle virgin heart,  
Then, amid the storms of life  
Presignified by that dread strife  
Whence ye have escaped together,  
She may look for serene weather;  
In all trials sure to find  
Comfort for a faithful mind;  
Kindlier issues, holier rest,  
Than even now await her, prest,  
Conscious Nursling, to thy breast!

THE WARNING,  
A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING  
MARCH, 1833.

LIST, the winds of March are blowing;  
Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing  
Their meek heads to the nipping air,  
Which ye feel not, happy pair!  
Sunk into a kindly sleep  
We, meanwhile, our hope will keep;  
And if Time leagued with adverse Change  
(Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,  
Whatsoever check they bring,  
Anxious duty hindering,  
To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds  
Upon each home event as life proceeds,  
Affections pure and holy in their source  
Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course;

Hopes that within the Father's heart prevail,  
Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to fail;  
And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings  
To his grave touch with no unready strings,  
While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,  
And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow.

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,  
And have renewed the tributary Lay.  
Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,  
And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace;  
Swift as the rising sun his beams extends  
She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends;  
Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove  
For the unconscious Babe an unbelated love!)  
But from this peaceful centre of delight  
Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight.  
She rivals the fleet Swallow, making rings  
In the smooth Lake where'er he dips his wings:  
— Rapt into upper regions, like the Bee  
That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee;  
Or, like the warbling Lark intent to shroud  
His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,  
She soars — and here and there her pinions rest  
On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest  
With a new visitant, an infant guest —  
Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky  
In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,  
When feasts shall crowd the Hall, and steeple bells  
Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells  
Catch the blithe music, as it sinks or swells;  
And harboured ships, whose pride is on the sea,  
Shall hoist their topmast flags in sign of glee,  
Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who, (though neither reckoning ills assigned  
By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind  
The track that was, and is, and must be, worn  
With weary feet by all of woman born) —  
Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,  
Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved?  
Not He, whose last faint memory will command  
The truth that Britain was his native land;  
Whose infant soul was tutored to confide  
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;  
Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown  
With rapture thrilled; whose Youth revered the crown  
Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,  
Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!  
— Not He, who from her mellowed practice drew  
His social sense of just, and fair, and true;  
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France  
Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,  
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,  
Nor grieved to see, (himself not unbeguiled) —\*  
Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,  
And learn how sanguine expectations fade  
When novel trusts by folly are betrayed, —

To see presumption, turning pale, refrain  
From further havoc, but repent in vain, —  
Good aims lie down, and perish in the road  
Where guilt had urged them on, with ceaseless goad,  
Till indiscriminating Ruin swept  
The Land, and Wrong perpetual vigils kept:  
With proof before her that on public ends  
Domestic virtue vitally depends.

Can such a one, dear Babe! though glad and proud  
To welcome Thee, repel the fears that crowd  
Into his English breast, and spare to quake  
Not for his own, but for thy innocent sake?  
Too late — or, should the providence of God  
Lead, through blind ways by sin and sorrow trod,  
Justice and peace to a secure abode,  
Too soon — thou com'st into this breathing world;  
Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.  
Who shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm?  
What hand suffice to govern the state-helm?  
If, in the aims of men, the surest test  
Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest)  
Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,  
For compassing the end, else never gained;  
Yet governors and governed both are blind  
To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind;  
If to expedience principle must bow;  
Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent Now;  
If cowardly concession still must feed  
The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede;  
If generous Loyalty must stand in awe  
Of subtle Treason, with his mask of law;  
Or with bravado insolent and hard,  
Provoking punishment, to win reward;  
If office help the factious to conspire,  
And they who *should* extinguish, fan the fire —  
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown  
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down;  
To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it  
In cunning patience, from the head that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud;  
Lost, above all, ye labouring multitude!  
Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous tongues  
Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs;  
And over fancied usurpations brood,  
Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood;  
Or, from long stress of real injuries, fly  
To desperation for a remedy:  
In bursts of outrage spread your judgments wide,  
And to your wrath cry out, "Be thou our guide;"  
Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's floor  
In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor  
With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore;  
Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem  
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream  
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest  
Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,  
And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest!

\* See "FRENCH REVOLUTION," p. 188.



— O for a bridle bitted with remorse  
 To stop your Leaders in their headstrong course !  
 Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace  
 These mists, and lead you to a safer place,  
 By paths no human wisdom can foretrace !  
 May He pour round you, from worlds far above  
 Man's feverish passions, his pure light of love,  
 That quietly restores the natural mien  
 To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen  
*Else* shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap  
 Fields gaily sown when promises were cheap.  
 Why is the Past belied with wicked art,  
 The Future made to play so false a part,  
 Among a people famed for strength of mind,  
 Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind ?  
 We act as if we joyed in the sad tune  
 Storms make in rising, valued in the moon  
 Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrateful Nation !  
 If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,  
 Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,  
 Whom, then, shall meekness guard ? What saving  
 skill

Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still !  
 — Soon shall the Widow (for the speed of Time  
 Nought equals when the hours are winged with crime)  
 Widow, or Wife, implore on tremulous knee,  
 From him who judged her Lord, a like decree ;  
 The skies will weep o'er old men desolate :  
 Ye Little-ones ! Earth shudders at your fate,  
 Outcasts and homeless orphans —

But turn, my soul, and from the sleeping Pair  
 Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care !  
 Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still ;  
 Seek for the good and cherish it — the ill  
 Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

If this great world of joy and pain  
 Revolve in one sure track ;  
 If Freedom, set, will rise again,  
 And Virtue, flown, come back ;  
 Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
 The heart with each day's care ;  
 Nor gain, from past or future, skill  
 To bear, and to forbear !

### HUMANITY.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1830.)

Not from his fellows only man may learn  
 Rights to compare and duties to discern :  
 All creatures and all objects, in degree,  
 Are friends and patrons of humanity. — MS.

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own appeal  
 To righteous Gods when Man has ceased to feel,

Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,  
 Before the **STONE OF POWER** no longer stand —  
 To take his sentence from the balanced Block,  
 As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock ;\*  
 Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more  
 The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore ;  
 Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees  
 Do still perform mysterious offices !  
 And still in beast and bird a function dwells,  
 That, while we look and listen, sometimes tells  
 Upon the heart, in more authentic guise  
 Than Oracles, or winged Auguries,  
 Spake to the Science of the ancient wise.  
 Not uninspired appear their simplest ways ;  
 Their voices mount symbolical of praise —  
 To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear ;  
 And to fallen Man their innocence is dear.  
 Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs  
 Streams that reflect the poetry of things !  
 Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues portrayed,  
 That, might a wish avail, would never fade,  
 Borne in their hands the Lily and the Palm  
 Shed round the Altar a celestial calm ;  
 There, too, behold the Lamb and guileless Dove  
 Prest in the tenderness of virgin love  
 To saintly bosoms ! — Glorious is the blending  
 Of right Affections, climbing or descending  
 Along a scale of light and life, with cares  
 Alternate ; carrying holy thoughts and prayers  
 Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High ;  
 Descending to the worm in charity ;†  
 Like those good Angels whom a dream of night  
 Gave, in the Field of Luz, to Jacob's sight ;  
 All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent stairs  
 Earthward or heavenward, radiant Messengers,  
 That, with a perfect will in one accord  
 Of strict obedience, served the Almighty Lord ;  
 And with untired humility forbore  
 The ready service of the wings they wore.

What a fair World were ours for Verse to paint,  
 If Power could live at ease with self-restraint !  
 Opinion bow before the naked sense  
 Of the great Vision, — faith in Providence ;  
 Merciful over all existence, just  
 To the least particle of sentient dust ;  
 And, fixing, by immutable decrees,  
 Seedtime and harvest for his purposes !  
 Then would be closed the restless oblique eye  
 That looks for evil like a treacherous spy ;  
 Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds  
 That into breezes sink ; impetuous minds

\* The Rocking-Stones, alluded to, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.

† The author is indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.

By discipline endeavour to grow meek  
 As truth herself, whom they profess to seek.  
 Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride,  
 Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side ;  
 Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice ;  
 And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,  
 But unoffending creatures find release  
 From *qualified* oppression, whose defence  
 Rests on a hollow plea of recompense ;  
 Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect  
 Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.  
 Witness those glances of indignant scorn  
 From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn  
 The kindness that would make him less forlorn ;  
 Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,  
 His look of pitiable gratitude !

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,  
 Where day departs in pomp, returns with smiles —  
 To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,  
 As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned ;  
 A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats  
 For Gods in council, whose green vales, Retreats  
 Fit for the Shades of Heroes, mingling there  
 To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,  
 Stone walls a Prisoner make, but not a Slave.  
 Shall Man assume a property in Man ?  
 Lay on the moral Will a withering ban ?  
 Shame that our laws at distance should protect  
 Enormities, which they at home reject !  
 "Slaves cannot breathe in England" — a proud boast !  
 And yet a mockery ! if, from coast to coast,  
 Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors and soil  
 Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,  
 For the poor Many, measured out by rules  
 Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,  
 That to an Idol, falsely called "the Wealth  
 Of Nations," sacrifice a People's health,  
 Body and mind and soul ; a thirst so keen  
 Is ever urging on the vast machine  
 Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels  
 The Power least prized is that which thinks and feels.\*

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,  
 And all the heavy or light vassalage  
 Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit  
 Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,  
 'T were well in little, as in great, to pause,  
 Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.  
 There are to whom even garden, grove, and field,  
 Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield ;  
 Who would not lightly violate the grace  
 The lowliest flower possesses in its place ;  
 Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,  
 Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give.

\* See Appendix VI, part 2, page 710.

## LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL  
 OF F. STONE.

BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care  
 Due to the day's unfinished task, of pen  
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene  
 In Nature's prodigality displayed  
 Before my window, oftentimes and long  
 I gaze upon a portrait whose mild gleam  
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich  
 The common light ; whose stillness charms the air,  
 Or seems to charm it, into like repose  
 Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,  
 Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits  
 With emblematic purity attired  
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck  
 Is, and the pillar of the throat *would be*  
 But for the shadow by the drooping chin  
 Cast into that recess — the tender shade,  
 The shade and light, both there and every where,  
 And through the very atmosphere she breathes,  
 Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill  
 That might from nature have been learnt in the hour  
 When the lone Shepherd sees the morning spread  
 Upon the mountains. Look at her, whoe'er  
 Thou be, that kindling with a poet's soul  
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft  
 Intensely — from Imagination take  
 The treasure, what mine eyes behold see thou,  
 Even though the Atlantic Ocean roll between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown,  
 And in the middle parts the braided hair,  
 Just serves to show how delicate a soil  
 The golden harvest grows in ; and those eyes,  
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky  
 Whose azure depth their colour emulates,  
 Must needs be conversant with *upward* looks,  
 Prayer's voiceless service ; but now, seeking nought  
 And shunning nought, their own peculiar life  
 Of motion they renounce, and with the head  
 Partake its inclination towards earth  
 In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness  
 Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me  
 Thy confidant ! say, whence derived that air  
 Of calm abstraction ! Can the ruling thought  
 Be with some lover far away, or one  
 Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith ?  
 Inapt conjecture ! Childhood here, a moon  
 Crescent in simple loveliness serene,  
 Has but approached the gates of womanhood,  
 Not entered them ; her heart is yet unpierced  
 By the blind Archer-god, her fancy free :

The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,  
Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies  
Across the slender wrist of the left arm  
Upon her lap reposing, holds — but mark  
How slackly, for the absent mind permits  
No firmer grasp — a little wild-flower, joined  
As in a posy, with a few pale ears  
Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped  
And in their common birthplace sheltered it  
Till they were plucked together; a blue flower  
Called by the thrifty husbandman *a weed*;  
But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn  
That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held  
In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,  
(Her Father told her so) in Youth's gay dawn  
Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan Girl,  
In her own dawn — a dawn less gay and bright,  
Loves it while there in solitary peace  
She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.  
— Not from a source less sacred is derived  
(Surely I do not err) that pensive air  
Of calm abstraction through the face diffused  
And the whole person.

Words have something told  
More than the pencil can, and verily  
More than is needed, but the precious Art  
Forgives their interference — Art divine,  
That both creates and fixes, in despite  
Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours!  
That posture, and the look of filial love  
Thinking of past and gone, with what is left  
Dearly united, might be swept away  
From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,  
Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak  
Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored  
To their lost place, or meet in harmony  
So exquisite; but *here* do they abide,  
Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art  
Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,  
In visible quest of immortality,  
Stretched forth with trembling hope? In every realm,  
From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,  
Thousands, in each variety of tongue  
That Europe knows, would echo this appeal;  
One above all, a Monk who waits on God  
In the magnificent Convent built of yore  
To sanctify the Escorial palace.\* He,  
Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,  
A British Painter (eminent for truth

\* The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added, that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

In character, and depth of feeling, shown  
By labours that have touched the hearts of kings,  
And are endeared to simple cottagers)  
Left not unvisited a glorious work,  
Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first  
The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,  
Graced the Refectory: and there, while both  
Stood with eyes fixed upon that Masterpiece,  
The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear  
Breathed out these words: — "Here daily do we sit,  
Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here  
Pondering the mischiefs of these restless Times,  
And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,  
Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze  
Upon this solemn Company unmoved  
By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,  
Until I cannot but believe that they —  
They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows."†

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his grief  
Melting away within him like a dream  
Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak:  
And I, grown old, but in a happier land,  
Domestic Portrait! have to verse consigned  
In thy calm presence those heart-moving words:  
Words that can soothe, more than they agitate;  
Whose spirit, like the angel that went down  
Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue  
Informs the fountain in the human breast  
That by the visitation was disturbed.  
— But why this stealing tear? Companion mute  
On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee well,  
My song's Inspirer, once again, farewell!

#### THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED

Among a grave fraternity of Monks,  
For One, but surely not for One alone,  
Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's skill,  
Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;  
Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong  
And dissolution and decay, the warm  
And breathing life of flesh, as if already  
Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced  
With no mean earnest of a heritage  
Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too,  
With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture!  
From whose serene companionship I passed,  
Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou also  
Though but a simple object, into light  
Called forth by those affections that endear  
The private hearth; though keeping thy sole seat  
In singleness, and little tried by time,  
Creation, as it were, of yesterday —  
With a congenial function art endued  
For each and all of us, together joined,

† See Note.

In course of nature, under a low roof  
 By charities and duties that proceed  
 Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.  
 To a like salutary sense of awe,  
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the power  
 Of meditation that attempts to weigh,  
 In faithful scales, things and their opposites,  
 Can thy enduring quiet gently raise  
 A household small and sensitive, — whose love,  
 Dependent as in part its blessings are  
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved  
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.

In the class entitled "Musings," in Mr. Southey's *Minor Poems*, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in Childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two poems of his Friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.\*

### MEMORY.

A PEN — to register; a key —  
 That winds through secret wards;  
 Are well assigned to Memory  
 By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given  
 A Pencil to her hand;  
 That, softening objects, sometimes even  
 Outstrips the heart's demand;

That smooths foregone distress, the lines  
 Of lingering care subdues,  
 Long-vanished happiness refines,  
 And clothes in brighter hues:

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works  
 Those Spectres to dilate  
 That startle Conscience, as she lurks  
 Within her lonely seat.

O! that our lives, which flee so fast,  
 In purity were such,  
 That not an image of the past  
 Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look  
 Upon a soothing scene,  
 Age steal to his allotted nook,  
 Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as Lakes that sleep,  
 In frosty moonlight glistening;  
 Or mountain Rivers, where they creep  
 Along a channel smooth and deep,  
 To their own far-off murmurs listening.

### ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!  
 O Duty! if that name thou love  
 Who art a Light to guide, a Rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove;  
 Thou, who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe;  
 From vain temptations dost set free;  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth: \*  
 Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;  
 Who do thy work, and know it not:  
 Long may the kindly impulse last!  
 But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand  
 fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed;  
 Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust:  
 And oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control;  
 But in the quietness of thought:  
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
 I feel the weight of chance-desires:  
 My hopes no more must change their name,  
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

\* See Note.  
 3 D

† See Note.  
 36 \*



Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
 Nor know we any thing so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face:  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;  
 And Fragrance in thy footing treads;  
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;  
 And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are  
 fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
 I call thee: I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!\*

## EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

### 1.

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose  
 Day's grateful warmth, though moist with falling dews.  
 Look for the stars, you'll say that there are none;  
 Look up a second time, and, one by one,  
 You mark them twinkling out with silvery light,  
 And wonder how they could elude the sight.  
 The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,  
 Warbled a while with faint and fainter powers,  
 But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers:  
 Nor does the Village Church-clock's iron tone  
 The time's and season's influence disown;  
 Nine beats distinctly to each other bound  
 In drowsy sequence; how unlike the sound  
 That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear  
 On fireside Listeners, doubting what they hear!  
 The Shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,  
 Had closed his door before the day was done,  
 And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,  
 And join his little Children in their sleep.  
 The Bat, lured forth where trees the lane o'ershade,  
 Flits and reflits along the close arcade;  
 Far-heard the Dor-hawk chases the white Moth  
 With burring note, which Industry and Sloth  
 Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.  
 Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no more  
 One Boat there was, but it will touch the shore  
 With the next dipping of its slackened oar;  
 Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay  
 Might give to serious thought a moment's sway  
 As a last token of Man's toilsome day!

\* See Note.

### II.

Nor in the lucid intervals of life  
 That come but as a curse to Party-strife;  
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh  
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by;  
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor Slave  
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave,  
 Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,  
 Which practised Talent readily affords,  
 Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords;  
 Nor has her gentle beauty power to move  
 With genuine rapture and with fervent love  
 The soul of Genius, if he dares to take  
 Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake;  
 Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent  
 Of all the truly Great and all the Innocent.  
 But who is innocent? By grace divine,  
 Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,  
 Through good and evil thine, in just degree  
 Of rational and manly sympathy.  
 To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing,  
 And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,  
 Add every charm the Universe can show  
 Through every change its aspects undergo,  
 Care may be respited, but not repealed;  
 No perfect cure grows on that bounded field.  
 Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,  
 If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,  
 Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,  
 Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;  
 To the distempered Intellect refuse  
 His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

### III.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.)

THE Linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,  
 Hints to the Thrush 't is time for their repose;  
 The shrill-voiced Thrush is heedless, and again  
 The Monitor revives his own sweet strain;  
 But both will soon be mastered, and the copse  
 Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,  
 Ere some commanding Star dismiss to rest  
 The throng of Rooks, that now, from twig or nest,  
 (After a steady flight on home-bound wings,  
 And a last game of mazy hoverings  
 Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise  
 Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.  
 O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song  
 Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong  
 That listening sense is pardonably cheated  
 Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.  
 Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,  
 Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,

This hour of deepening darkness here would be,  
As a fresh morning for new harmony;  
And Lays as prompt would hail the dawn of night;  
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,  
When the East kindles with the full moon's light.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,  
For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;  
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,  
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;  
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale  
Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!  
From the warm breeze that bears thee on alight  
At will, and stay thy migratory flight;  
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount,  
Who shall complain, or call thee to account?  
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they  
That ever walk content with Nature's way,  
God's goodness measuring bounty as it may;  
For whom the gravest thought of what they miss,  
Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,  
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,  
While unrepining sadness is allied  
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

## IV.

Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge — the mere  
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,  
And motionless; and, to the gazer's eye,  
Deeper than Ocean, in the immensity  
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky!  
But, from the process in that still retreat,  
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;  
Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn  
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,  
And has restored to view its tender green,  
That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath their  
dazzling sheen.

— An emblem this of what the sober Hour  
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power!  
Thus oft, when we in vain have wished away  
The petty pleasures of the garish day,  
Meek Eve shuts up the whole usurping host  
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)  
And leaves the disencumbered spirit free  
To reassume a staid simplicity.  
'T is well — but what are helps of time and place,  
When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace;  
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,  
Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend;  
If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,  
"I come to open out, for fresh display,  
The elastic vanities of yesterday!"

## V.

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,  
And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;  
Rest smooths the way for sleep; in field and bower  
Soft shades and dews have shed their blended power  
On drooping eyelid and the closing flower;  
Sound is there none at which the faintest heart  
Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start;  
Save when the Owlet's unexpected scream  
Pierces the ethereal vault; and 'mid the gleam  
Of unsubstantial imagery — the dream,  
From the hushed vale's realities, transferred  
To the still lake, the imaginative Bird  
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.

Grave Creature! whether, while the moon shines bright  
On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,  
Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,  
Rising from what may once have been a Lady's bower:  
Or spied where thou sit'st moping in thy mew  
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;  
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod  
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,  
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,  
A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts;  
May the night never come, the day be seen,  
When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien!  
In classic ages men perceived a soul  
Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!  
Thee Athens revered in the studious grove;  
And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,  
His Eagle's favourite perch, while round him sate  
The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,  
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side —  
Hark to that second larum! far and wide  
The elements have heard, and rock and cave replied.

## VI.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,  
Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,  
Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,  
Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.  
Look round; — of all the clouds not one is moving  
'T is the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.  
Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,  
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie: —  
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er  
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore!  
No: 't is the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to rebuke  
Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,

And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood  
 Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,  
 Whatever discipline thy will ordain  
 For the brief course that must for me remain ;  
 Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice  
 In admonitions of thy softest voice !  
 Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,  
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,  
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere  
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear ;  
 Glad to expand, and, for a season, free  
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee !

## VII.

(BY THE SEA SIDE.)

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,  
 And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest ;  
 Air slumbers — wave with wave no longer strives,  
 Only a heaving of the deep survives,  
 A tell-tale motion ! soon will it be laid,  
 And by the tide alone the water swayed.  
 Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild  
 Of light with shade in beauty reconciled —  
 Such is the prospect far as sight can range,  
 The soothing recompense, the welcome change.  
 Where now the ships that drove before the blast,  
 Threatened by angry breakers as they passed ;  
 And by a train of flying clouds bemocked ;  
 Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked  
 As on a bed of Death ! Some lodge in peace,  
 Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease ;  
 And some, too heedless of past danger, court  
 Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port ;  
 But near, or hanging sea and sky between,  
 Not one of all those winged Powers is seen,  
 Seen in her course nor 'mid this quiet heard ;  
 Yet oh ! how gladly would the air be stirred  
 By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,  
 Soft in its temper as those vesper lays  
 Sung to the virgin while accordant oars  
 Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores ;  
 A sea-born service through the mountains felt,  
 Till into one loved vision all things melt :  
 Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound  
 The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound ;  
 And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise  
 With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.  
 Hush, not a voice is here ! but why repine,  
 Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine  
 On British waters with that look benign ?  
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,  
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,  
 May *silent* thanks at least to God be given  
 With a full heart, "our thoughts are heard in heaven !"

## VIII.

[The *former* of the two following Pieces appeared, many years ago, among the Author's poems, from which, in subsequent editions, it was excluded. It is here reprinted, at the request of a friend who was present when the lines were thrown off as an impromptu.

For printing the *latter*, some reason should be given, as not a word of it is original : it is simply a fine stanza of Akenside connected with a still finer from Beattie, by a couplet of Thomson. This practice, in which the author sometimes indulges, of linking together, in his own mind, favourite passages from different authors, seems in itself unobjectionable : but, as the publishing such compilations might lead to confusion in literature, he should deem himself inexcusable in giving this specimen, were it not from a hope that it might open to others a harmless source of private gratification.]

THE sun has long been set,  
 The stars are out by twos and threes,  
 The little birds are piping yet  
 Among the bushes and trees ;  
 There 's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,  
 And a far-off wind that rushes,  
 And a sound of water that gushes,  
 And the Cuckoo's sovereign cry  
 Fills all the hollow of the sky.

Who would "go parading"  
 In London, "and masquerading,"  
 On such a night of 'June  
 With that beautiful soft half-moon,  
 And all these innocent bliasses,  
 On such a night as this is !

## IX.

THRONED in the Sun's descending car  
 What Power unseen diffuses far  
 This tenderness of mind !  
 What Genius smiles on yonder flood !  
 What God in whispers from the wood  
 Bids every thought be kind !

O ever pleasing Solitude,  
 Companion of the wise and good,  
 Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,  
 Thy charms my only theme ;  
 My haunt the hollow cliff whose Pine  
 Waves o'er the gloomy stream ;  
 Whence the scared Owl on pinions gray  
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,  
 And down the lone vale sails away  
 To more profound repose !

## X.

## COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

WHAT mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,  
 How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;  
 How baffled projects on the spirit prey,  
 And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,  
 The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot is cast  
 On the relentless sea that holds him fast  
 On chance dependent, and the fickle star  
 Of power, through long and melancholy war.  
 O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,  
 Daily to think on old familiar doors,  
 Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral floors;  
 Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,  
 To ruminate on that delightful home  
 Which with the dear betrothed *was* to come;  
 Or came, and was, and is, yet meets the eye  
 Never but in the world of memory;  
 Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range  
 Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,  
 And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep  
 A thing too bright for breathing man to keep.  
 Hail to the virtues which that perilous life  
 Extracts from Nature's elemental strife;  
 And welcome glory won in battles fought  
 As bravely as the foe was keenly sought.  
 But to each gallant Captain and his crew  
 A less imperious sympathy is due,  
 Such as my verse now yields, while moonbeams play  
 On the mute sea in this unruffled bay;  
 Such as will promptly flow from every breast,  
 Where good men disappointed in the quest  
 Of wealth and power and honours, long for rest;  
 Or, having known the splendours of success,  
 Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

## XI.

THE Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,  
 Glories of evening, as ye there are seen  
 With but a span of sky between —  
 Speak one of you, my doubts remove,  
 Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen!

## XII.

## TO THE MOON.

(COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, — ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.)

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near  
 To human life's unsettled atmosphere;  
 Who lov'st with night and silence to partake,  
 So might it seem, the cares of them that wake;  
 And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,  
 Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;  
 What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names  
 Which yet in thy behalf the poet claims,

An idolizing dreamer as of yore! —

I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore  
 Sole sitting, only can to thoughts attend  
 That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;  
 So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made  
 known

By confidence supplied and mercy shown,  
 When not a twinkling star or beacon's light  
 Abates the perils of a stormy night;  
 And for less obvious benefits, that find  
 Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;  
 Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;  
 And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,  
 Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,  
 And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains.

The aspiring mountains and the winding streams,  
 Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;  
 A look of thine the wilderness pervades,  
 And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;  
 Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,  
 Guid'st the pale mourner to the lost one's tomb;  
 Canst reach the prisoner — to his grated cell  
 Welcome, though silent and intangible! —  
 And lives there one, of all that come and go  
 On the great waters toiling to and fro,  
 One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour  
 Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,  
 Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move,  
 Catching the lustre they in part reprove —  
 Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway  
 To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,  
 And make the serious happier than the gay!

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright  
 Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,  
 To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,  
 Let me a compensating faith maintain;  
 That there's a sensitive, a tender, part  
 Which thou canst touch in every human heart,  
 For healing and composure. — But, as least  
 And mightiest billows ever have confessed  
 Thy domination; as the whole vast sea  
 Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;  
 So shines that countenance with especial grace  
 On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace  
 Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,  
 Cut off from home and country, may have stood —  
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,  
 Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh —  
 Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,  
 With some internal lights to memory dear,  
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast  
 Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest, —  
 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;  
 A kindly influence whereof few will speak,  
 Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave  
 Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;



Then, while the sailor, mid an open sea  
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,  
Paces the deck — no star perhaps in sight,  
And nothing save the moving ship's own light  
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night —  
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,  
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,  
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND!

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XIII.

TO THE MOON.

(RYDAL.)

QUEEN of the stars! — so gentle, so benign,  
That ancient fable did to thee assign,  
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow  
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,  
Alternate empire in the shades below —  
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea  
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee  
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail  
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.  
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,  
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen  
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,  
And all those attributes of modest grace,  
In days when fancy wrought unchecked by fear,  
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,  
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still belov'd (for thine, meek Power, are charms  
That fascinate the very babe in arms,  
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,  
Spreading his little palms in his glad mother's sight)  
O still belov'd, once worshipped! Time, that frowns  
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,  
Spare thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams  
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams  
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise  
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;  
And through dark trials still dost thou explore  
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,  
When teeming Matrons — yielding to rude faith  
In mysteries of birth and life and death  
And painful struggle and deliverance — prayed  
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.  
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes  
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;  
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease  
Love to promote and purity and peace;  
And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace  
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Monitress! let us — not blind  
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind  
Of science laid them open to mankind —

Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare  
God's glory; and acknowledging thy share  
In that blest charge; let us — without offence  
To aught of highest, holiest, influence —  
Receive whatever good 't is given thee to dispense.  
May sage and simple, catching with one eye  
The moral intimations of the sky,  
Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,  
'To look on tempests, and be never shaken;'  
To keep with faithful steps the appointed way  
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,  
And from example of thy monthly range  
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;  
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,  
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope!

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XIV.

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high  
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,  
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds  
Hidden from view in dense obscurity!  
But look, and to the watchful eye  
A brightening edge will indicate that soon  
We shall behold the struggling Moon  
Break forth, — again to walk the clear blue sky

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XV.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO.

GIORDANO, verily thy pencil's skill  
Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace  
The fair Endymion couched on Latmos Hill;  
And Dian gazing on the shepherd's face  
In rapture, — yet suspending her embrace,  
As not unconscious with what power the thrill  
Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,  
And with his sleep, that beauty calm and still.  
O may this work have found its last retreat  
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,  
One to whom, yet a schoolboy, Cynthia showed  
A face of love which he in love would greet,  
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;  
Or lured along where greenwood paths he trod.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1846.

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XVI.

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high,  
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds  
Her head, and nothing loth her majesty  
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds  
One with its kindling edge declares that soon

Will reappear before the uplifted eye  
 A form as bright, as beautiful a moon,  
 To glide in open prospect through clear sky.  
 Pity that such a promise e'er should prove  
 False in the issue, that yon seeming space  
 Of sky should be in truth the steadfast face  
 Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move  
 (By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)  
 The wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

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 XVII.

WHERE lies the truth! has man, in wisdom's creed,  
 A pitiable doom; for respite brief  
 A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?

Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed  
 God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,  
 Must man, with labour born, awake to sorrow  
 When flowers rejoice, and larks with rival speed  
 Spring from their nests to bid the sun good morrow?  
 They mount for rapture, as their songs proclaim,  
 Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;  
 But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh!  
 Like those aspirants let us soar — our aim,  
 Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,  
 A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs.\*

1846.

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[\* See also, as connected with the series of "EVENING VOLUNTARIES," the "Ode composed upon an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty," p. 311. — H. R.]

## NOTES

TO

## POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

Note 1, p. 398.

*"Simon Lee."*

*"O Reader! had you in your mind  
Such stores as silent thought can bring," &c.*

The same feeling, or something closely resembling it, seems to be indicated in each of the following quotations, especially in the exquisite phrase of Shakespeare:

*"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past. —*

SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets, No. XXX.

*'Farewell, self-pleasing thoughts, which quietness brings  
forth.' — SPENSER: Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney.*

Is there not in this concurrence — obviously casual — SHAKESPEARE — SPENSER — WORDSWORTH, proof of a trait of the temperament of poetic genius?

This simple stanza appears too to have touched a chord in the heart of Coleridge, who in one of his letters thus refers to it: "To have formed the habit of looking at every thing, not for what it is relative to the purposes and associations of men in general, but for the truths which it is suited to represent — to contemplate objects as *words* and pregnant symbols — the advantages of this are so many, and so important, so eminently calculated to excite and evolve the power of sound and connected reasoning, of distinct and clear conception, and of genial feeling, that there are few of Wordsworth's finest passages — and who, of living poets, can lay claim to half the number! — that I repeat so often as that homely quatrain,

*"O Reader! had you in your mind  
Such stores as silent thought can bring;  
O gentle Reader! you would find  
A tale in every thing."*

H. R.]

Note 2, p. 408.

*"Devotional Incitements."*

*"Alas! the sanctities combined  
By art to unsensualize the mind  
Decay and languish; or as creeds  
And humours change, are spurned like weeds:"*

[This subject is finely drawn by Daniel:]

*"Sacred Religion! mother of form and fear!  
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit decked!  
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear,  
What stately piles we prodigal erect!  
How sweet perfumed thou art; how shining clear!  
How solemnly observed; with what respect!*

*Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare;  
Thou must have all within, and nought without;  
Sit poorly without light, disrobed: no care  
Of outward grace, to amuse the poor devout;  
Powerless, unfollowed: scarce men can spare  
The necessary rites to set thee out.*

*Either truth, goodness, virtue are not still  
The self-same which they are, and always one,  
But alter to the project of our will;  
Or we our actions make them wait upon,  
Putting them in the livery of our skill,  
And cast them off again when we have done."*

DANIEL: — *"Musophilus."* — H. R.]

Note 3, p. 424.

*"Lines on a Portrait."**"They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows."*

[This incident is thus narrated by the author or authors of that *'rare'* book *'The Doctor,'* with one of the rich comments, which distinguish the work:

"When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the Refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him, 'I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly three-score years; during that time my companions have dropt off, one after another, — all who were my Seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows!'

"I wish I could record the name of the Monk by whom that natural feeling was so feelingly and strikingly expressed.

"The shows of things are better than themselves," says the author of the tragedy of Nero, whose name, also, I could wish had been forthcoming; and the classical reader will remember the lines of Sophocles: —

*'Ορῶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλὴν*

*"Εἶδωλ', ὅσοι περ ζῶμεν, ἢ κούφην σκιάν."*

These are reflections which should make us think

*"Of that same time when no more change shall be,  
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayd  
Upon the pillars of Eternity,  
That is contraire to mutability;  
For all that moveth doth in change delight:  
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally  
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth high,  
O that great Sabaoth God grant me that Sabbath's night"*

SPENSER.

*"The Doctor,"* Vol. III. p. 235. — H. R.]

Note 4, p. 368.

"*Lines on a Portrait.*"

[The following is one of the poems by Mr. Southey, which are referred to:

"ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE  
TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE.

"And I was once like this? that glowing cheek  
Was mine, those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow  
Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze  
Dies o'er the sleeping surface! — Twenty years  
Have wrought strange alteration! Of the friends  
Who once so dearly prized this miniature,  
And loved it for its likeness, some are gone  
To their last home; and some estranged in heart,  
Beholding me, with quick averted glance  
Pass on the other side! But still these hues  
Remain unaltered, and these features wear  
The look of Infancy and Innocence.  
I search myself in vain, and find no trace  
Of what I was: those lightly arching lines  
Dark and o'erhanging now; and that sweet face  
Settled in these strong lineaments! — There were  
Who formed high hopes and flattering ones of thee,  
Young Robert! for thine eye was quick to speak  
Each opening feeling: should they not have known,  
If the rich rainbow on the morning cloud  
Reflects its radiant dyes, the husbandman  
Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees  
Impending storms! — They augured happily,  
That thou didst love each wild and wondrous tale  
Of faery fiction, and thine infant tongue  
Lisped with delight the godlike deeds of Greece  
And rising Rome; therefore they deemed, forsooth,  
That thou should'st tread PREPERMENT's pleasant path.  
Ill-judging ones! they let thy little feet  
Stray in the pleasant paths of POESY,  
And when thou shouldst have prest amid the crowd,  
There didst thou love to linger out the day,  
Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade.  
SPIRIT OF SPENSER! was the wanderer wrong? — 1796."

SOUTHEY'S *Poetical Works*.

I cannot deny myself the gratification of introducing into this group of poems suggested by paintings another, also from the pen of one of Mr. Wordsworth's friends — one, to whom I am confident he would delight in seeing any tribute paid in connection with his own writings. I have therefore less hesitation in inserting here the following lines by Mary Lamb, included among the poems of her brother, the late Charles Lamb, and at the same time of using these pages to express a grateful admiration of an individual who has exhibited one of the most beautiful examples of the delicacy of female authorship to be met with in the records of English literature. In a few unambitious poems mingled among her brother's — as indeed her very existence seems to have been blended with his — and in that most graceful children's classic, 'Mrs. Leicester's School', there are tokens of a spirit as lofty in its purity as it is

3 E

gentle and unassuming. She is endeared too by a more than sisterly devotion, which paused only at his grave, to one of the most winning writers in the language, whose intellectual efforts were probably best encouraged by her who cheered the loneliness of his hearth.

• LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF TWO FEMALES,  
BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

"The Lady Blanch, regardless of all her lovers' fears,  
To the Ursuline Convent hastens, and long the Abbess hears,  
"O Blanch, my child, repent ye of the courtly life ye lead."  
Blanch looked on a rose-bud and little seemed to heed,  
She looked on the rose-bud, she looked round, and thought  
On all her heart had whispered, and all the Nun had taught.  
"I am worshipped by lovers, and brightly shines my fame,  
"All Christendom resoundeth the noble Blanch's name.  
"Nor shall I quickly wither like the rose-bud from the tree,  
"My queen-like graces shining when my beauty's gone from me.  
"But when the sculptured marble is raised o'er my head,  
"And the matchless Blanch lies lifeless among the noble dead,  
"This saintly lady Abbess hath made me justly fear,  
"It nothing will avail me that I were worshipped here."

MARY LAMB: *Poetical Works of Charles Lamb*. — H. R.]

Note 5, p. 425.

"*Ode to Duty.*"

"*The genial sense of Youth.*"

[— "diffidence or veneration. Such virtues are the sacred attributes of Youth: its appropriate calling is not to distinguish in the fear of being deceived or degraded, not to analyze with scrupulous minuteness, but to accumulate in genial confidence; its instinct, its safety, its benefit, its glory, is to love, to admire, to feel, and to labour." — COLERIDGE: 'The Friend,' Vol. III. p. 62. — H. R.]

Note 6, p. 426.

"*Ode to Duty.*"

"*And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!*"

[ "A living Teacher, to be spoken of with gratitude as of a benefactor, having, in his character of philosophical Poet, thought of morality as implying in its essence voluntary obedience, and producing the effect of order, transfers, in the transport of imagination, the law of moral to physical natures, and having contemplated, through the medium of that order, all modes of existence as subservient to one spirit, concludes his address to the power of Duty in the following words:

To humbler functions, awful Power!

I call thee: I myself commend

Unto thy guidance from this hour;

Oh, let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly wise

The spirit of self-sacrifice;

The confidence of reason give!

And in the light of Truth thy Bondman let me live!" — W. W.

COLERIDGE: 'The Friend,' Vol. III. p. 64. — H. R.]

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## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### EPISTLE

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF CUMBERLAND.—1811.

FAR from our home by Grasmere's quiet lake,  
From the vale's peace which all her fields partake,  
Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's shore  
We sojourn stunned by Ocean's ceaseless roar;  
While, day by day, grim neighbour! huge Black Comb  
Frowns, deepening visibly his native gloom,  
Unless, perchance rejecting in despite  
What on the plain we have of warmth and light,  
In his own storms he hides himself from sight.  
Rough is the time; and thoughts, that would be free  
From heaviness, oft fly, dear friend, to thee;  
'Turn from a spot where neither sheltered road  
Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps abroad;  
Where one poor plane-tree, having as it might  
Attained a stature twice a tall man's height,  
Hopeless of further growth, and brown and sere  
'Through half the summer, stands with top cut sheer,  
Like an unshifting weathercock which proves  
How cold the quarter that the wind best loves,  
Or like a centinel that, evermore  
Darkening the window, ill defends the door  
(Of this unfinished house — a fortress bare,  
Where strength has been the builder's only care,  
Whose rugged walls may still for years demand  
The final polish of the plasterer's hand.  
—This dwelling's inmate more than three weeks' space  
And oft a prisoner in the cheerless place,  
I — of whose touch the fiddle would complain,  
Whose breath would labour at the flute in vain,  
In music all unversed, nor blessed with skill  
A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,  
Tired of my books, a scanty company!  
And tired of listening to the boisterous sea —  
Pace between door and window muttering rhyme,  
An old resource to cheat a froward time!  
'Though these dull hours (mine is it, or their shame!)  
Would tempt me to renounce that humble aim.  
— But if there be a Muse who, free to take  
Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake  
'Those heights (like Phœbus when his golden locks  
He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks)  
And, in disguise, a milkmaid with her pail  
Trips down the pathways of some winding dale;  
Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the shores  
To fishers mending nets beside their doors;

Or, pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,  
Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless wind,  
Or listens to its play among the boughs  
Above her head and so forgets her vows —  
If such a visitant of earth there be  
And she would deign this day to smile on me  
And aid my verse, content with local bounds  
Of natural beauty and life's daily rounds,  
Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings, which we tell  
Without reserve to those whom we love well —  
Then, haply, Beaumont! words in current clear  
Will flow, and on a welcome page appear  
Duly before thy sight, unless they perish here.

What shall I treat of! News from Mona's Isle!  
Such have we, but unvaried in its style;  
No tales of runagates fresh landed, whence  
And wherefore fugitive or on what pretence;  
Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the wind  
Most restlessly alive when most confined.  
Ask not of me whose tongue can best appease  
The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF KEYS;  
The last year's cup whose ram or heifer gained,  
What slopes are planted, or what mosses drained:  
An eye of fancy only can I cast  
On that proud pageant now at hand or past,  
When full five hundred boats in trim array,  
With nets and sails outspread and streamers gay,  
And chanted hymns and stiller voice of prayer,  
For the old Manx-harvest to the deep repair,  
Soon as the herring-shoals at distance shine  
Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brine.

Mona from our abode is daily seen,  
But with a wilderness of waves between;  
And by conjecture only can we speak  
Of aught transacted there in bay or creek;  
No tidings reach us thence from town or field,  
Only faint news her mountain sunbeams yield,  
And some we gather from the misty air,  
And some the hovering clouds, our telegraph, declare.  
But these poetic mysteries I withhold;  
For Fancy hath her fits both hot and cold,  
And should the colder fit with you be on  
When you might read, my credit would be gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen engage,  
And nearer interests culled from the opening stage  
Of our migration. — Ere the welcome dawn  
Had from the east her silver star withdrawn.

The wain stood ready, at our cottage-door,  
Thoughtfully freighted with a various store;  
And long ere the uprising of the sun  
O'er dew-damp'd dust our journey was begun,  
A needful journey, under favouring skies,  
Through peopled vales; yet something in the guise  
Of those old patriarchs when from well to well  
They roamed through waste where now the tented  
Arabs dwell.

Say first, to whom did we the charge confide,  
Who promptly undertook the wain to guide  
Up many a sharply-twining road and down,  
And over many a wide hill's craggy crown,  
Through the quick turns of many a hollow nook,  
And the rough bed of many an unbridged brook?  
A blooming lass — who in her better hand  
Bore a light switch her sceptre of command  
When, yet a slender girl, she often led,  
Skilful and bold, the horse and burthened *sled*\*  
From the peat-yielding moss on Gowdar's head.  
What could go wrong with such a charioteer  
For goods and chattels, or those infants dear,  
A pair who smilingly sat side by side,  
Our hope confirming that the salt-sea tide,  
Whose free embraces we were bound to seek,  
Would their lost strength restore and freshen the pale  
cheek?

Such hope did either parent entertain  
Pacing behind along the silent lane.

Blithe hopes and happy musings soon took flight,  
For lo! an uncouth melancholy sight —  
On a green bank a creature stood forlorn  
Just half protruded to the light of morn,  
Its hinder part concealed by hedge-row thorn.  
The figure called to mind a beast of prey  
Stript of its frightful powers by slow decay,  
And, though no longer upon rapine bent,  
Dim memory keeping of its old intent.  
We started, looked again with anxious eyes,  
And in that griesly object recognise  
The Curate's dog — his long-tried friend, for they,  
As well we knew, together had grown grey.  
The master died, his drooping servant's grief  
Found at the widow's feet some sad relief;  
Yet still he lived in pining discontent,  
Sadness which no indulgence could prevent;  
Hence whole day wanderings, broken nightly sleeps  
And lonesome watch that out of doors he keeps;  
Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor brute!  
Espied him on his legs sustained, blank, mute,  
And of all visible motion destitute,  
So that the very heaving of his breath  
Seemed stopt, though by some other power than death.  
Long as we gazed upon the form and face,  
A mild domestic pity kept its place,

\* A local word for Sledge.

Unscared by thronging fancies of strange hue  
That haunted us in spite of what we knew.  
Even now I sometimes think of him as lost  
In second-sight appearances, or crost  
By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the ground,  
On which he stood, by spells unnatural bound,  
Like a gaunt shaggy porter forced to wait  
In days of old romance at Archimago's gate.

Advancing summer, Nature's law fulfilled,  
The choristers in every grove had stilled;  
But we, we lacked not music of our own,  
For lightsome Fanny had thus early thrown,  
Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues,  
Some notes prelusive, from the round of songs  
With which, more zealous than the liveliest bird  
That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard,  
Her work and her work's partners she can cheer,  
The whole day long, and all days of the year.

Thus gladdened from our own dear vale we pass  
And soon approach Diana's looking-glass!  
To Loughrigg-tarn, round, clear, and bright as heaven,  
Such name Italian fancy would have given,  
Ere on its banks the few grey cabins rose  
That yet disturb not its concealed repose  
More than the feeblest wind that idly blows.

Ah, Beaumont! when an opening in the road  
Stopped me at once by charm of what it showed.  
The encircling region vividly exprest  
Within the mirror's depth, a world at rest —  
Sky streaked with purple, grove and craggy *bield*,†  
And the smooth green of many a pendent field,  
And, quieted and soothed, a torrent small,  
A little daring would-be waterfall,  
One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,  
Associate all in the calm pool beneath,  
With here and there a faint imperfect gleam  
Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam —  
What wonder at this hour of stillness deep,  
A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and sleep,  
When Nature's self, amid such blending seems  
To render visible her own soft dreams,  
If, mixed with what appeared of rock, lawn, wood,  
Fondly embosomed in the tranquil flood,  
A glimpse I caught of that abode, by thee  
Designed to rise in humble privacy,  
A lowly dwelling, here to be outspread,  
Like a small hamlet, with its bashful head  
Half hid in native trees. Alas 'tis not,  
Nor ever was; I sighed, and left the spot  
Unconscious of its own untoward lot,  
And thought in silence, with regret too keen,  
Of unexperienced joys that might have been;  
Of neighbourhood and intermingling arts,  
And golden summer days uniting cheerful hearts.

† A word common in the country, signifying shelter, as in Scotland.

But time, irrevocable time is flown,  
And let us utter thanks for blessings sown  
And reaped — what hath been, and what is our own.

Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee,  
Startling us all, dispersed my reverie;  
Such shout as many a sportive echo meeting  
Of times from Alpine *chalets* sends a greeting.  
Whence the blithe hail! behold a peasant stand  
On high, a kerchief waving in her hand!  
Not unexpectant that by early day  
Our little band would thrid this mountain way,  
Before her cottage on the bright hill side  
She hath advanced with hope to be descried.  
Right gladly answering signals we displayed,  
Moving along a tract of morning shade,  
And vocal wishes sent off like good will  
To our kind friend high on the sunny hill —  
Luminous region, fair as if the prime  
Were tempting all astir to look aloft or climb;  
Only the centre of the shining cot  
With door left open makes a gloomy spot,  
Emblem of those dark corners sometimes found  
Within the happiest breast on earthly ground.

Rich prospect left behind of stream and vale,  
And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we scale;  
Descend and reach, in Yewdale's depths, a plain  
With haycocks studded, striped with yellowing grain—  
An area level as a lake and spread  
Under a rock too steep for man to tread,  
Where sheltered from the north and bleak north-west  
Aloft the raven hangs a visible nest,  
Fearless of all assaults that would her brood molest.  
Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale; but hark,  
At our approach a jealous watch-dog's bark,  
Noise that brings forth no liveried page of state,  
But the whole household, that our coming wait.  
With young and old warm greetings we exchange,  
And jocund smiles, and toward the lowly grange  
Press forward by the teasing dogs unscared.  
Entering, we find the morning meal prepared:  
So down we sit, though not till each had cast  
Pleased looks around the delicate repast —  
Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,  
With amber honey from the mountain's breast;  
Strawberries from lane or woodland, offering wild  
Of children's industry, in hillocks piled;  
Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie  
Upon a lordly dish; frank hospitality  
Where simple art with bounteous nature vied,  
And cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.

Kind Hostess! Handmaid also of the feast.  
If thou be lovelier than the kindling east,  
Words by thy presence unrestrained may speak  
Of a perpetual dawn from brow and cheek  
Instinct with light whose sweetest promise lies,  
Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes,

Dark but to every gentle feeling true,  
As if their lustre flowed from ether's purest blue.

Let me not ask what tears may have been wept  
By those bright eyes, what weary vigils kept,  
Beside that hearth what sighs may have been heaved  
For wounds inflicted, nor what toil relieved  
By fortitude and patience, and the grace  
Of heaven in pity visiting the place.  
Not unadvisedly those secret springs  
I leave unsearched: enough that memory clings,  
Here as elsewhere, to notices that make  
Their own significance for hearts awake,  
To rural incidents, whose genial powers  
Filled with delight three summer morning hours.

More could my pen report of grave or gay  
That through our gipsy travel cheered the way;  
But, bursting forth above the waves, the sun  
Laughs at my pains, and seems to say, "Be done."  
Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust, reprove  
This humble offering made by Truth to Love,  
Nor chide the muse that stooped to break a spell  
Which might have else been on me yet: —

FAREWELL

UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING EPISTLE THIRTY YEARS  
AFTER ITS COMPOSITION.

Soon did the Almighty giver of all rest  
Take those dear young ones to a fearless nest;  
And in Death's arms has long reposed the friend  
For whom this simple register was penned.  
Thanks to the moth that spared it for our eyes;  
And strangers even the slighted scroll may prize,  
Moved by the touch of kindred sympathies.  
For — save the calm, repentance sheds o'er strife  
Raised by remembrances of misused life,  
The light from past endeavours purely willed  
And by Heaven's favour happily fulfilled;  
Save hope that we, yet bound to earth, may share  
The joys of the departed — what so fair  
As blameless pleasure, not without some tears,  
Reviewed through Love's transparent veil of years!

*Notes.* — LOUGHRIGG TARN, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianæ* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called "The Oaks," from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described; as his taste would have set an example how

buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character. The design was not abandoned from failure of inclination on his part, but in consequence of local untowardness which need not be particularised.

## PRELUDE,

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED "POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS."

In desultory walk through orchard grounds,  
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused  
The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained  
By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song  
To his own genial instincts; and was heard  
(Though not without some plaintive tones between)  
To utter, above showers of blossom swept  
From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,  
Which the unsheltered traveller might receive  
With thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind  
That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,  
Encouraged and endeared the strain of words  
That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence  
Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my Book!  
Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,  
Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,  
Go, single — yet aspiring to be joined  
With thy forerunners that through many a year  
Have faithfully prepared each other's way —  
Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled  
When and wherever, in this changeful world,  
Power hath been given to please for higher ends  
Than pleasure only; gladdening to prepare  
For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,  
Calming to raise; and by a sapient art  
Diffused through all the mysteries of our being,  
Softening the toils and pains that have not ceased  
To cast their shadows on our mother earth  
Since the primeval doom. Such is the grace  
Which, though unsued for, fails not to descend  
With heavenly inspiration; such the aim  
That Reason dictates; and, as even the wish  
Has virtue in it, why should hope to me  
Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied ills  
Harass the mind and strip from off the bowers  
Of private life their natural pleasantness,  
A voice — devoted to the love whose seeds  
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty  
Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,  
To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,  
And sympathy with man's substantial griefs —  
Will not be heard in vain? And in those days  
When unforeseen distress spreads far and wide  
Among a people mournfully cast down,  
Or into anger roused by venal words  
In recklessness flung out to overturn  
The judgment, and divert the general heart

From mutual good — some strain of thine, my Book!  
Caught at propitious intervals, may win  
Listeners who not unwillingly admit  
Kindly emotion tending to console  
And reconcile; and both with young and old  
Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude  
For benefits that still survive, by faith  
In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

RYDAL MOUNT, March 26, 1842.

## TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts:  
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

## ODE

ON THE INSTALLATION

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT

AS

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

JULY, 1847.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

POET LAUREATE.

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns  
For temples, towers, and thrones  
Too long insulted by the spoiler's shock,  
Indignant Europe cast  
Her stormy foe at last  
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.  
War is passion's basest game,  
Madly played to win a name:  
Up starts some tyrant, Heaven and Earth to dare;  
The servile million bow;  
But will the lightning glance aside and spare  
The despot's laurelled brow!  
War is mercy, glory, fame,  
Waged in Freedom's holy cause,  
Freedom such as man may claim  
Under God's restraining laws.  
Such is Albion's fame and glory,  
Let rescued Europe tell the story.  
But lo! what sudden cloud has darkened all  
The land as with a funeral pall!



The Rose of England suffers blight :  
 The Flower has drooped, the Isle's delight ;  
 Flower and bud together fall ;  
 A nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate  
 Hall.

Time a chequered mantle wears —  
 Earth awakes from wintr sleep :  
 Again the tree a blossom bears ;  
 Cease, Britannia, cease to weep !  
 Hark to the peals on this bright May morn !  
 They tell that your future Queen is born.  
 A guardian angel fluttered  
 Above the babe, unseen ;  
 One word he softly uttered,  
 It named the future Queen ;  
 And a joyful cry through the island rang,  
 As bold and clear as the trumpet's clang,  
 As bland as the reed of peace :  
 " Victoria be her name !"  
 For righteous triumphs are the base  
 Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

Time in his mantle's sunniest fold  
 Uplifted on his arms the child,  
 And while the fearless infant smiled  
 Her happier destiny foretold. —  
 " Infancy, by wisdom mild  
 Trained to health and artless beauty  
 Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled  
 From the lore of lofty duty :  
 Womanhood, in pure renown  
 Seated on her lineal throne :  
 Leaves of myrtle in her crown,  
 Fresh with lustre all their own.  
 Love, the treasure worth possessing  
 More than all the world beside,  
 This shall be her choicest blessing,  
 Oft to royal hearts denied."

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone  
 With steadfast ray benign  
 On Gotha's ducal roof, and on  
 The softly flowing Leine,  
 Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,  
 And glittered on the Rhine  
 Old Camus too, on that prophetic night  
 Was conscious of the ray ;  
 And his willows whispered in its light  
 Not to the zephyr's sway,  
 But with a Delphic life, in sight  
 Of this auspicious day —

This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,  
 And, proud of her award,  
 Confiding in that Star serene,  
 Welcomes the consort of a happy Queen.

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,  
 Where science, leagued with holier truth,  
 Guards the sacred heart of youth,  
 Solemn monitors are our's.  
 These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers  
 Raised by many a hand august,  
 Are haunted by majestic powers,  
 The memories of the wise and just,  
 Who, faithful to a pious trust,  
 Here, in the Founder's spirit, sought  
 To mould and stamp the ore of thought  
 In that bold form and impress high  
 That best betoken patriot loyalty.  
 Not in vain those sages taught :  
 True disciples, good as great,  
 Have pondered here their country's weal,  
 Weighed the Future by the Past,  
 Learnt how social frames may last,  
 And how a land may rule its fate  
 By constancy inviolate,  
 Though worlds to their foundations reel,  
 The sport of faction's hate or godless zeal.

Albert, in thy race we cherish  
 A nation's strength that will not perish  
 While England's sceptred line,  
 True to the King of kings is found,  
 Like that wise ancestor of thine  
 Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life  
 When first above the yells of bigot strife  
 The trumpet of the Living Word  
 Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,  
 From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard.  
 What shield more sublime  
 E'er was blazoned or sung ?  
 And the Prince whom we greet  
 From its Hero is sprung.  
 Resound, resound the strain  
 That hails him for our own !  
 Again, again, and yet again,  
 For the Church, the State, the Throne !  
 And that Presence fair and bright,  
 Ever blest wherever seen,  
 Who deigns to grace our festal rite —  
 The pride of the Islands, VICTORIA THE QUEEN !

# TRANSLATION

OF

## PART OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEID.\*

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

YOUR letter reminding me of an expectation I some time since held out to you of allowing some specimens of my translation from the Æneid to be printed in the Philological Museum, was not very acceptable: for I had abandoned the thought of ever sending into the world any part of that experiment,—for it was nothing more,—an experiment begun for amusement, and I now think a less fortunate one than when I first named it to you. Having been displeased in modern translations with the additions of incongruous matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault, by adding nothing; but I became convinced that a spirited translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without admitting a principle of compensation. On this point, however, I do not wish to insist, and merely send the following passage, taken at random, from a wish to comply with your request. — W. W.

BUT Cytherea, studious to invent  
Arts yet untried, upon new counsels bent,  
Resolves that Cupid, changed in form and face  
To young Ascanius, should assume his place;  
Present the maddening gifts, and kindle heat  
Of passion at the bosom's inmost seat.  
She dreads the treacherous house, the double tongue;  
She burns, she frets — by Juno's rancour stung.  
The calm of night is powerless to remove  
These cares, and thus she speaks to wingéd Love.

O son, my strength, my power! who dost despise  
(What save thyself, none dares through earth and skies,)  
The giant-quelling bolts of Jove, I flee,  
O son, a suppliant to thy deity!  
What perils meet Æneas in his course,  
How Juno's hate with unrelenting force  
Pursues thy brother — this to thee is known;  
And oft-times hast thou made my griefs thine own.  
Him now the generous Dido by soft chains  
Of bland entreaty at her court detains;  
Junonian hospitalities prepare  
Such apt occasion that I dread a snare.  
Hence, ere some hostile god can intervene  
Would I, by previous wiles, inflame the queen  
With passion for Æneas, such strong love  
That at my beck, mine only, she shall move.  
Hear, and assist, — the father's mandate calls  
His young Ascanius to the Tyrian walls.

[\* This translation is taken from "The Philological Museum," Vol. I., p. 382, Cambridge, 1832, edited by the Rev. Julius Charles Hare, now Archdeacon of Lewes. It was a contribution to that periodical, in which it appeared with the above prefatory note. — H. R.]

He comes, my dear delight, — and costliest things  
Preserv'd from fire and flood for presents brings;  
Him will I take, and in close covert keep,  
Mid groves Idalian, lulled to gentle sleep,  
Or on Cytherea's far-sequestered steep,  
That he may neither know what hope is mine,  
Nor by his presence traverse the design.  
Do thou, but for a single night's brief space,  
Dissemble; be that boy in form and face!  
And when enraptured Dido shall receive  
Thee to her arms, and kisses interweave  
With many a fond embrace, while joy runs high,  
And goblets crown the proud festivity,  
Instil thy subtle poison, and inspire  
At every touch an unsuspected fire.

Love, at the word, before his mother's sight  
Puts off his wings, and walks with proud delight,  
Like young Iulus; but the gentlest dews  
Of slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse  
The true Ascanius, steep'd in placid rest;  
Then wafts him, cherished on her careful breast,  
Through upper air to an Idalian glade,  
Where he on soft *amaracus* is laid,  
With breathing flowers embraced, and fragrant shade.  
But Cupid following cheerily his guide  
Achates, with the gifts to Carthage hied;  
And, as the hall he entered, there, between  
The sharers of her golden couch, was seen  
Reclin'd in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.  
The Trojans too (Æneas at their head)  
On couches lie, with purple overspread;  
Meantime in canisters is heaped the bread,  
Pellucid water for the hands is borne,  
And napkins of smooth texture, finely shorn.  
Within are fifty handmaids, who prepare,  
As they in order stand the dainty fare;  
And fume the household deities with store  
Of odorous incense; while a hundred more  
Match'd with an equal number of like age,  
But each of manly sex, a docile page,  
Marshal the banquet, giving with due grace  
To cup or viand its appointed place.  
The Tyrians rushing in, an eager band,  
Their painted couches seek, obedient to command.  
They look with wonder on the gifts — they gaze  
Upon Iulus, dazzled with the rays  
That from his ardent countenance are flung,  
And charmed to hear his simulating tongue;

Nor pass unpraised, the robe and veil divine,  
Round which the yellow flowers and wandering foliage  
twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill  
Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to fill:  
She views the gifts; upon the child then turns  
Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.  
To ease a father's cheated love he hung  
Upon Æneas, and around him clung;  
Then seeks the queen; with her his arts he tries;  
She fastens on the boy enamour'd eyes,  
Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot unblest!)  
How great a god, incumbent o'er her breast,  
Would fill it with his spirit. He to please  
His Acidalian mother, by degrees  
Blots out Sichæus, studious to remove  
The dead, by influx of a living love,  
By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest  
Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

Now when the viands were withdrawn, and ceased  
The first division of the splendid feast,  
While round a vacant board the chiefs recline,  
Huge goblets are brought forth; they crown the wine,  
Voices of gladness roll the walls around;  
Those gladsome voices from the courts rebound;  
From gilded rafters many a blazing light  
Depends, and torches overcome the night.  
The minutes fly — till at the queen's command,  
A bowl of state is offered to her hand;  
Then she, as Belus wont, and all the line  
From Belus, filled it to the brim with wine;  
Silence ensued. "O Jupiter, whose care  
Is hospitable dealing, grant my prayer!  
Productive day be this of lasting joy

To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from Troy;  
A day to future generations dear!  
Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quickenings cheer,  
Be present, kindly Juno, be thou near;  
And Tyrians, may your choicest favours wait  
Upon this hour the bond to celebrate!"  
She spake and shed an offering on the board;  
Then sipp'd the bowl whence she the wine had pour'd  
And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord;  
He raised the bowl, and took a long deep draught,  
Then every chief in turn the beverage quaff'd.

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings  
The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,  
The labours of the sun, the lunar wanderings;  
Whence human kind and brute; what natural powers  
Engender lightning, whence are falling showers?  
He chaunts Arcturus, — that fraternal twain  
The glittering Bears, — the Pleiads fraught with rain;  
— Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's steep heights  
Post sea-ward, — what impedes the tardy nights.  
The learned song from Tyrian hearers draws  
Loud shouts, — the Trojans echo the applause.  
— But lengthening out the night with converse new,  
Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew;  
Of Priam ask'd, of Hector — o'er and o'er —  
What arms the son of bright Aurora wore; —  
What steeds the car of Diomed could boast;  
Among the leaders of the Grecian host  
How look'd Achilles, their dread paramount —  
"But nay, — the fatal wiles, O guest, recount,  
Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,  
Your own grief and your friends — your wandering  
course;  
For now, till this seventh summer have ye ranged  
The sea, or trod the earth, to peace estranged."

# SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER.

MODERNIZED.\*

## THE PRIORESS' TALE.

"Call up him who left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold."

In the following Poem no further deviation from the original has been made than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the Author: so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible. The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions, as *also* and *alway*, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the Prioress forms a fine back-ground for her tender-hearted sympathies with the Mother and Child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

"O LORD, our Lord! how wondrously," (quoth she)  
"Thy name in this large world is spread abroad!  
For not alone by men of dignity  
Thy worship is performed and precious laud;  
But by the mouths of children, gracious God!  
Thy goodness is set forth; they when they lie  
Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I may,  
Jesu! of thee, and the white Lily-flower  
Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for aye,  
To tell a story I will use my power;  
Not that I may increase her honour's dower,  
For she herself is honour, and the root  
Of goodness, next her Son, our soul's best boot.

O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!  
O bush unburnt! burning in Moses' sight!  
That down didst ravish from the Deity,  
Through humbleness, the spirit that did alight  
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's might,  
Conceived was the Father's sapience,  
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

[\* In a letter to the Editor, dated "Rydal Mount, January 13th, 1841," Wordsworth said: "So great is my admiration of Chaucer's genius, and so profound my reverence for him as an instrument in the hands of Providence, for spreading the light of literature through his native land, that notwithstanding the defects and faults in this publication, I am glad of it, as a means for making many acquainted with the original, who would otherwise be ignorant of every thing about him but his name."—The volume entitled "*The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer Modernized*," was published in London, in 1841. It is made up of the contributions of Wordsworth, Miss Barrett, Leigh Hunt, R. H. Horne, and others.—H. R.]

Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,  
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,  
Surpass all science and all utterance;  
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to thee  
Thou goest before in thy benignity,  
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,  
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen!  
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,  
That I the weight of it may not sustain;  
But as a child of twelvemonths old or less,  
That laboureth his language to express,  
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,  
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall say.

There was in Asia, in a mighty town,  
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews might be,  
Assigned to them and given them for their own  
By a great lord, for gain and usury,  
Hateful to Christ and to his company;  
And through this street who list might ride and wend  
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

A little school of Christian people stood  
Down at the farther end, in which there were  
A nest of children come of Christian blood,  
That learned in that school from year to year  
Such sort of doctrine as men used there,  
That is to say, to sing and read also,  
As little children in their childhood do.

Among these children was a widow's son,  
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,  
Who day by day unto this school hath gone,  
And eke, when he the image did behold  
Of Jesu's Mother, as he had been told,  
This child was wont to kneel adown and say  
*Ave Marie*, as he goeth by the way.

This widow thus her little son hath taught  
Our blissful Lady, Jesu's Mother dear,  
To worship aye, and he forgat it not;  
For simple infant hath a ready ear.  
Sweet is the holiness of youth: and hence,  
Calling to mind this matter when I may,  
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,  
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

This little child, while in the school he sat  
His primer conning with an earnest cheer,



The whilst the rest their anthem-book repeat  
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;  
And as he durst he drew him near and near,  
And hearkened to the words and to the note,  
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

This Latin knew he nothing what it said,  
For he too tender was of age to know;  
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed  
That he the meaning of this song would show,  
And unto him declare why men sing so;  
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,  
This child did him beseech on his bare knees.

His schoolfellow, who elder was than he,  
Answered him thus: — 'This song, I have heard say,  
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;  
Her to salute, and also her to pray  
To be our help upon our dying day:  
If there is more in this, I know it not;  
Song do I learn, — small grammar I have got.'

'And is this song fashioned in reverence  
Of Jesu's Mother?' said this innocent;  
'Now, certes, I will use my diligence  
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;  
Although I for my primer shall be shent,  
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,  
Our Lady I will praise with all my power.'

His schoolfellow, whom he had so besought,  
As they went homeward taught him privily  
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,  
From word to word according to the note  
Twice in a day it passed through his throat;  
Homeward and schoolward whensoe'er he went,  
On Jesu's Mother fixed was his intent.

Through all the Jewry (this before said I)  
This little child, as he came to and fro,  
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,  
O *Alma Redemptoris*! high and low:  
The sweetness of Christ's Mother pierced so  
His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,  
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath  
His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, upswelled — 'O woe,  
O Hebrew people!' said he in his wrath,  
'Is it an honest thing! Shall this be so!  
That such a boy where'er he lists shall go  
In your despite, and sing his hymns and saws,  
Which is against the reverence of our laws!'

From that day forward have the Jews conspired  
Out of the world this innocent to chase;  
And to this end a homicide they hired,  
That in an alley had a privy place,  
And, as the child 'gan to the school to pace,  
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast  
And cut his throat and in a pit him cast.

I say that him into a pit they threw,  
A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents exhale;  
O cursed folk! away, ye Herods new!  
What may your ill intentions you avail!  
Murder will out; certes it will not fail;  
Know, that the honour of high God may spread,  
The blood cries out on your accursèd deed.

O Martyr 'stablished in virginity!  
Now may'st thou sing for aye before the throne,  
Following the Lamb celestial," quoth she,  
"Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John,  
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go  
Before the Lamb singing continually,  
That never fleshly woman they did know.

Now this poor widow waiteth all that night  
After her little child, and he came not;  
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning light,  
With face all pale with dread and busy thought,  
She at the school and elsewhere him hath sought,  
Until thus far she learned, that he had been  
In the Jews' street, and there he last was seen.

With mother's pity in her breast enclosed  
She goeth, as she were half out of her mind,  
To every place wherein she hath supposed  
By likelihood her little son to find;  
And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind  
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,  
And him among the accursèd Jews she sought.

She asketh, and she piteously doth pray  
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place  
To tell her if her child had passed that way;  
They all said — Nay; but Jesu of his grace  
Gave to her thought, that in a little space  
She for her son in that same spot did cry  
Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

O thou great God that dost perform thy laud  
By mouths of innocents, lo! here thy might;  
This gem of chastity, this emerald,  
And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,  
There, where with mangled throat he lay upright,  
The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing  
So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

The Christian folk that through the Jewry went  
Come to the spot in wonder at the thing;  
And hastily they for the Provost sent;  
Immediately he came, not tarrying,  
And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly King,  
And eke his mother, honour of mankind:  
Which done, he bade that they the Jews should bind.

This child with piteous lamentation then  
Was taken up, singing his song alway;  
And with procession great and pomp of men  
To the next Abbey him they bare away;  
His mother swooning by the body lay;

And scarcely could the people that were near  
Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

Torment and shameful death to every one  
This Provost doth for those bad Jews prepare  
That of this murder wist, and that anon :  
Such wickedness his judgment cannot spare ;  
Who will do evil, evil shall he bear ;  
Them therefore with wild horses did he draw,  
And after that he hung them by the law.

Upon his bier this innocent doth lie  
Before the altar while the Mass doth last :  
The Abbot with his convent's company  
Then sped themselves to bury him full fast ;  
And, when they holy water on him cast,  
Yet spake this child when sprinkled was the water,  
And sang, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater !*

This Abbot, for he was a holy man,  
As all Monks are, or surely ought to be,  
In supplication to the child began  
Thus saying, 'O dear child ! I summon thee  
In virtue of the holy Trinity  
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn,  
Since that thy throat is cut as it doth seem.'

'My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,'  
Said this young child, 'and by the law of kind  
I should have died, yea many hours ago ;  
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,  
Will that his glory last, and be in mind ;  
And, for the worship of his Mother dear,  
Yet may I sing, *O Alma !* loud and clear.

'This well of mercy, Jesu's Mother sweet,  
After my knowledge I have loved alway ;  
And in the hour when I my death did meet  
To me she came, and thus to me did say,  
"Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,"  
As ye have heard ; and soon as I had sung  
Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

'Wherefore I sing, nor can from song refrain,  
In honour of that blissful Maiden free,  
Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain ;  
And after that thus said she unto me ;  
"My little child, then will I come for thee  
Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they take :  
Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake !"'

This holy Monk, this Abbot — him mean I,  
Touched then his tongue, and took away the grain ;  
And he gave up the ghost full peacefully ;  
And, when the Abbot had this wonder seen,  
His salt tears trickled down like showers of rain ;  
And on his face he dropped upon the ground,  
And still he lay as if he had been bound.

Eke the whole convent on the pavement lay,  
Weeping and praising Jesu's Mother dear ;

And after that they rose, and took their way,  
And lifted up this martyr from the bier,  
And in a tomb of precious marble clear  
Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet. —  
Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet !

Young Hew of Lincoln ! in like sort laid low  
By cursed Jews — thing well and widely known,  
For it was done a little while ago —  
Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry  
Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,  
In mercy would his mercy multiply  
On us, for reverence of his Mother Mary !"

### THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE god of Love, — *ah benedicite !*  
How mighty and how great a lord is he !  
For he of low hearts can make high, of high  
He can make low, and unto death bring nigh ;  
And hard hearts he can make them kind and free.

Within a little time, as hath been found,  
He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound :  
Them who are whole in body and in mind,  
He can make sick, — bind can he and unbind  
All that he will have bound, or have unbound.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice ;  
Foolish men he can make them out of wise ; —  
For he may do all that he will devise ;  
Loose livers he can make abate their vice,  
And proud hearts can make tremble in a trice.

In brief, the whole of what he will, he may ;  
Against him dare not any wight say nay ;  
To humble or afflict whome'er he will,  
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill ;  
But most his might he sheds on the eve of May.

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,  
That with him is, or thinketh so to be,  
Now against May shall have some stirring — whether  
To joy, or be it to some mourning ; never  
At other time, methinks, in like degree.

For now when they may hear the wild birds' song,  
And see the budding leaves the branches throng,  
This unto their remembrance doth bring  
All kinds of pleasure mixed with sorrowing ;  
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long.

And of that longing heaviness doth come,  
Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and home ;  
Sick are they all for lack of their desire ;  
And thus in May their hearts are set on fire,  
So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what though now  
Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow;  
Yet have I felt of sickness through the May,  
Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every day,—  
How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep  
Through all this May that I have little sleep;  
And also 'tis not likely unto me,  
That any living heart should sleepy be  
In which Love's dart its fiery point doth steep.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,  
I of a token thought which Lovers heed;  
How among them it was a common tale,  
That it was good to hear the Nightingale,  
Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be uttered.

And then I thought anon as it was day,  
I gladly would go somewhere to essay  
If I perchance a Nightingale might hear,  
For yet had I heard none, of all that year,  
And it was then the third night of the May,

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,  
No longer would I in my bed abide,  
But straightway to a wood that was hard by,  
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,  
And held the pathway down by a brook-side;

Till to a lawn I came all white and green,  
I in so fair a one had never been.  
The ground was green, with daisy powdered over;  
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,  
All green and white; and nothing else was seen.

There sate I down among the fair fresh flowers,  
And saw the birds come tripping from their bowers,  
Where they had rested them all night; and they,  
Who were so joyful at the light of day,  
Began to honour May with all their powers.

Well did they know that service all by rote,  
And there was many and many a lovely note,  
Some, singing loud, as if they had complained;  
Some with their notes another manner feigned  
And some did sing all out with the full throat.

They pruned themæ selves, and made themselves right  
gay,

Dancing and leaping light upon the spray;  
And ever two and two together were,  
The same as they had chosen for the year,  
Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sate upon,  
Was making such a noise as it ran on  
Accordant to the sweet birds' harmony;  
Methought that it was the best melody  
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

And for delight, but how I never wot,  
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,  
Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;  
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,  
Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

And that was right upon a tree fast by,  
And who was then ill satisfied but I!  
Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,  
From thee and thy base throat, keep all that's good,  
Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,  
In the next bush that was me fast beside,  
I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,  
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,  
Echoing thorough all the green wood wide.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my heart's cheer,  
Hence hast thou stay'd a little while too long;  
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,  
And she hath been before thee with her song;  
Evil light on her! she hath done me wrong.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray;  
As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,  
Methought I wist right well what these birds meant,  
And had good knowing both of their intent,  
And of their speech, and all that they would say.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake:—  
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or brake,  
And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell here;  
For every wight eschews thy song to hear,  
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

What! quoth she then, what is't that ails thee now!  
It seems to me I sing as well as thou;  
For mine's a song that is both true and plain,—  
Although I cannot quaver so in vain  
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

All men may understanding have of me,  
But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee;  
For thou hast many a foolish and quaint cry:—  
Thou say'st OSEE, OSEE, then how may I  
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may be!

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not what it is!  
Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,  
Then mean I, that I should be wondrous fain  
That shamefully they one and all were slain,  
Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

And also would I that they all were dead,  
Who do not think in love their life to lead;  
For who is loth the God of Love to obey,  
Is only fit to die, I dare well say,  
And for that cause OSEE I cry; take heed!

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law,  
That all must love or die; but I withdraw,  
And take my leave of all such company,  
For mine intent it neither is to die,  
Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw.

For lovers of all folk that be alive,  
The most disquiet have and least do thrive;  
Most feeling have of sorrow, woe and care,  
And the least welfare cometh to their share;  
What need is there against the truth to strive!

What! quoth she, thou art all out of thy mind,  
That in thy churlishness a cause canst find  
To speak of Love's true servants in this mood;  
For in this world no service is so good  
To every wight that gentle is of kind.

For thereof comes all goodness and all worth;  
All gentleness and honour thence come forth;  
Thence worship comes, content and true heart's  
pleasure,  
And full-assured trust, joy without measure,  
And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,  
And seemliness, and faithful company,  
And dread of shame that will not do amiss;  
For he that faithfully Love's servant is,  
Rather than be disgraced, would choose to die.

And that the very truth it is which I  
Now say — in such belief I'll live and die;  
And Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.  
Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,  
If with that counsel I do e'er comply.

Good Nightingale! thou speakest wondrous fair,  
Yet for all that, the truth is found elsewhere;  
For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis;  
And Love in old folk a great dotage is;  
Who most it useth, him 'twill most impair.

For thereof come all contraries to gladness;  
Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming sadness,  
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,  
Dishonour, shame, envy importunate,  
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and madness.

Loving is aye an office of despair,  
And one thing is therein which is not fair;  
For whoso gets of love a little bliss,  
Unless it alway stay with him I wis,  
He may full soon go with an old man's hair.

And, therefore, Nightingale! do thou keep nigh,  
For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint cry,  
If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,  
Thou 'lt be as others that forsaken are;  
Then shalt thou raise a clamour as do I.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill beseen!  
The God of Love afflict thee with all teen,  
For thou art worse than mad a thousand fold;  
For many a one hath virtues manifold,  
Who had been nought, if Love had never been.

For evermore his servants Love amendeth,  
And he from every blemish them defendeth;  
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,  
In loyalty, and worshipful desire,  
And, when it likes him, joy enough them sendeth.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be still,  
For Love no reason hath but his own will; —  
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and joy;  
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,  
He lets them perish through that grievous ill.

With such a master would I never be;\*  
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,  
And knows not when he hurts and when he heals:  
Within this court full seldom Truth avails,  
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

Then of the Nightingale did I take note,  
How from her inmost heart a sigh she brought,  
And said, Alas! that ever I was born,  
Not one word have I now, I am so forlorn, —  
And with that word she into tears burst out.

Alas, alas! my very heart will break,  
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus speak  
Of Love, and of his holy services;  
Now, God of Love! thou help me in some wise,  
That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

And so methought I started up anon,  
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,  
Which at the Cuckoo hardily I cast,  
And he for dread did fly away full fast;  
And glad, in sooth, was I, when he was gone.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,  
Kept crying, "Farewell! — farewell, Popinjay!"  
As if in scornful mockery of me;  
And on I hunted him from tree to tree,  
Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

Then straightway came the Nightingale to me,  
And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I thank thee,  
That thou wert near to rescue me; and now,  
Unto the God of Love I make a vow,  
That all this May I will thy songstress be.

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she said,  
With this mishap no longer be dismayed,  
Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou heard'st me;  
Yet if I live it shall amended be,  
When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

\* From a manuscript in the Bodleian, as are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.



And one thing will I counsel thee also,  
The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's saw;  
All that she said is an outrageous lie.  
Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth I,  
For Love, and it hath done me mighty woe.

Yea, hath it? use, quoth she, this medicine;  
This May-time, every day before thou dine,  
Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,  
Although for pain thou may'st be like to die,  
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and pine.

And mind always that thou be good and true,  
And I will sing one song of many new,  
For love of thee, as loud as I may cry;  
And then did she begin this song full high,  
'Beshrew all them that are in love untrue.'

And soon as she had sung it to the end,  
Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must wend;  
And, God of Love, that can right well and may,  
Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,  
As ever he to Lover yet did send.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of me;  
I pray to God with her always to be,  
And joy of love to send her evermore;  
And shield us from the Cuckoo and her lore,  
For there is not so false a bird as she

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale,  
To all the birds that lodged within that dale,  
And gathered each and all into one place;  
And them besought to hear her doleful case,  
And thus it was that she began her tale.

The Cuckoo — 'tis not well that I should hide  
How she and I did each the other chide,  
And without ceasing, since it was daylight;  
And now I pray you all to do me right  
Of that false bird whom love can not abide.

Then spake one bird, and full assent all gave;  
This matter asketh counsel good as grave,  
For birds we are — all here together brought;  
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not;  
And therefore we a Parliament will have.

And thereat shall the Eagle be our lord,  
And other peers whose names are on record;  
A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,  
And judgment there be given; or that intent  
Failing, we finally shall make accord.

And all this shall be done, without a nay,  
The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,  
Under a maple that is well beseen,  
Before the chamber-window of the Queen,  
At Woodstock, on the meadow green and gay.

She thanked them; and then her leave she took,  
And flew into a hawthorn by that brook;  
And there she sate and sung — upon that tree —  
"For term of life Love shall have hold of me" —  
So loudly that I with that song awoke.

Unlearned book and rude, as well I know,  
For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,  
Who did on thee the hardness bestow  
To appear before my lady? but a sense  
Thou surely hast of her benevolence,  
Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth give;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor book! for thy unworthiness,  
To show to her some pleasant meanings writ  
In winning words, since through her gentleness,  
Thee she accepts as for her service fit!  
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit  
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,  
Though I be far from her I reverence,  
To think upon my truth and steadfastness,  
And to abridge my sorrow's violence,  
Caused by the wish, as knows your sapience,  
She of her liking proof to me would give;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

#### L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, day of gladness!  
Luna by night, with heavenly influence  
Illumined! root of beauty and goodness,  
Write, and allay, by your beneficence,  
My sighs breathed forth in silence, — comfort give!  
Since of all good, you are the best alive.

#### EXPLICIT.

### TROILUS AND CRESIDA.

NEXT morning Troilus began to clear  
His eyes from sleep, at the first break of day,  
And unto Pandarus, his own brother dear,  
For love of God, full piteously did say,  
We must the palace see of Cresida;  
For since we yet may have no other feast,  
Let us behold her palace at the least!

And therewithal to cover his intent  
A cause he found into the town to go,  
And they right forth to Cresid's Palace went;  
But, Lord, this simple Troilus was woe,  
Him thought his sorrowful heart would break in two;  
For when he saw her doors fast bolted all,  
Well nigh for sorrow down he 'gan to fall.

Therewith when this true lover 'gan behold,  
How shut was every window of the place,  
Like frost he thought his heart was icy cold;  
For which, with changèd, pale, and deadly face,  
Without word uttered forth he 'gan to pace:  
And on his purpose bent so fast to ride,  
That no wight his continuance espied.

Then said he thus, — O palace desolate!  
O house of houses, once so richly dight!  
O palace empty and disconsolate!  
Thou lamp of which extinguished is the light;  
O palace whilom day that now art night,  
Thou ought'st to fall and I to die; since she  
Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.

O, of all houses once the crownèd boast!  
Palace illumined with the sun of bliss;  
O ring of which the ruby now is lost,  
O cause of woe, that cause has been of bliss:  
Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss  
Thy cold doors; but I dare not for this rout;  
Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint is out!

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye,  
With changèd face, and piteous to behold;  
And when he might his time aright espy,  
Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told  
Both his new sorrow and his joys of old,  
So piteously, and with so dead a hue,  
That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Forth from the spot he rideth up and down,  
And everything to his remembrance  
Came as he rode by places of the town  
Where he had felt such perfect pleasure once.  
Lo, yonder saw I mine own lady dance,  
And in that temple she with her bright eyes,  
My lady dear, first bound me captive-wise.

And yonder with joy-smitten heart have I  
Heard my own Cresid's laugh; and once at play  
I yonder saw her eke full blissfully;  
And yonder once she unto me 'gan say —  
Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I pray!  
And there so graciously did me behold,  
That hers unto the death my heart I hold.

And at the corner of that self-same house  
Heard I my most beloved lady dear,  
So womanly, with voice melodious  
Singing so well, so goodly, and so clear,  
That in my soul methinks I yet do hear  
The blissful sound; and in that very place  
My lady first me took unto her grace.

O blissful God of Love! then thus he cried,  
When I the process have in memory,  
How thou hast wearied me on every side,  
Men thence a book might make, a history

What need to seek a conquest over me,  
Since I am wholly at thy will? what joy  
Hast thou thy own liege subjects to destroy?

Dread Lord! so fearful when provoked, thine ire  
Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain and grief;  
Now mercy, Lord! thou know'st well I desire  
Thy grace above all pleasures first and chief;  
And live and die I will in thy belief;  
For which I ask for guerdon but one boon,  
That Cresida again thou send me soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to return,  
As thou dost mine with longing her to see,  
Then know I well that she would not sojourn.  
Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not be  
Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of thee,  
As Juno was unto the Theban blood,  
From whence to Thebes came griefs in multitude.

And after this he to the gate did go  
Whence Cresid rode, as if in haste she was;  
And up and down there went, and to and fro,  
And to himself full oft he said, Alas!  
From hence my hope, and solace forth did pass.  
O would the blissful God now for his joy,  
I might her see again coming to Troy!

And up to yonder hill was I her guide;  
Alas, and there I took of her my leave;  
Yonder I saw her to her father ride,  
For very grief of which my heart shall cleave; —  
And hither home I came when it was eve;  
And here I dwell an outcast from all joy,  
And shall, unless I see her soon in Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,  
That he was blighted, pale, and waxen less  
Than he was wont; and that in whispers soft  
Men said, What may it be, can no one guess  
Why Troilus hath all this heaviness!  
All which he of himself conceited wholly  
Out of his weakness and his melancholy.

Another time he took into his head,  
That every wight, who in the way passed by,  
Had of him ruth, and fancied that they said,  
I am right sorry Troilus will die:  
And thus a day or two drove wearily;  
As ye have heard; such life 'gan he to lead  
As one that standeth betwixt hope and dread.

For which it pleased him in his songs to show  
The occasion of his woe, as best he might;  
And made a fitting song, of words but few,  
Somewhat his woeful heart to make more light;  
And when he was removed from all men's sight,  
With a soft night voice, he of his lady dear,  
That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may hear.

O star, of which I lost have all the light,  
 With a sore heart well ought I to bewail,  
 That ever dark in torment, night by night,  
 Toward my death with wind I steer my sail;  
 Far which upon the tenth night if thou fail  
 With thy bright beams to guide me but one hour  
 My ship and me Charybdis will devour.

As soon as he this song had thus sung through,  
 He fell again into his sorrows old;  
 And every night as was his wont to do,  
 Troilus stood the bright moon to behold;  
 And all his trouble to the moon he told,  
 And said; I wis, when thou art horn'd anew,  
 I shall be glad if all the world be true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that morrow,  
 When hence did journey my bright lady dear,  
 That cause is of my torment and my sorrow;  
 For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and clear,  
 For love of God, run fast above thy sphere;  
 For when thy horns begin once more to spring,  
 Then shall she come, that with her bliss may bring.

The day is more, and longer every night  
 Than they were wont to be — for he thought so;  
 And that the sun did take his course not right,  
 By longer way than he was wont to go;

And said, I am in constant dread I trow,  
 That Phæton his son is yet alive,  
 His too fond father's car amiss to drive.

Upon the walls fast also would he walk,  
 To the end that he the Grecian host might see;  
 And ever thus he to himself would talk: —  
 Lo! yonder is my own bright lady free;  
 Or yonder is it that the tents must be;  
 And thence does come this air which is so sweet,  
 That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

And certainly this wind that more and more  
 By moments thus increaseth in my face,  
 Is of my lady's sighs heavy and sore;  
 I prove it thus; for in no other space  
 Of all this town, save only in this place,  
 Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like pain;  
 It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain!

A weary while in pain he tosseth thus,  
 Till fully past and gone was the ninth night;  
 And ever at his side stood Pandarus,  
 Who busily made use of all his might  
 To comfort him, and make his heart more light;  
 Giving him always hope, that she the morrow  
 Of the tenth day will come, and end his sorrow.

# INSCRIPTIONS.

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## I.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR  
GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART. LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE embowering Rose, the Acacia, and the Pine,  
Will not unwillingly their place resign;  
If but the Cedar thrive that near them stands,  
Planted by Beaumont's and by Wordsworth's hands.  
One wooed the silent Art with studious pains, —  
These Groves have heard the Other's pensive strains;  
Devoted thus, their spirits did unite  
By interchange of knowledge and delight.  
May Nature's kindest powers sustain the Tree,  
And Love protect it from all injury!  
And when its potent branches, wide out-thrown,  
Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,  
Here may some Painter sit in future days,  
Some future Poet meditate his lays;  
Not mindless of that distant age renowned  
When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,  
The haunt of him who sang how spear and shield  
In civil conflict met on Bosworth Field;  
And of that famous Youth, full soon removed  
From earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's self approved,  
Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.

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## II.

IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

ORT is the Medal faithful to its trust  
When Temples, Columns, Towers, are laid in dust;  
And 't is a common ordinance of fate  
That things obscure and small outlive the great:  
Hence, when yon Mansion and the flowery trim  
Of this fair Garden, and its alleys dim,  
And all its stately trees, are passed away,  
This little Niche, unconscious of decay,  
Perchance may still survive. — And be it known  
That it was scooped within the living stone, —  
Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains  
Of labourer plodding for his daily gains,  
But by an industry that wrought in love;  
With help from female hands, that proudly strove  
To aid the work, what time these walks and bowers  
Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely hours.

## III.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT,  
BART. AND IN HIS NAME, FOR AN URN, PLACED BY  
HIM AT THE TERMINATION OF A NEWLY-PLANTED  
AVENUE, IN THE SAME GROUNDS.

YE Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn,  
Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's return;  
And be not slow a stately growth to rear  
Of Pillars, branching off from year to year,  
Till they have learned to frame a darksome Aisle; —  
That may recall to mind that awful Pile  
Where Reynolds, 'mid our Country's noblest Dead,  
In the last sanctity of fame is laid.  
— There, though by right the excelling Painter sleep  
Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep,  
Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear  
Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private tear:  
Hence, on my patrimonial Grounds, have I  
Raised this frail tribute to his memory;  
From youth a zealous follower of the Art  
That he professed, attached to him in heart;  
Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride  
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.

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## IV.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEORTON

BENEATH yon eastern Ridge, the craggy Bound,  
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground,  
Stand yet, but, Stranger! hidden from thy view,  
The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU;  
Erst a religious house, which day and night  
With hymns resounded, and the chanted rite:  
And when those rites had ceased, the Spot gave birth  
To honourable Men of various worth:  
There, on the margin of a Streamlet wild,  
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager Child  
There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,  
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;  
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,  
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams  
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,  
With which his genius shook the buskined Stage.  
Communities are lost, and Empires die,  
And things of holy use unhallowed lie;  
They perish; — but the Intellect can raise,  
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays.



## V.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE IN THE  
WALL OF THE HOUSE (AN OUT-HOUSE) ON THE  
ISLAND AT GRASMERE.

RUDE is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen  
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained  
Proportions more harmonious, and approached  
To somewhat of a closer fellowship  
With the ideal grace. Yet, as it is,  
Do take it in good part: — alas! the poor  
Vitruvius of our village had no help  
From the great City; never, on the leaves  
Of red Morocco folio saw displayed  
The skeletons and pre-existing ghosts  
Of Beauties yet unborn, the rustic Box,  
Snug Cot, with Coach-house, Shed, and Hermitage.  
Thou see'st a homely Pile, yet to these walls  
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here  
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.  
And hither does one Poet sometimes row  
His Pinnacle, a small vagrant Barge, up-piled  
With plenteous store of heath and withered fern,  
(A lading which he with his sickle cuts,  
Among the mountains) and beneath this roof  
He makes his summer couch, and here at noon  
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the Sheep,  
Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,  
Lie round him, even as if they were a part  
Of his own Household: nor, while from his bed  
He through that door-place looks toward the lake  
And to the stirring breezes, does he want  
Creations lovely as the work of sleep,  
Fair sights — and visions of romantic joy!

## VI.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL ON A STONE, ON THE  
SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COMB.\*

STAY, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs  
On this commodious Seat! for much remains  
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top  
Of this huge Eminence, — from blackness named,  
And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,  
A favourite spot of tournament and war!  
But thee may no such boisterous visitants  
Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;  
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air  
Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,  
From centre to circumference, unveiled!  
Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,  
That on the summit whither thou art bound,  
A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,  
With books supplied and instruments of art,

To measure height and distance; lonely task,  
Week after week pursued! — To him was given  
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed  
On timid man) of Nature's processes  
Upon the exalted hills. He made report  
That once, while there he plied his studious work  
Within that canvas Dwelling, suddenly  
The many-coloured map before his eyes  
Became invisible: for all around  
Had darkness fallen — unthreatened, unproclaimed —  
As if the golden day itself had been  
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,  
In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,  
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

## VII.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL UPON A STONE, THE  
LARGEST OF A HEAP LYING NEAR A DESERTED  
QUARRY, UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT RYDAL

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen stones  
Is not a Ruin of the ancient time,  
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the Cairn  
Of some old British Chief: 't is nothing more  
Than the rude embryo of a little Dome  
Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be built  
Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.  
But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned  
That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,  
And make himself a freeman of this spot  
At any hour he chose, the Knight forthwith  
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound  
Are monuments of his unfinished task. —  
The block on which these lines are traced, perhaps,  
Was once selected as the corner-stone  
Of the intended Pile, which would have been  
Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate skill,  
So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,  
And other little builders who dwell here,  
Had wondered at the work. But blame him not,  
For old Sir William was a gentle Knight,  
Bred in this vale, to which he appertained  
With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,  
And for the outrage which he had devised  
Entire forgiveness! — But if thou art one  
On fire with thy impatience to become  
An inmate of these mountains, — if, disturbed  
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn  
Out of the quiet rock the elements  
Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to blaze  
In snow-white splendour, — think again, and, taught  
By old Sir William and his quarry, leave  
Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose;  
There let the vernal Slow-worm sun himself,  
And let the Redbreast hop from stone to stone.

\* See page 165.

## VIII.

## INSCRIPTIONS

SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A  
HERMIT'S CELL.

## 1.

HOPES what are they? — Beads of morning  
Strung on slender blades of grass;  
Or a spider's web adorning  
In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy?  
Whispering harm where harm is not;  
And deluding the unwary  
Till the fatal bolt is shot!

What is glory? — in the socket  
See how dying tapers fare!  
What is pride! — a whizzing rocket  
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship? — do not trust her,  
Nor the vows which she has made;  
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth! — a staff rejected;  
Duty! — an unwelcome clog;  
Joy! — a moon by fits reflected  
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,  
To the Traveller's eye it shone:  
He hath hailed it re-appearing —  
And as quickly it is gone;

Gone, as if for ever hidden,  
Or mis-shapen to the sight,  
And by sullen weeds forbidden  
To resume its native light.

What is youth! — a dancing billow,  
(Winds behind, and rocks before!)  
Age! — a drooping, tottering willow  
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace! — when pain is over  
And love ceases to rebel,  
Let the last faint sigh discover  
That precedes the passing knell!

## 2.

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

PAUSE, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be  
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,  
Where silence yields reluctantly  
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace,  
And fear not lest an idle sound  
Of words unsuited to the place  
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this rock, while vernal air  
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,  
Uphold a Monument as fair  
As Church or Abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,  
Like marble white, like ether pure;  
As if, beneath, some hero lay,  
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;  
And, ever as the sun shone forth,  
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,  
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But Frost had reared the gorgeous Pile  
Unsound as those which fortune builds;  
To undermine with secret guile,  
Sapped by the very beam that gilda.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock  
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground;  
And naked left this dripping Rock,  
With shapeless ruin spread around!

## 3.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,  
Bubbles gliding under ice,  
Bodied forth and evanescent,  
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts! — A wind-swept meadow  
Mimicking a troubled sea:  
Such is life; and death a shadow  
From the rock eternity!

## 4.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.

TROUBLED long with warring notions  
Long impatient of thy rod,  
I resign my soul's emotions  
Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter  
Yielded by this craggy rent,  
If my spirit toss and welter  
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant  
To consume this crystal Well;  
Rains, that make each hill a torrent  
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,  
Would my life present to Thee,  
Gracious God, the pure oblation  
Of divine 'Tranquillity'

## 5.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;  
Not seldom Evening in the west  
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,  
To the confiding Bark, untrue;  
And, if she trust the stars above,  
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,  
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,  
Draws lightning down upon the head  
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,  
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,  
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;  
And peace was given, — nor peace alone,  
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

## IX.

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON  
ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENT-WATER.

If thou in the dear love of some one Friend  
Hast been so happy that thou knowest what thoughts  
Will sometimes in the happiness of love  
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence  
This quiet spot; and, Stranger! not unmoved  
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,  
The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's Cell.  
Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof  
That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,  
After long exercise in social cares  
And offices humane, intent to adore  
The Deity, with undistracted mind,  
And meditate on everlasting things,  
In utter solitude. — But he had left  
A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved  
As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised

To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,  
While o'er the Lake the cataract of Lodore  
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced  
Along the beach of this small isle and thought  
Of his Companion, he would pray that both  
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)  
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain  
So prayed he: — as our Chronicles report,  
Though here the Hermit numbered his last day,  
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,  
Those holy Men both died in the same hour.

## X.

## INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR A STONE IN THE GROUNDS OF  
RYDAL MOUNT.

In these fair vales hath many a Tree  
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;  
And from the Builder's hand this Stone,  
For some rude beauty of its own,  
Was rescued by the Bard:  
So let it rest, — and time will come  
When here the tender-hearted  
May heave a gentle sigh for him,  
As one of the departed.

## XI.

THE massy Ways, carried across these Heights  
By Roman Perseverance, are destroyed,  
Or hidden under ground, like sleeping worms.  
How venture then to hope that Time will spare  
This humble Walk? Yet on the mountain's side  
A Poet's hand first shaped it; and the steps  
Of that same Bard, repeated to and fro  
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies,  
Through the vicissitudes of many a year,  
Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its gray line.  
No longer, scattering to the heedless winds  
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,  
Shall he frequent these precincts; locked no more  
In earnest converse with beloved Friends,  
Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,  
As from the beds and borders of a garden  
Choice flowers are gathered! But, if Power may spring  
Out of a farewell yearning favoured more  
Than kindred wishes mated suitably  
With vain regrets, the Exile would consign  
This Walk, his loved possession, to the care  
Of those pure Minds that reverence the Muse.

## POEMS

### REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

#### THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

The class of Beggars, to which the old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.

I saw an aged Beggar in my walk;  
And he was seated, by the highway side,  
On a low structure of rude masonry  
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they  
Who lead their horses down the steep rough road  
May thence remount at ease. The aged Man  
Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone  
That overlays the pile; and, from a bag  
All white with flour, the dole of village dames,  
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one;  
And scanned them with a fixed and serious look  
Of idle computation. In the sun,  
Upon the second step of that small pile,  
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,  
He sat, and ate his food in solitude:  
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,  
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,  
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers  
Fell on the ground; and the small mountain birds,  
Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,  
Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known; and then  
He was so old, he seems not older now;  
He travels on, a solitary Man,  
So helpless in appearance, that for him  
The sauntering Horseman-traveller does not throw  
With careless hand his alms upon the ground,  
But stops, — that he may safely lodge the coin  
Within the old Man's hat; nor quits him so,  
But still, when he has given his horse the rein,  
Watches the aged Beggar with a look  
Sidelong — and half-reverted. She who tends  
The Toll-gate, when in summer at her door  
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees  
The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,  
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.

The Post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake  
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,  
Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus warned  
The old Man does not change his course, the Boy  
Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,  
And passes gently by — without a curse  
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.  
He travels on, a solitary Man;  
His age has no companion. On the ground  
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,  
They move along the ground; and, evermore,  
Instead of common and habitual sight  
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,  
And the blue sky, one little span of earth  
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,  
Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,  
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,  
And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,  
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,  
The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left  
Impressed on the white road, — in the same line,  
At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!  
His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet  
Disturb the summer dust: he is so still  
In look and motion, that the cottage curs,  
Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,  
Weary of barking at him. Boys and Girls,  
The vacant and the busy, Maids and Youths,  
And Urchins newly breeched — all pass him by:  
Him even the slow-paced Waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this Man useless. — Statesmen! ye  
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye  
Who have a broom still ready in your hands  
To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,  
Heart-swollen, while in your pride ye contemplate  
Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not  
A burthen of the earth. 'Tis Nature's law  
That none, the meanest of created things,  
Of forms created the most vile and brute,  
The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
Divorced from good — a spirit and pulse of good,  
A life and soul, to every mode of being  
Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps  
From door to door, the Villagers in him  
Behold a record which together binds



Past deeds and offices of charity,  
 Else unremembered, and so keeps alive  
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,  
 And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,  
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign  
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.  
 Among the farms and solitary huts,  
 Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,  
 Where'er the aged Beggard takes his rounds,  
 The mild necessity of use compels  
 To acts of love; and habit does the work  
 Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy  
 Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,  
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,  
 Doth find herself insensibly disposed  
 To virtue and true goodness. Some there are,  
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds  
 And meditative, authors of delight  
 And happiness, which to the end of time  
 Will live, and spread, and kindle: even such minds  
 In childhood, from this solitary Being,  
 Or from like Wanderer, haply have received  
 (A thing more precious far than all that books  
 Or the solitudes of love can do!)  
 That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,  
 In which they found their kindred with a world  
 Where want and sorrow were. The easy Man  
 Who sits at his own door, — and, like the pear  
 That overhangs his head from the green wall,  
 Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,  
 The prosperous and unthinking, they who live  
 Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove  
 Of their own kindred; — all behold in him  
 A silent monitor, which on their minds  
 Must needs impress a transitory thought  
 Of self-congratulation, to the heart  
 Of each recalling his peculiar boons,  
 His charters and exemptions; and, perchance  
 Though he to no one give the fortitude  
 And circumspection needful to preserve  
 His present blessings, and to husband up  
 The respite of the season, he, at least,  
 And 't is no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further. — Many, I believe, there are  
 Who live a life of virtuous decency,  
 Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel  
 No self-reproach; who of the moral law  
 Established in the land where they abide  
 Are strict observers; and not negligent,  
 In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,  
 Their kindred, and the children of their blood.  
 Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!  
 — But of the poor man ask, the abject poor;  
 Go, and demand of him, if there be here

In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,  
 And these inevitable charities,  
 Wherewith to satisfy the human soul!  
 No — Man is dear to Man; the poorest poor  
 Long for some moments in a weary life  
 When they can know and feel that they have been,  
 Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out  
 Of some small blessings; have been kind to such  
 As needed kindness, for this single cause,  
 That we have all of us one human heart.  
 — Such pleasure is to one kind Being known,  
 My Neighbour, when with punctual care, each week  
 Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself  
 By her own wants, she from her store of meal  
 Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip  
 Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door  
 Returning with exhilarated heart,  
 Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!  
 And while in that vast solitude to which  
 The tide of things has borne him, he appears  
 To breathe and live but for himself alone,  
 Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about  
 The good which the benignant law of Heaven  
 Has hung around him: and, while life is his,  
 Still let him prompt the unlettered Villagers  
 To tender offices and pensive thoughts.  
 — Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!  
 And, long as he can wander, let him breathe  
 The freshness of the valleys; let his blood  
 Struggle with frosty air and winter snows;  
 And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath  
 Beat his gray locks against his withered face.  
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness  
 Gives the last human interest to his heart.  
 May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,  
 Make him a captive! for that pent-up din,  
 Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,  
 Be his the natural silence of old age!  
 Let him be free of mountain solitudes;  
 And have around him, whether heard or not,  
 The pleasant melody of woodland birds.  
 Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have now  
 Been doomed so long to settle on the earth  
 That not without some effort they behold  
 The countenance of the horizontal sun,  
 Rising or setting, let the light at least  
 Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.  
 And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down  
 Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank  
 Of highway side, and with the little birds  
 Share his chance-gathered meal; and, finally,  
 As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
 So in the eye of Nature let him die!

## THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,  
The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of mind,  
And the small critic wielding his delicate pen,  
That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide Town;  
His staff is a sceptre — his gray hairs a crown;  
Erect as a sunflower he stands, and the streak  
Of the unfaded rose still enlivens his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn, — 'mid the joy  
Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a Boy;  
There fashioned that countenance, which, in spite of a  
stain

That his life hath received, to the last will remain.

A Farmer he was; and his house far and near  
Was the boast of the Country for excellent cheer:  
How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury Vale  
Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his  
mild ale!

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,  
His fields seemed to know what their Master was  
doing;

And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,  
All caught the infection — as generous as he.

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl, —  
The fields better suited the ease of his Soul:  
He strayed through the fields like an indolent Wight,  
The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought, and the Poor,  
Familiar with him, made an inn of his door:  
He gave them the best that he had; or, to say  
What less may mislead you, they took it away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on his farm:  
The Genius of Plenty preserved him from harm:  
At length, what to most is a season of sorrow,  
His means are run out,—he must beg, or must borrow.

To the neighbours he went,—all were free with their  
money;

For his hive had so long been replenished with honey,  
That they dreamt not of dearth; — He continued his  
rounds,

Knocked here — and knocked there, pounds still add-  
ing to pounds.

He paid what he could with this ill-gotten pelf,  
And something, it might be, reserved for himself:  
Then, (what is too true) without hinting a word,  
Turned his back on the Country—and off like a Bird.

You lift up your eyes! — but I guess that you frame  
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame;  
In him it was scarcely a business of art,  
For this he did all in the ease of his heart.

To London — a sad emigration I ween —  
With his gray hairs he went from the brook and the  
green;

And there, with small wealth but his legs and his hands,  
As lonely he stood as a Crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam assume, —  
Served as Stable-boy, Errand-boy, Porter, and Groom;  
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,  
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green and is stout;  
Twice as fast as before does his blood run about;  
You would say that each hair of his beard was alive,  
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes  
About work that he knows, in a track that he knows;  
But often his mind is compelled to demur,  
And you guess that the more then his body must stir.

In the throng of the Town like a Stranger is he,  
Like one whose own Country's far over the sea;  
And Nature, while through the great City he hies,  
Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,  
More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue;  
Like a Maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,  
And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats?  
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;  
With a look of such earnestness often will stand,  
You might think he'd twelve Reapers at work in the  
Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate hours  
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruit and her  
flowers,

Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made  
Poor winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a Waggon of straw,  
Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw;  
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,  
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,  
Thrusts his hands in the Waggon, and smells at  
the hay;

He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,  
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair, —  
If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there:  
The breath of the Cows you may see him inhale,  
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, Old Adam! when low thou art laid,  
May one blade of grass spring up over thy head;  
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,  
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

## THE SMALL CELANDINE.

THERE is a Flower, the Lesser Celandine,  
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain;  
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,  
Bright as the sun itself, 't is out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,  
Or blasts the green field and the trees distressed,  
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,  
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed  
And recognised it, though an altered Form,  
Now standing forth an offering to the Blast,  
And buffeted at will by Rain and Storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,  
"It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold:  
This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
But its necessity in being old.

The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;  
It cannot help itself in its decay;  
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue."  
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite — then, worse truth,  
A Miser's Pensioner — behold our lot!  
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth  
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

## THE TWO THIEVES;

## OR, THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.

O now that the genius of Bewick were mine,  
And the skill which he learned on the banks of the  
Tyne!

Then the Muses might deal with me just as they  
chose,

For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose.

What feats would I work with my magical hand!  
Book-learning and books should be banished the land:  
And, for hunger and thirst, and such troublesome calls,  
Every Ale-house should then have a feast on its walls.

The Traveller would hang his wet clothes on a chair;  
Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw would he  
care!

For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream and his Sheaves,  
Oh, what would they be to my tale of two Thieves!

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three birthdays old,  
His Grandsire that age more than thirty times told;  
There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul weather  
Between them, and both go a-stealing together.

With chips is the Carpenter strewing his floor!  
Is a cart-load of turf at an old Woman's door!  
Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will slide!  
And his Grandson's as busy at work by his side.

Old Daniel begins, he stops short — and his eye,  
Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning and sly.  
'T is a look which at this time is hardly his own,  
But tells a plain tale of the days that are flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by the wires  
Of manifold pleasures and many desires:  
And what if he cherished his purse! 'T was no more  
Than treading a path trod by thousands before.

'T was a path trod by thousands; but Daniel is one  
Who went something farther than others have gone,  
And now with old Daniel you see how it fares;  
You see to what end he has brought his gray hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand: ere the sun  
Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is begun:  
And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,  
This Child but half knows it, and that not at all.

They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,  
And each, in his turn, is both leader and led;  
And, wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,  
Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy, they roam  
The gray-headed Sire has a daughter at home,  
Who will gladly repair all the damage that's done;  
And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

Old Man! whom so oft I with pity have eyed,  
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy side:  
Long yet may'st thou live! for a teacher we see  
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

## ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY

## A SKETCH.

THE little hedgerow birds,  
That peck along the road, regard him not.  
He travels on, and in his face, his step,  
His gait, is one expression; every limb,  
His look and bending figure, all bespeak  
A man who does not move with pain, but moves  
With thought. — He is insensibly subdued  
To settled quiet: he is one by whom  
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom  
Long patience hath such mild composure given,  
That patience now doth seem a thing of which  
He hath no need. He is by nature led  
To peace so perfect, that the young behold  
With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

I know an aged man constrained to dwell  
In a large house of public charity,  
Where he abides, as in a prisoner's cell,  
With numbers near, alas! no company.

When he could creep about, at will, though poor  
And forced to live on alms, this old man fed  
A redbreast, one that to his cottage door  
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There at the root of one particular tree,  
An easy seat this worn-out labourer found,  
While robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee  
Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day;  
What signs of mutual gladness when they met!  
Think of their common peace, their simple play,  
The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,  
In spite of seasons' change, its own demand,  
By fluttering pinions here and busy bill;  
There by caresses from a tremulous hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong  
Was formed between the solitary pair,  
That when his fate had housed him mid a throng  
The captive shunned all converse proffered there.

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone,  
But if no evil hap his wishes crossed,  
One living stay was left, and on that one  
Some recompense for all that he had lost.

Oh that the good old man had power to prove  
By message sent through air, or visible token  
That still he loves the bird, and still must love;  
That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken!

1846.

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SONNET.

(TO AN OCTOGENARIAN.)

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time brings forth  
No successors; and, lodged in memory,  
If love exist no longer, it must die,—  
Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,  
Or never hope to reach a second birth.  
This sad belief, the happiest that is left  
To thousands, share not thou; howe'er bereft,  
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a dearth.  
Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,  
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,  
One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part  
The utmost solitude of age to face,  
Still shall be left some corner of the heart  
Where love for living thing can find a place.

1846.

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NOTE.

"*The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale*," (p. 455.)

With this picture, which was taken from real life,

compare the imaginative one of "*The Reverie of Poor Susan*," p. 169; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) "*The Excursion*," passim.



# EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC POEMS.

## EPITAPHS

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

### 1.

PERHAPS some needful service of the State  
Drew **TITUS** from the depth of studious bowers,  
And doomed him to contend in faithless courts,  
Where gold determines between right and wrong.  
Yet did at length his loyalty of heart,  
And his pure native genius, lead him back  
To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses,  
Whom he had early loved. And not in vain  
Such course he held! Bologna's learned schools  
Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and hung  
With fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.  
There pleasure crowned his days; and all his thoughts  
A roseate fragrance breathed.\*—O human life,  
That never art secure from dolorous change!  
Behold a high injunction suddenly  
To Arno's side conducts him, and he charmed  
A Tuscan audience: but full soon was called  
To the perpetual silence of the grave.  
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood  
A Champion steadfast and invincible,  
To quell the rage of literary War!

### 2.

O **THOU** who movest onward with a mind  
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!  
'T will be no fruitless moment. I was born  
Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.  
On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate  
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shepherd  
Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous Flock.  
Much did I watch, much laboured, nor had power  
To escape from many and strange indignities;  
Was smitten by the great ones of the World,  
But did not fall; for Virtue braves all shocks,

\* Ivi vivea giocondo e i suoi pensieri  
Erano tutti rose.

The Translator had not skill to come nearer to his original.

Upon herself resting immoveably.  
Me did a kindlier fortune then invite  
To serve the glorious Henry, King of France,  
And in his hands I saw a high reward  
Stretched out for my acceptance — but Death came.  
Now, Reader, learn from this my fate — how false,  
How treacherous to her promise, is the World,  
And trust in God — to whose eternal doom  
Must bend the sceptred Potentates of Earth.

### 3.

**THERE** never breathed a man who, when his life  
Was closing, might not of that life relate  
Toils long and hard. — The Warrior will report  
Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,  
And blast of trumpets. He who hath been doomed  
To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,  
Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,  
Envy and heart-inquietude, derived  
From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.  
I, who on Shipboard lived from earliest youth,  
Could represent the countenance horrible  
Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage  
Of Auster and Bootes. Forty years  
Over the well-steered Galleys did I rule: —  
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,  
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;  
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft — and — oft:  
Of every cloud which in the Heavens might stir  
I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's pride  
Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.  
What noble pomp and frequent have not I  
On regal decks beheld! yet in the end  
I learnt that one poor moment can suffice  
To equalise the lofty and the low.  
We sail the sea of life — a *Calm* One finds,  
And One a *Tempest* — and, the voyage o'er,  
Death is the quiet haven of us all.  
If more of my condition ye would know,  
Savona was my birth-place, and I sprang  
Of noble parents: sixty years and three  
Lived I — then yielded to a slow disease.

## 4.

DESTINED to war from very infancy  
 Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took  
 In Malta the white symbol of the Cross.  
 Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun  
 Hazard or toil; among the Sands was seen  
 Of Libya, and not seldom, on the Banks  
 Of wide Hungarian Danube, 't was my lot  
 To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.  
 So lived I, and repined not at such fate;  
 This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,  
 That stripped of arms I to my end am brought  
 On the soft down of my paternal home.  
 Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause  
 To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt  
 In thy appointed way, and bear in mind  
 How fleeting and how frail is human life!

## 5.

Nor without heavy grief of heart did He  
 On whom the duty fell (for at that time  
 The Father sojourned in a distant Land)  
 Deposit in the hollow of this Tomb  
 A Brother's Child, most tenderly beloved!  
 FRANCESCO was the name the Youth had borne,  
 POZZOBONNELLI his illustrious House;  
 And, when beneath this stone the Corse was laid,  
 The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears.  
 Alas! the twentieth April of his life  
 Had scarcely flowered: and at this early time,  
 By genuine virtue he inspired a hope  
 That greatly cheered his Country: to his Kin  
 He promised comfort; and the flattering thoughts  
 His Friends had in their fondness entertained,\*  
 He suffered not to languish or decay.  
 Now is there not good reason to break forth  
 Into a passionate lament? — O Soul!  
 Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,  
 Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air;  
 And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,  
 An everlasting spring! in memory  
 Of that delightful fragrance which was once  
 From thy mild manners, quietly exhaled.

## 6.

PAUSE, courteous Spirit! — Balbi supplicates  
 That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him  
 Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer  
 A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.

\* In justice to the Author, I subjoin the original: —

———— e degli amici

Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.

This to the Dead by sacred right belongs;  
 All else is nothing — Did occasion suit  
 To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb  
 Would ill suffice: for Plato's lore sublime,  
 And all the wisdom of the Stagyrice,  
 Enriched and beautified his studious mind:  
 With Archimedes also he conversed  
 As with a chosen Friend, nor did he leave  
 Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs  
 Twine on the top of Pindus. — Finally,  
 Himself above each lower thought uplifting,  
 His ears he closed to listen to the Song  
 Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old;  
 And fixed his Pindus upon Lebanon.  
 A blessed Man! who of protracted days  
 Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep;  
 But truly did *He* live his life. — Urbino,  
 Take pride in him! — O passenger, farewell!

## 7.

WEEP not, beloved friends! nor let the air  
 For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life  
 Have I been taken; this is genuine life  
 And this alone — the life which now I live  
 In peace eternal; where desire and joy  
 Together move in fellowship without end. —  
 Francesco Ceni willed that, after death  
 His tombstone thus should speak for him. And surely  
 Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours  
 Long to continue in this world; a world  
 That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope  
 To good, whereof itself is destitute.

## 8.

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero  
 With an untoward fate was long involved  
 In odious litigation; and full long,  
 Fate harder still! had he to endure assaults  
 Of racking malady. And true it is  
 That not the less a frank courageous heart  
 And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain;  
 And he was strong to follow in the steps  
 Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path  
 Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,  
 That might from him be hidden; not a track  
 Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he  
 Had traced its windings. — This Savona knows,  
 Yet no sepulchral honours to her son  
 She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled  
 Only by gold. And now a simple stone

Inscribed with this memorial here is raised  
 By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.  
 Think not, O passenger! who read'st the lines  
 That an exceeding love hath dazzled me;  
 No—he was one whose memory ought to spread  
 Where'er Permessus bears an honoured name,  
 And live as long as its pure stream shall flow.

## II.

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle blood,  
 And all that generous nurturo breeds to make  
 Youth amiable; O friend so true of soul  
 To fair Aglaia; by what envy moved,  
 Lelius! has death cut short thy brilliant day  
 In its sweet opening? and what dire mishap  
 Has from Savona torn her best delight?  
 For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease to mourn;  
 And, should the outpourings of her eyes suffice not  
 For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto  
 Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto  
 Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to death,  
 In the chaste arms of thy beloved Love!  
 What profit riches? what does youth avail?  
 Dust are our hopes;—I, weeping bitterly,  
 Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to pray  
 That every gentle Spirit hither led  
 May read them not without some bitter tears.

Six months to six years added he remained  
 Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained:  
 O blessed Lord! whose mercy then removed  
 A child whom every eye that looked on loved  
 Support us, teach us calmly to resign  
 What we possessed, and now is wholly thine!

## CENOTAPH.

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor, whose remains are deposited in the church of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less than the love of a brother for the deceased, commends this memorial to the care of his heirs and successors in the possession of this place.

By vain affections unenthralled,  
 Though resolute when duty called  
 To meet the world's broad eye,  
 Pure as the holiest cloistered nun  
 That ever feared the tempting sun,  
 Did Fermor live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name  
 One heart-relieving tear may claim;  
 But if the pensive gloom  
 Of fond regret be still thy choice,  
 Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice  
 Of Jesus from her tomb!

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

## EPITAPH

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE, WESTMORELAND.

By playful smiles, (alas! too oft  
 A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft  
 And gentle nature, and a free  
 Yet modest hand of charity,  
 Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared  
 To young and old; and how revered  
 Had been that pious spirit, a tide  
 Of humble mourners testified,  
 When, after pains dispensed to prove  
 The measure of God's chastening love,  
 Here, brought from far his corse found rest,—  
 Fulfilment of his own request;—  
 Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he  
 Planted with such fond hope the tree;  
 Less for the love of stream and rock,  
 Dear as they were, than that his flock  
 When they no more their pastor's voice  
 Could hear to guide them in their choice  
 Through good and evil, help might have  
 Admonished, from his silent grave,  
 Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,  
 For peace on earth and bliss in heaven.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE  
VILLAGE SCHOOL OF —.

I COME, ye little noisy crew,  
 Not long your pastime to prevent;  
 I heard the blessing which to you  
 Our common friend and father sent.  
 I kissed his cheek before he died;  
 And when his breath was fled,  
 I raised, while kneeling by his side,  
 His hand:—it dropped like lead.  
 Your hands, dear little-ones, do all  
 That can be done, will never fall  
 Like his till they are dead.

By night or day, blow foul or fair,  
Ne'er will the best of all your train  
Play with the locks of his white hair,  
Or stand between his knees again.

Here did he sit confined for hours;  
But he could see the woods and plains,  
Could hear the wind and mark the showers  
Come streaming down the streaming panes.  
Now stretched beneath his grass-green mound  
He rests a prisoner of the ground.  
He loved the breathing air,  
He loved the sun, but if it rise  
Or set, to him where now he lies,  
Brings not a moment's care.  
Alas! what idle words; but take  
The Dirge which for our master's sake  
And yours, love prompted me to make.  
The rhymes so homely in attire  
With learned ears may ill agree,  
But chanted by your orphan quire  
Will make a touching melody.

DIRGE.

Mourn, shepherd, near thy old grey stone;  
Thou angler, by the silent flood;  
And mourn when thou art all alone,  
Thou woodman, in the distant wood!

Thou one blind sailor, rich in joy  
Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum;  
And mourn, thou poor half-witted boy!  
Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb.

Thou drooping sick man, bless the guide  
Who checked or turned thy headstrong youth,  
As he before had sanctified  
Thy infancy with heavenly truth.

Ye striplings light of heart and gay,  
Bold settlers on some foreign shore,  
Give, when your thoughts are turned this way,  
A sigh to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain  
With one accord our voices raise,  
Let sorrow overcharged with pain  
Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

And when our hearts shall feel a sting  
From ill we meet or good we miss,  
May touches of his memory bring  
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME YEARS AFTER.

Long time his pulse hath ceased to beat;  
But benefits, his gift, we trace —  
Expressed in every eye we meet  
Round this dear vale, his native place.

To stately hall and cottage rude  
Flowed from his life what still they hold,  
Light pleasures every day renewed;  
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,  
Thy faults, where not already gone  
From memory, prolong their stay  
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss;  
And what beyond this thought we crave  
Comes in the promise from the Cross,  
Shining upon thy happy grave.\*

LINES

Composed at Graismere, during a walk one evening, after a stormy day, the author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

Loud is the vale! the voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are gone,  
A mighty unison of streams!  
Of all her voices, one!

Loud is the Vale;—this inland depth  
In peace is roaring like the sea;  
Yon star upon the mountain-top  
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest  
Importunate and heavy load!†  
The Comforter hath found me here,  
Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad —  
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;  
For he must die who is their stay,  
Their glory disappear.

\* See upon the subject of the three foregoing pieces, "Mathew," "The Fountain," &c., pages 400, 401.

† Importuna e grave salma.

MICHAEL ANGELO.



A power is passing from the earth  
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;  
But when the great and good depart  
What is it more than this—

That man, who is from God sent forth,  
Doth yet again to God return?—  
Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
Then wherefore should we mourn?

### ELEGIAC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDSWORTH,

COMMANDER OF THE E. I. COMPANY'S SHIP, THE EARL OF ADER-  
GAVENNY, IN WHICH HE PERISHED BY CALAMITOUS SHIP-  
WRECK, FEB. 9TH, 1805.

Composed near the Mountain track, that leads from Grasmere  
through Gisdale Hawes, where it descends towards Patterdale.

THE sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!  
That instant, startled by the shock,  
The buzzard mounted from the rock  
Deliberate and slow:  
Lord of the air he took his flight;  
Oh! could he on that woeful night  
Have lent his wing, my brother dear,  
For one poor moment's space to thee,  
And all who struggled with the sea,  
When safety was so near.

Thus in the weakness of my heart  
I spoke (but let that pang be still)  
When rising from the rock at will,  
I saw the bird depart.  
And let me calmly bless the Power  
That meets me in this unknown flower,  
Affecting type of him I mourn!  
With calmness suffer and believe,  
And grieve, and know that I must grieve,  
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

Here did we stop; and here looked round  
While each into himself descends  
For that last thought of parting friends  
That is not to be found.  
Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,  
Our home and his, his heart's delight,  
His quiet heart's selected home.  
But time before him melts away,  
And he hath feeling of a day  
Of blessedness to come,

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,  
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,  
In sorrow, but for higher trust,  
How miserably deep!  
All vanished in a single word,  
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard,  
Sea—ship—drowned—shipwreck—so it came,  
The meek, the brave, the good, was gone;  
He who had been our living John  
Was nothing but a name.

That was indeed a parting! oh,  
Glad am I, glad that it is past;  
For there were some on whom it cast  
Unutterable woe.  
But they as well as I have gains;  
From many an humble source, to pains  
Like these, there comes a mild release;  
Even here I feel it, even this plant  
Is in its beauty ministrant  
To comfort and to peace.

He would have loved thy modest grace,  
Meek flower! To him I would have said,  
"It grows upon its native bed  
Beside our parting-place;  
There, cleaving to the ground, it lies  
With multitude of purple eyes,  
Spangling a cushion green like moss;  
But we will see it, joyful tide!  
Some day, to see it in its pride,  
The mountain will we cross."

— Brother and friend, if verse of mine  
Have power to make thy virtues known,  
Here let a monumental stone  
Stand—sacred as a shrine;  
And to the few who pass this way,  
Traveller or shepherd, let it say,  
Long as these mighty rocks endure,—  
Oh do not thou too fondly brood,  
Although deserving of all good,  
On any earthly hope, however pure!\*

\* The plant alluded to is the Moss Campion (*Silene acaulis*, of Linnæus.) This most beautiful plant is scarce in England, though it is found in great abundance upon the mountains of Scotland. The first specimen I ever saw of it, in its native bed, was singularly fine, the tuft or cushion being at least eight inches in diameter, and the root proportionably thick. I have only met with it in two places among our mountains, in both of which I have since sought for it in vain.

Botanists will not, I hope, take it ill, if I caution them against carrying off, inconsiderately, rare and beautiful plants. This has often been done, particularly from Ingleborough and other mountains in Yorkshire, till the species have totally disappeared, to the great regret of lovers of nature living near the places where they grew.

See among the Poems on the "Naming of places," No. vi., [and "THE PRELUDE," Book XIV., *ad. fr.*—H. R.]

LINES

Written November 13, 1814, on a blank leaf in a copy of the Author's Poem "The Excursion," upon hearing of the Death of the late Vicar of Kendal.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,  
Did I deliver this unfinished Song;  
Yet for one happy issue;—and I look  
With self-congratulation on the Book  
Which pious, learned MURFITT saw and read;—  
Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;  
He conned the new-born Lay with grateful heart—  
Foreboding not how soon he must depart;  
Unweeting that to him the joy was given  
Which good Men take with them from Earth to  
Heaven.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A  
STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy Neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:  
I saw thee every day; and all the while  
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!  
So like, so very like, was day to day!  
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;  
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;  
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:  
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,  
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,  
The light that never was, on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou Hoary Pile!  
Amid a world how different from this!  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;  
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
Such Picture would I at that time have made  
And seen the soul of truth in every part;  
A faith, a trust, that could not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'t is so no more;  
I have submitted to a new control:  
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;  
A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:  
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;  
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the  
Friend,

If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
This Work of thine I blame not, but commend;  
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 't is a passionate Work!—yet wise and well;  
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;  
That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
I love to see the look with which it braves,  
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied; for 't is surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

TO THE DAISY.

SWEET Flower! belike one day to have  
A place upon thy Poet's grave,  
I welcome thee once more:  
But He, who was on land, at sea,  
My Brother, too, in loving thee,  
Although he loved more silently,  
Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day  
When to that Ship he bent his way,  
To govern and to guide:  
His wish was gained: a little time  
Would bring him back in manhood's prime  
And free for life, these hills to climb,  
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day  
While that stout Ship at anchor lay  
Beside the shores of Wight;  
The May had then made all things green;  
And, floating there, in pomp serene,  
That Ship was goodly to be seen,  
His pride and his delight!

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought  
The tender peace of rural thought:  
In more than happy mood  
To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers  
He then would steal at leisure hours,  
And loved you glittering in your bowers,  
A starry multitude.

But hark the word! — the Ship is gone; —  
From her long course returns: — anon  
Sets sail: — in season due,  
Once more on English earth they stand:  
But, when a third time from the land  
They parted, sorrow was at hand  
For Him and for his Crew.

Ill fated Vessel! — ghastly shock!  
— At length delivered from the rock,  
The deep she hath regained;  
And through the stormy night they steer;  
Labouring for life, in hope and fear,  
Towards a safer shore — how near,  
Yet not to be attained!

"Silence!" the brave Commander cried;  
To that calm word a shriek replied,  
It was the last death-shriek.  
— A few appear by morning light,  
Preserved upon the tall mast's height;  
Oft in my soul I see that sight;  
But one dear remnant of the night —  
For him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea  
He lay in slumber quietly;  
Unforced by wind or wave  
To quit the Ship for which he died,  
(All claims of duty satisfied;)  
And there they found him at her side;  
And bore him to the grave.

Vain service! yet not vainly done  
For this, if other end were none,  
That He, who had been cast  
Upon a way of life unmeet  
For such a gentle Soul and sweet,  
Should find an undisturbed retreat  
Near what he loved, at last;

That neighbourhood of grove and field  
To Him a resting-place should yield,  
A meek man and a brave!  
The birds shall sing and ocean make  
A mournful murmur for *his* sake  
And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and wake  
Upon his senseless grave.\*

---

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone  
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme."  
*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, Percy's Reliques*

---

ONCE I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)  
The Moon re-entering her monthly round,  
No faculty yet given me to espy  
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,  
That thin memento of effulgence lost  
Which some have named her Predecessor's Ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,  
Nought I perceived within it dull or dim;  
All that appeared was suitable to One  
Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim;  
To expectations spreading with wild growth,  
And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)  
A silver boat launched on a boundless flood;  
A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw  
Its brightest splendour round a leafy wood;  
But not a hint from under-ground, no sign  
Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move  
Before me! — nothing blemished the fair sight;  
On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,  
Cynthia, who puts the *little* stars to flight,  
And by that thinning magnifies the great,  
For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the Spectral-shape  
As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,  
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape;  
Such happy privilege hath Life's gay Prime,  
To see or not to see, as best may please  
A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet'st my glance,  
Thy dark Associate ever I discern;  
Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance  
While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern;  
Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that to gain  
Their fill of promised lustre wait in vain.

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\* See page 134.

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years;  
A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring  
The timely insight that can temper fears,  
And from vicissitude remove its sting;  
While Faith aspires to seats in that Domain  
Where joys are perfect, neither wax nor wane.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

1824.

O FOR a dirge! But why complain?  
Ask rather a triumphal strain  
When FERMOR's race is run;  
A garland of immortal boughs  
To bind around the Christian's brows,  
Whose glorious work is done,

We pay a high and holy debt;  
No tears of passionate regret  
Shall stain this votive lay;  
Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief  
That flings itself on wild relief  
When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,  
For ever covetous to feel,  
And impotent to bear:  
Such once was hers—to think and think  
On severed love, and only sink  
From anguish to despair!

But nature to its inmost part  
Had Faith refined, and to her heart  
A peaceful cradle given:  
Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest  
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast  
Till it exhales to heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend  
So graciously!—that could descend,  
Another's need to suit,  
So promptly from her lofty throne!—  
In works of love, in these alone,  
How restless, how minute!

Pale was her hue; yet mortal cheek  
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak  
When aught had suffered wrong,—  
When aught that breathes had felt a wound;  
Such look the Oppressor might confound,  
However proud and strong.

31

But hushed be every thought that springs  
From out the bitterness of things;  
Her quiet is secure;  
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,  
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,  
As climbing jasmine, pure;—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,  
Or lily heaving with the wave  
That feeds it and defends;  
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed  
The mountain top, or breathed the mist  
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death!  
Thou strik'st—and absence perisheth,  
Indifference is no more;  
The future brightens on our sight;  
For on the past hath fallen a light  
That tempts us to adore.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

FEBRUARY, 1816

1.

"Rest, rest, perturbed Earth!

"O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind!"

A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind.

"From regions where no evil thing has birth.

"I come—thy stains to wash away,

"Thy cherished fetters to unbind,

"To open thy sad eyes upon a milder day.

"The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have  
risen

"From out thy noisome prison;

"The penal caverns groan

"With tens of thousands rent from off the tree

"Of hopeful life,—by Battle's whirlwind blown

"Into the deserts of Eternity.

"Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!

"But not on high, where madness is resented,

"And murder causes some sad tears to flow,

"Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,

"The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly aug-  
mented.

2.

"False Parent of Mankind!

"Obdurate, proud, and blind,

"I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,

"Thy lost maternal heart to re-infuse!

"Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings,

"Upon the act a blessing I implore,

"Of which the rivers in their secret springs,

"The rivers stained so oft with human gore,

"Are conscious;—may the like return no more!"



" May discord — for a Seraph's care  
 " Shall be attended with a bolder prayer —  
 " May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss  
     " These mortal spheres above,  
 " Be chained for ever to the black abyss!  
 " And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and love,  
 " And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
 And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

### EPITAPH.

By a blest husband guided, Mary came  
 From nearest kindred, Vernon her new name;  
 She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride  
 Of happiness and hope, a youthful bride.  
 O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, which proves  
 That God will chasten whom he dearly loves.  
 Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,  
 And troubles that were each a step to Heaven:  
 Two babes were laid in earth before she died;  
 A third now slumbers at the mother's side;  
 Its sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford  
 A trembling solace to her widowed lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain  
 Of recent sorrow combated in vain;  
 Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart  
 Time still intent on his insidious part,  
 Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,  
 Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot keep;  
 Bear with him — judge *Him* gently who makes known  
 His bitter loss by this memorial stone;  
 And pray that in his faithful breast the grace  
 Of resignation find a hallowed place.

### ELEGIAC MUSINGS

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL, THE SEAT OF  
 THE LATE SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a mural  
 monument bearing an inscription which, in deference to the earnest  
 request of the deceased, is confined to name, dates, and these words:—  
 " Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!"

With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme  
 Graven on the tomb we struggle against Time,  
 Alas, how feebly! but our feelings rise  
 And still we struggle when a good man dies:  
 Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and forbade,  
 A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.

Yet *here* at least, though few have numbered days  
 That shunned so modestly the light of praise,  
 His graceful manners, and the temperate ray  
 Of that arch fancy which would round him play,  
 Brightening a converse never known to swerve  
 From courtesy and delicate reserve;  
 That sense, the bland philosophy of life,  
 Which checked discussion ere it warmed to strife,  
 Those rare accomplishments, and varied powers,  
 Might have their record among sylvan bowers.  
 Oh, fled for ever! vanished like a blast  
 That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed;—  
 Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and sky,  
 From all its spirit-moving imagery,  
 Intensely studied with a painter's eye,  
 A poet's heart; and, for congenial view,  
 Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue  
 To common recognitions while the line  
 Flowed in a course of sympathy divine;—  
 Oh! severed, too abruptly from delights  
 That all the seasons shared with equal rights;—  
 Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,  
 From soul-felt music, and the treasured page  
 Lit by that evening lamp which loved to shed  
 Its mellow lustre round thy honoured head;  
 While friends beheld thee give with eye, voice, mien,  
 More than theatric force to Shakspeare's scene;—  
 If thou hast heard me — if thy Spirit know  
 Aught of these bowers and whence their pleasures flow;  
 If things in our remembrance held so dear,  
 And thoughts and projects fondly cherished here,  
 To thy exalted nature only seem  
 Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's dream —  
 Rebuke us not! — The mandate is obeyed  
 That said, " Let praise be mute where I am laid;"  
 The holier deprecation, given in trust  
 To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust;  
 Yet have we found how slowly genuine grief  
 From *silent* admiration wins relief.  
 Too long abashed thy name is like a rose  
 That doth " within itself its sweetness close;"  
 A drooping daisy changed into a cup  
 In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.  
 Within these groves, where still are flitting by,  
 Shades of the past, oft noticed with a sigh,  
 Shall stand a votive tablet, haply free,  
 When towers and temples fall, to speak of thee!  
 If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom  
 Recal not there the wisdom of the tomb,  
 Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth,  
 Will fringe the lettered stone; and herbs spring forth,  
 Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unbound,  
 Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;  
 While truth and love their purposes fulfil.  
 Commemorating genius, talent, skill,  
 That could not lie concealed where thou wert known;  
 Thy virtues *He* must judge, and *He* alone,  
 The God upon whose mercy they are thrown.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF  
CHARLES LAMB.

To a good man of most dear memory  
This stone is sacred. Here he lies apart  
From the great city where he first drew breath,  
Was reared and taught; and humbly earned his bread,  
To the strict labours of the merchant's desk  
By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks  
Tense, and the thought of time so spent depress  
His spirit, but the recompense was high;  
Firm independence, bounty's rightful sire;  
Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air;  
And when the precious hours of leisure came,  
Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet  
With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets  
With a keen eye, and overflowing heart:  
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,  
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love  
Inspired — works potent over smiles and tears.  
And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,  
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth  
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,  
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all  
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.  
From the most gentle creature nursed in fields \*

\* This way of indicating the *name* of my lamented friend has been found fault with; perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs. One of the best in our language in verse, I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer; and the course of the thought, throughout, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage. Nor can I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with any one who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own name, and ending —

"No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!"

[In "*Hierologus*, a Church Tour through England and Wales," I have met with an epitaph, which is probably the one alluded to above; the passage also contains another epitaph more directly pertinent to the subject.

"*Catholicus*.—How intuitively do our ancestors seem to have been possessed of taste, as in their architecture, so also in their poetry! I question whether you could bring forward one instance in the thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth centuries, of an epitaph to which the most fastidious taste could object. Even that seducer of our Elisabethan writers, a pun, was managed by them, always with beauty, sometimes with dignity. I remember two instances in particular. The first is in a Kentish epitaph on one Palmer.

Palmers all our fathers were;  
I, a Palmer lived here,  
And traveyled sore, till worn with age,  
I ended this world's pilgrimage,  
On the blest Ascension Day  
In the cheerful month of May,  
One thousand with three hundred seven,  
And took my journey hence to Heaven.

Had been derived the name he bore — a name,  
Wherever Christian altars had been raised,  
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;  
And if in him meekness at times gave way,  
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,  
Many and strange, that hung about his life; †  
Still, at the centre of his being, lodged  
A soul by resignation sanctified:  
And if too often, self-reproached, he felt  
That innocence belongs not to our kind,  
A power that never ceased to abide in him,  
Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins  
That she can cover, left not his exposed  
To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.  
O, he was good, if e'er a good man lived?

\* \* \* \* \*

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart  
Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,  
Though but a doubting hope, that they might serve  
Fittingly to guard the precious dust of him  
Whose virtues called them forth. That aim is missed;  
For much that truth most urgently required  
Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain:  
Yet, haply, on the printed page received,  
The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed  
As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air  
Of memory, or see the light of love.

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my friend,  
But more in show than truth; and from the fields,  
And from the mountains, to thy rural grave  
Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er  
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing flowers;  
And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still  
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity  
Which words less free presumed not even to touch)  
Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp  
From infancy, through manhood, to the last  
Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,  
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined  
Within thy bosom.

*Palæophilus*.—Very beautiful indeed! But is that the right date? It seems to me too early for the flowing nature of the verse.

*Cath.*—Weever, who is my authority, gives it so; and I presume the inscription is not now in being to correct him, if wrong. The other to which I referred is much later; and commemorates the munificent London merchant Lambe.

O Lambe of God, who sin dost take away  
And like a Lambe was offered up for sin,  
While I, poore Lambe, from out Thy flock did stray,  
Yet Thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lamb to win  
Back to Thy fold, and hold thy Lambe therein,  
That at the days, which Lambes and goates shall sever,  
Of thy choice Lambes, Lambe may be one for ever."

p. 70. — H. R.]

[† See Talfourd's "*Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*." — H. R.]

"Wonderful" hath been  
 The love established between man and man,  
 "Passing the love of women;" and between  
 Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock joined  
 Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of love  
 Without whose blissful influence Paradise  
 Had been no Paradise; and earth were now  
 A waste where creatures bearing human form,  
 Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,  
 Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide on;  
 And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve  
 That he hath been an elm without his vine,  
 And her bright dower of clustering charities,  
 That, round his trunk and branches, might have clung  
 Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,  
 Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee  
 Was given (say rather thou of later birth  
 Wert given to her) a sister — 't is a word  
 Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,  
 The self-restraining, and the ever-kind;  
 In whom thy reason and intelligent heart  
 Found — for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,  
 All softening, humanising, hallowing powers,  
 Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought —  
 More than sufficient recompense!

Her love  
 (What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here!)  
 Was as the love of mothers; and when years,  
 Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called  
 The long-protected to assume the part  
 Of a protector, the first filial tie  
 Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight,  
 Remained imperishably interwoven  
 With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting world,  
 Did they together testify of time  
 And season's difference — a double tree  
 With two collateral stems sprung from one root;  
 Such were they — such thro' life they *might* have been  
 In union, in partition only such;  
 Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High;  
 Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,  
 Still they were faithful; like two vessels launched  
 From the same beach one ocean to explore  
 With mutual help, and sailing — to their league  
 True, as inexorable winds, or bars  
 Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn  
 With thine, O silent and invisible friend!  
 To those rare intervals, nor rare nor brief,  
 When reunited, and by choice withdrawn  
 From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught  
 That the remembrance of foregone distress,  
 And the worse fear of future ill (which oft  
 Doth hang around it, as a sickly child  
 Upon its mother) may be both alike  
 Disarmed of power to unsettle present good  
 So prized, and things inward and outward held  
 In such an even balance, that the heart

Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,  
 And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration!  
 The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,  
 And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,  
 Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves  
 To life-long singleness; but happier far  
 Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,  
 A thousand times more beautiful appeared,  
 Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie  
 Is broken; yet why grieve! for Time but holds  
 His moiety in trust, till joy shall lead  
 To the blest world where parting is unknown.

1835.

#### EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands,  
 I saw the stream of Yarrow glide  
 Along a bare and open valley,  
 The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
 Through groves that had begun to shed  
 Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
 My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,  
 Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;  
 And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
 Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
 From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
 Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
 Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The 'rapt one, of the godlike forehead,  
 The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:  
 And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
 Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake \* the mountain-summits,  
 Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
 How fast has brother followed brother,  
 From sunshine to the sunless land!

\* This expression is borrowed from a sonnet by Mr. G. Bell, the author of a small volume of poems lately printed at Penrith. Speaking of Skiddaw, he says, "Yon dark cloud 'rakes,' and shrouds its noble brow." These poems, though incorrect often in expression and metre, do honour to their unpretending author, and may be added to the number of proofs daily occurring, that a finer perception of the appearance of nature is spreading through the humbler classes of society.

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
"Who next shall drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,  
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,  
'Thou too art gone before; but why,  
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;  
For her who, ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughtered youth or love-lorn maid!  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their poet dead.\*

RYDAL MOUNT, November 30, 1835.

### INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE CHURCH, IN THE  
VALE OF KESWICK.†

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither drew  
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you,

- \* Walter Scott . . . . . died 21st Sept., 1832.
- S. T. Coleridge . . . . . " 25th July, 1834.
- Charles Lamb . . . . . " 27th Dec., 1834.
- Geo. Crabbe . . . . . " 3d Feb., 1832.
- Felicia Hemans . . . . . " 16th May, 1835.

[† See Vol. vi. of the "Life and Correspondence of Southey, by his son." — H. R.]

His eyes have closed! And ye, lov'd books, no more  
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,  
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,  
Adding immortal labours of his own —  
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal  
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,  
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,  
Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the heart,  
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind  
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.  
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast  
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.  
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud  
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed  
Through his industrious life, and Christian faith  
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

### SONNET.

WHY should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy,  
For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,  
Holy, and ever dutiful — beloved  
From day to day with never-ceasing joy,  
And hopes as dear as could the heart employ  
In aught to earth pertaining? Death has proved  
His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved —  
Death conscious that he only could destroy  
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low  
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome;  
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's home;  
When such divine communion, which we know,  
Is felt, thy Roman burial-place will be  
Surely a sweet remembrancer of thee.‡

1846.

[‡ This was the Poet's grandchild — a son of the Rev. John Wordsworth: he died at Rome, whither he had been taken with his mother on a tour for her health. In a letter dated "Rydal Mount, January 23d, 1846," Wordsworth speaking of his grandson's death calls him "as noble a boy of nearly five years as ever was seen." — H. R.]



# ODE.

## INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

---

The Child is Father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

---

See page 73.

### 1.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore;  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

### 2.

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the Rose,  
The Moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare,  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

### 3.

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong:  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—  
Thou Child of Joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
Shepherd-boy!

### 4.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
While Earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May-morning,  
And the Children are culling  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—  
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
A single Field which I have looked upon,  
Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
The Pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat:  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream!

### 5.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,  
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy;  
The Youth, who daily farthest from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,

And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended ;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

6.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
And no unworthy aim,  
The homely Nurse doth all she can  
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

7.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,  
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;  
A wedding or a festival,  
A mourning or a funeral ;  
And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song :  
Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
But it will not be long  
Ere this be thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride  
The little Actor cons another part ;  
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

8.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy Soul's immensity ;  
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, —  
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
A Presence which is not to be put by ;  
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife !  
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life ! \*

9.

O joy ! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !  
The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction : not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast : —  
Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realised,  
High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :  
But for those first affections  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,  
To perish never ;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
Nor Man nor Boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
Hence in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

10.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
And let the young Lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !  
We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !  
What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

\* See "THE EXCURSION," Book IV.

"Alas ! the endowment of Immortal Power," &c., [and Note 5 of Notes to "THE EXCURSION." — H. R.]

Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## 11.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves?  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
Is lovely yet;  
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

1803—4.

## NOTES.

[See also the passage in "THE EXCURSION," Book IX:

———Ah! why in age  
Do we revert so fondly to the walks  
Of childhood — but that there the soul discerns  
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired  
Of her own native vigour — thence can hear  
Reverberations; and a choral song,  
Commingle with the incense that ascends  
Undaunted toward the imperishable heavens  
From her own lonely altar!

and the passage in "THE PRELUDE," Book V:

———Our childhood sits,  
Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne  
That hath more power than all the elements.  
I guess not what this tells of Being past,  
Nor what it augurs of the life to come; etc.

" \* \* \* There was never yet the child of any promise (so far as the theoretic faculties are concerned) but awaked to the sense of beauty with the first gleam of reason; and I suppose there are few, among those who love Nature otherwise than by profession and at second-hand, who look not back to their youngest and least learned days as those of the most intense, superstitious, insatiable, and beatific perception of her splendours. And the bitter decline of this glorious feeling, though many note it not, partly owing to the cares and weight of manhood, which leave them not the time nor the liberty to look for their lost treasure, and partly to the human and divine affections which are appointed to take its place, yet has formed the subject, not indeed of lamentation, but of holy thankfulness for the witness it bears to the immortal origin and end of our nature,

to one whose authority is almost without appeal in all questions relating to the influence of external things upon the pure human soul.

Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise,  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense, and outward things,  
Falling from us: vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized.

And if it were possible for us to recollect all the unaccountable and happy instincts of the careless time, and to reason upon them with the maturer judgment, we might arrive at more right results than either the philosophy or the sophisticated practice of art has yet attained. But we lose the perceptions before we are capable of methodizing or comparing them." *Ruskin's "Modern Painters,"* Vol. II., p. 36., Part. III., Ch. v., Sect. 1.

" \* \* \* Etenim qui velit acutius indagare causas propensæ in antiqua sæcula voluntatis, mirum ni conjectura incidat aliquando in commentum illud Pythagoræ, docentis, animarum nostrarum non tum fieri initium, cum in hoc mundo nascimur; immo ex ignota quadam regione venire eas, in sua quamque corpora; neque tam penitus Lethæo potu imbui, quin permanet quasi quidam anteactæ ætatis sapor; hunc autem excitari identidem, et nescio, quo sensu percipi, tacito quidem illo et obscuro, sed percipi tamen. Atque hac ferme sententia extat summi hac memoria Poetæ nobilissimum carmen; nempe non aliam ob causam tangi pueritiæ recordationem exquisita illa ac pervagata

dulcedine, quam propter debilem quendam prioris ævi  
Deique proprioris sensum.

Quamvis autem hanc opinionem vix ferat divinæ  
philosophiæ ratio, fatemur tamen eam eatenus ad verum  
accedere, qua sanctum aliquod et grave tribuit memoriæ  
et caritati puerilium annorum. Nosmet certe infantes  
novimus quam prope tetigerit Divina benignitas: quis  
porro scit, an omnis illa temporis anteacti dulcedo  
habeat quandam significationem Illius Præsentis?"

KEBLE; "*Prælectiones De Poeticæ Vi Medica*," p. 788,  
*Præl.* xxxix.

The following passages from the writings of a sacred  
poet of the 17th century — Henry Vaughan — have an  
interest as touching the same subject to which the ima-  
ginative meditations of this Ode are devoted:

"CORRUPTION.

Sure, it was so. Man in those early days  
Was not all stone and earth;  
He shin'd a little, and by those weak rays,  
Had some glimpse of his birth.  
He saw Heaven o'er his head, and knew whence  
He came condemned hither, etc., p. 61.

CHILDEHOOD.

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye  
Dazles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that chronicle alive,  
Those white designs which children drive,  
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,  
With their content too in my pow'r,  
Quickly would I make my path even  
And by meer playing go to Heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear harmless age! the short, swift span  
Where weeping virtue parts with man;  
Where love without lust dwells, and bends  
What way we please without self ends.

An age of mysteries! which he  
Must live twice that would God's face see;  
Which *angels* guard, and with it play,  
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now and scan  
Thee more than ere I studyed man,  
And onely see through a long night  
Thy edges and thy bordering light!  
O for thy center and mid-day!  
For sure that is the *narrow way*!

p. 171-2. "*Sacred Poems*," by Henry Vaughan, 1650.  
Reprint, 1847.—H. R.]



# THE PRELUDE;

OR,

## GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem was commenced in the beginning of the year 1799, and completed in the summer of 1805.

The design and occasion of the work are described by the Author in his Preface to the *Excursion*, first published in 1814, where he thus speaks:—

“Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment.

“As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them.

“That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the ‘*Recluse*,’ as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

“The preparatory Poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic Church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.”

Such was the Author's language in the year 1814.

It will thence be seen, that the present poem was intended to be introductory to the *Recluse*, and that the *Recluse*, if completed, would have consisted of Three Parts. Of these, the Second Part alone, viz., the *Excursion*, was finished, and given to the world by the Author.

The First Book of the First Part of the *Recluse* still remains in manuscript; but the Third Part was only planned. The materials of which it would have been formed have, however, been incorporated, for the most part, in the Author's other Publications, written subsequently to the *Excursion*.

The Friend, to whom the present Poem is addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, who was resident in Malta, for the restoration of his health, when the greater part of it was composed.

Mr. Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad; and his feelings, on hearing it recited by the Author (after his return to his own country) are recorded in his *Verses*, addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, which will be found in the “*Sibylline Leaves*,” p. 197, ed. 1817, or “*Poetical Works*, by S. T. Coleridge,” Vol. I., p. 206.

RYDAL MOUNT, July 13th, 1850.\*

[\* In connecting “THE PRELUDE” with the Author's “*Poetical Works*,” it is proper to add that it was published as a posthumous poem. William Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount, on Tuesday the 23d of April, 1850: on the 7th of the same month he had completed his 80th year.

Coleridge's poem, referred to in the above advertisement, is here inserted for the convenience of the reader, and as a fit introduction to “THE PRELUDE.” — H. R.]

### TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*Composed on the Night after his recitation of a Poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind.*

FRIEND of the Wise! and Teacher of the Good!  
 Into my heart have I received that lay  
 More than historic, that prophetic lay,  
 Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)  
 Of the foundations and the building up  
 Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell  
 What may be told to the understanding mind  
 Revealable; and what within the mind,  
 By vital breathings secret as the soul  
 Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart  
 Thoughts all too deep for words!

Theme hard as high!

Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears  
(The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth),  
Of tides obedient to external force,  
And current self-determined, as might seem,  
Or by some inner Power; Of moments awful  
Now in thy life, and now abroad,  
When power streamed from thee, and thy soul received  
The light reflected, as a light bestowed—  
Of Fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,  
Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought  
Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens  
Native or outland, lakes and famous hills!  
Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars  
Were rising; or by secret mountain-streams,  
The guides and the companions of thy way!

Of more than Fancy, of the social sense  
Distending wide, and man beloved as man,  
Where France in all her towns lay vibrating  
Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst  
Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud  
Is visible, or shadow on the main.  
For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,  
Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,  
Amid a mighty nation jubilant,  
When from the general heart of human kind  
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!  
—Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,  
So summon'd homeward, thenceforth, calm and sure,  
From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,  
With light unwaning on her eyes, to look  
Far on—herself a glory to behold,  
The Angel of the vision! Then (last strain)  
Of duty, chosen laws controlling choice,  
Action and joy!—An orphic song indeed,  
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,  
To their own music chanted!

O great bard!

Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,  
With steadfast eye I view'd thee in the choir  
Of ever enduring men. The truly great  
Have all one age, and from one visible space  
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,  
Are permanent, and Time is not with *them*,  
Save as it worketh *for* them, they *in* it.  
Nor less a sacred roll, than those of old,  
And to be placed, as they, with gradual Fame  
Among the archives of mankind, thy work  
Makes audible a linked lay of truth,  
Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay,  
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!  
Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,  
The pulses of my being beat anew;  
And even as life returns upon the drown'd,  
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—  
Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe  
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;

And fears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye of Hope;  
And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear,  
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,  
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;  
And all which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild,  
And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all,  
Commune with *thee* had open'd out—but flowers  
Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my bier,  
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,  
Who came a welcomer in herald's guise,  
Singing of glory and futurity,  
To wander back on such unhealthful road,  
Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill  
Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths  
Strew'd before *thy* advancing!

Nor do thou,  
Sage Bard, impair the memory of that hour  
Of my communion with thy nobler mind  
By pity or grief, already felt too long!  
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.  
The tumult rose and ceased: for peace is nigh  
Where Wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.  
Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,  
The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours  
Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,  
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of home  
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hail'd  
And more desired, more precious for thy song,  
In silence listening, like a devout child,  
My soul lay passive, by the various strain  
Driven as in surges now beneath the stars,  
With momentary stars of my own birth,  
Fair constellated foam,\* still darting off  
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,  
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon.

And when—O friend! my comforter and guide!  
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!—  
Thy long sustained song finally closed,  
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself  
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both  
That happy vision of beloved faces—  
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close  
I sate, my being blended in one thought  
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or resolve?)  
Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound—  
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

\*[“A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals  
coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of  
flame danced and sparkled and went out in it: and every now and  
then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from  
the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the  
sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness.”  
—*The Friend*, p. 220.]

# THE PRELUDE.

## BOOK FIRST.

### INTRODUCTION—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

O **THERE** is blessing in this gentle breeze,  
A visitant that while it fans my cheek  
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it brings—  
From the green fields, and from yon azure sky.  
Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze can come  
To none more grateful than to me; escaped  
From the vast city, where I long had pined  
A discontented sojourner: now free,  
Free as a bird to settle where I will.  
What dwelling shall receive me? in what vale  
Shall be my harbour? underneath what grove  
Shall I take up my home? and what clear stream  
Shall with its murmur lull me into rest?  
The earth is all before me. With a heart  
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,  
I look about; and should the chosen guide  
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,  
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again!  
'Trances of thought and mountings of the mind  
Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,  
That burthen of my own unnatural self,  
The heavy weight of many a weary day  
Not mine, and such as were not made for me.  
Long months of peace (if such bold word accord  
With any promises of human life),  
Long months of ease and undisturbed delight  
Are mine in prospect; whither shall I turn  
By road or pathway, or through trackless field,  
Up hill or down, or shall some floating thing  
Upon the river point me out my course?

Dear Liberty! yet what would it avail  
But for a gift that consecrates the joy?  
For I, methought, while the sweet breath of heaven  
Was blowing on my body, felt within  
A correspondent breeze, that gently moved  
With quickening virtue, but is now become  
A tempest, a redundant energy,  
Vexing its own creation. Thanks to both,  
And their congenial powers, that, while they join  
In breaking up a long-continued frost,

Bring with them vernal promises, the hope—  
Of active days urged on by flying hours,—  
Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought—  
Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high,  
Matins and vespers of harmonious verse!

Thus far, O Friend! did I, not used to make  
A present joy the matter of a song,  
Pour forth that day my soul in measured strains  
That would not be forgotten, and are here  
Recorded: to the open fields I told  
A prophecy: poetic numbers came  
Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe  
A renovated spirit singled out,  
Such hope was mine, for holy services.  
My own voice cheered me, and, far more, the mind's  
Internal echo of the imperfect sound;  
To both I listened, drawing from them both  
A cheerful confidence in things to come.

Content and not unwilling now to give  
A respite to this passion, I paced on  
With brisk and eager steps; and came, at length,  
To a green shady place, where down I sat  
Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts by choice,  
And settling into gentler happiness.  
'Twas autumn, and a clear and placid day,  
With warmth, as much as needed, from a sun  
Two hours declined towards the west; a day  
With silver clouds, and sunshine on the grass,  
And in the sheltered and the sheltering grove  
A perfect stillness. Many were the thoughts  
Encouraged and dismissed, till choice was made  
Of a known vale, whither my feet should turn,  
Nor rest till they had reached the very door  
Of the one cottage which methought I saw.  
No picture of mere memory ever looked  
So fair; and while upon the fancied scene  
I gazed with growing love, a higher power  
Than fancy gave assurance of some work  
Of glory there forthwith to be begun,

Perhaps too there performed. Thus long I mused,  
 Nor e'er lost sight of what I mused upon,  
 Save when, amid the stately grove of oaks,  
 Now here, now there, an acorn, from its cup  
 Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or at once  
 To the bare earth dropped with a startling sound.  
 From that soft couch I rose not, till the sun  
 Had almost touched the horizon; casting then  
 A backward glance upon the curling cloud  
 Of city smoke, by distance ruralized;  
 Keen as a truant or a fugitive,  
 But as a pilgrim resolute, I took,  
 Even with the chance equipment of that hour  
 The road that pointed toward the chosen vale.  
 It was a splendid evening, and my soul  
 Once more made trial of her strength, nor lacked  
 Æolian visitations; but the harp  
 Was soon defrauded, and the banded host  
 Of harmony dispersed in straggling sounds,  
 And lastly utter silence! "Be it so;  
 Why think of any thing but present good?"  
 So, like a home-bound labourer I pursued  
 My way beneath the mellowing sun, that shed  
 Mild influence; nor left in me one wish  
 Again to bend the Sabbath of that time  
 To a servile yoke. What need of many words!  
 A pleasant loitering journey, through three days  
 Continued, brought me to my hermitage.  
 I spare to tell of what ensued, the life  
 In common things — the endless store of things,  
 Rare, or at least so seeming every day  
 Found all about me in one neighbourhood —  
 The self-congratulation, and, from morn  
 To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.  
 But speedily an earnest longing rose  
 To brace myself to some determined aim,  
 Reading or thinking; either to lay up  
 New stores, or rescue from decay the old  
 By timely interference: and therewith  
 Came hopes still higher, that with outward life  
 I might endue some airy phantasies  
 That had been floating loose about for years,  
 And to such beings temperately deal forth  
 The many feelings that oppressed my heart.  
 That hope hath been discouraged; welcome light  
 Dawns from the east, but dawns to disappear  
 And mock me with a sky that ripens not  
 Into a steady morning: if my mind,  
 Remembering the bold promise of the past,  
 Would gladly grapple with some noble theme,  
 Vain is her wish; where'er she turns she finds  
 Impediments from day to day renewed.

And now it would content me to yield up  
 Those lofty hopes awhile, for present gifts  
 Of humbler industry. But, oh, dear friend!  
 The poet, gentle creature as he is,  
 Hath, like the lover, his unruly times;  
 His fits when he is neither sick nor well,

Though no distress be near him but his own  
 Unmanageable thoughts: his mind, best pleased  
 While she as duteous as the mother dove  
 Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,  
 But like the innocent bird, hath goadings on  
 That drive her as in trouble through the groves;  
 With me is now such passion, to be blamed  
 No otherwise than as it lasts too long.

When, as becomes a man who would prepare  
 For such an arduous work, I through myself  
 Make rigorous inquisition, the report  
 Is often cheering; for I neither seem  
 To lack that first great gift, the vital soul,  
 Nor general truths, which are themselves a sort  
 Of elements and agents, under-powers,  
 Subordinate helpers of the living mind:  
 Nor am I naked of external things,  
 Forms, images, nor numerous other aids  
 Of less regard, though won perhaps with toil  
 And needful to build up a poet's praise.  
 Time, place, and manners do I seek, and these  
 Are found in plenteous store, but nowhere such  
 As may be singled out with steady choice;  
 No little band of yet remembered names  
 Whom I, in perfect confidence, might hope  
 To summon back from lonesome banishment,  
 And make them dwellers in the hearts of men  
 Now living, or to live in future years.  
 Sometimes the ambitious power of choice, mistaking  
 Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular sea,  
 Will settle on some British theme, some old  
 Romantic tale by Milton left unsung;  
 More often turning to some gentle place  
 Within the groves of chivalry, I pipe  
 To shepherd swains, or seated harp in hand,  
 Amid reposing knights by a river side  
 Or fountain, listening to the grave reports  
 Of dire enchantments faced and overcome  
 By the strong mind, and tales of warlike feats,  
 Where spear encountered spear, and sword with sword  
 Fought, as if conscious of the blazonry  
 That the shield bore, so glorious was the strife;  
 Whence inspiration for a song that winds  
 Through ever-changing scenes of votive quest  
 Wrongs to redress, harmonious tribute paid  
 To patient courage and unblemished truth,  
 To firm devotion, zeal unquenchable,  
 And Christian meekness hallowing faithful loves.  
 Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would relate  
 How vanquished Mithridates northward passed,  
 And, hidden in the cloud of years, became  
 Odin, the father of a race by whom  
 Perished the Roman Empire: how the friends  
 And followers of Sertorius, out of Spain  
 Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate Isles,  
 And left their usages, their arts and laws,  
 To disappear by a slow gradual death,  
 To dwindle and to perish one by one,



Starved in those narrow bounds: but not the soul  
 Of Liberty, which fifteen hundred years  
 Survived, and, when the European came  
 With skill and power that might not be withstood,  
 Did, like a pestilence, maintain its hold  
 And wasted down by glorious death that race  
 Of natural heroes: or I would record  
 How, in tyrannic times, some high-souled man,  
 Unnamed among the chronicles of kings,  
 Suffered in silence for Truth's sake: or tell,  
 How that one Frenchman,\* through continued force  
 Of meditation on the inhuman deeds  
 Of those who conquered first the Indian Isles,  
 Went single in his ministry across  
 The ocean; not to comfort the oppressed,  
 But like a thirsty wind, to roam about  
 Withering the oppressor: how Gustavus sought  
 Help at his need in Dalecarlia's mines:  
 How Wallace fought for Scotland; left the name  
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,  
 All over his dear country; left the deeds  
 Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,  
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,  
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul  
 Of independence and stern liberty.  
 Sometimes it suits me better to invent  
 A tale from my own heart, more near akin  
 To my own passions and habitual thoughts;  
 Some variegated story, in the main  
 Lofty, but the unsubstantial structure melts  
 Before the very sun that brightens it,  
 Mist into air dissolving! Then a wish,  
 My best and favourite aspiration, mounts  
 With yearning toward some philosophic song  
 Of Truth that cherishes our daily life;  
 With meditations passionate from deep  
 Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse  
 Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;  
 But from this awful burthen I full soon  
 Take refuge and beguile myself with trust  
 That mellow years will bring a ripper mind  
 And clearer insight. Thus my days are past  
 In contradiction; with no skill to part  
 Vague longing, haply bred by want of power,  
 From paramount impulse not to be withstood,  
 A timorous capacity from prudence,  
 From circumspection, infinite delay.  
 Humility and modest awe themselves  
 Betray me, serving often for a cloak  
 To a more subtle selfishness; that now  
 Locks every function up in blank reserve,  
 Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye  
 That with intrusive restlessness beats off  
 Simplicity and self-presented truth.  
 Ah! better far than this, to stray about

Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,  
 And ask no record of the hours, resigned  
 To vacant musing, unreprieved neglect  
 Of all things, and deliberate holiday.  
 Far better never to have heard the name  
 Of zeal and just ambition, than to live  
 Baffled and plagued by a mind that every hour  
 Turns recreant to her task; takes heart again,  
 Then feels immediately some hollow thought  
 Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.  
 This is my lot; for either still I find  
 Some imperfection in the chosen theme,  
 Or see of absolute accomplishment  
 Much wanting, so much wanting, in myself,  
 That I recoil and droop, and seek repose  
 In listlessness from vain perplexity,  
 Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,  
 Like a false steward who hath much received  
 And renders nothing back.

Was it for this  
 That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved  
 To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,  
 And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,  
 And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice  
 That flowed along my dreams? For this, didst thou,  
 O Derwent! winding among grassy holms  
 Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,  
 Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts  
 To more than infant softness, giving me  
 Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind  
 A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm  
 That Nature breathes among the hills and groves?  
 When he had left the mountains and received  
 On his smooth breast the shadow of those towers  
 That yet survive, a shattered monument  
 Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed  
 Along the margin of our terrace walk;  
 A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.  
 Oh, many a time have I, a five years' child,  
 In a small mill-race severed from his stream,  
 Made one long bathing of a summer's day;  
 Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again  
 Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured  
 The sandy fields, leaping through flowery groves  
 Of yellow ragwort; or when rock and hill,  
 The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height,  
 Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood alone  
 Beneath the sky, as if I had been born  
 On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut  
 Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport,  
 A naked savage, in the thunder shower.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up  
 Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:  
 Much favoured in my birthplace, and no less  
 In that beloved vale to which ere long  
 We were transplanted — there were we let loose  
 For sports of wider range. Ere I had told  
 Ten birth-days, when among the mountain slopes

\* Dominique de Gourgues, a French gentleman who went in 1568 to Florida to avenge the massacre of the French by the Spaniards there.

Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped  
 The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy  
 With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung  
 To range the open heights where woodcocks run  
 Along the smooth green turf. Through half the night,  
 Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied  
 That anxious visitation; — moon and stars  
 Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,  
 And seemed to be a trouble to the peace  
 That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befell  
 In these night wanderings, that a strong desire  
 O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird  
 Which was the captive of another's toil  
 Became my prey; and when the deed was done  
 I heard among the solitary hills  
 Low breathings coming after me, and sounds  
 Of undistinguishable motion, steps  
 Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less when spring had warmed the cultured vale,  
 Moved we as plunderers where the mother-bird  
 Had in high places built her lodge; though mean  
 Our object and inglorious, yet the end  
 Was not ignoble. Oh! when I have hung  
 Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass  
 And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock  
 But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)  
 Suspended by the blast that blew amain,  
 Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time  
 While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,  
 With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind  
 Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky  
 Of earth — and with what motion moved the clouds!

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows  
 Like harmony in music; there is a dark  
 Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles  
 Discordant elements, makes them cling together  
 In one society. How strange that all  
 The terrors, pains, and early miseries,  
 Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused  
 Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,  
 And that a needful part, in making up  
 The calm existence that is mine when I  
 Am worthy of myself! Praise to the end!  
 Thanks to the means which Nature deigned to employ;  
 Whether her fearless visitings, or those  
 That came with soft alarm, like hurtless light  
 Opening the peaceful clouds; or she may use  
 Severer interventions, ministry  
 More palatable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found  
 A little boat tied to a willow tree  
 Within a rocky cave, its usual home.  
 Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in  
 Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth  
 And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice  
 Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;

Leaving behind her still, on either side,  
 Small circles glittering idly in the moon,  
 Until they melted all into one track  
 Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,  
 Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point  
 With an unswerving line, I fixed my view  
 Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,  
 The horizon's utmost boundary; far above  
 Was nothing but the stars and the gray sky.  
 She was an elfin pinnace; lustily  
 I dipped my oars into the silent lake,  
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat  
 Went heaving through the water like a swan;  
 When, from behind that craggy steep till then  
 The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge  
 As if with voluntary power instinct  
 Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,  
 And growing still in stature the grim shape  
 Towered up between me and the stars, and still,  
 For so it seemed, with purpose of its own  
 And measured motion like a living thing,  
 Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,  
 And through the silent water stole my way  
 Back to the covert of the willow tree;  
 There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—  
 And through the meadows homeward went, in grave  
 And serious mood; but after I had seen  
 That spectacle, for many days, my brain  
 Worked with a dim and undetermined sense  
 Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts  
 There hung a darkness, call it solitude  
 Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes  
 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,  
 Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;  
 But huge and mighty forms, that do not live  
 Like living men, moved slowly through the mind  
 By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

\* Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!  
 Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,  
 That givest to forms and images a breath  
 And everlasting motion, not in vain  
 By day or star-light thus from my first dawn  
 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
 The passions that build up our human soul;  
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,  
 But with high objects, with enduring things—  
 With life and nature, purifying thus  
 The elements of feeling and of thought,  
 And sanctifying, by such discipline,  
 Both pain and fear, until we recognise  
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.  
 Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
 With stinted kindness. In November days,  
 When vapours rolling down the valley made  
 A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,

\* These lines have already been published in the author's  
 Poetical Works. See *ante*, p. 80.

At noon and 'mid the calm of summer nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,  
Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;  
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,  
And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and visible for many a mile  
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,  
I heeded not their summons: happy time  
It was indeed for all of us — for me.  
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud  
The village clock tolled six, — I wheeled about,  
Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,  
We hissed along the polished ice in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures, — the resounding horn,  
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle; with the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars  
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.  
Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a star  
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed  
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me — even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round!  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky  
And on the earth! Ye Visions of the hills!  
And Souls of lonely places! can I think  
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed  
Such ministry, when ye through many a year  
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,  
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,  
Impressed upon all forms the characters  
Of danger or desire; and thus did make  
The surface of the universal earth  
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,  
Work like a sea!

Not uselessly employed,  
Might I pursue this theme through every change  
Of exercise and play, to which the year  
Did summon us in his delightful round.

We were a noisy crew; the sun in heaven  
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours;  
Nor saw a band in happiness and joy  
Richer, or worthier of the ground they trod.  
I could record with no reluctant voice  
The woods of autumn and their hazel bowers  
With milk-white clusters hung; the rod and line,  
True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose strong  
And unreprieved enchantment led us on  
By rocks and pools shut out from every star,  
All the green summer, to forlorn cascades  
Among the windings hid of mountain brooks.  
— Unfading recollections! at this hour  
The heart is almost mine with which I felt,  
From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,  
The paper kite high among fleecy clouds  
Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser;  
Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,  
Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly  
Dashed headlong, and rejected by the storm.

Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,  
A ministration of your own was yours;  
Can I forget you, being as you were  
So beautiful among the pleasant fields  
In which ye stood? or can I here forget  
The plain and seemly countenance with which  
Ye dealt out your plain comforts? Yet had ye  
Delights and exultations of your own.  
Eager and never weary we pursued  
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-fire  
At evening, when with pencil, and smooth slate  
In square divisions parcelled out and all  
With crosses and with ciphers scribbled o'er,  
We schemed and puzzled, head opposed to head  
In strife too humble to be named in verse:  
Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,  
Cherry or maple, eat in close array,  
And to the combat, loo or whist, led on  
A thick-ribbed army; not, as in the world,  
Neglected and ungratefully thrown by  
Even for the very service they had wrought,  
But husbanded through many a long campaign.  
Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few  
Had changed their functions; some, plebeian cards  
Which fate, beyond the promise of their birth,  
Had dignified, and called to represent  
The persons of departed potentates.  
Oh, with what echoes on the board they fell!  
Ironical diamonds, — clubs, hearts, diamonds, spades,  
A congregation piteously akin!  
Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,  
Those sooty knaves, precipitated down  
With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of heaven:



The paramount ace, a moon in her eclipse,  
Queens gleaming through their splendour's last decay,  
And monarchs surly at the wrongs sustained  
By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad  
Incessant rain was falling, or the frost  
Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth;  
And, interrupting oft that eager game,  
From under Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice  
The pent-up air, struggling to free itself,  
Gave out to meadow grounds and hills a loud  
Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves  
Howling in troops along the Bothnic Main.

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace  
How Nature by extrinsic passion first  
Peopled the mind with forms sublime or fair,  
And made me love them, may I here omit  
How other pleasures have been mine, and joys  
Of subtler origin; how I have felt,  
Not seldom even in that tempestuous time,  
Those hallowed and pure motions of the sense  
Which seem, in their simplicity, to own  
An intellectual charm; that calm delight  
Which, if I err not, surely must belong  
To those first-born affinities that fit  
Our new existence to existing things,  
And, in our dawn of being, constitute  
The bond of union between life and joy.

Yes, I remember when the changeful earth,  
And twice five summers, on my mind had stamped  
The faces of the moving year, even then  
I held unconscious intercourse with beauty  
Old as creation, drinking in a pure  
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths  
Of curling mist, or from the level plain  
Of waters coloured by impending clouds.

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks and bays  
Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell  
How, when the Sea threw off his evening shade,  
And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills  
Sent welcome notice of the rising moon,  
How I have stood, to fancies such as these  
A stranger, linking with the spectacle  
No conscious memory of a kindred sight,  
And bringing with me no peculiar sense  
Of quietness or peace; yet have I stood,  
Even while mine eye hath moved o'er many a league  
Of shining water, gathering as it seemed  
Through every hair-breadth in that field of light  
New pleasure like the bee among the flowers.

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy  
Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuits  
Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss  
Which, like a tempest, works along the blood  
And is forgotten; even then I felt  
Gleams like the flashing of a shield; — the earth  
And common face of Nature spake to me  
Rememberable things; sometimes, 'tis true,

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By chance collisions and quaint accidents  
(Like those ill-sorted unions, work supposed  
Of evil-minded fairies,) yet not vain  
Nor profitless, if haply they impressed  
Collateral objects and appearances,  
Albeit lifeless then, and doomed to sleep  
Until maturer seasons called them forth  
To impregnate and to elevate the mind.  
—And if the vulgar joy by its own weight  
Wearied itself out of the memory,  
The scenes which were a witness of that joy  
Remained in their substantial lineaments  
Depicted on the brain, and to the eye  
Were visible, a daily sight; and thus  
By the impressive discipline of fear,  
By pleasure and repeated happiness,  
So frequently repeated, and by force  
Of obscure feelings representative  
Of things forgotten, these same scenes so bright,  
So beautiful, so majestic in themselves,  
Though yet the day was distant, did become  
Habitually dear, and all their forms  
And changeful colours by invisible links  
Were fastened to the affections.

I began

My story early — not misled, I trust,  
By an infirmity of love for days  
Disowned by memory — ere the breath of spring  
Planting my snowdrops among winter snows:  
Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend! so prompt  
In sympathy, that I have lengthened out  
With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale.  
Meanwhile, my hope has been, that I might fetch  
Invigorating thoughts from former years;  
Might fix the wavering balance of my mind,  
And haply meet reproaches too, whose power  
May spur me on, in manhood now mature,  
To honourable toil. Yet should these hopes  
Prove vain, and thus should neither I be taught  
To understand myself, nor thou to know  
With better knowledge how the heart was framed  
Of him thou lovest; need I dread from thee  
Harsh judgments, if the song be loth to quit  
Those recollected hours that have the charm  
Of visionary things, those lovely forms  
And sweet sensations that throw back our life,  
And almost make remotest infancy  
A visible scene, on which the sun is shining!

One end at least hath been attained; my mind  
Hath been revived, and if this genial mood  
Desert me not, forthwith shall be brought down  
Through later years the story of my life.  
The road lies plain before me; — 'tis a theme  
Single and of determined bounds; and hence  
I choose it rather at this time, than work  
Of ampler or more varied argument,  
Where I might be discomfited and lost:  
And certain hopes are with me, that to thee  
This labour will be welcome, honoured Friend!

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## BOOK SECOND.

### SCHOOL-TIME.—(CONTINUED.)

Thus far, O Friend! have we, though leaving much  
Unvisited, endeavoured to retrace  
The simple ways in which my childhood walked:  
Those chiefly that first led me to the love  
Of rivers, woods, and fields. The passion yet  
Was in its birth, sustained as might befall  
By nourishment that came unsought; for still  
From week to week, from month to month, we lived  
A round of tumult. Duly were our games  
Prolonged in summer till the daylight failed:  
No chair remained before the doors; the bench  
And threshold steps were empty; fast asleep  
The labourer, and the old man who had sat  
A later lingerer; yet the revelry  
Continued and the loud uproar: at last,  
When all the ground was dark, and twinkling stars  
Edged the black clouds, home and to bed we went,  
Feverish with weary joints and beating minds.  
Ah! is there one who ever has been young,  
Nor needs a warning voice to tame the pride  
Of intellect and virtue's self-esteem?  
One is there, though the wisest and the best  
Of all mankind, who covets not at times  
Union that cannot be; — who would not give,  
If so he might, to duty and to truth  
The eagerness of infantine desire!  
A tranquillizing spirit presses now  
On my corporeal frame, so wide appears  
The vacancy between me and those days  
Which yet have such self-presence in my mind,  
That, musing on them, often do I seem  
Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself  
And of some other Being. A rude mass  
Of native rock, left midway in the square  
Of our small market village, was the goal  
Or centre of these sports; and when, returned  
After long absence, thither I repaired,  
Gone was the old grey stone, and in its place  
A smart Assembly-room usurped the ground  
That had been ours. There let the fiddle scream,  
And be ye happy! Yet, my Friends! I know  
That more than one of you will think with me  
Of those soft starry nights, and that old Dame  
From whom the stone was named, who there had sat,  
And watched her table with its huckster's wares  
Assiduous, through the length of sixty years.

We ran a boisterous course; the year span round  
With giddy motion. But the time approached

That brought with it a regular desire  
For calmer pleasures, when the winning forms  
Of Nature were collaterally attached  
To every scheme of holiday delight  
And every boyish sport, less grateful else  
And languidly pursued.

When summer came,  
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,  
To sweep along the plain of Windermere  
With rival oars; and the selected bourne  
Was now an Island musical with birds  
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister Isle  
Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, sown  
With lilies of the valley like a field;  
And now a third small Island, where survived  
In solitude the ruins of a shrine  
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served  
Daily with chaunted rites. In such a race  
So ended, disappointment could be none,  
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy:  
We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,  
Conquered and conqueror. Thus the pride of strength,  
And the vainglory of superior skill,  
Were tempered; thus was gradually produced  
A quiet independence of the heart;  
And to my Friend who knows me I may add,  
Fearless of blame, that hence for future days  
Ensued a diffidence and modesty,  
And I was taught to feel perhaps too much,  
The self-sufficing power of Solitude.

Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine fare!  
More than we wished we knew the blessing then  
Of vigorous hunger — hence corporeal strength  
Unsapped by delicate viands; for, exclude  
A little weekly stipend, and we lived  
Through three divisions of the quartered year  
In penniless poverty. But now to school  
From the half-yearly holidays returned,  
We came with weightier purses, that sufficed  
To furnish treats more costly than the Dame  
Of the old grey stone, from her scant board, supplied.  
Hence rustic dinners on the cool green ground,  
Or in the woods, or by a river side  
Or shady fountains, while among the leaves  
Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-day sun  
Unfelt shone brightly round us in our joy.  
Nor is my aim neglected if I tell  
How sometimes, in the length of those half-years,

We from our funds drew largely ; — proud to curb,  
 And eager to spur on, the galloping steed ;  
 And with the courteous inn-keeper, whose stud  
 Supplied our want, we haply might employ  
 Sly subterfuge, if the adventure's bound  
 Were distant : some famed temple where of yore  
 The Druids worshipped, or the antique walls  
 Of that large abbey, where within the Vale  
 Of Nightshade, to St. Mary's honour built,  
 Stands yet a mouldering pile with fractured arch,  
 Belfry, and images, and living trees,  
 A holy scene ! Along the smooth green turf  
 Our horses grazed. To more than inland peace  
 Left by the west wind sweeping overhead  
 From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers  
 In that sequestered valley may be seen,  
 Both silent and both motionless alike ;  
 Such the deep shelter that is there, and such  
 The safeguard for repose and quietness.

Our steeds remounted and the summons given,  
 With whip and spur we through the chauntry flew  
 In uncouth race, and left the cross-legged knight,  
 And the stone abbot, and that single wren  
 Which one day sang so sweetly in the nave  
 Of the old church, that — though from recent showers  
 The earth was comfortless, and touched by faint  
 Internal breezes, sobbings of the place  
 And respirations, from the roofless walls  
 The shuddering ivy dripped large drops — yet still  
 So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible bird  
 Sang to herself, that there I could have made  
 My dwelling-place, and lived for ever there  
 To hear such music. Through the walls we flew  
 And down the valley, and, a circuit made  
 In wantonness of heart, through rough and smooth  
 We scampered homewards. Oh, ye rocks and streams,  
 And that still spirit shed from evening air !  
 Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt  
 Your presence, when with slackened step we breathed  
 Along the sides of the steep hills, or when  
 Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the sea  
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

Midway on long Winander's eastern shore,  
 Within the crescent of a pleasant bay,  
 A tavern stood ; no homely-featured house,  
 Primeval like its neighbouring cottages,  
 But 'twas a splendid place, the door beset  
 With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and within  
 Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red wine.  
 In ancient times, and ere the Hall was built  
 On the large island, had this dwelling been  
 More worthy of a poet's love, a hut  
 Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore shade.  
 But — though the rhymes were gone that once inscribed  
 The threshold, and large golden characters,  
 Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had dislodged  
 The old Lion and usurped his place, in slight

And mockery of the rustic painter's hand —  
 Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear  
 With all its foolish pomp. The garden lay  
 Upon a slope surmounted by a plain  
 Of a small bowling-green ; beneath us stood  
 A grove, with gleams of water through the trees  
 And over the tree-tops ; nor did we want  
 Refreshment, strawberries and mellow cream.  
 There, while through half an afternoon we played  
 On the smooth platform, whether skill prevailed  
 Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee  
 Made all the mountains ring. But, ere night-fall,  
 When in our pinnace we returned at leisure  
 Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach  
 Of some small island steered our course with one,  
 The Minstrel of the troop, and left him there,  
 And rowed off gently, while he blew his flute  
 Alone upon the rock — oh, then, the calm  
 And dead still water lay upon my mind  
 Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,  
 Never before so beautiful, sank down  
 Into my heart, and held me like a dream !  
 Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and thus  
 Daily the common range of visible things  
 Grew dear to me : already I began  
 To love the sun ; a boy I loved the sun,  
 Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge  
 And surety of our earthly life, a light  
 Which we behold and feel we are alive ;  
 Nor for his bounty to so many worlds —  
 But for this cause, that I had seen him lay  
 His beauty on the morning hills, had seen  
 The western mountain touch his setting orb,  
 In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess  
 Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow  
 For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy.  
 And, from like feelings, humble though intense,  
 To patriotic and domestic love  
 Analogous, the moon to me was dear ;  
 For I could dream away my purposes,  
 Standing to gaze upon her while she hung  
 Midway between the hills, as if she knew  
 No other region, but belonged to thee,  
 Yea, appertained by a peculiar right  
 To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear Vale !

Those incidental charms which first attached  
 My heart to rural objects, day by day  
 Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell  
 How Nature, intervenient till this time  
 And secondary, now at length was sought  
 For her own sake. But who shall parcel out  
 His intellect by geometric rules,  
 Split like a province into round and square !  
 Who knows the individual hour in which  
 His habits were first sown, even as a seed ?  
 Who that shall point as with a wand and say  
 " This portion of the river of my mind  
 Came from yon fountain ? " Thou, my Friend ! art one

More deeply read in thine own thoughts; to thee  
 Science appears but what in truth she is,  
 Not as our glory and our absolute boast,  
 But as a succedaneum, and a prop  
 To our infirmity. No officious slave  
 Art thou of that false secondary power  
 By which we multiply distinctions, then  
 Deem that our puny boundaries are things  
 That we perceive, and not that we have made.  
 To thee, unblinded by these formal arts,  
 The unity of all hath been revealed,  
 And thou wilt doubt, with me less aptly skilled  
 Than many are to range the faculties  
 In scale and order, class the cabinet  
 Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase  
 Run through the history and birth of each  
 As of a single independent thing.  
 Hard task, vain hope, to analyze the mind,  
 If each most obvious and particular thought  
 Not in a mystical and idle sense,  
 But in the words of Reason deeply weighed,  
 Hath no beginning.

Blest the infant Babe,  
 (For with my best conjecture I would trace  
 Our Being's earthly progress,) blest the Babe,  
 Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks to sleep  
 Rocked on his Mother's breast; who with his soul  
 Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's eye!  
 For him, in one dear Presence, there exists  
 A virtue which irradiates and exalts  
 Objects through widest intercourse of sense.  
 No outcast he, bewildered and depressed;  
 Along his infant veins are interfused  
 The gravitation and the filial bond  
 Of nature that connect him with the world.  
 Is there a flower, to which he points with hand  
 Too weak to gather it, already love  
 Drawn from love's purest earthly fount for him  
 Hath beautified that flower; already shades  
 Of pity cast from inward tenderness  
 Do fall around him upon aught that bears  
 Unsightly marks of violence or harm.  
 Emphatically such a being lives,  
 Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,  
 An inmate of this active universe.  
 For feeling has to him imparted power  
 That through the growing faculties of sense  
 Doth like an agent of the one great Mind  
 Create, creator and receiver both,  
 Working but in alliance with the works  
 Which it beholds. — Such, verily, is the first  
 Poetic spirit of our human life,  
 By uniform control of after years,  
 In most, abated or suppressed; in some,  
 Through every change of growth and of decay,  
 Pre-eminent till death.

From early days,  
 Beginning not long after that first time  
 In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch

I held mute dialogues with my Mother's heart,  
 I have endeavoured to display the means  
 Whereby this infant sensibility,  
 Great birthright of our being, was in me  
 Augmented and sustained. Yet is a path  
 More difficult before me; and I fear  
 That in its broken windings we shall need  
 The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's wing:  
 For now a trouble came into my mind  
 From unknown causes. I was left alone  
 Seeking the visible world, nor knowing why.  
 The props of my affections were removed,  
 And yet the building stood, as if sustained  
 By its own spirit! All that I beheld  
 Was dear, and hence to finer influxes  
 The mind lay open to a more exact  
 And close communion. Many are our joys  
 In youth, but oh! what happiness to live  
 When every hour brings palpable access  
 Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,  
 And sorrow is not there! The seasons came,  
 And every season wheresoe'er I moved  
 Unfolded transitory qualities,  
 Which, but for this most watchful power of love  
 Had been neglected; left a register  
 Of permanent relations, else unknown.  
 Hence life, and change, and beauty, solitude  
 More active even than "best society"—  
 Society made sweet as solitude  
 By silent inobtrusive sympathies,  
 And gentle agitations of the mind  
 From manifold distinctions, difference  
 Perceived in things, where, to the unwatchful eye,  
 No difference is, and hence, from the same source,  
 Sublimer joy; for I would walk alone,  
 Under the quiet stars, and at that time  
 Have felt whate'er there is of power in sound  
 To breathe an elevated mood, by form  
 Or image unprofaned; and I would stand,  
 If the night blackened with a coming storm,  
 Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are  
 The ghostly language of the ancient earth,  
 Or make their dim abode in distant winds.  
 Thence did I drink the visionary power;  
 And deem not profitless those fleeting moods  
 Of shadowy exultation: not for this,  
 That they are kindred to our purer mind  
 And intellectual life; but that the soul,  
 Remembering how she felt, but what she felt  
 Remembering not, retains an obscure sense  
 Of possible sublimity, whereto  
 With growing faculties she doth aspire,  
 With faculties still growing, feeling still  
 That whatsoever point they gain, they yet  
 Have something to pursue.

And not alone,  
 'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid fair  
 And tranquil scenes, that universal power  
 And fitness in the latent qualities

And essences of things, by which the mind  
Is moved with feelings of delight, to me  
Came, strengthened with a superadded soul,  
A virtue not its own. My morning walks  
Were early; — oft before the hours of school  
I travelled round our little lake, five miles  
Of pleasant wandering. Happy time! more dear  
For this, that one was by my side, a Friend,\*  
Then passionately loved; with heart how full  
Would he peruse these lines! For many years  
Have since flowed in between us, and our minds  
Both silent to each other, at this time  
We live as if those hours had never been.  
Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch  
Far earlier, ere one smoke-wreath had risen  
From human dwelling, or the vernal thrush  
Was audible; and sat among the woods  
Alone upon some jutting eminence,  
At the first gleam of dawn-light, when the Vale  
Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude.  
How shall I seek the origin? where find  
Faith in the marvellous things which then I felt!  
Oft in these moments such a holy calm  
Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes  
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw  
Appeared like something in myself, a dream,  
A prospect in the mind.

'Twere long to tell  
What spring and autumn, what the winter snows,  
And what the summer shade, what day and night,  
Evening and morning, sleep and waking, thought  
From sources inexhaustible, poured forth  
To feed the spirit of religious love  
In which I walked with Nature. But let this  
Be not forgotten, that I still retained  
My first creative sensibility;  
That by the regular action of the world  
My soul was unsubdued. A plastic power  
Abode with me; a forming hand, at times  
Rebellious, acting in a devious mood;  
A local spirit of his own, at war  
With general tendency, but for the most,  
Subservient strictly to external things  
With which it communed. An auxiliar light  
Came from my mind, which on the setting sun  
Bestowed new splendour; the melodious birds,  
The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on  
Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obeyed  
A like dominion, and the midnight storm  
Grew darker in the presence of my eye:  
Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,  
And hence my transport.

Nor should this, perchance,  
Pass unrecorded, that I still had loved  
The exercise and produce of a toil,  
Than analytic industry to me  
More pleasing, and whose character I deem

Is more poetic as resembling more  
Creative agency. The song would speak  
Of that interminable building reared  
By observation of affinities  
In objects where no brotherhood exists  
To passive minds. My seventeenth year was come;  
And, whether from this habit rooted now  
So deeply in my mind, or from excess  
In the great social principle of life  
Coercing all things into sympathy,  
To unorganic natures were transferred  
My own enjoyments; or the power of truth  
Coming in revelation, did converse  
With things that really are; I, at this time,  
Saw blessings spread around me like a sea.  
Thus while the days flew by, and years passed on,  
From Nature and her overflowing soul,  
I had received so much, that all my thoughts  
Were steeped in feeling; I was only then  
Contented, when with bliss ineffable  
I felt the sentiment of Being spread  
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still;  
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought  
And human knowledge, to the human eye  
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;  
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,  
Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides  
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,  
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not  
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,  
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven  
With every form of creature, as it looked  
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance  
Of adoration, with an eye of love.  
One song they sang, and it was audible,  
Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,  
O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,  
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

If this be error, and another faith  
Find easier access to the pious mind,  
Yet were I grossly destitute of all  
Those human sentiments that make this earth  
So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice  
To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye lakes  
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds  
That dwell among the hills where I was born.  
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,  
If, mingling with the world, I am content  
With my own modest pleasures, and have lived  
With God and Nature communing, removed  
From little enmities and low desires,  
The gift is yours; if in these times of fear,  
This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,  
If, 'mid indifference and apathy,  
And wicked exultation when good men  
On every side fall off, we know not how,  
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names  
Of peace and quiet and domestic love,

\* The late Rev. John Fleming, of Rayrigg, Windermere.



Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers  
 On visionary minds; if, in this time  
 Of dereliction and dismay, I yet  
 Despair not of our nature, but retain  
 A more than Roman confidence, a faith  
 That fails not, in all sorrow my support,  
 The blessing of my life; the gift is yours,  
 Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis yours,  
 Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou hast fed  
 My lofty speculations; and in thee,  
 For this uneasy heart of ours, I find  
 A never-failing principle of joy  
 And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend, wert reared  
 In the great city, 'mid far other scenes;  
 But we, by different roads, at length have gained  
 The self-same bourne. And for this cause to thee  
 I speak, unapprehensive of contempt,

The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,  
 And all that silent language which so oft  
 In conversation between man and man  
 Blots from the human countenance all trace  
 Of beauty and of love. For thou hast sought  
 The truth in solitude, and, since the days  
 That gave thee liberty, full long desired  
 To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast been  
 The most assiduous of her ministers;  
 In many things my brother, chiefly here  
 In this our deep devotion.

Fare thee well!

Health and the quiet of a healthful mind  
 Attend thee! seeking oft the haunts of men,  
 And yet more often living with thyself,  
 And for thyself, so haply shall thy days  
 Be many, and a blessing to mankind.

## BOOK THIRD.

### RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was a dreary morning when the wheels  
 Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,  
 And nothing cheered our way till first we saw  
 The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift  
 Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,  
 Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road  
 A student clothed in gown and tasselled cap,  
 Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,  
 Or covetous of exercise and air;  
 He passed — nor was I master of my eyes  
 Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.  
 As near and nearer to the spot we drew,  
 It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.  
 Onward we drove beneath the Castle; caught,  
 While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam;  
 And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous Inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of hope;  
 Some friends I had, acquaintances who there  
 Seemed friends, poor simple school-boys, now hung round  
 With honour and importance: in a world  
 Of welcome faces up and down I roved;  
 Questions, directions, warnings and advice,  
 Flowed in upon me, from all sides; fresh day  
 Of pride and pleasure! to myself I seemed  
 A man of business and expense, and went  
 From shop to shop about my own affairs,

To Tutor or to Tailor, as befell,  
 From street to street with loose and careless mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream; I roamed  
 Delighted through the motley spectacle;  
 Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,  
 Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers:  
 Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,  
 A northern villager.

As if the change  
 Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once  
 Behold me rich in monies, and attired  
 In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair  
 Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.  
 My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,  
 With other signs of manhood that supplied  
 The lack of beard. — The weeks went roundly on,  
 With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,  
 Smooth housekeeping within, and all without  
 Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array.

The Evangelist St. John my patron was:  
 Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first  
 Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;  
 Right underneath, the College kitchens made  
 A humming sound, less tuneable than bees,  
 But hardly less industrious; with shrill notes  
 Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.

Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,  
 Who never let the quarters, night or day,  
 Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours  
 Twice over with a male and female voice.  
 Her pealing organ was my neighbour too;  
 And from my pillow, looking forth by light  
 Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold  
 The antechapel where the statue stood  
 Of Newton with his prism and silent face,  
 The marble index of a mind for ever  
 Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

Of College labours, of the Lecturer's room  
 All studded round, as thick as chairs could stand,  
 With loyal students faithful to their books,  
 Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants,  
 And honest dunces — of important days,  
 Examinations when the man was weighed  
 As in a balance! of excessive hopes,  
 Tremblings withal and commendable fears,  
 Small jealousies, and triumphs good or bad,  
 Let others that know more speak as they know.  
 Such glory was but little sought by me,  
 And little won. Yet from the first crude days  
 Of settling time in this untried abode,  
 I was disturbed at times by prudent thoughts,  
 Wishing to hope without a hope, some fears  
 About my future worldly maintenance,  
 And, more than all, a strangeness in the mind,  
 A feeling that I was not for that hour,  
 Nor for that place. But wherefore be cast down?  
 For (not to speak of Reason and her pure  
 Reflective acts to fix the moral law  
 Deep in the conscience, nor of Christian Hope,  
 Bowing her head before her sister Faith  
 As one far mightier,) hither I had come,  
 Bear witness Truth, endowed with holy powers  
 And faculties, whether to work or feel.  
 Oft when the dazzling show no longer new  
 Had ceased to dazzle, oftimes did I quit  
 My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings and groves,  
 And as I paced alone the level fields  
 Far from those lovely sights and sounds sublime  
 With which I had been conversant, the mind  
 Drooped not; but there into herself returning,  
 With prompt rebound seemed fresh as heretofore.  
 At least I more distinctly recognized  
 Her native instincts: let me dare to speak  
 A higher language, say that now I felt  
 What independent solaces were mine,  
 To mitigate the injurious sway of place  
 Or circumstance, how far soever changed  
 In youth, or to be changed in manhood's prime;  
 Or for the few who shall be called to look  
 On the long shadows in our evening years,  
 Ordained precursors to the night of death.  
 As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained,  
 I looked for universal things; perused  
 The common countenance of earth and sky:

Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace  
 Of that first Paradise whence man was driven;  
 And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed  
 By the proud name she bears — the name of Heaven.  
 I called on both to teach me what they might;  
 Or turning the mind in upon herself  
 Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my thoughts  
 And spread them with a wider creeping; felt  
 Incumbencies more awful, visitings  
 Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,  
 That tolerates the indignities of Time,  
 And, from the centre of Eternity  
 All finite motions overruling, lives  
 In glory immutable. But peace! enough  
 Here to record that I was mounting now  
 To such community with highest truth —  
 A track pursuing, not untrod before,  
 From strict analogies by thought supplied  
 Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.  
 To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,  
 Even the loose stones that cover the highway,  
 I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,  
 Or linked them to some feeling: the great mass  
 Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all  
 That I beheld respired with inward meaning.  
 Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love  
 Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on  
 From transitory passion, unto this  
 I was as sensitive as waters are  
 To the sky's influence in a kindred mood  
 Of passion; was obedient as a lute  
 That waits upon the touches of the wind.  
 Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich —  
 I had a world about me — 'twas my own;  
 I made it, for it only lived to me,  
 And to the God who sees into the heart.  
 Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed  
 By outward gestures and by visible looks:  
 Some called it madness — so indeed it was,  
 If childlike fruitfulness in passing joy  
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured  
 To inspiration, sort with such a name;  
 If prophecy be madness; if things viewed  
 By poets in old time, and higher up  
 By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,  
 May in these tutored days no more be seen  
 With undisordered sight. But leaving this,  
 It was no madness, for the bodily eye  
 Amid my strongest workings evermore  
 Was searching out the lines of difference  
 As they lie hid in all external forms,  
 Near or remote, minute or vast, an eye  
 Which from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,  
 To the broad ocean and the azure heavens  
 Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,  
 Could find no surface where its power might sleep;  
 Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,  
 And by an unrelenting agency  
 Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend! have I retraced my life  
 Up to an eminence, and told a tale  
 Of matters which not falsely may be called  
 The glory of my youth. Of genius, power,  
 Creation and divinity itself  
 I have been speaking, for my theme has been  
 What passed within me. Not of outward things  
 Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,  
 Symbols or actions, but of my own heart  
 Have I been speaking, and my youthful mind.  
 O Heavens! how awful is the might of souls,  
 And what they do within themselves while yet  
 The yoke of earth is new to them, the world  
 Nothing but a wild field where they were sown.  
 This is, in truth, heroic argument,  
 This genuine prowess, which I wished to touch  
 With hand however weak, but in the main  
 It lies far hidden from the reach of words.  
 Points have we all of us within our souls  
 Where all stand single; this I feel, and make  
 Breathings for incommunicable powers;  
 But is not each a memory to himself,  
 And, therefore, now that we must quit this theme,  
 I am not heartless, for there's not a man  
 That lives who hath not known his godlike hours,  
 And feels not what an empire we inherit  
 As natural beings in the strength of Nature.

No more: for now into a populous plain  
 We must descend. A Traveller I am,  
 Whose tale is only of himself; even so,  
 So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt  
 To follow, and if thou, my honoured Friend!  
 Who in these thoughts art ever at my side,  
 Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.

It hath been told, that when the first delight  
 That flashed upon me from this novel show  
 Had failed, the mind returned into herself;  
 Yet true it is, that I had made a change  
 In climate, and my nature's outward coat  
 Changed also slowly and insensibly.  
 Full oft the quiet and exalted thoughts  
 Of loneliness gave way to empty noise  
 And superficial pastimes; now and then  
 Forced labour, and more frequently forced hopes;  
 And, worst of all, a treasonable growth  
 Of indecisive judgments, that impaired  
 And shook the mind's simplicity. — And yet  
 This was a gladsome time. Could I behold —  
 Who, less insensible than sodden clay  
 In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,  
 Could have beheld, — with undelighted heart,  
 So many happy youths, so wide and fair  
 A congregation in its budding-time  
 Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once  
 So many divers samples from the growth  
 Of life's sweet season — could have seen unmoved  
 That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers

Decking the matron temples of a place  
 So famous through the world! To me, at least,  
 It was a goodly prospect: for, in sooth,  
 Though I had learnt betimes to stand unpropped,  
 And independent musings pleased me so  
 That spells seemed on me when I was alone,  
 Yet could I only cleave to solitude  
 In lonely places; if a throng was near  
 That way I leaned by nature; for my heart  
 Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

Not seeking those who might participate  
 My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,  
 Though not unused to mutter lonesome songs,  
 Even with myself divided such delight,  
 Or looked that way for aught that might be clothed  
 In human language), easily I passed  
 From the remembrances of better things.  
 And slipped into the ordinary works  
 Of careless youth, unburthened, unalarmed.  
*Caverns* there were within my mind which sun  
 Could never penetrate, yet did there not  
 Want store of leafy *arbours* where the light  
 Might enter in at will. Companionships,  
 Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome all.  
 We sauntered, played, or rioted; we talked  
 Unprofitable talk at morning hours;  
 Drifted about along the streets and walks,  
 Read lazily in trivial books, went forth  
 To gallop through the country in blind zeal  
 Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast  
 Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars  
 Come forth, perhaps without one quiet thought.

Such was the tenor of the second act  
 In this new life. Imagination slept,  
 And yet not utterly. I could not print  
 Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps  
 Of generations of illustrious men,  
 Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass  
 Through the same gateways, sleep where they had  
 slept,  
 Wake where they waked, range that inclosure old,  
 That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.  
 Place also by the side of this dark sense  
 Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,  
 Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,  
 Seemed humbled in these precincts thence to be  
 The more endeared. Their several memories here  
 (Even like their persons in their portraits clothed  
 With the accustomed garb of daily life)  
 Put on a lowly and a touching grace  
 Of more distinct humanity, that left  
 All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington  
 I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade;  
 Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales  
 Of amorous passion. And that gentle Bard,

Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State —  
 Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven  
 With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,  
 I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend!  
 Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,  
 Stood almost single; uttering odious truth —  
 Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,  
 Soul awful — if the earth has ever lodged  
 An awful soul — I seemed to see him here  
 Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress  
 Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth —  
 A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks  
 Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,  
 And conscious step of purity and pride.  
 Among the band of my compeers was one  
 Whom chance had stationed in the very room  
 Honoured by Milton's name. O temperate Bard!  
 Be it confest that, for the first time, seated  
 Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,  
 One of a festive circle, I poured out  
 Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride  
 And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain  
 Never excited by the fumes of wine  
 Before that hour, or since. Then, forth I ran  
 From the assembly; through a length of streets,  
 Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door  
 In not a desperate or opprobrious time,  
 Albeit long after the importunate bell  
 Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra voice  
 No longer haunting the dark winter night.  
 Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy mind  
 The place itself and fashion of the rites.  
 With careless ostentation shouldering up  
 My surplice, through the inferior throng I clove  
 Of the plain Burghers, who in audience stood  
 On the last skirts of their permitted ground,  
 Under the pealing organ. Empty thoughts!  
 I am ashamed of them: and that great Bard,  
 And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample mind  
 Hast placed me high above my best deserts,  
 Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,  
 In some of its unworthy vanities,  
 Brother to many more.

In this mixed sort  
 The months passed on, remissly, not given up  
 To wilful alienation from the right,  
 Or walks of open scandal, but in vague  
 And loose indifference, easy likings, aims  
 Of a low pitch — duty and zeal dismissed,  
 Yet nature, or a happy course of things  
 Not doing in their stead the needful work.  
 The memory languidly revolved, the heart  
 Reposed in noontide rest, the inner pulse  
 Of contemplation almost failed to beat.  
 Such life might not inaptly be compared  
 To a floating island, an amphibious spot  
 Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal  
 Not wanting a fair face of water weeds

3 M

And pleasant flowers.\* The thirst of living praise,  
 Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the sight  
 Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,  
 Where mighty *minds* lie visibly entombed,  
 Have often stirred the heart of youth, and bred  
 A fervent love of rigorous discipline. —  
 Alas! such high emotion touched not me.  
 Look was there none within these walls to shame  
 My easy spirits, and discountenance  
 Their light composure, far less to instil  
 A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed  
 To puissant efforts. Nor was this the blame  
 Of others but my own; I should, in truth,  
 As far as doth concern my single self,  
 Misdeem most widely, lodging it elsewhere:  
 For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,  
 Was a spoiled child, and rambling like the wind,  
 As I had done in daily intercourse  
 With those crystalline rivers, solemn heights,  
 And mountains, ranging like a fowl of the air,  
 I was ill-tutored for captivity;  
 To quit my pleasure, and, from month to month,  
 Take up a station calmly on the perch  
 Of sedentary peace. Those lovely forms  
 Had also left less space within my mind,  
 Which, wrought upon instinctively, had found  
 A freshness in those objects of her love,  
 A winning power, beyond all other power.  
 Not that I slighted books, — that were to lack  
 All sense, — but other passions in me ruled,  
 Passions more fervent, making me less prompt  
 To in-door study than was wise or well,  
 Or suited to those years. Yet I, though used  
 In magisterial liberty to rove,  
 Culling such flowers of learning as might tempt  
 A random choice, could shadow forth a place  
 (If now I yield not to a flattering dream)  
 Whose studious aspect should have bent me down  
 To instantaneous service; should at once  
 Have made me pay to science and to arts  
 And written lore, acknowledged my liege lord,  
 A homage frankly offered up, like that  
 Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and pains  
 In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,  
 Should spread from heart to heart; and stately groves,  
 Majestic edifices, should not want  
 A corresponding dignity within.  
 The congregating temper that pervades  
 Our unripe years, not wasted, should be taught  
 To minister to works of high attempt —  
 Works which the enthusiast would perform with love.  
 Youth should be awed, religiously possessed  
 With a conviction of the power that waits  
 On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized  
 For its own sake, on glory and on praise  
 If but by labour won, and fit to endure  
 The passing day; should learn to put aside

[\* See ante, p. 419. — H. R.]



Her trappings here, should strip them off abashed  
 Before antiquity and steadfast truth  
 And strong book-mindedness; and over all  
 A healthy sound simplicity should reign,  
 A seemly plainness, name it what you will,  
 Republican or pious.

If these thoughts  
 Are a gratuitous emblazonry  
 That mocks the recreant age *we* live in, then  
 Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect  
 Whatever formal gait of discipline  
 Shall raise them highest in their own esteem —  
 Let them parade among the Schools at will,  
 But spare the House of God. Was ever known  
 The witless shepherd who persists to drive  
 A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?  
 A weight must surely hang on days begun  
 And ended with such mockery. Be wise,  
 Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit  
 Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained  
 At home in pious service, to your bells  
 Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound  
 Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;  
 And your officious doings bring disgrace  
 On the plain steeples of our English Church,  
 Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,  
 Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at hand  
 In daily sight of this irreverence,  
 Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,  
 Loses her just authority, falls beneath  
 Collateral suspicion, else unknown.  
 This truth escaped me not, and I confess,  
 That having 'mid my native hills given loose  
 To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a pile  
 Upon the basis of the coming time,  
 That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what joy  
 To see a sanctuary for our country's youth  
 Informed with such a spirit as might be  
 Its own protection; a primeval grove,  
 Where, though the shades with cheerfulness were filled,  
 Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds  
 In under-coverts, yet the countenance  
 Of the whole place should bear a stamp of awe;  
 A habitation sober and demure  
 For ruminating creatures; a domain  
 For quiet things to wander in; a haunt  
 In which the heron should delight to feed  
 By the shy rivers, and the pelican  
 Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought  
 Might sit and sun himself. — Alas! Alas!  
 In vain for such solemnity I looked;  
 Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears vexed  
 By chattering popinjays; the inner heart  
 Seemed trivial, and the impresses without  
 Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight  
 Those venerable Doctors saw of old,  
 When all who dwelt within these famous walls  
 Led in abstemiousness a studious life

When, in forlorn and naked chambers cooped  
 And crowded, o'er the ponderous books they hung  
 Like caterpillars eating out their way  
 In silence, or with keen devouring noise  
 Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes then  
 At matins froze, and couched at curfew-time,  
 Trained up through piety and zeal to prize  
 Spare diet, patient labour, and plain weeds.  
 O seat of Arts! renowned throughout the world!  
 Far different service in those homely days  
 The Muses' modest nurslings underwent  
 From their first childhood: in that glorious time  
 When Learning, like a stranger come from far,  
 Sounding through Christian lands her trumpet, roused  
 Peasant and king; when boys and youths, the growth  
 Of ragged villages and crazy huts,  
 Forsook their homes, and errant in the quest  
 Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook.  
 Where, pensioned, they in shelter might sit down,  
 From town to town and through wide scattered realms  
 Journeyed with ponderous folios in their hands;  
 And often, starting from some covert place,  
 Saluted the chance comer on the road,  
 Crying, "An obolus, a penny give  
 To a poor scholar!" — when illustrious men,  
 Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,  
 Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, real  
 Before the doors or windows of their cells  
 By moonshine through mere lack of taper light.

But peace to vain regrets! We see but darkly  
 Even when we look behind us, and best things  
 Are not so pure by nature that they needs  
 Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,  
 Their highest promise. If the mariner,  
 When at reluctant distance he hath passed  
 Some tempting island, could but know the ills  
 That must have fallen upon him had he brought  
 His bark to land upon the wished-for shore,  
 Good cause would oft be his to thank the surf  
 Whose white belt scared him thence, or wind that blew  
 Inexorably adverse: for myself  
 I grieve not; happy is the gowned youth,  
 Who only misses what I missed, who falls  
 No lower than I fell.

I did not love,  
 Judging not ill perhaps, the timid course  
 Of our scholastic studies; could have wished  
 To see the river flow with ampler range  
 And freer pace; but more, far more, I grieved  
 To see displayed among an eager few,  
 Who in the field of contest persevered,  
 Passions unworthy of youth's generous heart  
 And mounting spirit, pitiably repaid,  
 When so disturbed, whatever palms are won.  
 From these I turned to travel with the shoal  
 Of more unthinking natures, easy minds  
 And pillowy; yet not wanting love that makes  
 The day pass lightly on, when foresight sleeps,

And wisdom and the pledges interchanged  
With our own inner being are forgot.

Yet was this deep vacation not given up  
To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood  
In my own mind remote from social life,  
(At least from what we commonly so name,) —  
Like a lone shepherd on a promontory,  
Who lacking occupation looks far forth  
Into the boundless sea, and rather makes  
Than finds what he beholds. And sure it is,  
That this first transit from the smooth delights  
And wild outlandish walks of simple youth,  
To something that resembles an approach  
Towards human business, to a privileged world  
Within a world, a midway residence  
With all its intervenient imagery,  
Did better suit my visionary mind,  
Far better, than to have been bolted forth,  
Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way  
Among the conflicts of substantial life;  
By a more just gradation did lead on  
To higher things; more naturally matured,  
For permanent possession, better fruits,  
Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue.  
In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,  
With playful zest of fancy did we note  
(How could we less?) the manners and the ways  
Of those who lived distinguished by the badge  
Of good or ill report; or those with whom  
By frame of Academic discipline  
We were perforce connected, men whose sway  
And known authority of office served  
To set our minds on edge, and did no more.  
Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,  
Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring  
Of the grave Elders, men unscoured, grotesque  
In character, tricked out like aged trees  
Which through the lapse of their infirmity  
Give ready place to any random seed  
That chooses to be reared upon their trunks.

Here on my view, confronting vividly  
Those shepherd swains whom I had lately left,  
Appeared a different aspect of old age;  
How different! yet both distinctly marked,  
Objects embossed to catch the general eye,  
Or portraiture for special use designed,  
As some might seem, so aptly do they serve  
To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments —  
That book upheld as with maternal care  
When she would enter on her tender scheme  
Of teaching comprehension with delight,  
And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts.

The surfaces of artificial life  
And manners finely wrought, the delicate race  
Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down  
Through that state arras woven with silk and gold;

This wily interchange of snaky hues,  
Willingly or unwillingly revealed,  
I neither knew nor cared for; and as such  
Were wanting here, I took what might be found  
Or less elaborate fabric. At this day  
I smile, in many a mountain solitude  
Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks  
Of character, in points of wit as broad,  
As aught by wooden images performed  
For entertainment of the gaping crowd  
At wake or fair. And oftentimes do flit  
Remembrances before me of old men —  
Old humourists, who have been long in their graves,  
And having almost in my mind put off  
Their human names, have into phantoms passed  
Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer: 'tis enough to note  
That here in dwarf proportions were expressed  
The limbs of the great world; its eager strifes  
Collaterally portrayed, as in mock fight,  
A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt  
Though short of mortal combat; and whate'er  
Might in this pageant be supposed to hit  
An artless rustic's notice, this way less,  
More that way, was not wasted upon me —  
And yet the spectacle may well demand  
A more substantial name, no mimic show,  
Itself a living part of a live whole,  
A creek in the vast sea; for, all degrees  
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise  
Here sat in state, and fed with daily alms  
Retainers won away from solid good;  
And here was Labour, his own bond-slave; Hope  
That never set the pains against the prize;  
Idleness halting with his weary clog,  
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,  
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;  
Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray;  
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile  
Murmuring submission, and bald government,  
(The idol weak as the idolator,)  
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,  
And blind Authority beating with his staff  
The child that might have led him; Emptiness  
Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth  
Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices  
I cannot say what portion is in truth  
The naked recollection of that time,  
And what may rather have been called to life  
By after-meditation. But delight  
That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,  
Is still with Innocence its own reward,  
This was not wanting. Carelessly I roamed  
As through a wide museum from whose stores  
A casual rarity is singled out  
And has its brief perusal, then gives way

To others, all supplanted in their turn;  
 Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of things  
 That are by nature most unneighbourly,  
 The head turns round and cannot right itself;  
 And though an aching and a barren sense  
 Of gay confusion still be uppermost,  
 With few wise longings and but little love,

Yet to the memory something cleaves at last,  
 Whence profit may be drawn in times to come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend!  
 The labouring time of autumn, winter, spring,  
 Eight months! rolled pleasingly away; the ninth  
 Came and returned me to my native hills.

## BOOK FOURTH.

### SUMMER VACATION.

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when quickening steps  
 Followed each other till a dreary moor  
 Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, upon whose top  
 Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,  
 I overlooked the bed of Windermere,  
 Like a vast river stretching in the sun.  
 With exultation, at my feet I saw  
 Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays,  
 A universe of Nature's fairest forms  
 Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst,  
 Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.  
 I bounded down the hill shouting amain  
 For the old Ferryman; to the shout the rocks  
 Replied, and when the Charon of the flood  
 Had stayed his oars, and touched the jutting pier,  
 I did not step into the well-known boat  
 Without a cordial greeting. Thence with speed  
 Up the familiar hill I took my way  
 Towards that sweet Valley \* where I had been reared;  
 'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere veering round  
 I saw the snow-white church upon her hill  
 Sit like a throned Lady, sending out  
 A gracious look all over her domain.  
 Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking town;  
 With eager footsteps I advance and reach  
 The cottage threshold where my journey closed.  
 Glad welcome had I, with some tears, perhaps,  
 From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,  
 While she perused me with a parent's pride.  
 The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew  
 Upon thy grave, good creature! While my heart  
 Can beat never will I forget thy name.  
 Heaven's blessing be upon thee where thou liest  
 After thy innocent and busy stir  
 In narrow cares, thy little daily growth  
 Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years,  
 And more than eighty, of untroubled life,

Childless, yet by the strangers to thy blood  
 Honoured with little less than filial love.  
 What joy was mine to see thee once again,  
 Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of things  
 About its narrow precincts all beloved,  
 And many of them seeming yet my own!  
 Why should I speak of what a thousand hearts  
 Have felt, and every man alive can guess?  
 The rooms, the court, the garden were not left  
 Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat  
 Round the stone table under the dark pine,  
 Friendly to studious or to festive hours;  
 Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,  
 The famous brook, who, soon as he was boxed  
 Within our garden, found himself at once,  
 As if by trick insidious and unkind,  
 Stripped of his voice and left to dimple down  
 (Without an effort and without a will)  
 A channel paved by man's officious care.  
 I looked at him and smiled, and smiled again,  
 And in the press of twenty thousand thoughts,  
 "Ha," quoth I, "pretty prisoner, are you there!"  
 Well might sarcastic Fancy then have whispered,  
 "An emblem here behold of thy own life;  
 In its late course of even days with all  
 Their smooth enthrallment;" but the heart was full,  
 Too full for that reproach. My aged Dame  
 Walked proudly at my side: she guided me;  
 I willing, nay — nay, wishing to be led.  
 — The face of every neighbour whom I met  
 Was like a volume to me; some were hailed  
 Upon the road, some busy at their work,  
 Unceremonious greetings interchanged  
 With half the length of a long field between.  
 Among my schoolfellows I scattered round  
 Like recognitions, but with some constraint  
 Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,  
 But with more shame, for my habiliments,  
 The transformation wrought by gay attire.

\* Hawkshead.

Not less delighted did I take my place  
 At our domestic table: and, dear Friend!  
 In this endeavour simply to relate  
 A Poet's history, may I leave untold  
 The thankfulness with which I laid me down  
 In my accustomed bed, more welcome now  
 Perhaps than if it had been more desired  
 Or been more often thought of with regret;  
 That lowly bed whence I had heard the wind  
 Roar and the rain beat hard, where I so oft  
 Had lain awake on summer nights to watch  
 The moon in splendour couched among the leaves  
 Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood;  
 Had watched her with fixed eyes while to and fro  
 In the dark summit of the waving tree  
 She rocked with every impulse of the breeze.

Among the favourites whom it pleased me well  
 To see again, was one by ancient right  
 Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills;  
 By birth and call of nature pre-ordained  
 To hunt the badger and unearth the fox  
 Among the impervious crags, but having been  
 From youth our own adopted, he had passed  
 Into a gentler service. And when first  
 The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day  
 Along my veins I kindled with the stir,  
 The fermentation, and the vernal heat  
 Of poesy, affecting private shades  
 Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used  
 To watch me, an attendant and a friend,  
 Obsequious to my steps early and late,  
 Though often of such dilatory walk  
 Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.  
 A hundred times when, roving high and low,  
 I have been harassed with the toil of verse,  
 Much pains and little progress, and at once  
 Some lovely Image in the song rose up  
 Full-formed, like Venus rising from the sea;  
 Then have I darted forwards to let loose  
 My hand upon his back with stormy joy,  
 Caressing him again and yet again.  
 And when at evening on the public way  
 I sauntered, like a river murmuring  
 And talking to itself when all things else  
 Are still, the creature trotted on before;  
 Such was his custom; but whene'er he met  
 A passenger approaching, he would turn  
 To give me timely notice, and straightway,  
 Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed  
 My voice, composed my gait, and, with the air  
 And mien of one whose thoughts are free, advanced  
 To give and take a greeting that might save  
 My name from piteous rumours, such as wait  
 On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized and loved —  
 Regretted! — that word, too, was on my tongue,  
 But they were richly laden with all good,  
 And cannot be remembered but with thanks

And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart —  
 Those walks in all their freshness now came back  
 Like a returning Spring. When first I made  
 Once more the circuit of our little lake,  
 If ever happiness hath lodged with man,  
 That day consummate happiness was mine,  
 Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative.  
 The sun was set, or setting, when I left  
 Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on  
 A sober hour, not winning or serene,  
 For cold and raw the air was, and untuned;  
 But as a face we love is sweetest then  
 When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look  
 It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart  
 Have fulness in herself; even so with me  
 It fared that evening. Gently did my soul  
 Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood  
 Naked, as in the presence of her God.  
 While on I walked, a comfort seemed to touch  
 A heart that had not been disconsolate:  
 Strength came where weakness was not known to be  
 At least not felt; and restoration came  
 Like an intruder knocking at the door  
 Of unacknowledged weariness. I took  
 The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself.  
 — Of that external scene which round me lay,  
 Little, in this abstraction, did I see;  
 Remembered less; but I had inward hopes  
 And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and soothed,  
 Conversed with promises, had glimmering views  
 How life pervades the undecaying mind;  
 How the immortal soul with Godlike power  
 Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep  
 That time can lay upon her; how on earth,  
 Man, if he do but live within the light  
 Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad  
 His being armed with strength that cannot fail.  
 Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love  
 Of innocence, and holiday repose;  
 And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir  
 Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end  
 At last, or glorious, by endurance won.  
 Thus musing, in a wood I sat me down  
 Alone, continuing there to muse: the slopes  
 And heights meanwhile were slowly overspread  
 With darkness, and before a rippling breeze  
 The long lake lengthened out its hoary line,  
 And in the sheltered coppice where I sat,  
 Around me from among the hazel leaves,  
 Now here, now there, moved by the straggling wind,  
 Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,  
 Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,  
 The off and on companion of my walk;  
 And such, at times, believing them to be,  
 I turned my head to look if he were there;  
 Then into solemn thought I passed once more.

A freshness also found I at this time  
 In human Life, the daily life of those



Whose occupations really I loved;  
 The peaceful scene oft filled me with surprise  
 Changed like a garden in the heat of spring  
 After an eight days' absence. For (to omit  
 The things which were the same and yet appeared  
 Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,  
 A narrow Vale where each was known to all,  
 'Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind  
 To mark some sheltering bower or sunny nook,  
 Where an old man had used to sit alone,  
 Now vacant; pale-faced babes whom I had left  
 In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet  
 Of a pleased grandame tottering up and down;  
 And growing girls whose beauty, filched away  
 With all its pleasant promises, was gone  
 To deck some slighted playmate's homely cheek.

Yes, I had something of a subtler sense,  
 And often looking round was moved to smiles  
 Such as a delicate work of humour breeds;  
 I read, without design, the opinions, thoughts,  
 Of those plain-living people now observed  
 With clearer knowledge; with another eye  
 I saw the quiet woodman in the woods,  
 The shepherd roam the hills. With new delight,  
 This chiefly, did I note my grey-haired Dame;  
 Saw her go forth to church or other work  
 Of state, equipped in monumental trim;  
 Short velvet cloak, (her bonnet of the like,)  
 A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers  
 Wore in old time. Her smooth domestic life,  
 Affectionate without disquietude,  
 Her talk, her business, pleased me; and no less  
 Her clear though shallow stream of piety  
 That ran on Sabbath days a fresher course;  
 With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her read  
 Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,  
 And loved the book, when she had dropped asleep  
 And made of it a pillow for her head.

Nor less do I remember to have felt,  
 Distinctly manifested at this time,  
 A human-heartedness about my love  
 For objects hitherto the absolute wealth  
 Of my own private being and no more:  
 Which I had loved, even as a blessed spirit  
 Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,  
 Might love in individual happiness.  
 But now there opened on me other thoughts  
 Of change, congratulation or regret,  
 A pensive feeling! It spread far and wide;  
 The trees, the mountains shared it, and the brooks,  
 The stars of Heaven, now seen in their old haunts—  
 White Sirius glittering o'er the southern crags,  
 Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven,  
 Acquaintances of every little child,  
 And Jupiter, my own beloved star!  
 Whatever shadings of mortality,  
 Whatever imports from the world of death

Had come among these objects heretofore,  
 Were, in the main, of mood less tender; strong,  
 Deep, gloomy were they, and severe; the scatterings  
 Of awe or tremulous dread, that had given way  
 In later youth to yearnings of a love  
 Enthusiastic, to delight and hope.

As one who hangs down-bending from the side  
 Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast  
 Of a still water, solacing himself  
 With such discoveries as his eye can make  
 Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,  
 Sees many beauteous sights—weeds, fishes, flowers,  
 Grotts, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more,  
 Yet often is perplexed and cannot part  
 The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,  
 Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth  
 Of the clear flood, from things which there abide  
 In their true dwelling; now is crossed by gleam  
 Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,  
 And wavering motions sent he knows not whence,  
 Impediments that make his task more sweet;  
 Such pleasant office have we long pursued  
 Incumbent o'er the surface of past time  
 With like success, nor often have appeared  
 Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned  
 Than these to which the tale, indulgent Friend!  
 Would now direct thy notice. Yet in spite  
 Of pleasure won and knowledge not withheld,  
 There was an inner falling off—I loved,  
 Loved deeply all that had been loved before,  
 More deeply even than ever: but a swarm  
 Of heady schemes jostling each other, gawds,  
 And feast and dance, and public revelry,  
 And sports and games (too grateful in themselves,  
 Yet in themselves less grateful I believe,  
 Than as they were a badge glossy and fresh  
 Of manliness and freedom) all conspired  
 To lure my mind from firm habitual quest  
 Of feeding pleasures, to depress the zeal  
 And damp those yearnings which had once been mine—  
 A wild, unworldly-minded youth, given up  
 To his own eager thoughts. It would demand  
 Some skill, and longer time than may be spared,  
 To paint these vanities, and how they wrought  
 In haunts where they, till now, had been unknown.  
 It seemed the very garments that I wore  
 Preyed on my strength, and stopped the quiet stream  
 Of self-forgetfulness.

Yes, that heartless chase  
 Of trivial pleasures was a poor exchange  
 For books and nature at that early age.  
 'Tis true, some casual knowledge might be gained  
 Of character or life; but at that time,  
 Of manners put to school I took small note,  
 And all my deeper passions lay elsewhere.  
 Far better had it been to exalt the mind  
 By solitary study, to uphold  
 Intense desire through meditative peace;

And yet, for chastisement of these regrets,  
 The memory of one particular hour  
 Doth here rise up against me. 'Mid a throng  
 Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid,  
 A medley of all tempers, I had passed  
 The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,  
 With din of instruments and shuffling feet,  
 And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,  
 And unaimed prattle flying up and down;  
 Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there  
 Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed,  
 Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,  
 And tingled through the veins. Ere we retired,  
 The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky  
 Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse  
 And open field, through which the pathway wound,  
 And homeward led my steps. Magnificent  
 The morning rose, in memorable pomp,  
 Glorious as e'er I had beheld — in front,  
 The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,  
 The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,  
 Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;  
 And in the meadows and the lower grounds  
 Was all the sweetness of a common dawn —  
 Dew, vapours, and the melody of birds,  
 And labourers going forth to till the fields.

Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim  
 My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows  
 Were then made for me; bond unknown to me  
 Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly.  
 A dedicated Spirit. On I walked  
 In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Strange rendezvous! My mind was at that time  
 A parti-coloured show of grave and gay,  
 Solid and light, short-sighted and profound;  
 Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,  
 Consorting in one mansion unreprieved.  
 The worth I knew of powers that I possessed,  
 Though slighted and too oft misused. Besides,  
 That summer, swarming as it did with thoughts  
 Transient and idle, lacked not intervals  
 When Folly from the frown of fleeting Time  
 Shrunk, and the mind experienced in herself  
 Conformity as just as that of old  
 To the end and written spirit of God's works,  
 Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,  
 Through pregnant vision, separate or conjoined.

When from our better selves we have too long  
 Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,  
 Sick of its business, of its pleasure tired,  
 How gracious, how benign, is Solitude;  
 How potent a mere image of her sway;  
 Most potent when impressed upon the mind  
 With an appropriate human centre — hermit,  
 Deep in the bosom of the wilderness;  
 Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot

Is treading, where no other face is seen)  
 Kneeling at prayers; or watchman on the top  
 Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves;  
 Or as the soul of that great Power is met  
 Sometimes embodied on a public road,  
 When, for the night deserted, it assumes  
 A character of quiet more profound  
 Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer months  
 Were flown, and autumn brought its annual show  
 Of oars with oars contending, sails with sails,  
 Upon Winander's spacious breast, it chanced  
 That — after I had left a flower-decked room  
 (Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, survived  
 To a late hour), and spirits overwrought  
 Were making night do penance for a day  
 Spent in a round of strenuous idleness —  
 My homeward course led up a long ascent,  
 Where the road's watery surface, to the top  
 Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon  
 And bore the semblance of another stream  
 Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook  
 That murmured in the vale. All else was still;  
 No living thing appeared in earth or air,  
 And, save the flowing water's peaceful voice,  
 Sound there was none — but, lo! an uncouth shape,  
 Shown by a sudden turning of the road,  
 So near that, slipping back into the shade  
 Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him well,  
 Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,  
 A span above man's common measure, tall,  
 Stiff, lank, and upright; a more meagre man  
 Was never seen before by night or day.  
 Long were his arms, pallid his hands; his mouth  
 Looked ghastly in the moonlight: from behind,  
 A mile-stone propped him; I could also ken  
 That he was clothed in military garb,  
 Though faded, yet entire. Companionless,  
 No dog attending, by no staff sustained,  
 He stood, and in his very dress appeared  
 A desolation, a simplicity,  
 To which the trappings of a gaudy world  
 Make a strange back-ground. From his lips, ere long,  
 Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain  
 Or some uneasy thought; yet still his form  
 Kept the same awful steadiness — at his feet  
 His shadow lay, and moved not. From self-blame  
 Not wholly free, I watched him thus: at length  
 Subduing my heart's specious cowardice,  
 I left the shady nook where I had stood  
 And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-place  
 He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm  
 In measured gesture lifted to his head  
 Returned my salutation; then resumed  
 His station as before: and when I asked  
 His history, the veteran, in reply,  
 Was neither slow nor eager; but, unmoved,  
 And with a quiet, uncomplaining voice,  
 A stately air of mild indifference,

He told in few plain words a soldier's tale —  
 That in the Tropic Islands he had served,  
 Whence he had landed scarcely three weeks past;  
 That on his landing he had been dismissed,  
 And now was travelling towards his native home.  
 This heard, I said, in pity, "Come with me."  
 He stooped, and straightway from the ground took up  
 An oaken staff by me yet unobserved —  
 A staff which must have dropped from his slack hand  
 And lay till now neglected in the grass.  
 Though weak his step and cautious, he appeared  
 To travel without pain, and I beheld,  
 With an astonishment but ill-suppressed,  
 His ghostly figure moving at my side;  
 Nor could I, while we journeyed thus, forbear  
 To turn from present hardships to the past,  
 And speak of war, battle, and pestilence,  
 Sprinkling this talk with questions, better spared,  
 On what he might himself have seen or felt.  
 He all the while was in demeanour calm,  
 Concise in answer; solemn and sublime  
 He might have seemed, but that in all he said  
 There was a strange half-absence, as of one  
 Knowing too well the importance of his theme,  
 But feeling it no longer. Our discourse

Soon ended, and together on we passed  
 In silence through a wood gloomy and still.  
 Up-turning, then, along an open field,  
 We reached a cottage. At the door I knocked,  
 And earnestly to charitable care  
 Commended him as a poor friendless man,  
 Belated and by sickness overcome.  
 Assured that now the traveller would repose  
 In comfort, I entreated that henceforth  
 He would not linger in the public ways,  
 But ask for timely furtherance and help  
 Such as his state required. At this reproof,  
 With the same ghastly mildness in his look,  
 He said, "My trust is in the God of Heaven,  
 And in the eye of him who passes me!"

The cottage door was speedily unbarred,  
 And now the soldier touched his hat once more  
 With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice,  
 Whose tone bespake reviving interests  
 Till then unfelt, he thanked me; I returned  
 The farewell blessing of the patient man,  
 And so we parted. Back I cast a look,  
 And lingered near the door a little space,  
 Then sought with quiet heart my distant home.

## BOOK FIFTH.

### BOOKS.

When Contemplation, like the night-calm felt  
 Through earth and sky, spreads widely, and sends deep  
 Into the soul its tranquillizing power,  
 Even then I sometimes grieve for thee, O Man,  
 Earth's paramount Creature! not so much for woes  
 That thou endurest; heavy though that weight be,  
 Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with light divine  
 Doth melt away; but for those palms achieved,  
 Through length of time, by patient exercise  
 Of study and hard thought; there, there, it is  
 That sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto,  
 In progress through this Verse, my mind hath looked  
 Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven  
 As her prime teacher, intercourse with man  
 Established by the sovereign Intellect,  
 Who through that bodily image hath diffused,  
 As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,  
 A deathless spirit. Thou also, man! hast wrought,  
 For commerce of thy nature with herself,  
 Things that aspire to unconquerable life;  
 And yet we feel — we cannot choose but feel —  
 That they must perish. Tremblings of the heart

It gives, to think our immortal being  
 No more shall need such garments; and yet man,  
 As long as he shall be the child of earth,  
 Might almost "weep to have" what he may lose,  
 Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,  
 Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate.  
 A thought is with me sometimes, and I say, —  
 Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes  
 Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch  
 Her pleasant habitations, and dry up  
 Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,  
 Yet would the living Presence still subsist  
 Victorious, and composure would ensue,  
 And kindlings like the morning — presage sure  
 Of day returning and of life revived.  
 But all the meditations of mankind,  
 Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth  
 By reason built, or passion, which itself  
 Is highest reason in a soul sublime;  
 The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,  
 Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,  
 Twin labourers and heirs of the same hopes;



Where would they be? Oh! why hath not the Mind  
Some element to stamp her image on  
In nature somewhat nearer to her own?  
Why, gifted with such powers to send abroad  
Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so frail?

One day, when from my lips a like complaint  
Had fallen in presence of a studious friend,  
He with a smile made answer, that in truth  
'Twas going far to seek disquietude;  
But on the front of his reproof confessed  
That he himself had oftentimes given way  
To kindred hauntings. Whereupon I told,  
That once in the stillness of a summer's noon,  
While I was seated in a rocky cave,  
By the sea-side, perusing, so it chanced,  
The famous history of the errant knight  
Recorded by Cervantes, these same thoughts  
Beset me, and to height unusual rose,  
While listlessly I sate, and, having closed  
The book, had turned my eyes toward the wide sea.  
On poetry and geometric truth,  
And their high privilege of lasting life,  
From all internal injury exempt,  
I mused, upon these chiefly: and at length  
My senses yielding to the sultry air,  
Sleep seized me, and I passed into a dream.  
I saw before me stretched a boundless plain  
Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,  
And as I looked around, distress and fear  
Came creeping over me, when at my side,  
Close at my side, an uncouth shape appeared  
Upon a dromedary, mounted high.  
He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin tribes:  
A lance he bore, and underneath one arm  
A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell  
Of a surpassing brightness. At the sight  
Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a guide  
Was present, one who with unerring skill  
Would through the desert lead me; and while yet  
I looked and looked, self-questioned what this freight  
Which the new-comer carried through the waste  
Could mean, the Arab told me that the stone  
(To give it in the language of the dream)  
Was "Euclid's Elements;" and "This," said he,  
"Is something of more worth;" and at the word  
Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in shape,  
In colour so resplendent, with command  
That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,  
And heard that instant in an unknown tongue,  
Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,  
A loud prophetic blast of harmony;  
An Ode, in passion uttered, which foretold  
Destruction to the children of the earth  
By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ceased  
The song, than the Arab with calm look declared  
That all would come to pass of which the voice  
Had given forewarning, and that he himself  
Was going then to bury those two books:

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The one that held acquaintance with the stars,  
And wedded soul to soul in purest bond  
Of reason, undisturbed by space or time;  
The other that was a god, yea many gods,  
Had voices more than all the winds, with power  
To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe,  
Through every clime, the heart of human kind.  
While this was uttering, strange as it may seem,  
I wondered not, although I plainly saw  
The one to be a stone, the other a shell;  
Nor doubted once but that they both were books,  
Having a perfect faith in all that passed.  
Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt  
To cleave unto this man; but when I prayed  
To share his enterprise, he hurried on  
Reckless of me: I followed, not unseen,  
For oftentimes he cast a backward look,  
Grasping his twofold treasure. — Lance in rest,  
He rode, I keeping pace with him; and now  
He, to my fancy, had become the knight  
Whose tale Cervantes tells; yet not the knight,  
But was an Arab of the desert too;  
Of these was neither, and was both at once.  
His countenance, meanwhile, grew more disturbed;  
And, looking backwards when he looked, mine eyes  
Saw, over half the wilderness diffused,  
A bed of glittering light: I asked the cause:  
"It is," said he, "the waters of the deep  
Gathering upon us;" quickening then the pace  
Of the unwieldy creature he bestrode,  
He left me: I called after him aloud;  
He heeded not; but with his twofold charge  
Still in his grasp, before me, full in view,  
Went hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,  
With the fleet waters of a drowning world  
In chase of him; whereat I waked in terror,  
And saw the sea before me, and the book,  
In which I had been reading, at my side.

Full often, taking from the world of sleep  
This Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,  
This semi-Quixote, I to him have given  
A substance, fancied him a living man,  
A gentle dweller in the desert, crazed  
By love and feeling, and internal thought  
Protracted among endless solitudes;  
Have shaped him wandering upon this quest!  
Nor have I pitied him; but rather felt  
Reverence was due to a being thus employed;  
And thought that, in the blind and awful lair  
Of such a madness, reason did lie couched.  
Enow there are on earth to take in charge  
Their wives, their children, and their virgin loves,  
Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear;  
Enow to stir for these; yea, will I say  
Contemplating in soberness the approach  
Of an event so dire, by signs in earth  
Or heaven made manifest, that I could share  
That maniac's fond anxiety, and go

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Upon like errand. Oftentimes at least  
 Me hath such strong entrancement overcome,  
 When I have held a volume in my hand,  
 Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,  
 Shakspeare, or Milton, labourers divine!

Great and benign, indeed, must be the power  
 Of living nature, which could thus so long  
 Detain me from the best of other guides  
 And dearest helpers, left unthanked, unpraised,  
 Even in the time of lisping infancy;  
 And later down, in prattling childhood even,  
 While I was travelling back among those days,  
 How could I ever play an ingrate's part!  
 Once more should I have made those bowers resound,  
 By intermingling strains of thankfulness  
 With their own thoughtless melodies; at least  
 It might have well becomed me to repeat  
 Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,  
 In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale  
 That did bewitch me then, and soothes me now.  
 O Friend! O Poet! brother of my soul,  
 Think not that I could pass along untouched  
 By these remembrances. Yet wherefore speak!  
 Why call upon a few weak words to say  
 What is already written in the hearts  
 Of all that breathe! — what in the path of all  
 Drops daily from the tongue of every child,  
 Wherever man is found! The trickling tear  
 Upon the cheek of listening Infancy  
 Proclaims it, and the insuperable look  
 That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave  
 There registered: whatever else of power  
 Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be  
 Peculiar to myself, let that remain  
 Where still it works, though hidden from all search  
 Among the depths of time. Yet is it just  
 That here, in memory of all books which lay  
 Their sure foundations in the heart of man,  
 Whether by native prose, or numerous verse,  
 That in the name of all inspired souls,  
 From Homer the great Thunderer, from the voice  
 That roars along the bed of Jewish song,  
 And that more varied and elaborate,  
 Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake  
 Our shores in England, — from those loftiest notes  
 Down to the low and wren-like warblings, made  
 For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,  
 And sun-burnt travellers resting their tired limbs,  
 Stretched under wayside hedge-rows, ballad tunes,  
 Food for the hungry ears of little ones,  
 And of old men who have survived their joys:  
 'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,  
 And of the men that framed them, whether known,  
 Or sleeping nameless in their scattered graves,  
 That I should here assert their rights, attest  
 Their honours, and should, once for all, pronounce

Their benediction; speak of them as Powers  
 For ever to be hallowed; only less,  
 For what we are and what we may become,  
 Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,  
 Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I stoop  
 To transitory themes; yet I rejoice,  
 And, by these thoughts admonished, will pour out  
 Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was reared  
 Safe from an evil which these days have laid  
 Upon the children of the land, a pest  
 That might have dried me up, body and soul.  
 This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,  
 And things that teach as Nature teaches: then,  
 Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet where,  
 Where had we been, we two, beloved Friend!  
 If in the season of unperilous choice,  
 In lieu of wandering, as we did, through vales  
 Rich with indigenous produce, open ground  
 Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,  
 We had been followed, hourly watched, and noosed,  
 Each in his several melancholy walk  
 Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its feed,  
 Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude;  
 Or rather like a stalled ox debarred  
 From touch of growing grass, that may not taste  
 A flower till it have yielded up its sweets  
 A prelibation to the mower's scythe.

Behold the parent hen amid her brood,  
 Though fledged and feathered, and well pleased to part  
 And straggle from her presence, still a brood,  
 And she herself from the maternal bond  
 Still undischarged; yet doth she little more  
 Than move with them in tenderness and love,  
 A centre to the circle which they make;  
 And now and then, alike from need of theirs  
 And call of her own natural appetites,  
 She scratches, ransacks up the earth for food,  
 Which they partake at pleasure. Early died  
 My honoured Mother, she who was the heart  
 And hinge of all our learnings and our loves:  
 She left us destitute, and, as we might,  
 Trooping together. Little suits it me  
 To break upon the sabbath of her rest  
 With any thought that looks at others' blame;  
 Nor would I praise her but in perfect love.  
 Hence am I checked: but let me boldly say,  
 In gratitude, and for the sake of truth,  
 Unheard by her, that she, not falsely taught,  
 Fetching her goodness rather from times past,  
 Than shaping novelties for times to come,  
 Had no presumption, no such jealousy,  
 Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistrust  
 Our nature, but had virtual faith that He  
 Who fills the mother's breast with innocent milk,  
 Doth also for our nobler part provide,  
 Under His great correction and control,

As innocent instincts, and as innocent food ;  
 Or draws for minds that are left free to trust  
 In the simplicities of opening life  
 Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded weeds.  
 This was her creed, and therefore she was pure  
 From anxious fear of error or mishap,  
 And evil, overweeningly so called ;  
 Was not puffed up by false unnatural hopes,  
 Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,  
 Nor with impatience from the season asked  
 More than its timely produce ; rather loved  
 The hours for what they are, than from regard  
 Glanced on their promises in restless pride.  
 Such was she — not from faculties more strong  
 Than others have, but from the times, perhaps,  
 And spot in which she lived, and through a grace  
 Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,  
 A heart that found benignity and hope,  
 Being itself benign.

My drift I fear

Is scarcely obvious ; but that common sense  
 May try this modern system by its fruits,  
 Leave let me take to place before her sight  
 A specimen portrayed with faithful hand.  
 Full early trained to worship seemliness,  
 This model of a child is never known  
 To mix in quarrels ; that were far beneath  
 Its dignity ; with gifts he bubbles o'er  
 As generous as a fountain ; selfishness  
 May not come near him, nor the little throng  
 Of flitting pleasures tempt him from his path ;  
 The wandering beggars propagate his name,  
 Dumb creatures find him tender as a nun,  
 And natural or supernatural fear,  
 Unless it leap upon him in a dream,  
 Touches him not. To enhance the wonder, see  
 How arch his notices, how nice his sense  
 Of the ridiculous ; not blind is he  
 To the broad follies of the licensed world,  
 Yet innocent himself withal, though shrewd,  
 And can read lectures upon innocence ;  
 A miracle of scientific lore,  
 Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,  
 And tell you all their cunning ; he can read  
 The inside of the earth, and spell the stars ;  
 He knows the policies of foreign lands ;  
 Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,  
 The whole world over, tight as beads of dew  
 Upon a gossamer thread ; he sifts, he weighs ;  
 All things are put to question ; he must live  
 Knowing that he grows wiser every day  
 Or else not live at all, and seeing too  
 Each little drop of wisdom as it falls  
 Into the dimpling cistern of his heart :  
 For this unnatural growth the trainer blame,  
 Pity the tree. — Poor human vanity,  
 Wert thou extinguished, little would be left  
 Which he could truly love ; but how escape !  
 For, ever as a thought of purer birth

Rises to lead him toward a better clime,  
 Some intermeddler still is on the watch  
 To drive him back, and pound him, like a stray,  
 Within the pinfold of his own conceit.  
 Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved to find  
 The playthings, which her love designed for him,  
 Unthought of : in their woodland beds the flowers  
 Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.  
 Oh ! give us once again the wishing cap  
 Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat  
 Of Jack the Giant-Killer, Robin Hood,  
 And Sabra in the forest with St. George !  
 The child, whose love is here, at least, doth reap  
 One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,  
 Who, with a broad highway, have overbridged  
 The froward chaos of futurity,  
 Tamed to their bidding ; they who have the skill  
 To manage books, and things, and make them act  
 On infant minds as surely as the sun  
 Deals with a flower ; the keepers of our time,  
 The guides and wardens of our faculties,  
 Sages who in their prescience would control  
 All accidents, and to the very road  
 Which they have fashioned would confine us down,  
 Like engines ; when will their presumption learn,  
 That in the unreasoning progress of the world  
 A wiser spirit is at work for us,  
 A better eye than theirs, most prodigal  
 Of blessings, and most studious of our good,  
 Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours !

\* There was a Boy : ye knew him well, ye cliffs  
 And islands of Winander ! — many a time  
 At evening, when the earliest stars began  
 To move along the edges of the hills,  
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone  
 Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,  
 And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands  
 Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth  
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
 That they might answer him ; and they would shout  
 Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
 Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,  
 And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,  
 Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild  
 Of jocund din ; and, when a lengthened pause  
 Of silence came and baffled his best skill,  
 Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung  
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
 Has carried far into his heart the voice  
 Of mountain torrents ; or the visible scene  
 Would enter unawares into his mind,  
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received  
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.

\* See ante, p. 163.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and died  
 In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.  
 Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale  
 Where he was born; the grassy churchyard hangs  
 Upon a slope above the village school,  
 And through that churchyard when my way has led  
 On summer evenings, I believe that there  
 A long half hour together I have stood  
 Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies!  
 Even now appears before the mind's clear eye  
 That self-same village church; I see her sit  
 (The throned Lady whom erewhile we hailed)  
 On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy  
 Who slumbers at her feet, — forgetful, too,  
 Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves,  
 And listening only to the gladsome sounds  
 That, from the rural school ascending, play  
 Beneath her and about her. May she long  
 Behold a race of young ones like to those  
 With whom I herded! — (easily, indeed,  
 We might have fed upon a fatter soil  
 Of arts and letters — but be that forgiven) —  
 A race of real children; not too wise,  
 Too learned, or too good; but wanton, fresh,  
 And banded up and down by love and hate;  
 Not unresentful where self-justified;  
 Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy;  
 Mad at their sports like withered leaves in winds;  
 Though doing wrong and suffering, and full oft  
 Bending beneath our life's mysterious weight  
 Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding not  
 In happiness to the happiest upon earth.  
 Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,  
 Be these the daily strengtheners of their minds;  
 May books and Nature be their early joy!  
 And knowledge, rightly honoured with that name —  
 Knowledge not purchased by the loss of power!

Well do I call to mind the very week  
 When I was first intrusted to the care  
 Of that sweet Valley; when its paths, its shores,  
 And brooks were like a dream of novelty  
 To my half-infant thoughts; that very week,  
 While I was roving up and down alone,  
 Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to cross  
 One of those open fields, which, shaped like ears,  
 Make green penineulas on Esthwaite's Lake:  
 Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom  
 Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore  
 A heap of garments, as if left by one  
 Who might have there been bathing. Long I watched,  
 But no one owned them; meanwhile the calm lake  
 Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast,  
 And, now and then, a fish up-leaping snapped  
 The breathless stillness. The succeeding day,  
 Those unclaimed garments telling a plain tale  
 Drew to the spot an anxious crowd; some looked  
 In passive expectation from the shore,  
 While from a boat others hung o'er the deep,

Sounding with grappling irons and long poles.  
 At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous scene  
 Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright  
 Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre shape  
 Of terror; yet no soul-debasing fear,  
 Young as I was, a child not nine years old,  
 Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen  
 Such sights before, among the shining streams  
 Of faëry land, the forest of romances.  
 Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle  
 With decoration of ideal grace;  
 A dignity, a smoothness, like the works  
 Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

A precious treasure had I long possessed,  
 A little yellow, canvas-covered book,  
 A slender abstract of the Arabian tales;  
 And, from companions in a new abode,  
 When first I learnt, that this dear prize of mine  
 Was but a block hewn from a mighty quarry —  
 That there were four large volumes, laden all  
 With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in truth,  
 A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,  
 With one not richer than myself, I made  
 A covenant that each should lay aside  
 The moneys he possessed, and hoard up more,  
 Till our joint savings had amassed enough  
 To make this book our own. Through several months  
 In spite of all temptation, we preserved  
 Religiously that vow; but firmness failed,  
 Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father's house  
 The holidays returned me, there to find  
 That golden store of books which I had left,  
 What joy was mine! How often in the course  
 Of those glad respites, though a soft west wind  
 Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish  
 For a whole day together, have I lain  
 Down by thy side, O Derwent! murmuring stream,  
 On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,  
 And there have read, devouring as I read,  
 Defrauding the day's glory, desperate!  
 Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,  
 Such as an idler deals with in his shame,  
 I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,  
 And o'er the heart of man: invisibly  
 It comes, to works of unreprieved delight,  
 And tendency benign, directing those  
 Who care not, know not, think not what they do.  
 The tales that charm away the wakeful night  
 In Araby, romances; legends penned  
 For solace by dim light of monkish lamps;  
 Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised  
 By youthful squires; adventures endless, spun  
 By the dismantled warrior in old age,  
 Out of the bowels of those very schemes



In which his youth did first extravagate;  
 These spread like day, and something in the shape  
 Of these will live till man shall be no more.  
 Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites are ours,  
 And *they must* have their food. Our childhood sits,  
 Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne  
 That hath more power than all the elements.  
 I guess not what this tells of Being past,  
 Nor what it augurs of the life to come;\*  
 But so it is, and, in that dubious hour,  
 That twilight when we first begin to see  
 This dawning earth, to recognize, expect,  
 And in the long probation that ensues,  
 The time of trial, ere we learn to live  
 In reconciliation with our stunted powers;  
 To endure this state of meagre vassalage,  
 Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,  
 Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows  
 To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed  
 And humbled down; oh! then we feel, we feel,  
 We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers, then,  
 Forgers of daring tales! we bless you then,  
 Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the age  
 Philosophy will call you: *then* we feel  
 With what, and how great might ye are in league,  
 Who make our wish, our power, our thought a deed,  
 An empire, a possession, — ye whom time  
 And seasons serve; all Faculties to whom  
 Earth crouches, the elements are potter's clay,  
 Space like a heaven filled up with northern lights,  
 Here, nowhere, there, and every where at once.

Relinquishing this lofty eminence  
 For ground, though humbler, not the less a tract  
 Of the same isthmus, which our spirits cross  
 In progress from their native continent  
 To earth and human life, the Song might dwell  
 On that delightful time of growing youth,  
 When craving for the marvellous gives way  
 To strengthening love for things that we have seen;  
 When sober truth and steady sympathies,  
 Offered to notice by less daring pens,  
 Take firmer hold of us, and words themselves  
 Move us with conscious pleasure.

I am sad

At thought of raptures now for ever flown;  
 Almost to tears I sometimes could be sad  
 To think of, to read over, many a page,  
 Poems withal of name, which at that time  
 Did never fail to entrance me, and are now  
 Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre

Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice five years  
 Or less I might have seen, when first my mind  
 With conscious pleasure opened to the charm  
 Of words in tuneful order, found them sweet  
 For their own *sakes*, a passion, and a power;  
 And phrases pleased me chosen for delight,  
 For pomp, or love. Oft, in the public roads  
 Yet unfrequented, while the morning light  
 Was yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad  
 With a dear friend, and for the better part  
 Of two delightful hours we strolled along  
 By the still borders of the misty lake,  
 Repeating favourite verses with one voice,  
 Or conning more, as happy as the birds  
 That round us chaunted. Well might we be glad,  
 Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,  
 More bright than madness or the dreams of wine;  
 And, though full oft the objects of our love  
 Were false, and in their splendour overwrought,  
 Yet was there surely then no vulgar power  
 Working within us, — nothing less, in truth,  
 Than that most noble attribute of man,  
 Though yet untutored and inordinate,  
 That wish for something loftier, more adorned,  
 Than is the common aspect, daily garb,  
 Of human life. What wonder, then, if sounds  
 Of exultation echoed through the groves!  
 For images, and sentiments, and words,  
 And every thing encountered or pursued  
 In that delicious world of poesy,  
 Kept holiday, a never-ending show,  
 With music, incense, festival, and flowers!

Here must we pause: this only let me add,  
 From heart-experience, and in humblest sense  
 Of modesty, that he, who in his youth  
 A daily wanderer among woods and fields  
 With living Nature hath been intimate,  
 Not only in that raw unpractised time  
 Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are,  
 By glittering verse; but further, doth receive,  
 In measure only dealt out to himself,  
 Knowledge and increase of enduring joy  
 From the great Nature that exists in works  
 Of mighty Poets. Visionary power  
 Attends the motions of the viewless winds,  
 Embodied in the mystery of words:  
 There, darkness makes abode, and all the host  
 Of shadowy things work endless changes, — there,  
 As in a mansion like their proper home,  
 Even forms and substances are circumfused  
 By that transparent veil with light divine,  
 And, through the turnings intricate of verse,  
 Present themselves as objects recognized,  
 In flashes, and with glory not their own.

[See "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood:" *ante*, p. 470. — H. R.]



## BOOK SIXTH.

### CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

THE leaves were fading when to Esthwaite's banks  
And the simplicities of cottage life  
I bade farewell; and one among the youth  
Who, summoned by that season, reunite  
As scattered birds troop to the fowler's lure,  
Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so prompt  
Or eager, though as gay and undepressed  
In mind, as when I thence had taken flight  
A few short months before. I turned my face  
Without repining from the coves and heights  
Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern;  
Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence  
Of calmer lakes and louder streams; and you,  
Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumberland,  
You and your not unwelcome days of mirth,  
Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,  
And in my own unlovely cell sat down  
In lightsome mood — such privilege has youth  
That cannot take long leave of pleasant thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society  
Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived  
More to myself. Two winters may be passed  
Without a separate notice: many books  
Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused,  
But with no settled plan. I was detached  
Internally from academic cares;  
Yet independent study seemed a course  
Of hardy disobedience towards friends  
And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.  
This spurious virtue, rather let it bear  
A name it now deserves, this cowardice,  
Gave treacherous sanction to that over-love  
Of freedom which encouraged me to turn  
From regulations even of my own  
As from restraints and bonds. Yet who can tell —  
Who knows what thus may have been gained, both then  
And at a later season, or preserved:  
What love of nature, what original strength  
Of contemplation, what intuitive truths,  
The deepest and the best, what keen research,  
Unbiased, unbewildered, and unawed!

The Poet's soul was with me at that time;  
Sweet meditations, the still overflow  
Of present happiness, while future years  
Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,  
No few of which have since been realized;

And some remain, hopes for my future life.  
Four years and thirty, told this very week.  
Have I been now a sojourner on earth,  
By sorrow not unsmitten; yet for me  
Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,  
Her dew is on the flowers. Those were the days  
Which also first emboldened me to trust  
With firmness, hitherto but lightly touched  
By such a daring thought, that I might leave  
Some monument behind me which pure hearts  
Should reverence. The instinctive humbleness,  
Maintained even by the very name and thought  
Of printed books and authorship, began  
To melt away; and further, the dread awe  
Of mighty names was softened down and seemed  
Approachable, admitting fellowship  
Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,  
Though not familiarly, my mind put on,  
Content to observe, to achieve, and to enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to choose,  
Did I by night frequent the College groves  
And tributary walks; the last, and oft  
The only one, who had been lingering there  
Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,  
A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,  
Rang with its blunt uncereemonious voice,  
Inexorable summons! Lofty elms,  
Inviting shades of opportune recess,  
Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood  
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree  
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed,  
Grew there; an ash which Winter for himself  
Decked as in pride, and with outlandish grace:  
Up from the ground, and almost to the top,  
The trunk and every master branch were green  
With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs  
And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds  
That hung in yellow tassels, while the air  
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood  
Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree  
Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere  
Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance  
May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self  
Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,  
Or could more bright appearances create  
Of human forms with superhuman powers,  
Than I beheld loitering on calm clear nights  
Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

On the vague reading of a truant youth  
 'Twere idle to descant. My inner judgment  
 Not seldom differed from my taste in books,  
 As if it appertained to another mind,  
 And yet the books which then I valued most  
 Are dearest to me now; for, having scanned,  
 Not heedlessly, the laws, and watched the forms  
 Of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed  
 A standard, often usefully applied,  
 Even when unconsciously, to things removed  
 From a familiar sympathy. — In fine,  
 I was a better judge of thoughts than words,  
 Misled in estimating words, not only  
 By common inexperience of youth,  
 But by the trade in classic niceties,  
 The dangerous craft of culling term and phrase  
 From languages that want the living voice  
 To carry meaning to the natural heart;  
 To tell us what is passion, what is truth,  
 What reason, what simplicity and sense.

Yet may we not entirely overlook  
 The pleasure gathered from the rudiments  
 Of geometric science. Though advanced  
 In these inquiries, with regret I speak,  
 No farther than the threshold, there I found  
 Both elevation and composed delight:  
 With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased  
 With its own struggles, did I meditate  
 On the relation those abstractions bear  
 To Nature's laws, and by what process led,  
 Those immaterial agents bowed their heads  
 Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;  
 From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,  
 From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source I drew  
 A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense  
 Of permanent and universal sway,  
 And paramount belief; there, recognized  
 A type, for finite natures, of the one  
 Supreme Existence, the surpassing life  
 Which — to the boundaries of space and time,  
 Of melancholy space and doleful time,  
 Superior, and incapable of change,  
 Nor touched by welterings of passion — is,  
 And hath the name of, God. Transcendent peace  
 And silence did await upon these thoughts  
 That were a frequent comfort to my youth.

'Tis told by one whom stormy waters threw,  
 With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck spared,  
 Upon a desert coast, that having brought  
 To land a single volume, saved by chance,  
 A treatise of Geometry, he went,  
 Although of food and clothing destitute,  
 And beyond common wretchedness depressed,  
 To part from company and take this book  
 (Then first a self-taught pupil in its truths)

To spots remote, and draw his diagrams  
 With a long staff upon the sand, and thus  
 Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost  
 Forget his feeling: so (if like effect  
 From the same cause produced, 'mid outward things  
 So different, may rightly be compared),  
 So was it then with me, and so will be  
 With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm  
 Of those abstractions to a mind beset  
 With images, and haunted by herself,  
 And specially delightful unto me  
 Was that clear synthesis built up aloft  
 So gracefully; even then when it appeared  
 Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy  
 To sense embodied: not the thing it is  
 In verity, an independent world,  
 Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine unearned  
 By aught, I fear, of genuine desert —  
 Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn aptitudes.  
 And not to leave the story of that time  
 Imperfect, with these habits must be joined,  
 Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that loved  
 A pensive sky, sad days, and piping winds,  
 The twilight more than dawn, autumn than spring;  
 A treasured and luxurious gloom of choice  
 And inclination mainly, and the mere  
 Redundancy of youth's contentedness.\*  
 — To time thus spent, add multitudes of hours  
 Pilfered away, by what the Bard who sang  
 Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called  
 "Good-natured lounging,"† and behold a map  
 Of my collegiate life — far less intense  
 Than duty called for, or, without regard  
 To duty, *might* have sprung up of itself  
 By change of accidents, or even, to speak  
 Without unkindness, in another place.  
 Yet why take refuge in that plea? — the fault,  
 This I repeat, was mine; mine be the blame.

In summer, making quest for works of art,  
 Or scenes renowned for beauty, I explored  
 That streamlet whose blue current works its way  
 Between romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks;  
 Pried into Yorkshire dales, or hidden tracts  
 Of my own native region, and was blest  
 Between these sundry wanderings with a joy  
 Above all joys, that seemed another morn  
 Risen on mid noon; blest with the presence, Friend!  
 Of that sole Sister, her who hath been long  
 Dear to thee also, thy true friend and mine,  
 Now, after separation desolate,  
 Restored to me — such absence that she seemed  
 A gift then first bestowed. The varied banks  
 Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,

\* [See "Ode to Lycoris," *ante*, p. 405. — H. R.]

† [See Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." l. 15. — H. R.]

And that monastic castle,\* 'mid tall trees,  
 Low-standing by the margin of the stream,  
 A mansion visited (as fame reports)  
 By Sidney, where, in sight of our Helvellyn,  
 Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he might pen  
 Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love  
 Inspired; — that river and those mouldering towers  
 Have seen us side by side, when, having clomb  
 The darksome windings of a broken stair,  
 And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,  
 Not without trembling, we in safety looked  
 Forth, through some Gothic window's open space  
 And gathered with one mind a rich reward  
 From the far-stretching landscape, by the light  
 Of morning beautified, or purple eve;  
 Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's head,  
 Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell flowers  
 Their faintest whisper to the passing breeze,  
 Given out while mid-day heat oppressed the plains.

Another maid there was, who also shed  
 A gladness o'er that season, then to me,  
 By her exulting outside look of youth  
 And placid under-countenance, first endeared;  
 That other spirit, Coleridge! who is now  
 So near to us, that meek confiding heart,  
 So revered by us both. O'er paths and fields  
 In all that neighbourhood, through narrow lanes  
 Of eglantine, and through the shady woods,  
 And o'er the Border Beacon, and the waste  
 Of naked pools, and common crags that lay  
 Exposed on the bare fell, were scattered love,  
 The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden gleam.  
 O Friend! we had not seen thee at that time,  
 And yet a power is on me, and a strong  
 Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there.  
 Far art thou wandered now in search of health  
 And milder breezes, — melancholy lot!  
 But thou art with us, with us in the past,  
 The present, with us in the times to come.  
 There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,  
 No languor, no dejection, no dismay,  
 No absence scarcely can there be, for those  
 Who love as we do. Speed thee well! divide  
 With us thy pleasure; thy returning strength,  
 Receive it daily as a joy of ours;  
 Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift  
 Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.

I, too, have been a wanderer; but, alas!  
 How different the fate of different men.  
 Though mutually unknown, yea nursed and reared  
 As if in several elements, we were framed  
 To bend at last to the same discipline,  
 Predestined, if two beings ever were,  
 To seek the same delights, and have one health,  
 One happiness. Throughout this narrative,

Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind  
 For whom it registers the birth, and marks the growth,  
 Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,  
 And joyous loves, that hallow innocent days  
 Of peace and self-command. Of rivers, fields,  
 And groves I speak to thee, my Friend! to thee,  
 Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths  
 Of the huge city, on the leaded roof  
 Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,†  
 Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds  
 Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,  
 To shut thine eyes, and by internal light  
 See trees and meadows, and thy native stream,  
 Far distant, thus beheld from year to year  
 Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,  
 In this late portion of my argument,  
 That scarcely, as my term of pupilage  
 Ceased, had I left those academic bowers  
 When thou wert thither guided. From the heart  
 Of London, and from cloisters there, thou camest,  
 And didst sit down in temperance and peace,  
 A rigorous student. What a stormy course  
 Then followed. Oh! it is a pang that calls  
 For utterance, to think what easy change  
 Of circumstances might to thee have spared  
 A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,  
 For ever withered. Through this retrospect  
 Of my collegiate life I still have had  
 Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place  
 Present before my eyes, have played with times  
 And accidents as children do with cards,  
 Or as a man, who, when his house is built,  
 A frame locked up in wood and stone, doth still,  
 As impotent fancy prompts, by his fireside,  
 Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought  
 Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,  
 And all the strength and plumage of thy youth,  
 Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse  
 Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms  
 Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out  
 From things well-matched or ill, and words for things,  
 The self-created sustenance of a mind  
 Debarred from Nature's living images,  
 Compelled to be a life unto herself,

[† Christ's Hospital, or the London Blue-coat Orphan School.— See Charles Lamb's "Christ Hospital Five and Thirty Years ago."

"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge — Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! — How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula) to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Iamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar — while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity-boy!" *Essays of Elia*, p. 46. — H. R.]

\* [Brougham Castle. — H. R.]



And unrelentingly possessed by, thirst  
Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone,  
Ah! surely not in singleness of heart  
Should I have seen the light of evening fade  
From smooth Cam's silent waters: had we met,  
Even at that early time, needs must I trust  
In the belief, that my maturer age,  
My calmer habits, and more steady voice,  
Would with an influence benign have soothed,  
Or chased away, the airy wretchedness  
That batten'd on thy youth. But thou hast trod  
A march of glory, which doth put to shame  
These vain regrets; health suffers in thee, else  
Such grief for thee would be the weakest thought  
That ever harboured in the breast of man.

A passing word erewhile did lightly touch  
On wanderings of my own, that now embraced  
With livelier hope a region wider far.

When the third summer freed us from restraint,  
A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,  
Not slow to share my wishes, took his staff,  
And sallying forth, we journeyed side by side,  
Bound to the distant Alps.\* A hardy slight  
Did this unprecedented course imply  
Of college studies and their set rewards;  
Nor had, in truth, the scheme been formed by me  
Without uneasy forethought of the pain,  
The censures, and ill-omening of those  
To whom my worldly interests were dear.  
But Nature then was sovereign in my mind,  
And mighty forms, seizing a youthful fancy,  
Had given a charter to irregular hopes.  
In any age of uneventful calm  
Among the nations, surely would my heart  
Have been possessed by similar desire;  
But Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,  
France standing on the top of golden hours,  
And human nature seeming born again.

Lightly equipped, and but a few brief looks  
Cast on the white cliffs of our native shore  
From the receding vessel's deck, we chanced  
To land at Calais on the very eve  
Of that great federal day; and there we saw,  
In a mean city, and among a few,  
How bright a face is worn when joy of one  
Is joy for tens of millions.† Southward thence  
We held our way, direct through hamlets, towns,  
Gaudy with reliques of that festival,  
Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,  
And window-garlands. On the public roads,  
And, once, three days successively, through paths  
By which our toilsome journey was abridged,  
Among sequestered villages we walked,

And found benevolence and blessedness  
Spread like a fragrance every where, when spring  
Hath left no corner of the land untouched:  
Where elms for many and many a league in files  
With their thin umbrage, on the stately roads  
Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our heads,  
For ever near us as we paced along:  
How sweet at such a time, with such delight  
On every side, in prime of youthful strength,  
To feed a Poet's tender melancholy  
And fond conceit of sadness, with the sound  
Of undulations varying as might please  
The wind that swayed them; once, and more than once,  
Unhoused beneath the evening star we saw  
Dances of liberty, and, in late hours  
Of darkness, dances in the open air  
Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired lookers on  
Might waste their breath in chiding.

Under hills—

The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,  
Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone  
We glided forward with the flowing stream.  
Swift Rhone! thou wert the wings on which we cut  
A winding passage with majestic ease  
Between thy lofty rocks. Enchanting show  
Those woods and farms and orchards did present,  
And single cottages and lurking towns,  
Reach after reach, succession without end  
Of deep and stately vales! A lonely pair  
Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed along,  
Clustered together with a merry crowd  
Of those emancipated, a blithe host  
Of travellers, chiefly delegates returning  
From the great spousals newly solemnized  
At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.  
Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees;  
Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,  
And with their swords flourished as if to fight  
The saucy air. In this proud company  
We landed—took with them our evening meal,  
Guests welcome almost as the angels were  
To Abraham of old. The supper done,  
With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts  
We rose at signal given, and formed a ring  
And, hand in hand, danced round and round the board;  
All hearts were open, every tongue was loud  
With amity and glee; we bore a name  
Honoured in France, the name of Englishmen,  
And hospitably did they give us hail,  
As their forerunners in a glorious course;  
And round and round the board we danced again.  
With these blithe friends our voyage we renewed  
At early dawn. The monastery bells  
Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears,  
The rapid river flowing without noise,  
And each uprising or receding spire  
Spoke with a sense of peace, at intervals  
Touching the heart amid the boisterous crew  
By whom we were encompassed. Taking leave

\* See "DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES:" *ante*, p. 29.—H. R.]

† See *ante*, p. 253.—H. R.]



Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by side,  
Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued  
Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set  
Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and there  
Rested within an awful *solitude* :

Yes, for even then no other than a place  
Of soul-affecting *solitude* appeared  
That far-famed region, though our eyes had seen,  
As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,  
Arms flashing, and a military glare  
Of riotous men commissioned to expel  
The blameless inmates, and belike subvert  
That frame of social being, which so long  
Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things  
In silence visible and perpetual calm.

—“Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!” — The voice  
Was Nature’s uttered from her Alpine throne ;  
I heard it then and seem to hear it now —

“Your impious work forbear, perish what may,  
Let this one temple last, be this one spot  
Of earth devoted to eternity !”  
She ceased to speak, but while St. Bruno’s pines  
Waved their dark tops, not silent as they waved,  
And while below, along their several beds,  
Murmured the sister streams of Life and Death,  
Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my heart  
Responded ; “Honour to the patriot’s zeal !  
Glory and hope to new-born Liberty !

Hail to the mighty projects of the time !  
Discerning sword that Justice wields, do thou  
Go forth and prosper ; and, ye purging fires,  
Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,  
Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.  
But oh ! if Past and Future be the wings  
On whose support harmoniously conjoined  
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge, spare  
These courts of mystery, where a step advanced  
Between the portals of the shadowy rocks  
Leaves far behind life’s treacherous vanities,  
For penitential tears and trembling hopes  
Exchanged — to equalize in God’s pure sight  
Monarch and peasant : be the house redeemed  
With its unworldly votaries, for the sake  
Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved  
Through faith and meditative reason, resting  
Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,  
Calmly triumphant ; and for humbler claim  
Of that imaginative impulse sent  
From these majestic floods, yon shining cliffs,  
The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,  
Cerulean ether’s pure inhabitants,  
These forests unapproachable by death,  
That shall endure as long as man endures  
To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,  
To struggle, to be lost within himself  
In trepidation, from the blank abyss  
To look with bodily eyes, and be consoled.”  
Not seldom since that moment have I wished  
That thou, O Friend ! the trouble or the calm

Hadst shared, when, from profane regards apart,  
In sympathetic reverence we trod  
The floors of those dim cloisters, till that hour,  
From their foundation, strangers to the presence  
Of unrestricted and unthinking man.

Abroad, how cheeringly the sunshine lay  
Upon the open lawns ! Vallombre’s groves  
Entering, we fed the soul with darkness ; thence  
Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,  
In different quarters of the bending sky,  
The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if  
Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there,  
Memorial revered by a thousand storms ;  
Yet then, from the indiscriminating sweep  
And rage of one State-whirlwind, insecure.

’Tis not my present purpose to retrace  
That variegated journey step by step.  
A march it was of military speed,  
And Earth did change her images and forms  
Before us, fast as clouds are changed in heaven.  
Day after day, up early and down late,  
From hill to vale we dropped, from vale to hill  
Mounted — from province on to province swept,  
Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks,  
Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship  
Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing fair :  
Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,  
Enticing valleys, greeted them and left  
Too soon, while yet the very flash and gleam  
Of salutation were not passed away.  
Oh ! sorrow for the youth who could have seen  
Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, unraised  
To patriarchal dignity of mind,  
And pure simplicity of wish and will,  
Those sanctified abodes of peaceful man,  
Pleased (though to hardship born, and compassed round  
With danger, varying as the seasons change),  
Pleased with his daily task, or, if not pleased,  
Contented, from the moment that the dawn  
(Ah ! surely not without attendant gleams  
Of soul-illumination) calls him forth  
To industry, by glistenings flung on rocks,  
Whose evening shadows lead him to repose.

Well might a stranger look with bounding heart  
Down on a green recess, the first I saw  
Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,  
Quiet and lorded over and possessed  
By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like tents  
Or Indian cabins over the fresh lawns  
And by the river side.

That very day  
From a bare ridge we also first beheld  
Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved  
To have a soulless image on the eye  
That had usurped upon a living thought  
That never more could be. The wondrous Vale  
Of Chamouny stretched far below, and soon

With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,  
A motionless array of mighty waves,  
Five rivers broad and vast, made rich amends,  
And reconciled us to realities;  
There small birds warble from the leafy trees,  
The eagle soars high in the element,  
There doth the reaper bind the yellow sheaf,  
The maiden spread the haycock in the sun,  
While Winter like a well-tamed lion walks,  
Descending from the mountain to make sport  
Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

Whate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,  
Or heard, was fitted to our unripe state  
O intellect and heart. With such a book  
Before our eyes, we could not choose but read  
Lessons of genuine brotherhood, the plain  
And universal reason of mankind,  
The truths of young and old. Nor, side by side  
Pacing, two social pilgrims, or alone  
Each with his humour, could we fail to abound  
In dreams and fictions, pensively composed:  
Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,  
And gilded sympathies, the willow wreath,  
And sober posies of funereal flowers,  
Gathered among those solitudes sublime  
From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,  
Did sweeten many a meditative hour.

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries  
Mixed something of stern mood, an under-thirst  
Of vigour seldom utterly allayed.  
And from that source how different a sadness  
Would issue, let one incident make known.  
When from the Vallais we had turned, and clomb  
Along the Simplon's steep and rugged road,  
Following a band of muleteers, we reached  
A halting-place, where all together took  
Their noontide meal. Hastily rose our guide,  
Leaving us at the board; awhile we lingered,  
Then paced the beaten downward way that led  
Right to a rough stream's edge, and there broke off;  
The only track now visible was one  
That from the torrent's further brink held forth  
Conspicuous invitation to ascend  
A lofty mountain. After brief delay  
Crossing the unbridged stream, that road we took,  
And clomb with eagerness, till anxious fears  
Intruded, for we failed to overtake  
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate chance,  
While every moment added doubt to doubt,  
A peasant met us, from whose mouth we learned  
That to the spot which had perplexed us first  
We must descend, and there should find the road,  
Which in the stony channel of the stream  
Lay a few steps, and then along its banks;  
And, that our future course, all plain to sight,  
Was downwards, with the current of that stream.  
Loth to be'ieve what we so grieved to hear,

For still we had hopes that pointed to the clouds,  
We questioned him again, and yet again;  
But every word that from the peasant's lips  
Came in reply, translated by our feelings,  
Ended in this, — *that we had crossed the Alps.* }

Imagination — here the Power so called  
Through sad incompetence of human speech,  
That awful Power rose from the mind's abyss  
Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,  
At once, some lonely traveller. I was lost;  
Halted without an effort to break through;  
But to my conscious soul I now can say —  
"I recognize thy glory:" in such strength  
Of usurpation, when the light of sense  
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed  
The invisible world, doth greatness make abode,  
There harbours; whether we be young or old,  
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,  
Is with infinitude, and only there;  
With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
And something evermore about to be.  
Under such banners militant, the soul  
Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils  
That may attest her prowess, blest in thoughts  
That are their own perfection and reward,  
Strong in herself and in beatitude  
That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile  
Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds  
To fertilize the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued  
Upon those tidings by the peasant given  
Was soon dislodged. Downwards we hurried fast,  
And, with the half-shaped road which we had missed,  
Entered a narrow chasm. \* The brook and road  
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,  
And with them did we journey several hours  
At a slow pace. The immeasurable height  
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
And in the narrow rent at every turn  
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side  
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,  
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light —  
Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of Eternity,  
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

\* See ante, p. 211.

That night our lodging was a house that stood  
 Alone within the valley, at a point  
 Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent swelled  
 The rapid stream whose margin we had trod ;  
 A dreary mansion, large beyond all need,  
 With high and spacious rooms, deafened and stunned  
 By noise of waters, making innocent sleep  
 Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Uprisen betimes our journey we renewed,  
 Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified  
 Into a lordly river, broad and deep,  
 Dimpling along in silent majesty,  
 With mountains for its neighbours, and in view  
 Of distant mountains and their snowy tops,  
 And thus proceeding to Locarno's Lake,  
 Fit resting-place for such a visitant.  
 Locarno! spreading out in width like Heaven,  
 How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart,  
 Bask in the sunshine of the memory ;  
 And Como! thou, a treasure whom the earth  
 Keeps to herself, confined as in a depth  
 Of Abyssinian privacy. I spake  
 Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden plots  
 Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maids ;  
 Thy lofty steepes, and pathways roofed with vines,  
 Winding from house to house, from town to town,  
 Sole link that binds them to each other ; walks,  
 League after league, and cloistered avenues,  
 Where silence dwells if music be not there :  
 While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,  
 Through fond ambition of that hour, I strove  
 To chaunt your praise ; nor can approach you now  
 Ungreeted by a more melodious Song,  
 Where tones of Nature smoothed by learned art  
 May flow in lasting current. Like a breeze  
 Or sunbeam over your domain I passed  
 In motion without pause ; but ye have left  
 Your beauty with me, a serene accord  
 Of forms and colours, passive, yet endowed  
 In their submissiveness with power as sweet  
 And gracious, almost might I dare to say,  
 As virtue is, or goodness ; sweet as love,  
 Or the remembrance of a generous deed,  
 Or mildest visitations of pure thought,  
 When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked  
 Religiously, in silent blessedness ;  
 Sweet as this last herself, for such it is.

With those delightful pathways we advanced,  
 For two days' space, in presence of the Lake,  
 That, stretching far among the Alps, assumed  
 A character more stern. The second night,  
 From sleep awakened, and misled by sound  
 Of the church clock telling the hours with strokes  
 Whose import then we had not learned, we rose  
 By moonlight, doubting not that day was nigh,  
 And that meanwhile, by no uncertain path,  
 Along the winding margin of the lake,  
 Led, as before, we should behold the scene

Hushed in profound repose. We left the town  
 Of Gravedona with this hope ; but soon  
 Were lost, bewildered among woods immense,  
 And on a rock sate down, to wait for day.  
 An open place it was, and overlooked,  
 From high, the sullen water far beneath,  
 On which a dull red image of the moon  
 Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form  
 Like an uneasy snake. From hour to hour  
 We sate and sate, wondering, as if the night  
 Had been ensnared by witchcraft. On the rock  
 At last we stretched our weary limbs for sleep,  
 But *could not* sleep, tormented by the stings  
 Of insects, which, with noise like that of noon,  
 Filled all the woods ; the cry of unknown birds ;  
 The mountains more by blackness visible  
 And their own size, than any outward light ;  
 The breathless wilderness of clouds : the clock  
 That told, with unintelligible voice,  
 The widely parted hours ; the noise of streams,  
 And sometimes rustling motions nigh at hand,  
 That did not leave us free from personal fear ;  
 And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that set  
 Before us, while she still was high in heaven ; —  
 These were our food ; and such a summer's night  
 Followed that pair of golden days that shed  
 On Como's Lake, and all that round it lay,  
 Their fairest, softest, happiest influence.

But here I must break off, and bid farewell  
 To days, each offering some new sight, or fraught  
 With some untried adventure, in a course  
 Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal snow  
 Checked our unwearied steps. Let this alone  
 Be mentioned as a parting word, that not  
 In hollow exultation, dealing out  
 Hyperboles of praise comparative ;  
 Not rich one moment to be poor for ever ;  
 Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind  
 Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner  
 On outward forms — did we in presence stand  
 Of that magnificent region. On the front  
 Of this whole Song is written that my heart  
 Must, in such Temple, needs have offered up  
 A different worship. Finally, whate'er  
 I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream  
 That flowed into a kindred stream ; a gale  
 Confederate with the current of the soul,  
 To speed my voyage ; every sound or sight,  
 In its degree of power, administered  
 To grandeur or to tenderness, — to the one  
 Directly, but to tender thoughts by means  
 Less often instantaneous in effect ;  
 Led me to these by paths that, in the main,  
 Were more circuitous, but not less sure  
 Duly to reach the point marked out by Heaven.

Oh, most beloved Friend ! a glorious time,  
 A happy time that was ; triumphant looks  
 Were then the common language of all eyes ;



As if awaked from sleep, the Nations hailed  
 Their great expectancy: the fife of war  
 Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,  
 A black-bird's whistle in a budding grove.  
 We left the Swiss exulting in the fate  
 Of their near neighbours; and, when shortening fast  
 Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,  
 We crossed the Brabant armies on the fret  
 For battle in the cause of Liberty.  
 A stripling, scarcely of the household then  
 Of social life, I looked upon these things

As from a distance; heard, and saw, and felt,  
 Was touched, but with no intimate concern;  
 I seemed to move along them, as a bird  
 Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues  
 Its sport, or feeds in its proper element;  
 I wanted not that joy, I did not need  
 Such help; the ever-living universe,  
 Turn where I might, was opening out its glories,  
 And the independent spirit of pure youth  
 Called forth, at every season, new delights  
 Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er green fields.

## BOOK SEVENTH.

### RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

Six changeful years have vanished since I first  
 Poured out (saluted by that quickening breeze  
 Which met me issuing from the City's\* walls)  
 A glad preamble to this Verse: I sang  
 Aloud, with fervour irresistible  
 Of short-lived transport, like a torrent bursting,  
 From a black thunder-cloud, down Scafell's side  
 To rush and disappear. But soon broke forth  
 (So willed the Muse) a less impetuous stream,  
 That flowed awhile with unabating strength,  
 Then stopped for years; not audible again  
 Before last primrose-time. Belovèd Friend!  
 The assurance which then cheered some heavy thoughts  
 On thy departure to a foreign land  
 Has failed; too slowly moves the promised work.  
 Through the whole summer have I been at rest,  
 Partly from voluntary holiday,  
 And part through outward hindrance. But I heard,  
 After the hour of sunset yester-even,  
 Sitting within doors between light and dark,  
 A choir of redbreasts gathered somewhere near  
 My threshold, — minstrels from the distant woods  
 Sent in on Winter's service, to announce,  
 With preparation artful and benign,  
 That the rough lord had left the surly North  
 On his accustomed journey. The delight,  
 Due to this timely notice, unawares  
 Smote me, and, listening, I in whispers said,  
 "Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will be  
 Associates, and, unscared by blustering winds,  
 Will chaunt together." Thereafter, as the shades  
 Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied  
 A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume  
 Or canopy of yet unwithered fern,  
 Clear-shining, like a hermit's taper seen

Through a thick forest. Silence touched me here  
 No less than sound had done before; the child  
 Of summer, lingering, shining, by herself,  
 The voiceless worm on the unfrequented hills,  
 Seemed sent on the same errand with the choir  
 Of Winter that had warbled at my door,  
 And the whole year breathed tenderness and love.

The last night's genial feeling overflowed  
 Upon this morning, and my favourite grove,  
 Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs aloft,  
 As if to make the strong wind visible,  
 Wakes in me agitations like its own,  
 A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,  
 Which we will now resume with lively hope,  
 Nor checked by aught of tamer argument  
 That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion,† soon I bade  
 Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats  
 Of gowned students, quitted hall and bower,  
 And every comfort of that privileged ground,  
 Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent among  
 The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of life  
 I should adhere, and seeming to possess  
 A little space of intermediate time  
 At full command, to London first I turned,  
 In no disturbance of excessive hope,  
 By personal ambition unenslaved,  
 Frugal as there was need, and, though self-willed,  
 From dangerous passions free. Three years had flown  
 Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock  
 Of the huge town's first presence, and had paced

\* The City of Goslar, in Lower Saxony.

† See p. 505.



Her endless streets, a transient visitant :  
 Now, fixed amid that concourse of mankind  
 Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,  
 And life and labour seem but one, I filled  
 An idler's place ; an idler well content  
 To have a house (what matter for a home !)  
 That owned him ; living cheerfully abroad  
 With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,  
 And all my young affections out of doors.

There was a time when whatsoe'er is feigned  
 Of airy palaces, and gardens built  
 By Genii of romance ; or hath in grave  
 Authentic history been set forth of Rome,  
 Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis ;  
 Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,  
 Of golden cities ten months' journey deep  
 Among Tartarian wilds — fell short, far short,  
 Of what my fond simplicity believed  
 And thought of London — held me by a chain  
 Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.  
 Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy shot  
 For me beyond its ordinary mark,  
 'Twere vain to ask ; but in our flock of boys  
 Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom chance  
 Summoned from school to London ; fortunate  
 And envied traveller ! When the Boy returned,  
 After a short absence, curiously I scanned  
 His mien and person, nor was free, in sooth,  
 From disappointment, not to find some change  
 In look and air, from that new region brought,  
 As if from Fairy-land. Much I questioned him ;  
 And every word he uttered, on my ears  
 Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,  
 That answers unexpectedly awry,  
 And mocks the prompter's listening. Marvellous things  
 Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears  
 Almost as deeply seated and as strong  
 In a Child's heart as fear itself) conceived  
 For my enjoyment. Would that I could now  
 Recall what then I pictured to myself,  
 Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,  
 The King, and the King's Palace, and, not last,  
 Nor least, Heaven bless him ! the renowned Lord  
 Mayor :

Dreams not unlike to those which once begat  
 A change of purpose in young Whittington,  
 When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,  
 Sate on a stone, and heard the bells speak out  
 Articulate music. Above all, one thought  
 Baffled my understanding : how men lived  
 Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet still  
 Strangers, not knowing each the other's name.

O, wondrous power of words, by simple faith  
 Licensed to take the meaning that we love !  
 Vauxhall and Ranelagh ! I then had heard  
 Of your green groves, and wilderness of lamps  
 Dimming the stars, and fireworks magical,

And gorgeous ladies, under splendid domes,  
 Floating in dance, or warbling high in air  
 The songs of spirits ! Nor had fancy fed  
 With less delight upon that other class  
 Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent :  
 The River proudly bridged ; the dizzy top  
 And Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's ; the tombs  
 Of Westminster ; the Giants of Guildhall ;  
 Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the gates,  
 Perpetually recumbent ; Statues — man,  
 And the horse under him — in gilded pomp  
 Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast squares ;  
 The Monument, and that Chamber of the Tower  
 Where England's sovereigns sit in long array,  
 Their steeds bestriding, — every mimic shape  
 Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch wore,  
 Whether for gorgeous tournament addressed,  
 Or life or death upon the battle-field.  
 Those bold imaginations in due time  
 Had vanished, leaving others in their stead :  
 And now I looked upon the living scene ;  
 Familiarly perused it ; oftentimes,  
 In spite of strongest disappointment, pleased  
 Through courteous self-submission, as a tax  
 Paid to the object by prescriptive right.

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain  
 Of a too busy world ! Before me flow,  
 Thou endless stream of men and moving things !  
 Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes —  
 With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe —  
 On strangers, of all ages ; the quick dance  
 Of colours, lights, and forms ; the deafening din ;  
 The comers and the goers face to face ;  
 Face after face ; the string of dazzling wares,  
 Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,  
 And all the tradesman's honours overhead :  
 Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page,  
 With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,  
 Stationed above the door, like guardian saints ;  
 There allegoric shapes, female or male,  
 Or physiognomies of real men,  
 Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,  
 Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attractive head  
 Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,  
 Escaped as from an enemy, we turn  
 Abruptly into some sequestered nook,  
 Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud !  
 At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,  
 And sights and sounds that come at intervals,  
 We take our way. A raree-show is here,  
 With children gathered round ; another street  
 Presents a company of dancing dogs,  
 Or dromedary, with an antic pair  
 Of monkeys on his back ; a minstrel band  
 Of Savoyards ; or, single and alone,  
 An English ballad-singer. Private courts,

Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes  
Thrilled by some female vender's scream, belike  
The very shrillest of all London cries,  
May then entangle our impatient steps;  
Conducted through those labyrinths, unawares,  
To privileged regions and inviolate,  
Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers  
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,  
Following the tide that slackens by degrees,  
Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets  
Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.  
Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls;  
Advertisements, of giant-size, from high  
Press forward, in all colours, on the sight;  
These, bold in conscious merit, lower down;  
That, fronted with a most imposing word,  
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.  
As on the broadening causeway we advance,  
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong  
In lineaments, and red with over-toil.  
'Tis one encountered here and every where;  
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,  
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb  
Another lies at length, beside a range  
Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed  
Upon the smooth flat stones: the Nurse is here,  
The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,  
The military Idler, and the Dame,  
That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub,  
where  
See, among less distinguishable shapes,  
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand;  
The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,  
Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images  
Upon his head; with basket at his breast  
The Jew; the stately and slow-moving Turk,  
With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm!

Enough; — the mighty concourse I surveyed  
With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note  
Among the crowd all specimens of man,  
Through all the colours which the sun bestows,  
And every character of form and face:  
The Swede, the Russian; from the genial south,  
The Frenchman and the Spaniard; from remote  
America, the Hunter-Indian; Moors,  
Malaya, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,  
And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to day,  
The spectacles within doors, — birds and beasts  
Of every nature, and strange plants convened  
From every clime; and, next, those sights that ape  
The absolute presence of reality,  
Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,

And what earth is, and what she has to show.  
I do not here allude to subtlest craft,  
By means refined attaining purest ends,  
But imitations, fondly made in plain  
Confession of man's weakness and his loves.  
Whether the Painter, whose ambitious skill  
Submits to nothing less than taking in  
A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,  
Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,  
Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,  
Or in a ship on waters, with a world  
Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,  
Above, behind, far stretching and before;  
Or more mechanic artist represent  
By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,  
From blended colours also borrowing help,  
Some miniature of famous spots or things, —  
St. Peter's Church; or, more aspiring aim,  
In microscopic vision, Rome herself;  
Or, haply, some choice rural haunt, — the Falls  
Of Tivoli: and, high upon that steep,  
The Sibyl's mouldering Temple! every tree,  
Villa, or cottage, lurking among rocks  
Throughout the landscape; tuft, stone scratch minute—  
All that the traveller sees when he is there.

And to these exhibitions, mute and still,  
Others of wider scope, where living men,  
Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,  
Diversified the allurement. Need I fear  
To mention by its name, as in degree,  
Lowest of these and humblest in attempt,  
Yet richly graced with honours of her own,  
Half-rural Sadler's Wells! Though at that time  
Intolerant, as is the way of youth  
Unless itself be pleased, here more than once  
Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,  
With ample recompense) giants and dwarfs,  
Clowns, conjurers, posture-masters, harlequins,  
Amid the uproar of the rabblement,  
Perform their feats. Nor was it mean delight  
To watch crude Nature work in untaught minds;  
To note the laws and progress of belief;  
Though obstinate on this way, yet on that  
How willingly we travel, and how far!  
To have, for instance, brought upon the scene  
The champion, Jack the Giant-killer: Lo!  
He dons his coat of darkness; on the stage  
Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the eye  
Of living Mortal covert, "as the moon  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."  
Delusion bold! and how can it be wrought!  
The garb he wears is black as death, the word  
"Invisible" flames forth upon his chest.

Here, too, were "forms and pressures of the time,"  
Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed  
When Art was young; dramas of living men,  
And recent things yet warm with life; a sea-fight,

Shipwreck, or some domestic incident  
 Divulged by Truth and magnified by Fame,  
 Such as the daring brotherhood of late  
 Set forth, too serious theme for that light place —  
 I mean, O distant Friend! a story drawn  
 From our own ground, — the Maid of Buttermere, —  
 And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife  
 Deserted and deceived, the spoiler came  
 And wooed the artless daughter of the hills,  
 And wedded her, in cruel mockery  
 Of love and marriage bonds.\* These words to thee  
 Must needs bring back the moment when we first,  
 Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's name,  
 Beheld her serving at the cottage inn,  
 Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,  
 With admiration of her modest mien  
 And carriage, marked by unexampled grace.  
 We since that time not unfamiliarly  
 Have seen her, — her discretion have observed,  
 Her just opinions, delicate reserve,  
 Her patience and humility of mind  
 Unspoiled by commendation and the excess  
 Of public notice — an offensive light  
 To a meek spirit suffering inwardly.

From this memorial tribute to my theme  
 I was returning, when with sundry forms  
 Commingled — shapes which met me in the way  
 That we must tread — thy image rose again,  
 Maiden of Buttermere! She lives in peace  
 Upon the spot where she was born and reared;  
 Without contamination doth she live  
 In quietness, without anxiety:  
 Beside the mountain chapel, sleeps in earth  
 Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb  
 That, thither driven from some unsheltered place,  
 Rests underneath the little rock-like pile  
 When storms are raging. Happy are they both —  
 Mother and child! — These feelings, in themselves  
 Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I think  
 On those ingenuous moments of our youth  
 Ere we have learnt by use to slight the crimes  
 And sorrows of the world. Those simple days  
 Are now my theme; and, foremost of the scenes,  
 Which yet survive in memory, appears  
 One, at whose centre sat a lovely Boy,  
 A sportive infant, who, for six months' space,  
 Not more, had been of age to deal about  
 Articulate prattle — Child as beautiful  
 As ever clung around a mother's neck,  
 Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.  
 There, too, conspicuous for stature tall  
 And large dark eyes, beside her infant stood  
 The mother; but, upon her cheeks diffused,  
 False tints too well accorded with the glare

From play-house lustres thrown without reserve  
 On every object near. The Boy had been  
 The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on  
 In whatsoever place, but seemed in this  
 A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.  
 Of lusty vigour, more than infantine  
 He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose  
 Just three parts blown — a cottage-child — if e'er  
 By cottage door on breezy mountain side,  
 Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a babe  
 By Nature's gifts so favoured. Upon a board  
 Decked with refreshments had this child been placed,  
 His little stage in the vast theatre,  
 And there he sate surrounded with a throng  
 Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute men  
 And shameless women, treated and caressed;  
 Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses played,  
 While oaths and laughter and indecent speech  
 Were rife about him as the songs of birds  
 Contending after showers. The mother now  
 Is fading out of memory, but I see  
 The lovely Boy as I beheld him then  
 Among the wretched and the falsely gay,  
 Like one of those who walked with hair unsinged  
 Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and spells  
 Muttered on black and spiteful instigation  
 Have stopped, as some believed, the kindest growths.  
 Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer  
 Have been preferred, that this fair creature, checked  
 By special privilege of Nature's love,  
 Should in his childhood be detained for ever!  
 But with its universal freight the tide  
 Hath rolled along, and this bright innocent,  
 Mary! may now have lived till he could look  
 With envy on thy nameless babe that sleeps,  
 Beside the mountain chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then been told  
 Since, travelling southward from our pastoral hills,  
 I heard, and for the first time in my life,  
 The voice of woman utter blasphemy —  
 Saw woman as she is, to open shame  
 Abandoned, and the pride of public vice;  
 I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once  
 Thrown in, that from humanity divorced  
 Humanity, splitting the race of man  
 In twain, yet leaving the same outward form.  
 Distress of mind ensued upon the sight  
 And ardent meditation. Later years  
 Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness,  
 Feelings of pure commiseration, grief  
 For the individual and the overthrow  
 Of her soul's beauty; farther I was then  
 But seldom led, or wished to go; in truth  
 The sorrow of the passion stopped me there.

[\* See "Essays on His Own Times," by S. T. Coleridge — edited by his daughter, Sara Coleridge: p. 585, and notes, p. 1022. — H. R.]

But let me now, less moved, in order take  
 Our argument. Enough is said to show  
 How casual incidents of real life,



Observed where pastime only had been sought,  
 Outweighed, or put to flight, the set events  
 And measured passions of the stage, albeit  
 By Siddons trod in the fulness of her power.  
 Yet was the theatre my dear delight;  
 The very gilding, lamps and painted scrolls,  
 And all the mean upholstery of the place,  
 Wanted not animation, when the tide  
 Of pleasure ebbed but to return as fast  
 With the ever-shifting figures of the scene,  
 Solemn or gay; whether some beauteous dame  
 Advanced in radiance through a deep recess  
 Of thick entangled forest, like the moon  
 Opening the clouds; or sovereign king, announced  
 With flourishing trumpet, came in full-blown state  
 Of the world's greatness, winding round with train  
 Of courtiers, banners, and a length of guards;  
 Or captive led in abject weeds, and jingling  
 His slender manacles; or romping girl  
 Bounced, leapt, and pawed the air; or mumbling sire,  
 A scare-crow pattern of old age dressed up  
 In all the tatters of infirmity  
 All loosely put together, hobbled in,  
 Stumping upon a cane, with which he smites,  
 From time to time, the solid boards, and makes them  
 Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabouts  
 Of one so overloaded with his years.  
 But what of this! the laugh, the grin, grimace,  
 The antics striving to outstrip each other,  
 Were all received, the least of them not lost,  
 With an unmeasured welcome. Through the night,  
 Between the show, and many-headed mass  
 Of the spectators, and each several nook  
 Filled with its fray or brawl, how eagerly  
 And with what flashes, as it were, the mind  
 Turned this way — that way! sportive and alert  
 And watchful, as a kitten when at play,  
 While winds are eddying round her, among straws  
 And rustling leaves. Enchanting age and sweet!  
 Romantic almost, looked at through a space,  
 How small, of intervening years! For then,  
 Though surely no mean progress had been made  
 In meditations holy and sublime,  
 Yet something of a girlish childlike gloss  
 Of novelty survived for scenes like these;  
 Enjoyment haply handed down from times  
 When at a country play-house, some rude barn  
 Tricked out for that proud use, if I perchance  
 Caught, on a summer evening through a chink  
 In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse  
 Of daylight, the bare thought of where I was  
 Gladdened me more than if I had been led  
 Into a dazzling cavern of romance,  
 Crowded with Genii busy among works  
 Not to be looked at by the common sun.

The matter that detains us now may seem,  
 To many, neither dignified enough  
 Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by them,

Who, looking inward, have observed the ties  
 That bind the perishable hours of life  
 Each to the other, and the curious props  
 By which the world of memory and thought  
 Exists and is sustained. More lofty themes,  
 Such as at least do wear a prouder face,  
 Solicit our regard; but when I think  
 Of these, I feel the imaginative power  
 Languish within me; even then it slept,  
 When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the heart  
 Was more than full; amid my sobs and tears  
 It slept, even in the pregnant season of youth.  
 For though I was most passionately moved  
 And yielded to all changes of the scene  
 With an obsequious promptness, yet the storm  
 Passed not beyond the suburbs of the mind;  
 Save when realities of act and mien,  
 The incarnation of the spirits that move  
 In harmony amid the Poet's world,  
 Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth  
 By power of contrast, made me recognize,  
 As at a glance, the things which I had shaped  
 And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely seen,  
 When, having closed the mighty Shakspeare's page,  
 I mused, and thought, and felt, in solitude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are such  
 Professedly, to others titled higher,  
 Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,  
 More near akin to those than names imply, —  
 I mean the brawls of lawyers in their courts  
 Before the ermined judge, or that great stage  
 Where senators, tongue-favoured men, perform,  
 Admired and envied. Oh! the beating heart,  
 When one among the prime of these rose up, —  
 One, of whose name from childhood we had heard  
 Familiarly, a household term, like those,  
 The Bedfords, Glosters, Salsburya, of old  
 Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence! hush!  
 This is no trifler, no short-flighted wit,  
 No stammerer of a minute, painfully  
 Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked  
 The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:  
 Thrice welcome Presence! how can patience e'er  
 Grow weary of attending on a track  
 That kindles with such glory! All are charmed,  
 Astonished; like a hero in romance,  
 He winds away his never-ending horn;  
 Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense:  
 What memory and what logic! till the strain  
 Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,  
 Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Burke! forgive the pen seduced  
 By specious wonders, and-too slow to tell  
 Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered men,  
 Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,  
 And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,  
 Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent tongue —



Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave.  
 I see him, — old, but vigorous in age, —  
 Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches start  
 Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe  
 The younger brethren of the grove. But some —  
 While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,  
 Against all systems built on abstract rights,  
 Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims  
 Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;  
 Declares the vital power of social ties  
 Endear'd by Custom; and with high disdain,  
 Exploding upstart Theory, insists  
 Upon the allegiance to which men are born —  
 Some — say at once a froward multitude —  
 Murmur (for truth is hated, where not loved)  
 As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,  
 Galled by their monarch's chain. The times were big  
 With ominous change, which, night by night, provoked  
 Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised;  
 But memorable moments intervened,  
 When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's brain,  
 Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,  
 Startling the Synod. Could a youth, and one  
 In ancient story versed, whose breast had heaved  
 Under the weight of classic eloquence,  
 Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail  
 To achieve its higher triumph — not unfelt  
 Were its admonishments, nor lightly heard  
 The awful truths delivered thence by tongues  
 Endowed with various power to search the soul;  
 Yet ostentation domineering, oft  
 Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of place! —  
 There have I seen a comely bachelor,  
 Fresh from a toilet of two hours, ascend  
 His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,  
 And, in a tone elaborately low  
 Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze  
 A minuet course; and, winding up his mouth,  
 From time to time, into an orifice  
 Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,  
 And only not invisible, again  
 Open it out, diffusing thence a smile  
 Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.  
 Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,  
 Moses, and he who penned, the other day,  
 The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and the Bard  
 Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme  
 With fancies thick as his inspiring stars,  
 And Ossian (doubt not, 'tis the naked truth)  
 Summoned from streamy Morven — each and all  
 Would, in their turns, lend ornaments and flowers  
 To entwine the crook of eloquence that helped  
 This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the plains,  
 To rule and guide his captivated flock.

I glance but at a few conspicuous marks,  
 Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall,

Court, theatre, conventicle, or shop,  
 In public room or private, park or street,  
 Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,  
 Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice,  
 Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,  
 And all the strife of singularity,  
 Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense —  
 Of these, and of the living shapes they wear,  
 There is no end. Such candidates for regard,  
 Although well pleased to be where they were found,  
 I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize,  
 Nor made unto myself a secret boast  
 Of reading them with quick and curious eye;  
 But, as a common produce, things that are  
 To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them  
 Such willing note, as on some errand bound  
 That asks not speed, a Traveller might bestow  
 On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy beach,  
 Or daisies swarming through the fields of June.

But foolishness and madness in parade,  
 Though most at home in this their dear domain,  
 Are scattered every where, no rarities,  
 Even to the rudest novice of the schools.  
 Me, rather, it employed, to note, and keep  
 In memory, those individual sights  
 Of courage, or integrity, or truth,  
 Or tenderness, which there, set off by foil,  
 Appeared more touching. One will I select;  
 A Father — for he bore that sacred name —  
 Him saw I, sitting in an open square,  
 Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,  
 Wherein were fixed the iron pales that fenced  
 A spacious grass-plot; there, in silence, sate  
 This One Man, with a sickly babe outstretched  
 Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought  
 For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher air.  
 Of those who passed, and me who looked at him,  
 He took no heed; but in his brawny arms  
 (The Artificer was to the elbow bare,  
 And from his work this moment had been stolen)  
 He held the child, and, bending over it,  
 As if he were afraid both of the sun  
 And of the air, which he had come to seek,  
 Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable.

As the black storm upon the mountain top  
 Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so  
 That huge fermenting mass of human-kind  
 Serves as a solemn back-ground, or relief,  
 To single forms and objects, whence they draw,  
 For feeling and contemplative regard,  
 More than inherent liveliness and power.  
 How oft, amid those overflowing streets,  
 Have I gone forward with the crowd, and said  
 Unto myself, "The face of every one  
 That passes by me is a mystery!"  
 Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look, oppressed  
 By thoughts of what and whither, when and how,

Until the shapes before my eyes became  
 A second-sight procession, such as glides  
 Over still mountains, or appears in dreams;  
 And once, far-travelled in such mood, beyond  
 The reach of common indication, lost  
 Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten  
 Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)  
 Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,  
 Stood, propped against a wall, upon his chest  
 Wearing a written paper, to explain  
 His story, whence he came, and who he was.  
 Caught by the spectacle my mind turned round  
 As with the might of waters; an apt type  
 This label seemed of the utmost we can know,  
 Both of ourselves and of the universe;  
 And, on the shape of that unmoving man,  
 His steadfast face and sightless eyes, I gazed,  
 As if admonished from another world.

Though reared upon the base of outward things,  
 Structures like these the excited spirit mainly  
 Builds for herself; scenes different there are,  
 Full-formed, that take, with small internal help,  
 Possession of the faculties, — the peace  
 That comes with night; the deep solemnity  
 Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,  
 When the great tide of human life stands still;  
 The business of the day to come, unborn,  
 Of that gone by, locked up, as in the grave;  
 The blended calmness of the heavens and earth,  
 Moonlight and stars, and empty streets, and sounds  
 Unfrequent as in deserts; at late hours  
 Of winter evenings, when unwholesome rains  
 Are falling hard, with people yet astir,  
 The feeble salutation from the voice  
 Of some unhappy woman, now and then  
 Heard as we pass, when no one looks about,  
 Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear,  
 Are falsely catalogued; things that are, are not,  
 As the mind answers to them, or the heart  
 Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say you, then,  
 To times, when half the city shall break out  
 Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or fear?  
 To executions, to a street on fire,  
 Mobs, riots, or rejoicings? From these sights  
 Take one, — that ancient festival, the Fair,  
 Holden where martyrs suffered in past time,  
 And named of St. Bartholomew; there, see  
 A work completed to our hands, that lays,  
 If any spectacle on earth can do,  
 The whole creative powers of man asleep! —  
 For once, the Muse's help will we implore,  
 And she shall lodge us, wafted on her wings,  
 Above the press and danger of the crowd,  
 Upon some showman's platform. What a shock  
 For eyes and ears! what anarchy and din,  
 Barbarian and infernal, — a phantasma,  
 Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, sight, sound!  
 Below, the open space, through every nook

Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive  
 With heads; the midway region, and above,  
 Is thronged with staring pictures and huge scrolls,  
 Dumb proclamations of the Prodigies;  
 With chattering monkeys dangling from their poles  
 And children whirling in their roundabouts;  
 With those that stretch the neck and strain the eyes,  
 And crack the voice in rivalry, the crowd  
 Inviting; with buffoons against buffoons  
 Grimacing, writhing, screaming, — him who grinds  
 The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves,  
 Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-drum,  
 And him who at the trumpet puffs his cheeks,  
 The silver-collared Negro with his timbrel,  
 Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and boys,  
 Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with high-towering  
 plumes.—

All moveables of wonder, from all parts,  
 Are here — Albinos, painted Indians, Dwarfs,  
 The Horse of knowledge, and the learned Pig,  
 The Stone-eater, the man that swallows fire,  
 Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl,  
 The Bust that speaks and moves its goggling eyes,  
 The Wax-work, Clock-work, all the marvellous craft,  
 Of modern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-shows,  
 All out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted things,  
 All freaks of nature, all Promethean thoughts  
 Of man, his dullness, madness, and their feats  
 All jumbled up together, to compose  
 A Parliament of Monsters. Tents and Booths  
 Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast mill,  
 Are vomiting, receiving on all sides,  
 Men, women, three-years' Children, Babes in arms.

Oh, blank confusion! true epitome  
 Of what the mighty City is herself,  
 To thousands upon thousands of her sons,  
 Living amid the same perpetual whirl  
 Of trivial objects, melted and reduced  
 To one identity, by differences  
 That have no law, no meaning, and no end —  
 Oppression, under which even highest minds  
 Must labour, whence the strongest are not free.  
 But though the picture weary out the eye,  
 By nature an unmanageable sight,  
 It is not wholly so to him who looks  
 In steadiness, who hath among least things  
 An under-sense of greatest; sees the parts  
 As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.  
 This, of all acquisitions, first awaits  
 On sundry and most widely different modes  
 Of education, nor with least delight  
 On that through which I passed. Attention springs,  
 And comprehensiveness and memory flow,  
 From early converse with the works of God  
 Among all regions; chiefly where appear  
 Most obviously simplicity and power.  
 Think, how the everlasting streams and woods,  
 Stretched and still stretching far and wide, exalt

The roving Indian, on his desert sands:  
 What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant show  
 Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's eye:  
 And, as the sea propels, from zone to zone,  
 Its currents; magnifies its shoals of life  
 Beyond all compass; spreads, and sends aloft  
 Armies of clouds, — even so, its powers and aspects  
 Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,  
 The views and aspirations of the soul  
 To majesty. Like virtue have the forms  
 Perennial of the ancient hills; nor less  
 The changeful language of their countenances  
 Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids the thoughts,

However multitudinous, to move  
 With order and relation. This, if still,  
 As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,  
 Not violating any just restraint,  
 As may be hoped, of real modesty, —  
 This did I feel, in London's vast domain.  
 The Spirit of Nature was upon me there;  
 The soul of Beauty and enduring Life  
 Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,  
 Through meagre lines and colours, and the press  
 Of self-destroying, transitory things,  
 Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

## BOOK EIGHTH.

### RETROSPECT.—LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN.

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that are heard  
 Up to thy summit, through the depth of air  
 Ascending, as if distance had the power  
 To make the sounds more audible? What crowd  
 Covers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village green?  
 Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee,  
 Though but a little family of men,  
 Shepherds and tillers of the ground — betimes  
 Assembled with their children and their wives,  
 And here and there a stranger interspersed.  
 They hold a rustic fair — a festival,  
 Such as, on this side now, and now on that,  
 Repeated through his tributary vales,  
 Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,  
 Sees annually, if clouds towards either ocean  
 Blown from their favourite resting-place, or mists  
 Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded head.  
 Delightful day it is for all who dwell  
 In this secluded glen, and eagerly  
 They give it welcome. Long ere heat of noon,  
 From byre or field the kine were brought; the sheep  
 Are penned in cotes; the chaffering is begun.  
 The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice  
 Of a new master; bleat the flocks aloud.  
 Booths are there none; a stall or two is here;  
 A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,  
 The other to make music; hither, too,  
 From far, with basket, slung upon her arm,  
 Of hawker's wares—books, pictures, combs, and pins—  
 Some aged woman finds her way again,  
 Year after year, a punctual visitant!  
 There also stands a speechmaker by rote,  
 Pulling the strings of his boxed raree-show;  
 And in the lapse of many years may come

Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he  
 Whose wonders in a covered wain lie hid.  
 But one there is, the loveliest of them all,  
 Some sweet lass of the valley, looking out  
 For gains, and who that sees her would not buy!  
 Fruits of her father's orchard, are her wares,  
 And with the ruddy produce, she walks round  
 Among the crowd, half pleased with, half ashamed  
 Of her new office, blushing restlessly.  
 The children now are rich, for the old to-day  
 Are generous as the young; and, if content  
 With looking on, some ancient wedded pair  
 Sit in the shade together, while they gaze,  
 "A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled brow,  
 The days departed start again to life,  
 And all the scenes of childhood reappear,  
 Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing sun  
 To him who slept at noon and wakes at eve." \*  
 Thus gaiety and cheerfulness prevail,  
 Spreading from young to old, from old to young,  
 And no one seems to want his share. — Immense  
 Is the recess, the circumambient world  
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced:  
 They move about upon the soft green turf:  
 How little they, they and their doings, seem,  
 And all that they can further or obstruct!  
 Through utter weakness pitifully dear,  
 As tender infants are: and yet how great!  
 For all things serve them: them the morning light  
 Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks;

\* These lines are from a descriptive Poem — "Malvern Hills" — by one of Mr. Wordsworth's oldest friends, Mr. Joseph Cottle.



And them the silent rocks, which now from high  
Look down upon them; the reposing clouds;  
The wild brooks prattling from invisible haunts;  
And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir  
Which animates this day their calm abode.

With deep devotion, Nature, did I feel,  
In that enormous City's turbulent world  
Of men and things, what benefit I owed  
To thee, and those domains of rural peace,  
Where to the sense of beauty first my heart  
Was opened; tract more exquisitely fair  
Than that famed paradise of ten thousand trees,  
Or Gehol's matchless gardens, for delight  
Of the Tartarian dynasty composed  
(Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous,  
China's stupendous mound) by patient toil  
Of myriads and boon nature's lavish help;  
There, in a clime from widest empire chosen,  
Fulfilling (could enchantment have done more)!  
A sumptuous dream of flowery lawns, with domes  
Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells  
For eastern monasteries, sunny mounts  
With temples created, bridges, gondolas,  
Rocks, dens, and groves of foliage taught to melt  
Into each other their obsequious hues,  
Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase,  
Too fine to be pursued; or standing forth  
In no discordant opposition, strong  
And gorgeous as the colours side by side  
Bedded among rich plumes of tropic birds;  
And mountains over all, embracing all;  
And all the landscape, endlessly enriched  
With waters running, falling, or asleep.

But lovelier far than this, the paradise  
Where I was reared; in Nature's primitive gifts  
Favoured no less, and more to every sense  
Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,  
The elements, and seasons as they change,  
Do find a worthy fellow-labourer there —  
Man free, man working for himself, with choice  
Of time, and place, and object; by his wants,  
His comforts, native occupations, cares,  
Cheerfully led to individual ends  
Or social, and still followed by a train  
Unwooded, unthought-of even — simplicity,  
And beauty, and inevitable grace.

Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial bowers  
Would to a child be transport over-great,  
When but a half-hour's roam through such a place  
Would leave behind a dance of images,  
That shall break in upon his sleep for weeks;  
Even then the common haunts of the green earth,  
And ordinary interests of man,  
Which they embosom, all without regard  
As both may seem, are fastening on the heart  
Insensibly, each with the other's help.

For me, when my affections first were led  
From kindred, friends, and playmates, to partake  
Love for the human creature's absolute self,  
That noticeable kindliness of heart  
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding most  
Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks  
And occupations which her beauty adorned,  
And Shepherds were the men that pleased me first;  
Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian wilds,  
With arts and laws so tempered, that their lives  
Left, even to us toiling in this late day,  
A bright tradition of the golden age;  
Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses  
Sequestered, handed down among themselves  
Felicity, in Grecian song renowned;  
Nor such as, when an adverse fate had driven,  
From house and home, the courtly band whose fortunes  
Entered, with Shakspeare's genius, the wild woods  
Of Arden, amid sunshine or in shade,  
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted hours,  
Ere Phœbe sighed for the false Ganymede;  
Or there where Perdita and Florizel  
Together danced, Queen of the feast, and King;  
Nor such as Spenser fabled. True it is,  
That I had heard (what he perhaps had seen)  
Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far  
Their May-bush, and along the street in flocks  
Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,  
Aimed at the laggards slumbering within doors;  
Had also heard, from those who yet remembered,  
Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths that decked  
Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar; and of youths,  
Each with his maid, before the sun was up,  
By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,  
To drink the waters of some sainted well,  
And hang it round with garlands. Love survives;  
But, for such purpose, flowers no longer grow:  
The times, too sage, perhaps too proud, have dropped  
These lighter graces; and the rural ways  
And manners which my childhood looked upon  
Were the unluxuriant produce of a life  
Intent on little but substantial needs,  
Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.  
But images of danger and distress,  
Man suffering among awful Powers and Forms;  
Of this I heard, and saw enough to make  
Imagination restless; nor was free  
Myself from frequent perils; nor were tales  
Wanting, — the tragedies of former times,  
Hazards and strange escapes, of which the rocks  
Immutable and everflowing streams,  
Where'er I roamed, were speaking monuments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,  
Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks  
Of delicate Galesus; and no less  
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores:  
Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-white herd  
To triumphs and to sacrificial rites



Devoted, on the inviolable stream  
 Of rich Clitumnus; and the goat-herd lived  
 As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows  
 Of cool Lucretia, where the pipe was heard  
 Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks  
 With tutelary music, from all harm  
 The fold protecting. I myself, mature  
 In manhood then, have seen a pastoral tract  
 Like one of these, where Fancy might run wild,  
 Though under skies less generous, less serene:  
 There, for her own delight had Nature framed  
 A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse  
 Of level pasture, islanded with groves  
 And banked with woody risings; but the Plain  
 Endless, here opening widely out, and there  
 Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn  
 And intricate recesses, creek or bay  
 Sheltered within a shelter, where at large  
 The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his home.  
 Thither he comes with spring-time, there abides  
 All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear  
 His flageolet to liquid notes of love  
 Attuned, or sprightly life resounding far.  
 Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast space  
 Where passage opens, but the same shall have  
 In turn its visitant, telling there his hours  
 In unlaborious pleasure, with no task  
 More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl  
 For spring or fountain, which the traveller finds,  
 When through the region he pursues at will  
 His devious course. A glimpse of such sweet life  
 I saw when, from the melancholy walls  
 Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed  
 My daily walk along that wide champaign,  
 That, reaching to her gates, spreads east and west,  
 And northwards, from beneath the mountainous verge  
 Of the Hercynian forest. Yet, hail to you  
 Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye hollow vales,  
 Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's voice,  
 Powers of my native region! Ye that seize  
 The heart with firmer grasp! Your snows and streams  
 Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,  
 That howl so dismally for him who treads  
 Companionless your awful solitudes!  
 There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter long  
 To wait upon the storms: of their approach  
 Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives  
 His flock, and thither from the homestead bears  
 A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,  
 And deals it out, their regular nourishment  
 Strewn on the frozen snow. And when the spring  
 Looks out, and all the pastures dance with lambs,  
 And when the flock, with warmer weather, climbs  
 Higher and higher, him his office leads  
 To watch their goings, whatsoever track  
 The wanderers choose. For this he quits his home  
 At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun  
 Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,  
 Than he lies down upon some shining rock,

And breakfasts with his dog. When they have stolen,  
 As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,  
 For rest not needed or exchange of love,  
 Then from his couch he starts; and now his feet  
 Crush out a livelier fragrance from the flowers  
 Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enwrought  
 In the wild turf: the lingering dews of morn  
 Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he hies,  
 His staff protending like a hunter's spear,  
 Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,  
 And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged streams.  
 Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,  
 Might deign to follow him through what he does  
 Or sees in his day's march; himself he feels,  
 In those vast regions where his service lies,  
 A freeman, wedded to his life of hope  
 And hazard, and hard labour interchanged  
 With that majestic indolence so dear  
 To native man. A rambling school-boy, thus  
 I felt his presence in his own domain,  
 As of a lord and master, or a power,  
 Or genius, under Nature, under God,  
 Presiding; and severest solitude  
 Had more commanding looks when he was there.  
 When up the lonely brooks on rainy days  
 Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills  
 By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes  
 Have glanced upon him distant a few steps,  
 In size a giant, stalking through thick fog,  
 His sheep like Greenland bears; or, as he stepped  
 Beyond the boundary line of some hill-shadow,  
 His form hath flashed upon me, glorified  
 By the deep radiance of the setting sun:  
 Or him have I descried in distant sky,  
 A solitary object and sublime  
 Above all height! like an aerial cross  
 Stationed alone upon a spiry rock  
 Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus was man  
 Ennobled outwardly before my sight,  
 And thus my heart was early introduced  
 To an unconscious love and reverence  
 Of human nature; hence the human form  
 To me became an index of delight,  
 Of grace and honour, power and worthiness.  
 Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost  
 As those of books, but more exalted far;  
 Far more of an imaginative form  
 Than the gay Corin of the groves, who lives  
 For his own fancies, or to dance by the hour,  
 In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—  
 Was, for the purposes of kind, a man  
 With the most common; husband, father; learned,  
 Could teach, admonish; suffered with the rest  
 From vice and folly, wretchedness and fear;  
 Of this I little saw, cared less for it,  
 But something must have felt.

Call ye these appearances—  
 Which I beheld of shepherds in my youth,  
 This sanctity of Nature given to man—

A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore  
 On the dead letter, miss the spirit of things;  
 Whose truth is not a motion or a shape  
 Instinct with vital functions, but a block  
 Or waxen image which yourselves have made,  
 And ye adore! But blessed be the God  
 Of Nature and of Man that this was so;  
 That men before my inexperienced eyes  
 Did first present themselves thus purified,  
 Removed, and to a distance that was fit:  
 And so we all of us in some degree  
 Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,  
 And howsoever; were it otherwise,  
 And we found evil fast as we find good  
 In our first years, or think that it is found,  
 How could the innocent heart bear up and live!  
 But doubly fortunate my lot; not here  
 Alone, that something of a better life  
 Perhaps was round me than it is the privilege  
 Of most to move in, but that first I looked  
 At Man through objects that were great or fair;  
 First communed with him by their help. And thus  
 Was founded a sure safeguard and defence  
 Against the weight of meanness, selfish cares,  
 Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that beat in  
 On all sides from the ordinary world  
 In which we traffic. Starting from this point  
 I had my face turned toward the truth, began  
 With an advantage furnished by that kind  
 Of prepossession, without which the soul  
 Receives no knowledge that can bring forth good,  
 No genuine insight ever comes to her.  
 From the restraint of over-watchful eyes  
 Preserved, I moved about, year after year,  
 Happy, and now most thankful that my wall  
 Was guarded from too early intercourse  
 With the deformities of crowded life,  
 And those ensuing laughs and contempts,  
 Self-pleasing, which, if we would wish to think  
 With a due reverence on earth's rightful lord,  
 Here placed to be the inheritor of heaven,  
 Will not permit us; but pursue the mind,  
 That to devotion willingly would rise,  
 Into the temple and the temple's heart.

Yet deem not, Friend! that human kind with me  
 Thus early took a place pre-eminent;  
 Nature herself was, at this unripe time  
 But secondary to my own pursuits  
 And animal activities, and all  
 Their trivial pleasures; and when these had drooped  
 And gradually expired, and Nature, prized  
 For her own sake, became my joy, even then —  
 And upwards through late youth, until not less  
 Than two-and-twenty summers had been told —  
 Was Man in my affections and regards  
 Subordinate to her, her visible forms  
 And viewless agencies: a passion, she,  
 A rapture often, and immediate love

Ever at hand; he, only a delight  
 Occasional, and accidental grace,  
 His hour being not yet come. Far less had then  
 The inferior creatures, beast or bird, attuned  
 My spirit to that gentleness of love  
 (Though they had long been carefully observed),  
 Won from me those minute obeisances  
 Of tenderness, which I may number now  
 With my first blessings. Nevertheless, on these  
 The light of beauty did not fall in vain,  
 Or grandeur circumfuse them to no end.

But when that first poetic faculty  
 Of plain Imagination and severe,  
 No longer a mute influence of the soul,  
 Ventured, at some rash Muse's earnest call,  
 To try her strength among harmonious words;  
 And to book-notions and the rules of art  
 Did knowingly conform itself: there came  
 Among the simple shapes of human life  
 A wilfulness of fancy and conceit;  
 And nature and her objects beautified  
 These fictions, as in some sort, in their turn,  
 They burnished her. From touch of this new power  
 Nothing was safe: the elder-tree that grew  
 Beside the well-known charnel-house had then  
 A dismal look: the yew-tree had its ghost,  
 That took his station there for ornament:  
 The dignities of plain occurrence then  
 Were tasteless, and truth's golden mean, a point  
 Where no sufficient pleasure could be found.  
 Then, if a widow, staggering with the blow  
 Of her distress, was known to have turned her steps  
 To the cold grave in which her husband slept,  
 One night, or haply more than one, through pain  
 Or half-insensate impotence of mind,  
 The fact was caught at greedily, and there  
 She must be visitant the whole year through,  
 Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might pursue  
 These cravings; when the fox-glove, one by one,  
 Upwards through every stage of the tall stem,  
 Had shed beside the public way its bells,  
 And stood of all dismantled, save the last  
 Left at the tapering ladder's top, that seemed  
 To bend as doth a slender blade of grass  
 Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to seat,  
 Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested still  
 With this last relic, soon itself to fall,  
 Some vagrant mother, whose arch little ones,  
 All unconcerned by her dejected plight,  
 Laughed as with rival eagerness their hands  
 Gathered the purple cups that round them lay,  
 Strewing the turf's green slope.

A diamond light  
 (Whene'er the summer sun, declining, smote  
 A smooth rock wet with constant springs) was seen  
 Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank that rose

Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the hearth  
 Seated, with open door, often and long  
 Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,  
 That made my fancy restless as itself.  
 'Twas now for me a burnished silver shield  
 Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay  
 Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood:  
 An entrance now into some magic cave  
 Or palace built by fairies of the rock;  
 Nor could I have been bribed to disenchant  
 The spectacle, by visiting the spot.  
 Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,  
 Ingrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings bred  
 By pure Imagination: busy Power  
 She was, and with her ready pupil turned  
 Instinctively to human passions, then  
 Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent swarm  
 Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich  
 As mine was through the bounty of a grand  
 And lovely region, I had forms distinct  
 To steady me: each airy thought revolved  
 Round a substantial centre, which at once  
 Incited it to motion, and controlled.  
 I did not pine like one in cities bred,  
 As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend!  
 Great Spirit as thou art, in endless dreams  
 Of sickliness, disjoining, joining, things  
 Without the light of knowledge. Where the harm,  
 If, when the woodman languished with disease  
 Induced by sleeping nightly on the ground  
 Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,  
 I called the pangs of disappointed love,  
 And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,  
 To help him to his grave. Meanwhile the man,  
 If not already from the woods retired  
 To die at home, was haply as I knew,  
 Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle airs,  
 Birds, running streams, and hills so beautiful  
 On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile  
 Breathed up its smoke, an image of his ghost  
 Or spirit that full soon must take her flight.  
 Nor shall we not be tending towards that point  
 Of sound humanity to which our Tale  
 Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I show  
 How Fancy, in a season when she wove  
 Those slender cords, to guide the unconscious Boy  
 For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's call  
 Some pensive musings which might well beseem  
 Maturer years.

A grove there is whose boughs  
 Stretch from the western marge of Thurston-mere,  
 With length of shade so thick, that whose glides  
 Along the line of low-roofed water, moves  
 As in a cloister. Once — while, in that shade  
 Loitering, I watched the golden beams of light  
 Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed  
 In silent beauty on the naked ridge  
 Of a high eastern hill — thus flowed my thoughts  
 In a pure stream of words fresh from the heart:

\* Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall close  
 My mortal course, there will I think on you;  
 Dying, will cast on you a backward look;  
 Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale  
 Is nowhere touched by one memorial gleam)  
 Doth with the fond remains of his last power  
 Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds  
 On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

Enough of humble arguments; recall,  
 My Song! those high emotions which thy voice  
 Has heretofore made known; that bursting forth  
 Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,  
 When every where a vital pulse was felt,  
 And all the several frames of things, like stars,  
 Through every magnitude distinguishable,  
 Shone mutually indebted, or half lost,  
 Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy  
 Of life and glory. In the midst stood Man,  
 Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,  
 As, of all visible natures, crown, though born  
 Of dust, and kindred to the worm; a Being,  
 Both in perception and discernment, first  
 In every capability of rapture.  
 Through the divine effect of power and love;  
 As, more than any thing we know, instinct  
 With godhead, and, by reason and by will,  
 Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains left, I moved,  
 Begirt, from day to day, with temporal shapes  
 Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,  
 Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,  
 Manners and characters discriminate,  
 And little bustling passions that eclipse,  
 As well they might, the impersonated thought,  
 The idea, or the abstraction of the kind.

An idler among academic bowers,  
 Such was my new condition, as at large  
 Has been set forth; yet here the vulgar light  
 Of present, actual, superficial life,  
 Gleaming through colouring of other times,  
 Old usages and local privilege,  
 Was welcome, softened, if not solemnized.  
 This notwithstanding, being brought more near  
 To vice and guilt, forerunning wretchedness,  
 I trembled, — thought, at times, of human life  
 With an indefinite terror and dismay,  
 Such as the storms and angry elements  
 Had bred in me; but gloomier far, a dim  
 Analogy to uproar and misrule,  
 Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

It might be told (but wherefore speak of things  
 Common to all!) that, seeing, I was led  
 Gravely to ponder — judging between good

\* See *ante*, p. 25.



And evil, not as for the mind's delight  
But for her guidance — one who was to *act*,  
As sometimes to the best of feeble means  
I did, by human sympathy impelled:  
And, through dislike and most offensive pain,  
Was to the truth conducted; of this faith  
Never forsaken, that, by acting well,  
And understanding, I should learn to love  
The end of life, and every thing we know.

Grave teacher, stern Preceptress! for at times  
Thou canst put on an aspect most severe;  
London, to thee I willingly return.  
Erewhile my verse played idly with the flowers  
Enwrought upon thy mantle; satisfied  
With that amusement, and a simple look  
Of child-like inquisition now and then  
Cast upwards on thy countenance, to detect  
Some inner meanings which might harbour there.  
But how could I in mood so light indulge,  
Keeping such fresh remembrance of the day,  
When, having thridded the long labyrinth  
Of the suburban villages, I first  
Entered thy vast dominion! On the roof  
Of an itinerant vehicle I sat,  
With vulgar men about me, trivial forms  
Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and things,—  
Mean shapes on every side: but, at the instant,  
When to myself it fairly might be said,  
The threshold now is overpast (how strange  
That aught external to the living mind  
Should have such mighty sway! yet so it was),  
A weight of ages did at once descend  
Upon my heart; no thought embodied, no  
Distinct remembrances, but weight and power,—  
Power growing under weight: alas! I feel  
That I am trifling: 'twas a moment's pause,—  
All that took place within me came and went  
As in a moment; yet with Time it dwells,  
And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open day,  
Hath passed with torches into some huge cave,  
The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den  
In old time haunted by that Danish Witch,  
Yordas; he looks around and sees the vault  
Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he sees,  
Erelong, the massy roof above his head,  
That instantly unsettles and recedes,—  
Substance and shadow, light and darkness, all  
Commingled, making up a canopy  
Of shapes and forms and tendencies to shape  
That shift and vanish, change and interchange  
Like spectres,—ferment silent and sublime!  
That after a short space works less and less,  
Till, every effort, every motion gone,  
The scene before him stands in perfect view  
Exposed, and lifeless as a written book! —  
But let him pause awhile, and look again,

And a new quickening shall succeed, at first  
Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,  
Till the whole cave, so late a senseless mass,  
Busies the eye with images and forms  
Boldly assembled, — here is shadowed forth  
From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,  
A variegated landscape, — there the shape  
Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail,  
The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,  
Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff:  
Strange congregation! yet not slow to meet  
Eyes that perceive through minds that can inspire

Even in such sort had I at first been moved,  
Nor otherwise continued to be moved,  
As I explored the vast metropolis,  
Fount of my country's destiny and the world's;  
That great emporium, chronicle at once  
And burial-place of passions, and their home  
Imperial, their chief living residence.

With strong sensations teeming as it did  
Of past and present, such a place must needs  
Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at that time  
Far less than craving power; yet knowledge came,  
Sought or unsought, and influxes of power  
Came, of themselves, or at her call derived  
In fits of kindest apprehensiveness,  
From all sides, when whate'er was in itself  
Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me  
A correspondent amplitude of mind;  
Such is the strength and glory of our youth!  
The human nature unto which I felt  
That I belonged, and revered with love,  
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit  
Diffused through time and space, with aid derived  
Of evidence from monuments, erect,  
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest  
In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime  
Of vanished nations, or more clearly drawn  
From books and what they picture and record.

'Tis true, the history of our native land,  
With those of Greece compared and popular Rome  
And in our high-wrought modern narratives  
Stript of their harmonizing soul, the life  
Of manners and familiar incidents,  
Had never much delighted me. And less  
Than other intellects had mine been used  
To lean upon extrinsic circumstance  
Of record or tradition; but a sense  
Of what in the Great City had been done  
And suffered, and was doing, suffering, still,  
Weighed with me, could support the test of thought;  
And, in despite of all that had gone by,  
Or was departing never to return,  
There I conversed with majesty and power  
Like independent natures. Hence the place  
Was thronged with impregnations like the Wilds



In which my early feelings had been nursed —  
 Bare hills and valleys, full of caverns, rocks  
 And audible seclusions, dashing lakes,  
 Echoes and waterfalls, and pointed crags  
 That into music touch the passing wind.  
 Here then my young imagination found  
 No uncongenial element; could here  
 Among new objects serve or give command,  
 Even as the heart's occasions might require,  
 To forward reason's else too scrupulous march,  
 The effect was, still more elevated views  
 Of human nature. Neither vice nor guilt,  
 Debasement undergone by body or mind,  
 Nor all the misery forced upon my sight,  
 Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes scanned  
 Most feelingly, could overthrow my trust  
 In what we *may* become; induce belief  
 That I was ignorant, had been falsely taught,  
 A solitary, who with vain conceits  
 Had been inspired, and walked about in dreams.  
 From those sad scenes when meditation turned,  
 Lo! every thing that was indeed divine  
 Retained its purity inviolate,  
 Nay brighter shone, by this portentous gloom  
 Set off; such opposition as aroused  
 The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise  
 Though fallen from bliss, when in the East he saw  
 \* Darkness ere day's mid course, and morning light

More orient in the western cloud, that drew  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 Descending slow with something heavenly fraught.

Add also, that among the multitudes  
 Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen  
 Affectingly set forth, more than elsewhere  
 Is possible, the unity of man,  
 One spirit over ignorance and vice  
 Predominant, in good and evil hearts;  
 One sense for moral judgments, as one eye  
 For the sun's light. The soul when smitten thus  
 By a sublime *idea*, whence'er  
 Vouchsafed for union or communion, feeds  
 On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with God.

Thus from a very early age, O Friend!  
 My thoughts by slow gradations had been drawn  
 To human-kind, and to the good and ill  
 Of human life: Nature had led me on;  
 And oft amid the "busy hum" I seemed  
 To travel independent of her help,  
 As if I had forgotten her; but no,  
 The world of human-kind outweighed not hers  
 In my habitual thoughts; the scale of love,  
 Though filling daily, still was light compared  
 With that in which *her* mighty objects lay.

## BOOK NINTH.

### RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

EVEN as a river, — partly (it might seem)  
 Yielding to old remembrances, and swayed  
 In part by fear to shape a way direct,  
 That would engulf him soon in the ravenous sea —  
 Turns, and will measure back his course, far back,  
 Seeking the very regions which he crossed  
 In his first outset; so have we, my Friend!  
 Turned and returned with intricate delay.  
 Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow  
 Of some aerial Down, while there he halts  
 For breathing-time, is tempted to review  
 The region left behind him; and, if aught  
 Deserving notice have escaped regard,  
 Or been regarded with too careless eye,  
 Strives, from that height, with one and yet one more  
 Last look to make the best amends he may:  
 So have we lingered. Now we start afresh

With courage, and new hope risen on our toil.  
 Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,  
 Whene'er it comes! needful in work so long,  
 Thrice needful to the argument which now  
 Awaits us! Oh, how much unlike the past!

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,  
 I ranged at large, through London's wide domain,  
 Month after month. Obscurely did I live,  
 Not seeking frequent intercourse with men,  
 By literature, or elegance, or rank,  
 Distinguished. Scarcely was a year thus spent  
 Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,  
 With less regret for its luxurious pomp,  
 And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,  
 Than for the humble book-stalls in the streets,  
 Exposed to eye and hand where'er I turned.

France lured me forth; the realm that I had crossed  
 So lately, journeying toward the snow-clad Alps.

\* From Milton, *Par. Lost*, xi. 204.

But now, relinquishing the scrip and staff,  
And all enjoyment which the summer sun  
Sheds round the steps of those who meet the day  
With motion constant as his own, I went  
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town,  
Washed by the current of the stately Loire.

Through Paris lay my readiest course, and there  
Sojourning a few days, I visited,  
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,  
The latter chiefly; from the field of Mars  
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,  
And from Mont Martyr southward to the Dome  
Of Genieviève. In both her clamorous Halls,  
The National Synod and the Jacobins,  
I saw the Revolutionary Power  
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms;  
The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace huge  
Of Orleans; coasted round and round the line  
Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and Shop,  
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk  
Of all who had a purpose, or had not;  
I stared and listened, with a stranger's ears,  
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub wild!  
And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,  
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a look  
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to wear,  
But seemed there present; and I scanned them all,  
Watched every gesture uncontrollable,  
Of anger, and vexation, and despite,  
All side by side, and struggling face to face,  
With gaiety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust  
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,  
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,  
And pocketed the relic, in the guise  
Of an enthusiast; yet, in honest truth,  
I looked for something that I could not find,  
Affecting more emotion than I felt;  
For, 'tis most certain, that these various sights,  
However potent their first shock, with me  
Appeared to recompense the traveller's pains  
Less than the painted Magdalene of Le Brun,  
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair  
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful cheek  
Pale and bedropped with everflowing tears.

But hence to my more permanent abode  
I hasten; there, by novelties in speech,  
Domestic manners, customs, gestures, looks,  
And all the attire of ordinary life,  
Attention was engrossed; and, thus amused,  
I stood, 'mid those concussions, unconcerned,  
Tranquil almost, and careless as a flower  
Glossed in a green-house, or a parlour shrub  
That spreads its leaves in unmolested peace,  
While every bush and tree the country through,  
Is shaking to the roots: indifference this

Which may seem strange: but I was unprepared  
With needful knowledge, had abruptly passed  
Into a theatre, whose stage was filled  
And busy with an action far advanced.  
Like others, I had skimmed, and sometimes read  
With care, the master pamphlets of the day;  
Nor wanted such half-insight as grew wild  
Upon that meagre soil, helped out by talk  
And public news; but having never seen  
A chronicle that might suffice to show  
Whence the main organs of the public power  
Had sprung, their transmigrations, when and how  
Accomplished, giving thus unto events  
A form and body; all things were to me  
Loose and disjointed, and the affections left  
Without a vital interest. At that time,  
Moreover, the first storm was overblown,  
And the strong hand of outward violence  
Locked up in quiet. For myself, I fear  
Now in connection with so great a theme  
To speak (as I must be compelled to do)  
Of one so unimportant; night by night  
Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,  
Whom in the city, privilege of birth  
Sequestered from the rest, societies  
Polished in arts, and in punctilio versed;  
Whence, and from deeper causes, all discourse  
Of good and evil of the time was shunned  
With scrupulous care; but these restrictions soon  
Proved tedious, and I gradually withdrew  
Into a noisier world, and thus ere long  
Became a patriot; and my heart was all  
Given to the people, and my love was theirs.

A band of military Officers,  
Then stationed in the city, were the chief  
Of my associates: some of these wore swords  
That had been seasoned in the wars, and all  
Were men well-born; the chivalry of France.  
In age and temper differing, they had yet  
One spirit ruling in each heart; alike  
(Save only one, hereafter to be named)  
Were bent upon undoing what was done:  
This was their rest and only hope; therewith  
No fear had they of bad becoming worse,  
For worst to them was come; nor would have stirred,  
Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to stir,  
In any thing, save only as the act  
Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by years,  
Was in the prime of manhood, and erewhile  
He had sate lord in many tender hearts;  
Though heedless of such honours now, and changed:  
His temper was quite mastered by the times,  
And they had blighted him, had eaten away  
The beauty of his person, doing wrong  
Alike to body and to mind; his port,  
Which once had been erect and open, now  
Was stooping and contracted, and a face,  
Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts

Of symmetry and light and gloom, expressed,  
 As much as any that was ever seen,  
 A ravage out of season, made by thoughts  
 Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour,  
 That from the press of Paris duly brought  
 Its freight of public news, the fever came,  
 A punctual visitant, to shake this man,  
 Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow cheek  
 Into a thousand colours; while he read,  
 Or mused, his sword was haunted by his touch  
 Continually, like an uneasy place  
 In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour  
 Of universal ferment; mildest men  
 Were agitated; and commotions, strife  
 Of passion and opinion, filled the walls  
 Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.  
 The soil of common life was, at that time,  
 Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,  
 And not then only, "What a mockery this  
 Of history, the past and that to come!  
 Now do I feel how all men are deceived,  
 Reading of nations and their works, in faith,  
 Faith given to vanity and emptiness;  
 Oh! laughter for the page that would reflect  
 To future times the face of what now is!"  
 The land all swarmed with passion, like a plain  
 Devoured by locusts, — Carra, Gorraas, — add  
 A hundred other names, forgotten now,  
 Nor to be heard of more; yet, they were powers,  
 Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by day,  
 And felt through every nook of town and field.

Such was the state of things. Meanwhile the chief  
 Of my associates stood prepared for flight  
 To augment the band of emigrants in arms  
 Upon the borders of the Rhine, and leagued  
 With foreign foes mustered for instant war.  
 This was their undisguised intent, and they  
 Were waiting with the whole of their desires  
 The moment to depart.

An Englishman,  
 Born in a land whose very name appeared  
 To license some unruliness of mind;  
 A stranger, with youth's further privilege,  
 And the indulgence that a half-learn't speech  
 Wins from the courteous; I, who had been else  
 Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived  
 With these defenders of the Crown, and talked,  
 And heard their notions; nor did they disdain  
 The wish to bring me over to their cause.

But though untaught by thinking or by books  
 To reason well of polity or law,  
 And nice distinctions, then on every tongue,  
 Of natural rights and civil; and to acts  
 Of nations and their passing interests,  
 (If with unworldly ends and aims compared)  
 Almost indifferent, even the historian's tale  
 Prizing but little otherwise than I prized

Tales of the poets, as it made the heart  
 Beat high, and filled the fancy with fair forms,  
 Old heroes and their sufferings and their deeds;  
 Yet in the regal sceptre, and the pomp  
 Of orders and degrees, I nothing found  
 Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,  
 That dazzled me, but rather what I mourned  
 And ill could brook, beholding that the best  
 Ruled not, and feeling that they ought to rule.

For, born in a poor district, and which yet  
 Retaineth more of ancient homeliness  
 Than any other nook of English ground,  
 It was my fortune scarcely to have seen,  
 Through the whole tenor of my school-day time,  
 The face of one, who, whether boy or man,  
 Was vested with attention or respect  
 Through claims of wealth or blood; nor was it least  
 Of many benefits, in later years  
 Derived from academic institutes  
 And rules, that they held something up to view  
 Of a Republic, where all stood thus far  
 Upon equal ground; that we were brothers all  
 In honour, as in one community,  
 Scholars and gentlemen; where furthermore,  
 Distinction open lay to all that came,  
 And wealth and titles were in less esteem  
 Than talents, worth, and prosperous industry.  
 Add unto this, subservience from the first  
 To presences of God's mysterious power  
 Made manifest in Nature's sovereignty,  
 And fellowship with venerable books,  
 To sanction the proud workings of the soul,  
 And mountain liberty. It could not be  
 But that one tutored thus should look with awe  
 Upon the faculties of man, receive  
 Gladly the highest promises, and hail,  
 As best, the government of equal rights  
 And individual worth. And hence, O Friend!  
 If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced  
 Less than might well befit my youth, the cause  
 In part lay here, that unto me the events  
 Seemed nothing out of nature's certain course,  
 A gift that was come rather late than soon.  
 No wonder, then, if advocates like these,  
 Inflamed by passion, blind with prejudice,  
 And stung with injury, at this riper day,  
 Were impotent to make my hopes put on  
 The shape of theirs, my understanding bend  
 In honour to their honour: zeal, which yet  
 Had slumbered, now in opposition burst  
 Forth like a Polar summer: every word  
 They uttered was a dart, by counter-winds  
 Blown back upon themselves; their reason seemed  
 Confusion-stricken by a higher power  
 Than human understanding, their discourse  
 Maimed, spiritless; and, in their weakness strong,  
 I triumphed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads



Were crowded with the bravest youth of France,  
 And all the promptest of her spirits, linked  
 In gallant soldiership, and posting on  
 To meet the war upon her frontier bounds.  
 Yet at this very moment do tears start  
 Into mine eyes: I do not say I weep —  
 I wept not then, — but tears have dimmed my sight,  
 In memory of the farewells of that time,  
 Domestic severings, female fortitude  
 At dearest separation, patriot love  
 And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,  
 Encouraged with a martyr's confidence;  
 Even files of strangers merely seen but once,  
 And for a moment, men from far with sound  
 Of music, martial tunes, and banners spread,  
 Entering the city, here and there a face,  
 Or person singled out among the rest,  
 Yet still a stranger and beloved as such;  
 Even by these passing spectacles my heart  
 Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed  
 Arguments sent from Heaven to prove the cause  
 Good, pure, which no one could stand up against,  
 Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish, proud,  
 Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,  
 Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one,  
 Already hinted at, of other mould —  
 A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,  
 And with an oriental loathing spurned,  
 As of a different caste. A meeker man  
 Than this lived never, nor a more benign,  
 Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries  
 Made *him* more gracious, and his nature then  
 Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,  
 As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,  
 When foot hath crushed them. He through the events  
 Of that great change wandered in perfect faith,  
 As through a book, an old romance, or tale  
 Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought  
 Behind the summer clouds. By birth he ranked  
 With the most noble, but unto the poor  
 Among mankind he was in service bound,  
 As by some tie invisible, oaths professed  
 To a religious order. Man he loved  
 As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,  
 And all the homely in their homely works,  
 Transferred a courtesy which had no air  
 Of condescension; but did rather seem  
 A passion and a gallantry, like that  
 Which he, a soldier, in his idler day  
 Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he was,  
 Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,  
 But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy  
 Diffused around him, while he was intent  
 On works of love or freedom, or revolved  
 Complacently the progress of a cause,  
 Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek  
 And placid, and took nothing from the man

That was delightful. Oft in solitude  
 With him did I discourse about the end  
 Of civil government, and its wisest forms;  
 Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,  
 Custom and habit, novelty and change;  
 Of self-respect, and virtue in the few  
 For patrimonial honour set apart,  
 And ignorance in the labouring multitude.  
 For he, to all intolerance indisposed,  
 Balanced these contemplations in his mind;  
 And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped  
 Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment  
 Than later days allowed; carried about me,  
 With less alloy to its integrity,  
 The experience of past ages, as, through help  
 Of books and common life, it makes sure way  
 To youthful minds, by objects over near  
 Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled  
 By struggling with the crowd for present ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find  
 Error without excuse upon the side  
 Of them who strove against us, more delight  
 We took, and let this freely be confessed,  
 In painting to ourselves the miseries  
 Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life  
 Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul  
 The meanest thrives the most; where dignity,  
 True personal dignity, abideth not;  
 A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off  
 From the natural inlets of just sentiment,  
 From lowly sympathy and chastening truth;  
 Where good and evil interchange their names,  
 And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired  
 With vice at home. We added dearest themes —  
 Man and his noble nature, as it is  
 The gift which God has placed within his power,  
 His blind desires and steady faculties  
 Capable of clear truth, the one to break  
 Bondage, the other to build liberty  
 On firm foundations, making social life,  
 Through knowledge spreading and imperishable,  
 As just in regulation, and as pure  
 As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honourable deeds  
 Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot,  
 That would be found in all recorded time,  
 Of truth preserved and error passed away;  
 Of single spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,  
 And how the multitudes of men will feed  
 And fan each other; thought of sects, how keen  
 They are to put the appropriate nature on,  
 Triumphant over every obstacle  
 Of custom, language, country, love, or hate.  
 And what they do and suffer for their creed;  
 How far they travel, and how long endure;  
 How quickly mighty Nations have been formed,  
 From least beginnings; how, together locked



By new opinions, scattered tribes have made  
 One body, spreading wide as clouds in heaven.  
 To aspirations then of our own minds  
 Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld  
 A living confirmation of the whole  
 Before us, in a people from the depth  
 Of shameful imbecility uprisen,  
 Fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked  
 Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest men,  
 Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,  
 And continence of mind, and sense of right,  
 Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,  
 Or such retirement, Friend! as we have known  
 In the green dales beside our Rotha's stream,  
 Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,  
 To ruminate, with interchange of talk,  
 On rational liberty, and hope in man,  
 Justice and peace. But far more sweet such toil —  
 Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts abstruse —  
 If nature then be standing on the brink  
 Of some great trial, and we hear the voice  
 Of one devoted, — one whom circumstance  
 Hath called upon to embody his deep sense  
 In action, give it outwardly a shape,  
 And that of benediction to the world.  
 Then doubt is not, and truth is more than truth, —  
 A hope it is, and a desire; a creed  
 Of zeal, by an authority Divine  
 Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.  
 Such conversation, under Attic shades,  
 Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened thus  
 For a Deliverer's glorious task, — and such  
 He, on that ministry already bound,  
 Held with Eudemus and Timonides,  
 Surrounded by adventurers in arms,  
 When those two vessels with their daring freight,  
 For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,  
 Sailed from Zacynthus, — philosophic war,  
 Led by Philosophers. With harder fate,  
 Though like ambition, such was he, O Friend!  
 Of whom I speak. So Beaupuis (let the name  
 Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)  
 Fashioned his life; and many a long discourse,  
 With like persuasion honoured, we maintained:  
 He, on his part, accoutred for the worst.  
 He perished fighting, in supreme command,  
 Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire,  
 For liberty, against deluded men,  
 His fellow-countrymen; and yet most blessed  
 In this, that he the fate of later times  
 Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,  
 Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth  
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet  
 Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk;  
 Or in wide forests of continuous shade,

Lofty and over-arched, with open space  
 Beneath the trees, clear footing many a mile —  
 A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,  
 From earnest dialogues I slipped in thought,  
 And let remembrance steal to other times,  
 When, o'er those interwoven roots, moss-clad,  
 And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,  
 Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed, might pace  
 In sylvan meditation undisturbed;  
 As on the pavement of a Gothic church  
 Walks a lone Monk, when service hath expired,  
 In peace and silence. But if e'er was heard, —  
 Heard, though unseen, — a devious traveller,  
 Retiring or approaching from afar  
 With speed and echoes loud of trampling hoofs  
 From the hard floor reverberated, then  
 It was Angelica thundering through the woods  
 Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid  
 Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.  
 Sometimes methought I saw a pair of knights  
 Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm  
 Rocked high above their heads; anon, the din  
 Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,  
 In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt  
 Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance  
 Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,  
 A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.  
 The width of those huge forests, unto me  
 A novel scene, did often in this way  
 Master my fancy while I wandered on  
 With that revered companion. And sometimes —  
 When to a convent in a meadow green,  
 By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,  
 And not by reverential touch of Time  
 Dismantled, but by violence abrupt —  
 In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,  
 In spite of real fervour, and of that  
 Less genuine and wrought up within myself —  
 I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,  
 And for the Matin-bell to sound no more  
 Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the cross  
 High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign  
 (How welcome to the weary traveller's eyes!)  
 Of hospitality and peaceful rest.  
 And when the partner of those varied walks  
 Pointed upon occasion to the site  
 Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,  
 To the imperial edifice of Blois,  
 Or to that rural castle, name now slipped  
 From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,  
 By the first Francis wooed, and bound to him  
 In chains of mutual passion, from the tower,  
 As a tradition of the country tells,  
 Practised to commune with her royal knight  
 By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse  
 'Twixt her high-seated residence and his  
 Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath;  
 Even here, though less than with the peaceful house  
 Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments

Of Kings, their vices and their better deeds,  
 Imagination, potent to inflame  
 At times with virtuous wrath and noble scorn,  
 Did also often mitigate the force  
 Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,  
 So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind;  
 And on these spots with many gleams I looked  
 Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,  
 Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one  
 Is law for all, and of that barren pride  
 In them who, by immunities unjust,  
 Between the sovereign and the people stand,  
 His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold  
 Daily upon me, mixed with pity too  
 And love; for where hope is, there love will be  
 For the abject multitude. And when we chanced  
 One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,  
 Who crept along fitting her languid gait  
 Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord  
 Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane  
 Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands  
 Was busy knitting in a heartless mood  
 Of solitude, and at the sight my friend  
 In agitation said, "Tis against *that*  
 That we are fighting," I with him believed  
 That a benignant spirit was abroad  
 Which might not be withstood, that poverty  
 Abject as this would in a little time  
 Be found no more, that we should see the earth  
 Unthwarted in her wish to recompense  
 The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil.  
 All institutes for ever blotted out  
 That legalized exclusion, empty pomp  
 Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,  
 Whether by edict of the one or few;  
 And finally, as sum and crown of all,  
 Should see the people having a strong hand  
 In framing their own laws; whence better days  
 To all mankind. But, these things set apart,  
 Was not this single confidence enough  
 To animate the mind that ever turned  
 A thought to human welfare? That henceforth  
 Captivity by mandate without law  
 Should cease; and open accusation lead  
 To sentence in the hearing of the world,  
 And open punishment, if not the air  
 Be free to breathe in, and the heart of man  
 Dread nothing. From this height I shall not stoop

To humbler matter that detained us oft  
 In thought or conversation, public acts,  
 And public persons, and emotions wrought  
 Within the breast, as ever-varying winds  
 Of record or report swept over us;  
 But I might here, instead, repeat a tale,\*  
 Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events,  
 That prove to what low depth had struck the roots,  
 How widely spread the boughs, of that old tree  
 Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul  
 And black dishonour, France was weary of.

Oh, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus  
 The story might begin). Oh, balmy time,  
 In which a love-knot, on a lady's brow,  
 Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!  
 So might — and with that prelude *did* begin  
 The record; and, in faithful verse, was given  
 The doleful sequel.

But our little bark  
 On a strong river boldly hath been launched;  
 And from the driving current should we turn  
 To loiter wilfully within a creek,  
 Howe'er attractive, Fellow voyager!  
 Wouldst thou not chide! Yet deem not my pains lost:  
 For Vandracour and Julia (so were named  
 The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will draw  
 Tears from the hearts of others, when their own  
 Shall beat no more. Thou, also, there mayst read,  
 At leisure, how the enamoured youth was driven,  
 By public power abased, to fatal crime,  
 Nature's rebellion against monstrous law;  
 How, between heart and heart, oppression thrust  
 Her mandates, severing whom true love had joined,  
 Harassing both; until he sank and pressed  
 The couch his fate had made for him; supine,  
 Save when the stings of viperous remorse,  
 Trying their strength, enforced him to start up,  
 Aghast and prayerless. Into a deep wood  
 He fled, to shun the haunts of human kind;  
 There dwelt, weakened in spirit more and more;  
 Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France  
 Full speedily resounded, public hope,  
 Or personal memory of his own worst wrongs,  
 Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy shades,  
 His days he wasted, — an imbecile mind.

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\* See "Vandracour and Julia," *ante* p. 104.

## BOOK TENTH.

### RESIDENCE IN FRANCE (CONTINUED).

It was a beautiful and silent day  
That overspread the countenance of earth,  
Then fading with unusual quietness,—  
A day as beautiful as e'er was given  
To soothe regret, though deepening what it soothed,  
When by the gliding Loire I paused, and cast  
Upon his rich domains, vineyard and tilth,  
Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured woods,  
Again, and yet again, a farewell look;  
Then from the quiet of that scene passed on,  
Bound to the fierce Metropolis. From his throne  
The King had fallen, and that invading host—  
Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front was written  
The tender mercies of the dismal wind  
That bore it—on the plains of Liberty  
Had burst innocuous. Say in bolder words,  
They—who had come elate as eastern hunters  
Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when he  
Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,  
Rajahs and Omrahs in his train, intent  
To drive their prey inclosed within a ring  
Wide as a province, but, the signal given,  
Before the point of the life-threatening spear  
Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash men,  
Had seen the anticipated quarry turned  
Into avengers, from whose wrath they fled  
In terror. Disappointment and dismay  
Remained for all whose fancies had run wild  
With evil expectations; confidence  
And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State, as if to stamp the final seal  
On her security, and to the world  
Show what she was, a high and fearless soul,  
Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung  
By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt  
With spiteful gratitude the baffled League,  
That had stirred up her slackening faculties  
To a new transition, when the King was crushed,  
Spared not the empty throne, and in proud haste  
Assumed the body and venerable name  
Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes,  
'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire work  
Of massacre, in which the senseless sword  
Was prayed to as a judge; but these were past,  
Earth free from them for ever, as was thought,—  
Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once!  
Things that could only show themselves and die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I returned,  
And ranged, with ardour heretofore unfelt,  
The spacious city, and in progress passed  
The prison where the unhappy Monarch lay,  
Associate with his children and his wife  
In bondage; and the palace, lately stormed  
With roar of cannon by a furious host,  
I crossed the square (an empty area then!)  
Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain  
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and gazed  
On this and other spots, as doth a man  
Upon a volume whose contents he knows  
Are memorable, but from him locked up,  
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,  
So that he questions the mute leaves with pain,  
And half upbraids their silence. But that night  
I felt most deeply in what world I was,  
What ground I trod on, and what air I breathed.  
High was my room and lonely, near the roof  
Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge  
That would have pleased me in more quiet times;  
Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.  
With unextinguished taper I kept watch,  
Reading at intervals; the fear gone by  
Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.  
I thought of those September massacres,  
Divided from me by one little month,  
Saw them and touched: the rest was conjured up  
From tragic fictions or true history,  
Remembrances and dim admonishments.  
The horse is taught his manage, and no star  
Of wildest course but treads back his own steps;  
For the spent hurricane the air provides  
As fierce a successor; the tide retreats  
But to return out of its hiding-place  
In the great deep; all things have second birth;  
The earthquake is not satisfied at once;  
And in this way I wrought upon myself,  
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,  
To the whole city, "Sleep no more." The trance  
Fled with the voice to which it had given birth;  
But vainly comments of a calmer mind  
Promised soft peace and sweet forgetfulness.  
The place, all hushed and silent as it was,  
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,  
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

With early morning towards the Palace-walk

Of Orleans eagerly I turned ; as yet  
 The streets were still : not so those long Arcades ;  
 There, mid a peal of ill-matched sounds and cries,  
 That greeted me on entering, I could hear  
 Shrill voices from the hawkers in the throng,  
 Bawling, " Denunciation of the Crimes  
 Of Maximilian Robespierre ;" the hand,  
 Prompt as the voice held forth a printed speech,  
 The same that had been recently pronounced,  
 When Robespierre, not ignorant for what mark  
 Some words of indirect reproof had been  
 Intended, rose in hardihood, and dared  
 The man who had an ill surmise of him  
 To bring his charge in openness ; whereat,  
 When a dead pause ensued, and no one stirred,  
 In silence of all present, from his seat  
 Louvet walked single through the avenue,  
 And took his station in the Tribune, saying,  
 " I, Robespierre, accuse thee !" Well is known  
 The inglorious issue of that charge, and how  
 He, who had launched the startling thunderbolt,  
 The one bold man, whose voice the attack had sounded,  
 Was left without a follower to discharge  
 His perilous duty, and retire lamenting  
 That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men  
 Who to themselves are false.

But these are things

Of which I speak, only as they were storm  
 Or sunshine to my individual mind,  
 No further. Let me then relate that now —  
 In some sort seeing with my proper eyes  
 That Liberty, and Life, and Death would soon  
 To the remotest corners of the land  
 Lie in the arbitrament of those who ruled  
 The capital City ; what was struggled for,  
 And by what combatants victory must be won ;  
 The indecision on their part whose aim  
 Seemed best, and the straightforward path of those  
 Who in attack or in defence were strong  
 Through their impiety — my inmost soul  
 Was agitated ; yea, I could almost  
 Have prayed that throughout earth upon all men,  
 By patient exercise of reason made  
 Worthy of liberty, all spirits fill  
 With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,  
 The gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive  
 From the four quarters of the winds to do  
 For France, what without help she could not do,  
 A work of honour ; think not that to this  
 I added, work of safety : from all doubt  
 Or trepidation for the end of things  
 Far was I, far as angels are from guilt.

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, but thought  
 Of opposition and of remedies :  
 An insignificant stranger and obscure,  
 And one, moreover, little graced with power  
 Of eloquence even in my native speech ;

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And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,  
 Yet would I at this time with willing heart  
 Have undertaken for a cause so great  
 Service however dangerous. I revolved,  
 How much the destiny of Man had still  
 Hung upon single persons ; that there was,  
 Transcendent to all local patrimony,  
 One nature, as there is one sun in heaven ;  
 That objects, even as they are great, thereby  
 Do come within the reach of humblest eyes ;  
 That man is only weak through his mistrust  
 And want of hope where evidence divine  
 Proclaims to him that hope should be most sure ;  
 Nor did the inexperience of my youth  
 Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong  
 In hope, and trained to noble aspirations,  
 A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,  
 Is for Society's unreasoning herd  
 A domineering instinct, serves at once  
 For way and guide, a fluent receptacle  
 That gathers up each petty straggling rill  
 And vein of water, glad to be rolled on  
 In safe obedience ; that a mind, whose rest  
 Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,  
 In circumspection and simplicity,  
 Falls rarely in entire discomfiture  
 Below its aim, or meets with, from without,  
 A treachery that foils it or defeats ;  
 And, lastly, if the means on human will,  
 Frail human will, dependent should betray  
 Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt  
 That 'mid the loud distractions of the world  
 A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,  
 Arbiter undisturbed of right and wrong,  
 Of life and death, in majesty severe  
 Enjoining, as may best promote the aims  
 Of truth and justice, either sacrifice,  
 From whatsoever region of our cares  
 Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,  
 Earnest and blind, against the stern decree.

On the other side, I called to mind those truths,  
 That are the common-places of the schools —  
 (A theme for boys, too hackneyed for their sires,) —  
 Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,  
 In all their comprehensive bearings known  
 And visible to philosophers of old,  
 Men who, to business of the world untrained,  
 Lived in the shade ; and to Harmodius known  
 And his compeer Aristogiton, known  
 To Brutus — that tyrannic power is weak,  
 Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love,  
 Nor the support of good or evil men  
 To trust in ; that the godhead which is ours  
 Can never utterly be charmed or stilled ;  
 That nothing hath a natural right to last  
 But equity and reason ; that all else  
 Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best  
 Lives only by variety of disease.

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Well might my wishes be intense, my thoughts  
 Strong and perturbed, not doubting at that time  
 But that the virtue of one paramount mind  
 Would have abashed those impious crests—have quelled  
 Outrage and bloody power, and, in despite  
 Of what the People long had been and were  
 Through ignorance and false teaching, sadder proof  
 Of immaturity, and in the teeth  
 Of desperate opposition from without—  
 Have cleared a passage for just government,  
 And left a solid birthright to the State,  
 Redeemed, according to example given  
 By ancient lawgivers.

In this frame of mind,  
 Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,  
 So seemed it, — now I thankfully acknowledge,  
 Forced by the gracious providence of Heaven, —  
 To England I returned, else (though assured  
 That I both was and must be of small weight,  
 No better than a landsman on the deck  
 Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm)  
 Doubtless, I should have then made common cause  
 With some who perished; haply perished too,  
 A poor mistaken and bewildered offering, —  
 Should to the breast of Nature have gone back,  
 With all my resolutions, all my hopes,  
 A Poet only to myself, to men  
 Useless, and even, beloved Friend! a soul  
 To thee unknown!

Twice had the trees let fall  
 Their leaves, as often Winter had put on  
 His hoary crown, since I had seen the surge  
 Beat against Albion's shore, since ear of mine  
 Had caught the accents of my native speech  
 Upon our native country's sacred ground.  
 A patriot of the world, how could I glide  
 Into communion with her sylvan shades,  
 Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It pleased me more  
 To abide in the great City, where I found  
 The general air still busy with the stir  
 Of that first memorable onset made  
 By a strong levy of humanity  
 Upon the traffickers in Negro blood;  
 Effort which, though defeated, had recalled  
 To notice old forgotten principles,  
 And through the nation spread a novel heat  
 Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own  
 That this particular strife had wanted power  
 To rivet my affections; nor did now  
 Its unsuccessful issue much excite  
 My sorrow; for I brought with me the faith  
 That, if France prospered, good men would not long  
 Pay fruitless worship to humanity,  
 And this most rotten branch of human shame,  
 Object, so seemed it, of superfluous pains,  
 Would fall together with its parent tree.  
 What, then, were my emotions, when in arms  
 Britain put forth her free-born strength in league,  
 Oh, pity and shame! with those confederate Powers!

Not in my single self alone I found,  
 But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,  
 Change and subversion from that hour. No shock  
 Given to my moral nature had I known  
 Down to that very moment; neither lapse  
 Nor turn of sentiment that might be named  
 A revolution, save at this one time;  
 All else was progress on the self-same path  
 On which, with a diversity of pace,  
 I had been travelling: this a stride at once  
 Into another region. As a light  
 And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze  
 On some grey rock — its birth-place — so had I  
 Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient tower  
 Of my beloved country, wishing not  
 A happier fortune than to wither there;  
 Now was I from that pleasant station torn  
 And tossed about in whirlwind. I rejoiced,  
 Yea, afterwards — truth most painful to record! —  
 Exulted in the triumph of my soul,  
 When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,  
 Left without glory on the field, or driven,  
 Brave hearts! to shameful flight. It was a grief, —  
 Grief call it not, 'twas any thing but that, —  
 A conflict of sensations without name,  
 Of which *he* only, who may love the sight  
 Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,  
 When in the congregation bending all  
 To their great Father, prayers were offered up,  
 Or praises for our country's victories;  
 And, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance  
 I only, like an uninvited guest  
 Whom no one owned, sate silent, shall I add,  
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

Oh! much have they to account for, who could tear,  
 By violence, at one decisive rent,  
 From the best youth in England their dear pride,  
 Their joy, in England; this, too, at a time  
 In which worst losses easily might wean  
 The best of names, when patriotic love  
 Did of itself in modesty give way,  
 Like the Precursor when the Deity  
 Is come Whose harbinger he was; a time  
 In which apostasy from ancient faith  
 Seemed but conversion to a higher creed;  
 Withal a season dangerous and wild,  
 A time when sage Experience would have snatched  
 Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose  
 A chaplet in contempt of his grey locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the red-cross flag  
 In that unworthy service was prepared  
 To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,  
 A brood of gallant creatures, on the deep;  
 I saw them in their rest, a sojourner  
 Through a whole month of calm and glassy days  
 In that delightful island which protects  
 Their place of convocation — there I heard,

Each evening, pacing by the still sea-shore,  
A monitory sound that never failed,—  
The sunset cannon.\* While the orb went down  
In the tranquillity of nature, came  
That voice, ill requiem! seldom heard by me  
Without a spirit overcast by dark  
Imaginations, sense of woes to come,  
Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men, who, for their desperate ends,  
Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were glad  
Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong before  
In wicked pleas, were strong as demons now;  
And thus on every side beset with foes,  
The goaded land waxed mad; the crimes of few  
Spread into madness of the many; blasts  
From hell came sanctified like airs from heaven.  
The sternness of the just, the faith of those  
Who doubted not that Providence had times  
Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned  
The human Understanding paramount  
And made of that their God, the hopes of men  
Who were content to barter short-lived pangs  
For a paradise of ages, the blind rage  
Of insolent tempers, the light vanity  
Of intermeddlers, steady purposes  
Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,  
And all the accidents of life were pressed  
Into one service, busy with one work.  
The Senate stood aghast, her prudence quenched,  
Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,  
Her frenzy only active to extol  
Past outrages, and shape the way for new,  
Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole year  
With feast days; old men from the chimney-nook,  
The maiden from the bosom of her love,  
The mother from the cradle of her babe,  
The warrior from the field—all perished, all—  
Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,  
Head after head, and never heads enough  
For those that bade them fall. They found their joy,  
They made it proudly, eager as a child,  
(If like desires of innocent little ones  
May with such heinous appetites be compared),  
Pleased in some open field to exercise  
A toy that mimics with revolving wings  
The motion of a wind-mill; though the air  
Do of itself blow fresh, and make the vanes  
Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents him not,  
But, with the plaything at arm's length, he sets  
His front against the blast, and runs amain,  
That it may whirl the faster.

Amid the depth  
Of those enormities, even thinking minds

Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their being;  
Forgot that such a sound was ever heard,  
As Liberty upon earth; yet all beneath  
Her innocent authority was wrought,  
Nor could have been, without her blessed name.  
The illustrious wife of Roland in the hour  
Of her composure, felt that agony,  
And gave it vent in her last words. O Friend!  
It was a lamentable time for man,  
Whether a hope had e'er been his or not;  
A woful time for them whose hopes survived  
The shock; most woful for those few who still  
Were flattered, and had trust in human kind:  
They had the deepest feeling of the grief.  
Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they deserved:  
The Herculean Commonwealth had put forth her arms,  
And throttled with an infant godhead's might  
The snakes about her cradle; that was well,  
And as it should be; yet no cure for them  
Whose souls were sick with pain of what would be  
Hereafter brought in charge against mankind.  
Most melancholy at that time, O Friend!  
Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were miserable;  
Through months, through years, long after the last beat  
Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep  
To me came rarely charged with natural gifts,  
Such ghastly visions had I of despair  
And tyranny, and implements of death;  
And innocent victims sinking under fear,  
And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer,  
Each in his separate cell, or penned in crowds  
For sacrifice, and struggling with fond mirth  
And levity in dungeons, where the dust  
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the scene  
Changed, and the unbroken dream entangled me  
In long orations, which I strove to plead  
Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice  
Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense,  
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt  
In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

When I began in youth's delightful prime  
To yield myself to Nature, when that strong  
And holy passion overcame me first,  
Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was free  
From its oppression. But, O Power Supreme!  
Without whose call this world would cease to breathe,  
Who from the fountain of Thy grace dost fill  
The veins that branch through every frame of life,  
Making man what he is, creature divine,  
In single or in social eminence,  
Above the rest raised infinite ascents  
When reason that enables him to be  
Is not sequestered—what a change is here!  
How different ritual for this after-worship,  
What countenance to promote this second love!  
The first was service paid to things which lie  
Guarded within the bosom of Thy will.  
Therefore to serve was high beatitude;

[\* See Advertisement to "Guilt and Sorrow," *ante*,  
p. 38. — H. R.]

Tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear  
 Ennobling, venerable; sleep secure,  
 And waking thoughts more rich than happiest dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft  
 In vision, yet constrained by natural laws  
 With them to take a troubled human heart,  
 Wanted not consolations, nor a creed  
 Of reconciliation, then when they denounced,  
 On towns and cities, wallowing in the abyss  
 Of their offences, punishment to come;  
 Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,  
 Before them, in some desolated place,  
 The wrath consummate and the threat fulfilled;  
 So, with devout humility be it said,  
 So, did a portion of that spirit fall  
 On me uplifted from the vantage-ground  
 Of pity and sorrow to a state of being  
 That through the time's exceeding fierceness saw  
 Glimpses of retribution, terrible,  
 And in the order of sublime behests:  
 But, even if that were not, amid the awe  
 Of unintelligible chastisement,  
 Not only acquiescences of faith  
 Survived, but daring sympathies with power,  
 Motions not treacherous or profane, else why  
 Within the folds of no ungentle breast  
 Their dread vibration to this hour prolonged?  
 Wild blasts of music thus could find their way  
 Into the midst of turbulent events;  
 So that worst tempests might be listened to.  
 Then was the truth received into my heart,  
 That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,  
 If from the affliction somewhere do not grow  
 Honour which could not else have been, a faith,  
 An elevation and a sanctity,  
 If new strength be not given nor old restored,  
 The blame is ours, not Nature's. When a taunt  
 Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,  
 Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap  
 From popular government and equality,"  
 I clearly saw that neither these nor aught  
 Of wild belief ingrafted on their names  
 By false philosophy had caused the woe,  
 But a terrific reservoir of guilt  
 And ignorance filled up from age to age,  
 That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,  
 But burst and spread in deluge through the land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the sea  
 Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,  
 So *that* disastrous period did not want  
 Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,  
 To which the silver wands of saints in Heaven  
 Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not the less,  
 For those examples in no age surpassed  
 Of fortitude and energy and love,  
 And human nature faithful to herself  
 Under worst trials, was I driven to think

Of the glad times when first I traversed France  
 A youthful pilgrim: above all reviewed  
 That eventide, when under windows bright  
 With happy faces and with garlands hung,  
 And through a rainbow arch that spanned the street,  
 Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,  
 I paced, a dear companion at my side,  
 The town of Arras, whence with promise high  
 Issued, on delegation to sustain  
 Humanity and right, *that* Robespierre,  
 He who thereafter, and in how short time!  
 Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.  
 When the calamity spread far and wide —  
 And this same city, that did then appear  
 To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned  
 Under the vengeance of her cruel son,  
 As Lear reproached the winds — I could almost  
 Have quarrelled with that blameless spectacle  
 For lingering yet an image in my mind  
 To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend! few happier moments have been mine  
 Than that which told the downfall of this Tribe  
 So dreaded, so abhorred. The day deserves  
 A separate record. Over the smooth sands  
 Of Leven's ample estuary lay  
 My journey, and beneath a genial sun,  
 With distant prospect among gleams of sky  
 And clouds, and intermingling mountain tops,  
 In one inseparable glory clad,  
 Creatures of one ethereal substance met  
 In consistory, like a diadem  
 Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit  
 In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp  
 Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales  
 Among whose happy fields I had grown up  
 From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,  
 That neither passed away nor changed, I gazed  
 Enrapt; but brightest things are wont to draw  
 Sad opposites out of the inner heart,  
 As even their pensive influence drew from mine.  
 How could it otherwise! for not in vain  
 That very morning had I turned aside  
 To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng of graves  
 An honoured teacher of my youth was laid,  
 And on the stone were graven by his desire  
 Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.  
 This faithful guide, speaking from his death-bed,  
 Added no farewell to his parting counsel,  
 But said to me, "My head will soon lie low;"  
 And when I saw the turf that covered him,  
 After the lapse of full eight years, those words,  
 With sound of voice and countenance of the Man,  
 Came back upon me, so that some few tears  
 Fell from me in my own despite. But now  
 I thought, still traversing that wide-spread plain,  
 With tender pleasure of the verses graven  
 Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself:  
 He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,



Would have loved me, as one not destitute  
Of promise, nor belying the kind hope  
That he had formed, when I, at his command,  
Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt  
Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small  
And rocky island near, a fragment stood  
(Itself like a sea rock) the low remains  
(With shells incrusting, dark with briny weeds)  
Of a dilapidated structure, once  
A Romish chapel, where the vested priest  
Said matins at the hour that suited those  
Who crossed the sands with ebb of morning tide.  
Not far from that still ruin all the plain  
Lay spotted with a variegated crowd  
Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,  
Wading beneath the conduct of their guide  
In loose procession through the shallow stream  
Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile  
Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I paused,  
Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright  
And cheerful, but the foremost of the band  
As he approached, no salutation given  
In the familiar language of the day,  
Cried, "Robespierre is dead!"—nor was a doubt,  
After strict question, left within my mind  
That he and his supporters all were fallen.

Great was my transport, deep my gratitude  
To everlasting Justice, by this fiat  
Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden times,"  
Said I, forth-pouring on those open sands  
A hymn of triumph: "as the morning comes  
From out the bosom of the night, come ye:  
Thus far our trust is verified; behold!  
They who with clumsy desperation brought  
A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else  
Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might  
Of their own helper have been swept away;  
Their madness stands declared and visible;  
Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth  
March firmly towards righteousness and peace"—  
Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how  
The madding factions might be tranquillized,  
And how through hardships manifold and long  
The glorious renovation would proceed.  
Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts  
Of exultation, I pursued my way  
Along that very shore which I had skimmed  
In former days, when—spurring from the Vale  
Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering fane,  
And the stone abbot, after circuit made  
In wantonness of heart, a joyous band  
Of schoolboys hastening to their distant home  
Along the margin of the moonlight sea—  
We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

## BOOK ELEVENTH.

### FRANCE.—(CONTINUED.)

From that time forth, Authority in France  
Put on a milder face; Terror had ceased,  
Yet every thing was wanting that might give  
Courage to them who looked for good by light  
Of rational Experience, for the shoots  
And hopeful blossoms of a second spring:  
Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired;  
The Senate's language, and the public acts  
And measures of the Government, though both  
Weak, and of heartless omen, had not power  
To daunt me; in the People was my trust:  
And, in the virtues which mine eyes had seen,  
I knew that wound external could not take  
Life from the young Republic; that new foes  
Would only follow, in the path of shame,  
Their brethren, and her triumphs be in the end  
Great, universal, irresistible.  
This intuition led me to confound  
One victory with another, higher far,—

Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,  
And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still  
Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought  
That what was in degree the same was likewise  
The same in quality,—that, as the worse  
Of the two spirits then at strife remained  
Untired, the better, surely, would preserve  
The heart that first had roused him. Youth maintains,  
In all conditions of society,  
Communion more direct and intimate  
With Nature,—hence, oftentimes, with reason too—  
Than age or manhood, even. To Nature, then,  
Power had reverted: habit, custom, law,  
Had left an interregnum's open space  
For her to move about in, uncontrolled.  
Hence could I see how Babel-like their task,  
Who, by the recent deluge stupified,  
With their whole souls went culling from the day  
Its petty promises, to build a tower



For their own safety; laughed with my compeers  
 At gravest heads, by enmity to France  
 Distempered, till they found in every blast  
 Forced from the street-disturbing newsmen's horn,  
 For her great cause record or prophecy  
 Of utter ruin. How might we believe  
 That wisdom could, in any shape, come near  
 Men clinging to delusions so insane?  
 And thus experience proving that no few  
 Of our opinions had been just, we took  
 Like credit to ourselves where less was due,  
 And thought that other notions were as sound,  
 Yea, could not but be right because we saw  
 That foolish men opposed them.

To a strain

More animated I might here give way,  
 And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,  
 What in those days, through Britain, was performed  
 To turn *all* judgments out of their right course;  
 But this is passion over-near ourselves,  
 Reality too close and too intense,  
 And intermixed with something, in my mind,  
 Of scorn and condemnation personal,  
 That would profane the sanctity of verse.  
 Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that time  
 Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men  
 Thirsting to make the guardian crook of law  
 A tool of murder; they who ruled the State,  
 Though with such awful proof before their eyes  
 That he, who would sow death, reaps death, or worse,  
 And can reap nothing better, child-like longed  
 To imitate, not wise enough to avoid;  
 Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)  
 The plain straight road, for one no better chosen  
 Than if their wish had been to undermine  
 Justice, and make an end of Liberty.

But from these bitter truths I must return  
 To my own history. It hath been told  
 That I was led to take an eager part  
 In arguments of civil polity,  
 Abruptly, and indeed before my time:  
 I had approached, like other youths, the shield  
 Of human nature from the golden side,  
 And would have fought, even to the death, to attest  
 The quality of the metal which I saw.  
 What there is best in individual man,  
 Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,  
 Benevolent in small societies,  
 And great in large ones, I had oft revolved,  
 Felt deeply, but not thoroughly understood  
 By reason: nay, far from it; they were yet,  
 As cause was given me afterwards to learn,  
 Not proof against the injuries of the day;  
 Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,  
 Not safe within its bosom. Thus prepared,  
 And with such general insight into evil,  
 And of the bounds which sever it from good,  
 As books and common intercourse with life

Must needs have given — to the inexperienced mind,  
 When the world travels in a beaten road,  
 Guide faithful as is needed — I began  
 To meditate with ardour on the rule  
 And management of nations; what it is  
 And ought to be; and strove to learn how far  
 Their power or weakness, wealth or poverty,  
 Their happiness or misery, depends  
 Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

\* O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!  
 For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood  
 Upon our side, us who were strong in love!  
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young was very Heaven! O times,  
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
 The attraction of a country in romance!  
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights  
 When most intent on making of herself  
 A prime enchantress — to assist the work,  
 Which then was going forward in her name!  
 Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth,  
 The beauty wore of promise — that which sets  
 (As at some moments might not be unfelt  
 Among the bowers of Paradise itself)  
 The budding rose above the rose full blown.  
 What temper at the prospect did not wake  
 To happiness unthought of? The inert  
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!  
 They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,  
 The play-fellows of fancy, who had made  
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength  
 Their ministers, — who in lordly wise had stirred  
 Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
 And dealt with whatsoever they found there  
 As if they had within some lurking right  
 To wield it; — they, too, who of gentle mood  
 Had watched all gentle motions, and to these  
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,  
 And in the region of their peaceful selves; —  
 Now was it that *both* found, the meek and lofty  
 Did both find helpers to their heart's desire,  
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish, —  
 Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
 Not in Utopia, — subterranean fields, —  
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!  
 But in the very world, which is the world  
 Of all of us, — the place where, in the end,  
 We find our happiness, or not at all!

Why should I not confess that Earth was then  
 To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,  
 Seems, when the first time visited, to one  
 Who thither comes to find in it his home?  
 He walks about and looks upon the spot  
 With cordial transport, moulds it and remoulds,

\* See *ante*, p. 188.

And is half pleased with things that are amiss,  
 'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked  
 From every object pleasant circumstance  
 To suit my ends; I moved among mankind  
 With genial feelings still predominant;  
 When erring, erring on the better part,  
 And in the kinder spirit; placable,  
 Indulgent, as not uninformed that men  
 See as they have been taught — Antiquity  
 Gives rights to error; and aware, no less,  
 That throwing off oppression must be work  
 As well of License as of Liberty;  
 And above all — for this was more than all —  
 Not caring if the wind did now and then  
 Blow keen upon an eminence that gave  
 Prospect so large into futurity;  
 In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,  
 Diffusing only those affections wider  
 That from the cradle had grown up with me,  
 And losing, in no other way than light  
 Is lost in light, the weak in the more strong.

In the main outline such it might be said  
 Was my condition, till with open war  
 Britain opposed the liberties of France.  
 This threw me first out of the pale of love;  
 Soured and corrupted, upwards to the source,  
 My sentiments; was not, as hitherto,  
 A swallowing up of lesser things in great,  
 But change of them into their contraries;  
 And thus a way was opened for mistakes  
 And false conclusions, in degree as gross,  
 In kind more dangerous. What had been a pride,  
 Was now a shame; my likings and my loves  
 Ran in new channels, leaving old ones dry;  
 And hence a blow that, in maturer age,  
 Would but have touched the judgment, struck more  
 deep

Into sensations near the heart: meantime,  
 As from the first, wild theories were afloat,  
 To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,  
 I had but lent a careless ear, assured  
 That time was ready to set all things right,  
 And that the multitude, so long oppressed,  
 Would be oppressed no more.

But when events  
 Brought less encouragement, and unto these  
 The immediate proof of principles no more  
 Could be intrusted, while the events themselves  
 Worn out in greatness, stripped of novelty,  
 Less occupied the mind, and sentiments  
 Could through my understanding's natural growth  
 No longer keep their ground, by faith maintained  
 Of inward consciousness, and hope that laid  
 Her hand upon her object — evidence  
 Safer, of universal application, such  
 As could not be impeached, was sought elsewhere.

But now, become oppressors in their turn,  
 Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence  
 For one of conquest, losing sight of all  
 Which they had struggled for: now mounted up,  
 Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,  
 The scale of liberty. I read her doom,  
 With anger vexed, with disappointment sore,  
 But not dismayed, nor taking to the shame  
 Of a false prophet. While resentment rose  
 Striving to hide, what nought could heal, the wounds  
 Of mortified presumption, I adhered  
 More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove  
 Their temper, strained them more; and thus, in heat  
 Of contest, did opinions every day  
 Grow into consequence, till round my mind  
 They clung, as if they were its life, nay more,  
 The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when all things tending fast  
 To depravation, speculative schemes —  
 That promised to abstract the hopes of Man  
 Out of his feelings, to be fixed thenceforth  
 For ever in a purer element —  
 Found ready welcome. Tempting region that  
 For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,  
 Where passions had the privilege to work,  
 And never hear the sound of their own names.  
 But, speaking more in charity, the dream  
 Flattered the young, pleased with extremes, nor least  
 With that which makes our Reason's naked self  
 The object of its fervour. What delight!  
 How glorious! in self-knowledge and self-rule,  
 To look through all the frailties of the world,  
 And, with a resolute mastery shaking off  
 Infirmities of nature, time, and place,  
 Build social upon personal Liberty,  
 Which, to the blind restraints of general laws  
 Superior, magisterially adopts  
 One guide, the light of circumstances, flashed  
 Upon an independent intellect.  
 Thus expectation rose again; thus hope,  
 From her first ground expelled, grew proud once more.  
 Oft, as my thoughts were turned to human kind,  
 I scorned indifference; but, inflamed with thirst  
 Of a secure intelligence, and sick  
 Of other longing, I pursued what seemed  
 A more exalted nature; wished that Man  
 Should start out of his earthy, worm-like state,  
 And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,  
 Lord of himself in undisturbed delight —  
 A noble aspiration! yet I feel  
 (Sustained by worthier as by wiser thoughts)  
 The aspiration, nor shall ever cease  
 To feel it; — but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true — could such a plea excuse  
 Those aberrations — had the clamorous friends  
 Of ancient Institutions said and done  
 To bring disgrace upon their very names;

Disgrace, of which, custom and written law,  
 And sundry moral sentiments as props  
 Or emanations of those institutes,  
 Too justly bore a part. A veil had been  
 Uplifted; why deceive ourselves? in sooth,  
 'Twas even so; and sorrow for the man  
 Who either had not eyes wherewith to see,  
 Or, seeing, had forgotten! A strong shock  
 Was given to old opinions; all men's minds  
 Had felt its power, and mine was both let loose,  
 Let loose and goaded. After what hath been  
 Already said of patriotic love,  
 Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat stern  
 In temperament, withal a happy man,  
 And therefore bold to look on painful things,  
 Free likewise of the world, and thence more bold,  
 I summoned my best skill, and toiled, intent  
 To anatomize the frame of social life,  
 Yea, the whole body of society  
 Searched to its heart. Share with me, Friend, the wish  
 That some dramatic tale, endued with shapes  
 Livelier, and flinging out less guarded words  
 Than suit the work we fashion, might set forth  
 What then I learned, or think I learned, of truth,  
 And the errors into which I fell, betrayed  
 By present objects, and by reasonings false  
 From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn  
 Out of a heart that had been turned aside  
 From Nature's way by outward accidents,  
 And which was thus confounded, more and more  
 Misguided, and misguiding. So I fared,  
 Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds,  
 Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,  
 Suspiciously, to establish in plain day  
 Her titles and her honours; now believing,  
 Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed  
 With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground  
 Of obligation, what the rule and whence  
 The sanction; till, demanding formal *proof*,  
 And seeking it in every thing, I lost  
 All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,  
 Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,  
 Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,  
 This the soul's last and lowest ebb; I drooped,  
 Deeming our blessed reason of least use  
 Where wanted most: "The lordly attributes  
 Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed,  
 "What are they but a mockery of a Being  
 Who hath in no concerns of his a test  
 Of good and evil; knows not what to fear  
 Or hope for, what to covet or to shun;  
 And who, if those could be discerned, would yet  
 Be little profited, would see, and ask  
 Where is the obligation to enforce?  
 And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,  
 As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;  
 The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not walk  
 With scoffers, seeking light and gay revenge  
 From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate down  
 In reconciliation with an utter waste  
 Of intellect; such sloth I could not brook,  
 (Too well I loved, in that my spring of life,  
 Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their dear reward)  
 But turned to abstract science, and there sought  
 Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned  
 Where the disturbances of space and time —  
 Whether in matters various, properties  
 Inherent, or from human will and power  
 Derived — find no admission. Then it was —  
 Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good! —  
 That the beloved Sister in whose sight  
 Those days were passed, now speaking in a voice  
 Of sudden admonition — like a brook  
 That did but cross a lonely road, and now  
 Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn,  
 Companion never lost through many a league —  
 Maintained for me a saving intercourse  
 With my true self; for, though bedimmed and changed  
 Much, as it seemed, I was no further changed  
 Than as a clouded and a waning moon:  
 She whispered still that brightness would return,  
 She, in the midst of all, preserved me still  
 A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,  
 And that alone, my office upon earth:  
 And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,  
 If willing audience fail not, Nature's self,  
 By all varieties of human love  
 Assisted, led me back through opening day  
 To those sweet counsels between head and heart  
 Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with  
 peace,  
 Which, through the later sinkings of this cause,  
 Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now  
 In the catastrophe (for so they dream,  
 And nothing less), when, finally to close  
 And seal up all the gains of France, a Pope  
 Is summoned in, to crown an Emperor —  
 This last opprobrium, when we see a people,  
 That once looked up in faith, as if to Heaven  
 For manna, take a lesson from the dog  
 Returning to his vomit; when the sun  
 That rose in splendour, was alive, and moved  
 In exultation with a living pomp  
 Of clouds — his glory's natural retinue —  
 Hath dropped all functions by the gods bestowed,  
 And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,  
 Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Friend!  
 Through times of honour and through times of shame  
 Descending, have I faithfully retraced  
 The perturbations of a youthful mind  
 Under a long-lived storm of great events —  
 A story destined for thy ear, who now,  
 Among the fallen of nations, dost abide  
 Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts



His shadow stretching towards Syracuse,  
 The city of Timoleon! Righteous Heaven!  
 How are the mighty prostrated! They first,  
 They first of all that breathe should have awaked  
 When the great voice was heard from out the tombs  
 Of ancient heroes. If I suffered grief  
 For ill-requited France, by many deemed  
 A trifle only in her proudest day;  
 Have been distressed to think of what she once  
 Promised, now is; a far more sober cause  
 Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,  
 To the reanimating influence lost  
 Of memory, to virtue lost and hope,  
 Though with the wreck of loftier years bestrewn.

But indignation works where hope is not,  
 And thou, O Friend! wilt be refreshed. There is  
 One great society alone on earth:  
 The noble Living and the noble Dead.

Thine be such converse strong and sanative,  
 A ladder for thy spirit to reascend  
 To health and joy and pure contentedness;  
 To me the grief confined, that thou art gone  
 From this last spot of earth, where Freedom now  
 Stands single in her only sanctuary;  
 A lonely wanderer art gone, by pain  
 Compelled and sickness, at this latter day,  
 This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.  
 I feel for thee, must utter what I feel:  
 The sympathies erewhile in part discharged,  
 Gather afresh, and will have vent again:  
 My own delights do scarcely seem to me  
 My own delights; the lordly Alps themselves,  
 Those rosy peaks, from which the Morning looks  
 Abroad on many nations, are no more  
 For me that image of pure gladness  
 Which they were wont to be. Through kindred scenes,  
 For purpose, at a time, how different!  
 Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart and soul  
 That Nature gives to Poets, now by thought  
 Matured, and in the summer of their strength.  
 Oh! wrap him in your shades, ye giant woods,  
 On Etna's side; and thou, O flowery field  
 Of Enna! is there not some nook of thine,  
 From the first play-time of the infant world  
 Kept sacred to restorative delight,  
 When from afar invoked by anxious love?

Child of the mountains, among shepherds reared,

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Ere yet familiar with the classic page,  
 I learnt to dream of Sicily; and lo,  
 The gloom, that, but a moment past, was deepened  
 At thy command, at her command gives way;  
 A pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,  
 Comes o'er my heart: in fancy I behold  
 Her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales;  
 Nor can my tongue give utterance to a name  
 Of note belonging to that honoured isle,  
 Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,  
 Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul!  
 That doth not yield a solace to my grief:  
 And, O Theocritus,\* so far have some  
 Prevailed among the powers of heaven and earth,  
 By their endowments, good or great, that they  
 Have had, as thou reportest, miracles  
 Wrought for them in old time: yea, not unmoved,  
 When thinking on my own beloved friend,  
 I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed  
 Divine Comates, by his impious lord  
 Within a chest imprisoned; how they came  
 Laden from blooming grove or flowery field,  
 And fed him there, alive, month after month,  
 Because the goatherd, blessed man! had lips  
 Wet with the Muses' nectar.

Thus I soothe  
 The pensive moments by this calm fireside,  
 And find a thousand bounteous images  
 To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and mine.  
 Our prayers have been accepted; thou wilt stand  
 On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,  
 Triumphant, winning from the invaded heavens  
 Thoughts without bound, magnificent designs  
 Worthy of poets who attuned their harps  
 In wood or echoing cave, for discipline  
 Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,  
 'Mid temples, served by sapient priests, and choirs  
 Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in vain  
 Those temples, where they in their ruins yet  
 Survive for inspiration, shall attract  
 Thy solitary steps: and on the brink  
 Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse;  
 Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,  
 Then, near some other spring, which, by the name  
 Thou gratest, willingly deceived,  
 I see thee linger a glad votary,  
 And not a captive pining for his home.

\* Theocrit. Idyll. vii. 78.



## BOOK TWELFTH.

### IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

Long time have human ignorance and guilt  
Detained us, on what spectacles of woe  
Compelled to look, and inwardly oppressed  
With sorrow, disappointment, vexing thoughts  
Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed,  
And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself  
And things to hope for! Not with these began  
Our song, and not with these our song must end.—  
Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides  
Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs,  
Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers,  
Feelingly watched, might teach Man's haughty race  
How without injury to take, to give  
Without offence; ye who, as if to show  
The wondrous influence of power gently used,  
Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,  
And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds  
Through the whole compass of the sky; ye brooks,  
Muttering along the stones, a busy noise  
By day, a quiet sound in silent night;  
Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal forth  
In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,  
Not mute, and then retire, fearing no storm;  
And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is  
To interpose the covert of your shades,  
Even as a sleep, between the heart of man  
And outward troubles, between man himself,  
Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart:  
Oh! that I had a music and a voice  
Harmonious as your own, that I might tell  
What ye have done for me. The morning shines,  
Nor heedeth Man's perverseness; Spring returns,—  
I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice,  
In common with the children of her love,  
Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh fields,  
Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven  
On wings that navigate cerulean skies.  
So neither were complacency, nor peace,  
Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good  
Through these distracted times; in Nature still  
Glorying, I found a counterpoise in her,  
Which when the spirit of evil reached its height,  
Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend! hath chiefly told  
Of intellectual power, fostering love,  
Dispensing truth, and, over men and things,  
Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing

Prophetic sympathies of genial faith:  
So was I favoured — such my happy lot —  
Until that natural graciousness of mind  
Gave way to overpressure from the times  
And their disastrous issues. What availed,  
When spells forbade the voyager to land,  
That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore  
Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower  
Of blissful gratitude and fearless love?  
Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,  
And hope that future times *would* surely see,  
The man to come, parted, as by a gulf,  
From him who had been; that I could no more  
Trust the elevation which had made me one  
With the great family that still survives  
To illuminate the abyss of ages past,  
Sage, warrior, patriot, hero; for it seemed  
That their best virtues were not free from taint  
Of something false and weak, that could not stand  
The open eye of Reason. Then I said,  
“Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee  
More perfectly of purer creatures; — yet  
If reason be nobility in man,  
Can aught be more ignoble than the man  
Whom they delight in, blinded as he is  
By prejudice, the miserable slave  
Of low ambition or distempered love!”

In such strange passion, if I may once more  
Review the past, I warred against myself —  
A bigot to a new idolatry —  
Like a cowed monk who hath forsworn the world,  
Zealously laboured to cut off my heart  
From all the sources of her former strength;  
And as, by simple waving of a wand,  
The wizard instantaneously dissolves  
Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul  
As readily by syllogistic words  
Those mysteries of being which have made,  
And shall continue evermore to make,  
Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far  
Perverted, even the visible Universe  
Fell under the dominion of a taste  
Less spiritual, with microscopic view  
Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral world?

O Soul of Nature! excellent and fair!  
 That didst rejoice with me, with whom I, too,  
 Rejoiced through early youth, before the winds  
 And roaring waters, and in lights and shades  
 That marched and countermarched about the hills  
 In glorious apparition, Powers on whom  
 I daily waited, now all eye and now  
 All ear; but never long without the heart  
 Employed, and man's unfolding intellect:  
 O Soul of Nature! that, by laws divine  
 Sustained and governed, still dost overflow  
 With an impassioned life, what feeble ones  
 Walk on this earth! how feeble have I been  
 When thou wert in thy strength! Nor this through  
 stroke

Of human suffering, such as justifies  
 Remissness and inaptitude of mind,  
 But through presumption; even in pleasure pleased  
 Unworthily, disliking here, and there  
 Liking; by rules of mimic art transferred  
 To things above all art; but more, — for this,  
 Although a strong infection of the age,  
 Was never much my habit — giving way  
 To a comparison of scene with scene,  
 Bent overmuch on superficial things,  
 Pampering myself with meagre novelties  
 Of colour and proportion; to the moods  
 Of time and season, to the moral power,  
 The affections and the spirit of the place,  
 Insensible. Nor only did the love  
 Of sitting thus in judgment interrupt  
 My deeper feelings, but another cause,  
 More subtle and less easily explained,  
 That almost seems inherent in the creature,  
 A twofold frame of body and of mind.  
 I speak in recollection of a time  
 When the bodily eye, in every stage of life  
 The most despotic of our senses, gained  
 Such strength in me as often held my mind  
 In absolute dominion. Gladly here,  
 Entering upon abstruser argument,  
 Could I endeavour to unfold the means  
 Which Nature studiously employs to thwart  
 This tyranny, summons all the senses each  
 To counteract the other, and themselves,  
 And makes them all, and the objects with which all  
 Are conversant, subservient in their turn  
 To the great ends of Liberty and Power.  
 But leave we this: enough that my delights  
 (Such as they were) were sought insatiably.  
 Vivid the transport, vivid though not profound;  
 I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to rock,  
 Still craving combinations of new forms,  
 New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,  
 Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced  
 To lay the inner faculties asleep.  
 Amid the turns and counterturns, the strife  
 And various trials of our complex being,  
 As we grow up, such thralldom of that sense

Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a maid,  
 A young enthusiast, who escaped these bonds;  
 Her eye was not the mistress of her heart;  
 Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste,  
 Or barren intermeddling subtleties,  
 Perplex her mind; but, wise as women are  
 When genial circumstance hath favoured them,  
 She welcomed what was given and craved no more;  
 Whate'er the scene presented to her view,  
 That was the best, to that she was attuned  
 By her benign simplicity of life.  
 And through a perfect happiness of soul,  
 Whose variegated feelings were in this  
 Sisters, that they were each some new delight.  
 Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,  
 Could they have known her, would have loved; me-  
 thought  
 Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,  
 That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,  
 And every thing she looked on, should have had  
 An intimation how she bore herself  
 Towards them and to all creatures. God delights  
 In such a being; for her common thoughts  
 Are piety, her life is gratitude.

Even like this maid, before I was called forth  
 From the retirement of my native hills,  
 I loved whate'er I saw: nor lightly loved,  
 But most intensely; never dreamt of aught  
 More grand, more fair, more exquisitely framed  
 Than those few nooks to which my happy feet  
 Were limited. I had not at that time  
 Lived long enough, nor in the least survived  
 The first diviner influence of this world,  
 As it appears to unaccustomed eyes.  
 Worshipping then among the depth of things,  
 As piety ordained; could I submit  
 To measured admiration, or to aught  
 That should preclude humility and love?  
 I felt, observed, and pondered; did not judge,  
 Yea, never thought of judging; with the gift  
 Of all this glory filled and satisfied.  
 And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps  
 Roaming, I carried with me the same heart:  
 In truth, the degradation — howsoe'er  
 Induced, effect, in whatsoe'er degree,  
 Of custom that prepares a partial scale  
 In which the little oft outweighs the great;  
 Or any other cause that hath been named;  
 Or lastly, aggravated by the times  
 And their impassioned sounds, which well might make  
 The milder minstrelsies of rural scenes  
 Inaudible — was transient; I had known  
 Too forcibly, too early in my life,  
 Visitings of imaginative power  
 For this to last: I shook the habit off  
 Entirely and for ever, and again  
 In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,  
 A sensitive being, a creative soul.

There are in our existence spots of time,  
 That with distinct pre-eminence retain  
 A renovating virtue, whence, depressed  
 By false opinion and contentious thought,  
 Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight,  
 In trivial occupations, and the round  
 Of ordinary intercourse, our minds  
 Are nourished and invisibly repaired;  
 A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced,  
 That penetrates, enables us to mount,  
 When high, more high, and lifts us up when fallen.  
 This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks  
 Among those passages of life that give  
 Profoundest knowledge to what point, and how,  
 The mind is lord and master — outward sense  
 The obedient servant of her will. Such moments  
 Are scattered every where, taking their date  
 From our first childhood. I remember well,  
 That once, while yet my inexperienced hand  
 Could scarcely hold a bridle, with proud hopes  
 I mounted, and we journeyed towards the hills:  
 An ancient servant of my father's house  
 Was with me, my encourager and guide:  
 We had not travelled long, ere some mischance  
 Disjoined me from my comrade; and, through fear  
 Dismounting, down the rough and stony moor  
 I led my horse, and, stumbling on, at length  
 Came to a bottom, where in former times  
 A murderer had been hung in iron chains.  
 The gibbet-mast had mouldered down, the bones  
 And iron case were gone; but on the turf,  
 Hard by, soon after that fell deed was wrought,  
 Some unknown hand had carved the murderer's name.  
 The monumental letters were inscribed  
 In times long past; but still, from year to year,  
 By superstition of the neighbourhood,  
 The grass is cleared away, and to this hour  
 The characters are fresh and visible:  
 A casual glance had shown them, and I fled,  
 Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road:  
 Then, reascending the bare common, saw  
 A naked pool that lay beneath the hills,  
 The beacon on the summit, and, more near,  
 A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head,  
 And seemed with difficult steps to force her way  
 Against the blowing wind. It was, in truth,  
 An ordinary sight; but I should need  
 Colours and words that are unknown to man,  
 To paint the visionary dreariness  
 Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide  
 Invested moorland waste, and naked pool,  
 The beacon crowning the lone eminence,  
 The female and her garments vexed and tossed  
 By the strong wind. When, in the blessed hours  
 Of early love, the loved one at my side,  
 I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,  
 Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,  
 And on the melancholy beacon, fell  
 A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden gleam;

And think ye not with radiance more sublime  
 For these remembrances, and for the power  
 They had left behind! So feeling comes in aid  
 Of feeling, and diversity of strength  
 Attends us, if but once we have been strong.  
 Oh! mystery of man, from what a depth  
 Proceed thy honours. I am lost, but see  
 In simple childhood something of the base  
 On which thy greatness stands; but this I feel,  
 That from thyself it comes, that thou must give,  
 Else never canst receive. The days gone by  
 Return upon me almost from the dawn  
 Of life: the hiding-places of man's power  
 Open; I would approach them, but they close.  
 I see by glimpses now; when age comes on,  
 May scarcely see at all; and I would give,  
 While yet we may, as far as words can give,  
 Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining,  
 Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past  
 For future restoration. — Yet another  
 Of these memorials: —

One Christmas-time,  
 On the glad eve of its dear holidays,  
 Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth  
 Into the fields, impatient for the sight  
 Of those led palfreys that should bear us home;  
 My brothers and myself. There rose a crag,  
 That, from the meeting-point of two highways  
 Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched;  
 Thither, uncertain on which road to fix  
 My expectation, thither I repaired,  
 Scout-like, and gained the summit; 'twas a day  
 Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass  
 I sat half-sheltered by a naked wall;  
 Upon my right hand couched a single sheep,  
 Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood;  
 With those companions at my side, I watched,  
 Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist  
 Gave intermitting prospect of the copse  
 And plain beneath. Ere we to school returned, —  
 That dreary time, — ere we had been ten days  
 Sojourners in my father's house, he died,  
 And I and my three brothers, orphans then,  
 Followed his body to the grave. The event,  
 With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared  
 A chastisement; and when I called to mind  
 That day so lately past, when from the crag  
 I looked in such anxiety of hope;  
 With trite reflections of morality,  
 Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low  
 To God, Who thus corrected my desires;  
 And, afterwards, the wind and sleety rain,  
 And all the business of the elements,  
 The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,  
 And the bleak music from that old stone wall,  
 The noise of wood and water, and the mist  
 That on the line of each of those two roads  
 Advanced in such indisputable shapes;  
 All these were kindred spectacles and sounds

To which I oft repaired, and thence would drink,  
As at a fountain; and on winter nights,  
Down to this very time, when storm and rain  
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,  
While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,  
Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock

In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,  
Some inward agitations thence are brought,  
Whate'er their office, whether to beguile  
Thoughts over busy in the course they took,  
Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

## BOOK THIRTEENTH.

### IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.—(CONCLUDED.)

FROM Nature doth emotion come, and moods  
Of calmness equally are Nature's gift:  
This is her glory; these two attributes  
Are sister horns that constitute her strength.  
Hence Genius, born to thrive by interchange  
Of peace and excitation, finds in her  
His best and purest friend; from her receives  
That energy by which he seeks the truth,  
From her that happy stillness of the mind  
Which fits him to receive it when unsought.

Such benefit the humblest intellects  
Partake of, each in their degree; 'tis mine  
To speak, what I myself have known and felt;  
Smooth task! for words find easy way, inspired  
By gratitude, and confidence in truth.  
Long time in search of knowledge did I range  
The field of human life, in heart and mind  
Benighted; but, the dawn beginning now  
To re-appear, 'twas proved that not in vain  
I had been taught to reverence a Power  
That is the visible quality and shape  
And image of right reason; that matures  
Her processes by steadfast laws; gives birth  
To no impatient or fallacious hopes,  
No heat of passion or excessive zeal,  
No vain conceits; provokes to no quick turns  
Of self-applauding intellect; but trains  
To meekness, and exalts by humble faith;  
Holds up before the mind intoxicate  
With present objects, and the busy dance  
Of things that pass away, a temperate show  
Of objects that endure; and by this course  
Disposes her, when over-fondly set  
On throwing off incumbrances, to seek  
In man, and in the frame of social life,  
Whate'er there is desirable and good  
Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form  
And function, or, through strict vicissitude  
Of life and death, revolving. Above all  
Were re-established now those watchful thoughts  
Which, seeing little worthy or sublime

In what the Historian's pen so much delights  
To blazon — power and energy detached  
From moral purpose — early tutored me  
To look with feelings of fraternal love  
Upon the unassuming things that hold  
A silent station in this beauteous world.

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found  
Once more in Man an object of delight,  
Of pure imagination, and of love;  
And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,  
Again I took the intellectual eye  
For my instructor, studious more to see  
Great truths, than touch and handle little ones.  
Knowledge was given accordingly; my trust  
Became more firm in feelings that had stood  
The test of such a trial; clearer far  
My sense of excellence — of right and wrong:  
The promise of the present time retired  
Into its true proportion; sanguine schemes,  
Ambitious projects, pleased me less; I sought  
For present good in life's familiar face,  
And built thereon my hopes of good to come.

With settling judgments now of what would last  
And what would disappear; prepared to find  
Presumption, folly, madness, in the men  
Who thrust themselves upon the passive world  
As Rulers of the world; to see in these,  
Even when the public welfare is their aim,  
Plans without thought, or built on theories  
Vague and unsound; and having brought the books  
Of modern statists to their proper test,  
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims  
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended rights,  
Mortal, or those beyond the reach of death;  
And having thus discerned how dire a thing  
Is worshipped in that idol proudly named  
"The Wealth of Nations," where alone that wealth  
Is lodged, and how increased; and having gained  
A more judicious knowledge of the worth  
And dignity of individual man,



No composition of the brain, but man  
 Of whom we read, the man whom we behold  
 With our own eyes — I could not but inquire —  
 Not with less interest than heretofore,  
 But greater, though in spirit more subdued —  
 Why is this glorious creature to be found  
 One only in ten thousand? What one is,  
 Why may not millions be? What bars are thrown  
 By Nature in the way of such a hope?  
 Our animal appetites and daily wants,  
 Are these obstructions insurmountable?  
 If not, then others vanish into air.  
 "Inspect the basis of the social pile:  
 Inquire," said I, "how much of mental power  
 And genuine virtue they possess who live  
 By bodily toil, labour exceeding far  
 Their due proportion, under all the weight  
 Of that injustice which upon ourselves  
 Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame  
 I chiefly looked (what need to look beyond?)  
 Among the natural abodes of men,  
 Fields with their rural works; recalled to mind  
 My earliest notices; with these compared  
 The observations made in later youth,  
 And to that day continued. — For, the time  
 Had never been when throes of mighty Nations  
 And the world's tumult unto me could yield,  
 How far so'er transported and possessed,  
 Full measure of content; but still I craved  
 An intermingling of distinct regards  
 And truths of individual sympathy  
 Nearer ourselves. Such often might be gleaned  
 From the great City, else it must have proved  
 To me a heart-depressing wilderness;  
 But much was wanting: therefore did I turn  
 To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads;  
 Sought you enriched with every thing I prized,  
 With human kindnesses and simple joys.

Oh! next to one dear state of bliss, vouchsafed  
 Alas! to few in this untoward world,  
 The bliss of walking daily in life's prime  
 Through field or forest with the maid we love,  
 While yet our hearts are young, while yet we breathe  
 Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,  
 Deep vale, or any where, the home of both,  
 From which it would be misery to stir:  
 Oh! next to such enjoyment of our youth,  
 In my esteem, next to such dear delight,  
 Was that of wandering on from day to day  
 Where I could meditate in peace, and cull  
 Knowledge that step by step might lead me on  
 To wisdom; or, as lightsome as a bird  
 Wafted upon the wind from distant lands,  
 Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or groves,  
 Which lacked not voice to welcome me in turn:  
 And, when that pleasant toil had ceased to please,  
 Converse with men, where if we meet a face  
 We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths

With long long ways before, by cottage bench,  
 Or well-spring where the weary traveller rests.

Who doth not love to follow with his eye  
 The windings of a public way? the sight,  
 Familiar object as it is, hath wrought  
 On my imagination since the morn  
 Of childhood, when a disappearing line  
 One daily present to my eyes, that crossed  
 The naked summit of a far-off hill  
 Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,  
 Was like an invitation into space  
 Boundless, or guide into eternity.  
 Yes, something of the grandeur which invests  
 The mariner who sails the roaring sea  
 Through storm and darkness, early in my mind  
 Surrounded, too, the wanderers of the earth;  
 Grandeur as much, and loveliness far more.  
 Awed have I been by strolling Bedlamites;  
 From many other uncouth vagrants (passed  
 In fear) have walked with quicker step; but why  
 Take note of this? When I began to inquire,  
 To watch and question those I met, and speak  
 Without reserve to them, the lonely roads  
 Were open schools in which I daily read  
 With most delight the passions of mankind,  
 Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears, revealed.  
 There saw into the depth of human souls,  
 Souls that appear to have no depth at all  
 To careless eyes. And — now convinced at heart  
 How little those formalities, to which  
 With overweening trust alone we give  
 The name of Education, have to do  
 With real feeling and just sense; how vain  
 A correspondence with the talking world  
 Proves to the most; and called to make good search  
 If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked  
 With toil, be therefore yoked with ignorance;  
 If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,  
 And intellectual strength so rare a boon —  
 I prized such walks still more, for there I found  
 Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure peace  
 And steadiness, and healing and repose  
 To every angry passion. There I heard,  
 From mouths of men obscure and lowly, truths  
 Replete with honour; sounds in unison  
 With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong affection, love  
 Known by whatever name, is falsely deemed  
 A gift, to use a term which they would use,  
 Of vulgar nature; that its growth requires  
 Retirement, leisure, language purified  
 By manners studied and elaborate;  
 That whoso feels such passion in its strength  
 Must live within the very light and air  
 Of courteous usages refined by art.  
 True is it, where oppression worse than death  
 Salutes the being at his birth, where grace

Of culture hath been utterly unknown,  
 And poverty and labour in excess  
 From day to day pre-occupy the ground  
 Of the affections, and to Nature's self  
 Oppose a deeper nature; there, indeed,  
 Love cannot be; nor does it thrive with ease  
 Among the close and overcrowded haunts  
 Of cities where the human heart is sick,  
 And the eye feeds it not, and cannot feed.  
 — Yes, in those wanderings deeply did I feel  
 How we mislead each other; above all,  
 How books mislead us, seeking their reward  
 From judgments of the wealthy Few, who see  
 By artificial lights; how they debase  
 The many for the pleasure of those Few;  
 Effeminately level down the truth  
 To certain general notions, for the sake  
 Of being understood at once, or else  
 Through want of better knowledge in the heads  
 That framed them; flattering self-conceit with words,  
 That, while they most ambitiously set forth  
 Extrinsic differences, the outward marks  
 Whereby society has parted man  
 From man, neglect the universal heart.

Here, calling up to mind what then I saw,  
 A youthful traveller, and see daily now  
 In the familiar circuit of my home,  
 Here might I pause and bend in reverence  
 To Nature, and the power of human minds,  
 To men as they are men within themselves.  
 How oft high service is performed within,  
 When all the external man is rude in show, —  
 Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,  
 But a mere mountain chapel, that protects  
 Its simple worshippers from sun and shower.  
 Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,  
 If future years mature me for the task,  
 Will I record the praises, making verse  
 Deal boldly with substantial things; in truth  
 And sanctity of passion, speak of these,  
 That justice may be done, obeisance paid  
 Where it is due: thus haply shall I teach,  
 Inspire, through unadulterated ears  
 Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope, — my theme  
 No other than the very heart of man,  
 As found among the best of those who live  
 Not unexalted by religious faith,  
 Nor uninformed by books, good books, though few,  
 In Nature's presence: thence may I select  
 Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;  
 And miserable love, that is not pain  
 To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
 Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.  
 Be mine to follow with no timid step  
 Where knowledge leads me: it shall be my pride  
 That I have dared to tread this holy ground,  
 Speaking no dream, but things oracular;  
 Matter not lightly to be heard by those

Who to the letter of the outward promise  
 Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit  
 In speech, and for communion with the world  
 Accomplished; minds whose faculties are then  
 Most active when they are most eloquent,  
 And elevated most when most admired.  
 Men may be found of other mould than these,  
 Who are their own upholders, to themselves  
 Encouragement, and energy, and will,  
 Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words  
 As native passion dictates. Others, too,  
 There are among the walks of homely life  
 Still higher, men for contemplation framed,  
 Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;  
 Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink  
 Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse:  
 Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,  
 The thought, the image, and the silent joy:  
 Words are but under-agents in their souls;  
 When they are grasping with their greatest strength,  
 They do not breathe among them: this I speak  
 In gratitude to God, Who feeds our hearts  
 For His own service; knoweth, loveth us,  
 When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive  
 Convictions still more strong than heretofore,  
 Not only that the inner frame is good,  
 And graciously composed, but that, no less,  
 Nature for all conditions wants not power  
 To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,  
 The outside of her creatures, and to breathe  
 Grandeur upon the very humblest face  
 Of human life. I felt that the array  
 Of act and circumstance, and visible form,  
 Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind  
 What passion makes them; that meanwhile the forms  
 Of Nature have a passion in themselves,  
 That intermingles with those works of man  
 To which he summons him; although the works  
 Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own;  
 And that the Genius of the Poet hence  
 May boldly take his way among mankind  
 Wherever Nature leads; that he hath stood  
 By Nature's side among the men of old,  
 And so shall stand for ever. Dearest Friend!  
 If thou partake the animating faith  
 That Poets, even as Prophets, each with each  
 Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,  
 Have each his own peculiar faculty,  
 Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to perceive  
 Objects unseen before, thou wilt not blame  
 The humblest of this band who dares to hope  
 That unto him hath also been vouchsafed  
 An insight that in some sort he possesses,  
 A privilege whereby a work of his,  
 Proceeding from a source of untaught things,  
 Creative and enduring, may become  
 A power like one of Nature's. To a hope

Not less ambitious once among the wilds  
 Of Sarum's Plain, my youthful spirit was raised ;  
 There, as I ranged at will the pastoral downs  
 Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare white roads  
 Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,  
 Time with his retinue of ages fled  
 Backwards, nor checked his flight until I saw  
 Our dim ancestral Past in vision clear ;  
 Saw multitudes of men, and, here and there,  
 A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,  
 With shield and stone-axe, stride across the wold ;  
 The voice of spears was heard, the rattling spear  
 Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in strength,  
 Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty.  
 I called on Darkness — but before the word  
 Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed to take  
 All objects from my sight ; and lo ! again  
 The Desert visible by dismal flames ;  
 It is the sacrificial altar, fed  
 With living men — how deep the groans ! the voice  
 Of those that crowd the giant wicker thrills  
 The monumental hillocks, and the pomp  
 Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.  
 At other moments (for through that wide waste  
 Three summer days I roamed) where'er the Plain  
 Was figured o'er with circles, lines or mounds,  
 That yet survive, a work, as some divine,  
 Shaped by the Druids, so to represent  
 Their knowledge of the heavens, and image forth  
 The constellations ; gently was I charmed  
 Into a waking dream, a reverie  
 That, with believing eyes, where'er I turned,  
 Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white wands  
 Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky,

Alternately, and plain below, while breath  
 Of music swayed their motions, and the waste  
 Rejoiced with them and me in those sweet sounds.

This for the past, and things that may be viewed  
 Or fancied in the obscurity of years  
 From monumental hints : and thou, O Friend !  
 Pleased with some unpremeditated strains  
 That served those wanderings to beguile, hast said  
 That then and there my mind had exercised  
 Upon the vulgar forms of present things,  
 The actual world of our familiar days,  
 Yet higher power ; had caught from them a tone,  
 An image, and a character, by books  
 Not hitherto reflected. Call we this  
 A partial judgment — and yet why ? for *then*  
 We were as strangers ; and I may not speak  
 Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude,  
 Which on thy young imagination, trained  
 In the great City, broke like light from far.  
 Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself  
 Witness and judge ; and I remember well  
 That in life's every-day appearances  
 I seemed about this time to gain clear sight  
 Of a new world — a world, too, that was fit  
 To be transmitted, and to other eyes  
 Made visible ; as ruled by those fixed laws  
 Whence spiritual dignity originates,  
 Which do both give it being and maintain  
 A balance, an ennobling interchange  
 Of action from without and from within ;  
 The excellence, pure function, and best power  
 Both of the object seen, and eye that sees.

## BOOK FOURTEENTH.

### CONCLUSION.

In one of those excursions (may they ne'er  
 Fade from remembrance !) through the Northern tracts  
 Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,  
 I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,  
 And westward took my way, to see the sun  
 Rise from the top of Snowdon. To the door  
 Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base  
 We came, and roused the shepherd who attends  
 The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty guide ;  
 Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer night,  
 Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping fog

Low-hung and thick that covered all the sky ;  
 But undiscouraged, we began to climb  
 The mountain-side. The mist soon girt us round,  
 And, after ordinary travellers' talk  
 With our conductor, pensively we sank  
 Each into commerce with his private thoughts :  
 Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself  
 Was nothing either seen or heard that checked  
 Those musings or diverted, save that once  
 The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the crags,  
 Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog, teased  
 His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent.  
 This small adventure, for even such it seemed



In that wild place and at the dead of night,  
 Being over and forgotten, on we wound  
 In silence as before. With forehead bent  
 Earthward, as if in opposition set  
 Against an enemy, I panted up  
 With eager pace, and no less eager thoughts.  
 Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,  
 Ascending at loose distance each from each,  
 And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band;  
 When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten,  
 And with a step or two seemed brighter still;  
 Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,  
 For instantly a light upon the turf  
 Fell like a flash, and lo! as I looked up,  
 The Moon hung naked in a firmament  
 Of azure without cloud, and at my feet  
 Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.  
 A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved  
 All over this still ocean; and beyond,  
 Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,  
 In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,  
 Into the main Atlantic, that appeared  
 To dwindle, and give up his majesty,  
 Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.  
 Not so the ethereal vault; encroachment none  
 Was there, nor loss; only the inferior stars  
 Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light  
 In the clear presence of the full-orbed Moon,  
 Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed  
 Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay  
 All meek and silent, save that through a rift —  
 Not distant from the shore whereon we stood,  
 A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-place —  
 Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams  
 Innumerable, roaring with one voice!  
 Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,  
 For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved  
 That vision, given to spirits of the night  
 And three chance human wanderers, in calm thought  
 Reflected, it appeared to me the type  
 Of a majestic intellect, its acts  
 And its possessions, what it has and craves,  
 What in itself it is, and would become.  
 There I beheld the emblem of a mind  
 That feeds upon infinity, that broods  
 Over the dark abyss, intent to hear  
 Its voices issuing forth to silent light  
 In one continuous stream; a mind sustained  
 By recognitions of transcendent power,  
 In sense conducting to ideal form,  
 In soul of more than mortal privilege.  
 One function, above all, of such a mind  
 Had Nature shadowed there, by putting forth,  
 'Mid circumstances awful and sublime,  
 That mutual domination which she loves  
 To exert upon the face of outward things,  
 So moulded, joined, abstracted, so endowed

With interchangeable supremacy,  
 That men, least sensitive, see, hear, perceive,  
 And cannot choose but feel. The power, which all  
 Acknowledge when thus moved, which Nature thus  
 To bodily sense exhibits, is the express  
 Resemblance of that glorious faculty  
 That higher minds bear with them as their own.  
 This is the very spirit in which they deal  
 With the whole compass of the universe:  
 They from their native selves can send abroad  
 Kindred mutations; for themselves create  
 A like existence; and, when'er it dawns  
 Created for them, catch it, or are caught  
 By its inevitable mastery,  
 Like angels stopped upon the wing by sound  
 Of harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres.  
 Them the enduring and the transient both  
 Serve to exalt; they build up greatest things  
 From least suggestions; ever on the watch,  
 Willing to work and to be wrought upon,  
 They need not extraordinary calls  
 To rouse them; in a world of life they live,  
 By sensible impressions not enthralled,  
 But by their quickening impulse made more prompt  
 To hold fit converse with the spiritual world,  
 And with the generations of mankind  
 Spread over time, past, present, and to come  
 Age after age, till Time shall be no more.  
 Such minds are truly from the Deity,  
 For they are Powers; and hence the highest bliss  
 That flesh can know is theirs — the consciousness  
 Of Whom they are, habitually infused  
 Through every image and through every thought,  
 And all affections by communion raised  
 From earth to heaven, from human to divine;  
 Hence endless occupation for the Soul,  
 Whether discursive or intuitive;  
 Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,  
 Emotions which best foresight need not fear,  
 Most worthy then of trust when most intense.  
 Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that crush  
 Our hearts — if here the words of Holy Writ  
 May with fit reverence be applied — that peace  
 Which passeth understanding, that repose  
 In moral judgments which from this pure source  
 Must come, or will by man be sought in vain.

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life long  
 Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in himself?  
 For this alone is genuine liberty:  
 Where is the favoured being who hath held  
 That course unchecked, unerring, and untired,  
 In one perpetual progress smooth and bright! —  
 A humbler destiny have we retraced,  
 And told of lapse and hesitating choice,  
 And backward wanderings along thorny ways:  
 Yet — compassed round by mountain solitudes,  
 Within whose solemn temple I received  
 My earliest visitations, careless then



Of what was given me; and which now I range,  
 A meditative, oft a suffering man —  
 Do I declare — in accents which, from truth  
 Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend  
 Their modulation with these vocal streams —  
 That, whatsoever falls my better mind,  
 Revolving with the accidents of life,  
 May have sustained, that, howsoe'er misled,  
 Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,  
 Tamper with conscience from a private aim  
 Nor was in any public hope the dupe  
 Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield  
 Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits,  
 But shrunk with apprehensive jealousy  
 From every combination which might aid  
 The tendency, too potent in itself,  
 Of use and custom to bow down the soul  
 Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,  
 And substitute a universe of death  
 For that which moves with light and life informed,  
 Actual, divine, and true. To fear and love,  
 To love as prime and chief, for there fear ends,  
 Be this ascribed; to early intercourse,  
 In presence of sublime or beautiful forms,  
 With the adverse principles of pain and joy —  
 Evil as one is rashly named by men  
 Who know not what they speak. By love subsists  
 All lasting grandeur, by pervading love;  
 That gone, we are as dust. — Behold the fields  
 In balmy spring-time full of rising flowers  
 And joyous creatures; see that pair, the lamb  
 And the lamb's mother, and their tender ways  
 Shall touch thee to the heart; thou callest this love,  
 And not inaptly so, for love it is,  
 Far as it carries thee. In some green bower  
 Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there  
 The One who is thy choice of all the world:  
 There linger, listening, gazing, with delight  
 Impassioned, but delight how pitiable!  
 Unless this love by a still higher love  
 Be hallowed, love that breathes not without awe;  
 Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer,  
 By heaven inspired; that frees from chains the soul,  
 Lifted, in union with the purest, best,  
 Of earth-born passions, on the wings of praise  
 Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's Throne.

This spiritual Love acts not nor can exist  
 Without Imagination, which, in truth,  
 Is but another name for absolute power  
 And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,  
 And Reason in her most exalted mood.  
 This faculty hath been the feeding source  
 Of our long labour: we have traced the stream  
 From the blind cavern whence is faintly heard  
 Its natal murmur; followed it to light  
 And open day; accompanied its course  
 Among the ways of Nature, for a time  
 Lost sight of it bewildered and ingulphed;

'Then given it greeting as it rose once more  
 In strength, reflecting from its placid breast  
 The works of man and face of human life;  
 And lastly, from its progress have we drawn  
 Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought  
 Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

Imagination having been our theme,  
 So also hath that intellectual Love,  
 For they are each in each, and cannot stand  
 Dividually. — Here must thou be, O Man!  
 Power to thyself; no helper hast thou here;  
 Here keepest thou in singleness thy state:  
 No other can divide with thee this work:  
 No secondary hand can intervene  
 To fashion this ability; 'tis thine,  
 The prime and vital principle is thine,  
 In the recesses of thy nature, far  
 From any reach of outward fellowship,  
 Else is not thine at all. But joy to him,  
 Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath laid  
 Here, the foundation of his future years!  
 For all that friendship, all that love can do,  
 All that a darling countenance can look  
 Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,  
 Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,  
 All shall be his: and he whose soul hath risen  
 Up to the height of feeling-intellect  
 Shall want no humbler tenderness; his heart  
 Be tender as a nursing mother's heart;  
 Of female softness shall his life be full,  
 Of humble cares and delicate desires,  
 Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!  
 Thanks in sincerest verse have been elsewhere  
 Poured out for all the early tenderness  
 Which I from thee imbibed: and 'tis most true  
 That later seasons owed to thee no less;  
 For, spite of thy sweet influence and the touch  
 Of kindred hands that opened out the springs  
 Of genial thought in childhood, and in spite  
 Of all that unassisted I had marked  
 In life or nature of those charms minute  
 That win their way into the heart by stealth  
 (Still to the very going-out of youth),  
 I too exclusively esteemed *that* love,  
 And sought *that* beauty, which, as Milton sings,  
 Hath terror in it.\* Thou didst soften down  
 This over-sternness; but for thee, dear Friend!  
 My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood  
 In her original self too confident,  
 Retained too long a countenance severe:  
 A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds  
 Familiar, and a favourite of the stars:  
 But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,  
 Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,  
 And teach the little birds to build their nests

[\* See *Paradise Lost*, Book IX., 490-1. — H. R.]

And warble in its chambers. At a time  
 When Nature, destined to remain so long  
 Foremost in my affections, had fallen back  
 Into a second place, pleased to become  
 A handmaid to a nobler than herself,  
 When every day brought with it some new sense  
 Of exquisite regard for common things,  
 And all the earth was budding with these gifts  
 Of more refined humanity, thy breath,  
 Dear Sister! was a kind of gentler spring  
 That went before my steps. Thereafter came  
 One whom with thee friendship had early paired;  
 She came, no more a phantom to adorn  
 A moment, but an inmate of the heart,  
 And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined  
 To penetrate the lofty and the low;\*  
 Even as one essence of pervading light  
 Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars,  
 And, the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp  
 Couched in the dewy grass.

With such a theme,

Coleridge! with this my argument, of thee  
 Shall I be silent? O capacious Soul!  
 Placed on this earth to love and understand,  
 And from thy presence shed the light of love,  
 Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of?  
 Thy kindred influence to my heart of hearts  
 Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed  
 Her overweening grasp; thus thoughts and things  
 In the self-haunting spirit learned to take  
 More rational proportions; mystery,  
 The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,  
 Of life and death, time and eternity,  
 Admitted more habitually a mild  
 Interposition — a serene delight  
 In closer gathering cares, such as become  
 A human creature, howsoever endowed,  
 Poet, or destined for a humbler name;  
 And so the deep enthusiastic joy,  
 The rapture of the hallelujah sent  
 From all that breathes and is, was chastened, stemmed,  
 And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust  
 In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay  
 Of Providence; and in reverence for duty,  
 Here, if need be, struggling with storms, and there  
 Strewing in peace life's humblest ground with herbs,  
 At every season green, sweet at all hours.

And now, O Friend! this history is brought  
 To its appointed close: the discipline  
 And consummation of a Poet's mind,  
 In every thing that stood most prominent,  
 Have faithfully been pictured; we have reached  
 The time (our guiding object from the first)  
 When we may, not presumptuously, I hope,  
 Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and such  
 My knowledge, as to make me capable

Of building up a Work that shall endure.  
 Yet much hath been omitted, as need was;  
 Of books how much! and even of the other wealth  
 That is collected among woods and fields  
 Far more: for Nature's secondary grace  
 Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,  
 The charm more superficial that attends  
 Her works, as they present to Fancy's choice  
 Apt illustrations of the moral world,  
 Caught at a glance, or traced with curious pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend! (I speak  
 With due regret) how much is overlooked  
 In human nature and her subtle ways,  
 As studied first in our own hearts, and then  
 In life among the passions of mankind,  
 Varying their composition and their hue,  
 Where'er we move, under the diverse shapes  
 That individual character presents  
 To an attentive eye. For progress meet,  
 Along this intricate and difficult path,  
 Whate'er was wanting, something had I gained,  
 As one of many schoolfellows compelled,  
 In hardy independence, to stand up  
 Amid conflicting interests, and the shock  
 Of various tempers; to endure and note  
 What was not understood, though known to be;  
 Among the mysteries of love and hate,  
 Honour and shame, looking to right and left,  
 Unchecked by innocence too delicate,  
 And moral notions too intolerant,  
 Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when called  
 To take a station among men, the step  
 Was easier, the transition more secure,  
 More profitable also; for, the mind  
 Learns from such timely exercise to keep  
 In wholesome separation the two natures,  
 The one that feels, the other that observes.

Yet one word more of personal concern —  
 Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,  
 I led an undomestic wanderer's life,  
 In London chiefly harboured, whence I roamed,  
 Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot  
 Of rural England's cultivated vales  
 Or Cambrian solitudes. A youth — (he bore  
 The name of Calvert — it shall live, if words  
 Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief  
 That by endowments not from me withheld  
 Good might be furthered — in his last decay  
 By a bequest sufficient for my needs  
 Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk  
 At large and unrestrained, nor damped too soon  
 By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, yet  
 Far less a common follower of the world,  
 He deemed that my pursuits and labours lay  
 Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even  
 A necessary maintenance insures,  
 Without some hazard to the finer sense;

[\* See *ante*, p. 166. — H. R.]

He cleared a passage for me, and the stream  
Flowed in the bent of Nature.\*

Having now  
Told what best merits mention, further pains  
Our present purpose seems not to require,  
And I have other tasks. Recall to mind  
The mood in which this labour was begun,  
O Friend! The termination of my course  
Is nearer now, much nearer; yet even then,  
In that distraction and intense desire,  
I said unto the life which I had lived,  
Where art thou? Hear I not a voice from thee  
Which 'tis reproach to hear! Anon I rose  
As if on wings, and saw beneath me stretched  
Vast prospect of the world which I had been  
And was; and hence this Song, which like a lark  
I have protracted, in the unwearied heavens  
Singing, and often with more plaintive voice  
To earth attempered and her deep-drawn sighs,  
Yet centring all in love, and in the end  
All gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,  
And, with life, power to accomplish aught of worth,  
That will be deemed no insufficient plea  
For having given the story of myself,  
Is all uncertain: but, beloved Friend!  
When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer view  
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,  
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,  
Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved  
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,  
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes  
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel;  
And I, associate with such labour, steeped  
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,  
Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was found,  
After the perils of his moonlight ride,  
Near the loud waterfall; or her who sat  
In misery near the miserable Thorn;  
When thou dost to that summer turn thy thoughts,  
And hast before thee all which then we were,  
To thee, in memory of that happiness,  
It will be known, by thee at least, my Friend!

[\* See Sonnet "To the memory of Raisley Calvert,"  
*ante*, p. 223. — H. R.]

Felt that the history of a Poet's mind  
Is labour not unworthy of regard:  
To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift  
Have been prepared, not with the buoyant spirits  
That were our daily portion when we first  
Together wantoned in wild Poesy,  
But, under pressure of a private grief,†  
Keen and enduring, which the mind and heart,  
That in this meditative history  
Have been laid open, needs must make me feel  
More deeply, yet enable me to bear  
More firmly; and a comfort now hath risen  
From hope that thou art near, and wilt be soon  
Restored to us in renovated health;  
When, after the first mingling of our tears,  
'Mong other consolations, we may draw  
Some pleasure from this offering of my love.

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,  
And all will be complete, thy race be run,  
Thy monument of glory will be raised;  
Then, though (too weak to tread the ways of truth)  
This age fall back to old idolatry,  
Though men return to servitude as fast  
As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame  
By nations sink together, we shall still  
Find solace — knowing what we have learnt to know,  
Rich in true happiness if allowed to be  
Faithful alike in forwarding a day  
Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the work  
(Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe)  
Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.  
Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak  
A lasting inspiration, sanctified  
By reason, blest by faith: what we have loved,  
Others will love, and we will teach them how;  
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes  
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth  
On which he dwells, above this frame of things  
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes  
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)  
In beauty exalted, as it is itself  
Of quality and fabric more divine.

[† See "Elegiac Verses in Memory of my Brother John  
Wordsworth," who perished by shipwreck, February 6,  
1805; *ante*, p. 462. — H. R.]

THE EXCURSION,

BEING A PORTION OF

THE RECLUSE.



TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G. &c. &c.

---

Ort. through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer!  
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent;  
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,  
Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clear.  
— Now, by thy care befriended, I appear  
Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work present.  
A token (may it prove a monument!)  
Of high respect and gratitude sincere.  
Gladly would I have waited till my task  
Had reached its close; but Life is insecure,  
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream:  
Therefore, for what is here produced I ask  
Thy favour; trusting that thou wilt not deem  
The Offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT WESTMORELAND,  
*July 29, 1814.*

# THE EXCURSION.

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## PREFACE.

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THE Title-page announces that this is only a Portion of a Poem; and the Reader must be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious Work, which is to consist of three parts.—The Author will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his own mind, he should have preferred the natural order of publication, and have given that to the world first; but, as the second division of the Work was designed to refer more to passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and greater progress made here than in the rest of the Poem; and as this part does not depend upon the preceding, to a degree which will materially injure its own peculiar interest, the Author, complying with the earnest entreaties of some valued Friends, presents the following pages to the Public.

It may be proper to state whence the Poem, of which *The Excursion* is a part, derives its Title of *THE RECLUSE*.—Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native Mountains, with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary Work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own Mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such employment. As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in Verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them. That Work, addressed to a dear Friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's Intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society; and to be entitled, *The Recluse*; as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a Poet living in retirement.—The preparatory Poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two Works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic Church. Continuing this

allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces, which have been long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged;\* will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, Oratories, and sepulchral Recesses, ordinarily included in those Edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished, or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labour bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the Public, entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavours to please, and he would hope, to benefit his countrymen.—Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of *The Recluse* will consist chiefly of meditations in the Author's own Person; and that in the intermediate part (*The Excursion*) the intervention of Characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system: it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the system for himself. And in the meantime the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of *The Recluse*, may be acceptable as a kind of *Prospectus* of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

“On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,  
Musing in Solitude, I oft perceive  
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,  
Accompanied by feelings of delight  
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;  
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts  
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes  
Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh  
The good and evil of our mortal state.  
—To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,  
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,  
Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself,

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[\* See Appendix I., p. 641. — H. R.]

I would give utterance in numerous Verse.  
Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope —  
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;  
Of blessed consolations in distress;  
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;  
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;  
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own  
Inviolable retirement, subject there  
To Conscience only, and the law supreme  
Of that Intelligence which governs all;  
I sing — 'fit audience let me find, though few !'

"So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the Bard,  
Holiest of Men, — Urania, I shall need  
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such  
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven !  
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink  
Deep — and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds  
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.  
All strength — all terror, single or in bands,  
That ever was put forth in personal form;  
Jehovah — with his thunder and the choir  
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones —  
I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not  
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,  
Nor aught of blinder vacancy — scooped out  
By help of dreams, can breed such fear and awe  
As fall upon us often when we look  
Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man,  
My haunt, and the main region of my Song.  
— Beauty — a living Presence of the earth,  
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms  
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed  
From earth's materials — waits upon my steps;  
Pitches her tents before me as I move,  
An hourly neighbour. Paradise, and groves  
Elysian, Fortunate Fields — like those of old  
Sought in the Atlantic Main, why should they be  
A history only of departed things,  
Or a mere fiction of what never was ?  
For the discerning intellect of Man,  
When wedded to this goodly universe  
In love and holy passion, shall find these  
A simple produce of the common day.  
— I, long before the blissful hour arrives,  
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse  
Of this great consummation ; — and, by words  
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,  
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep  
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain

To noble raptures ; while my voice proclaims  
How exquisitely the individual Mind  
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less  
Of the whole species) to the external World  
Is fitted : — and how exquisitely, too,  
Theme this but little heard of among Men,  
The external World is fitted to the Mind;  
And the creation (by no lower name  
Can it be called) which they with blended might  
Accomplish : — this is our high argument.  
— Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft  
Must turn elsewhere — to travel near the tribes  
And fellowships of men, and see ill sights  
Of madding passions mutually inflamed ;  
Must hear Humanity in fields and groves  
Pipe solitary anguish ; or must hang  
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm  
Of sorrow, barricaded evermore  
Within the walls of Cities ; may these sounds  
Have their authentic comment, — that even these  
Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn !  
— Descend, prophetic Spirit ! that inspirest  
The human Soul of universal earth,  
Dreaming on things to come ;\* and dost possess  
A metropolitan Temple in the hearts  
Of mighty Poets ; upon me bestow  
A gift of genuine insight ; that my Song  
With star-like virtue in its place may shine ;  
Shedding benignant influence, — and secure,  
Itself, from all malevolent effect  
Of those mutations that extend their sway  
Throughout the nether sphere ! — And if with this  
I mix more lowly matter ; with the thing  
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man  
Contemplating, and who, and what he was,  
The transitory Being that beheld  
This Vision, — when and where, and how he lived ; —  
Be not this labour useless. If such theme  
May sort with highest objects, then, dread Power,  
Whose gracious favour is the primal source  
Of all illumination, may my Life  
Express the image of a better time,  
More wise desires, and simpler manners ; — nurse  
My heart in genuine freedom : — All pure thoughts  
Be with me ; — so shall thy unfailing love  
Guide and support, and cheer me to the end !"

\* Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic Soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets.

# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE FIRST.

### THE WANDERER.

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#### ARGUMENT.

A summer forenoon — The Author reaches a ruined Cottage upon a Common, and there meets with a revered Friend, the Wanderer, of whom he gives an account — The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the History of its last Inhabitant.

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'T WAS summer, and the sun had mounted high:  
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared  
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,  
In clearest air ascending, showed far off  
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung  
From brooding clouds; shadows that lay in spots  
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams  
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed;  
Pleasant to him who on the soft cool moss  
Extends his careless limbs along the front  
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts  
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,  
Where the Wren warbles; while the dreaming Man,  
Half conscious of the soothing melody,  
With side-long eye looks out upon the scene,  
By power of that impending covert thrown  
To finer distance. Other lot was mine;  
Yet with good hope that soon I should obtain  
As grateful resting-place, and livelier joy.  
Across a bare wide Common I was toiling  
With languid steps that by the slippery ground  
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm disperse  
The host of insects gathering round my face,  
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open level stood a Grove,  
The wished-for port to which my course was bound.  
Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom  
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,  
Appeared a roofless Hut; four naked walls  
That stared upon each other! I looked round,  
And to my wish and to my hope espied  
Him whom I sought; a Man of reverend age,  
But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired.

There was he seen upon the Cottage bench,  
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep;  
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

Him had I marked the day before — alone  
And stationed in the public way, with face  
Turned toward the sun then setting, while that staff  
Afforded to the Figure of the Man  
Detained for contemplation or repose,  
Graceful support; his countenance meanwhile  
Was hidden from my view, and he remained  
Unrecognised; but, stricken by the sight,  
With slackened footsteps I advanced, and soon  
A glad congratulation we exchanged  
At such unthought-of meeting. — For the night  
We parted, nothing willingly; and now  
He by appointment waited for me here,  
Beneath the shelter of these clustering elms.

We were tried Friends: amid a pleasant vale,  
In the antique market village where were passed  
My school-days, an apartment he had owned,  
To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,  
And found a kind of home or harbour there.  
He loved me; from a swarm of rosy Boys  
Singled out me, as he in sport would say,  
For my grave looks — too thoughtful for my years.  
As I grew up, it was my best delight  
To be his chosen Comrade. Many a time,  
On holidays, we rambled through the woods:  
We sate — we walked; he pleased me with report  
Of things which he had seen; and often touched  
Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind,  
Turned inward; or at my request would sing



Old songs — the product of his native hills;  
 A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,  
 Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed  
 As cool refreshing Water, by the care  
 Of the industrious husbandman, diffused  
 Through a parched meadow-ground, in time of drought.  
 Still deeper welcome found his pure discourse:  
 How precious when in riper days I learned  
 To weigh with care his words, and to rejoice  
 In the plain presence of his dignity!

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown  
 By Nature; Men endowed with highest gifts,  
 The vision and the faculty divine;  
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of Verse  
 (Which, in the docile season of their youth,  
 It was denied them to acquire, through lack  
 Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,  
 Or haply by a temper too severe,  
 Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)  
 Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led  
 By circumstance to take unto the height  
 The measure of themselves, these favoured Beings,  
 All but a scattered few, live out their time,  
 Husbanding that which they possess within,  
 And go to the grave, unthought of. Strongest minds  
 Are often those of whom the noisy world  
 Hears least; else surely this Man had not left  
 His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.  
 But, as the mind was filled with inward light,  
 So not without distinction had he lived,  
 Beloved and honoured — far as he was known.  
 And some small portion of his eloquent speech,  
 And something that may serve to set in view  
 The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,  
 His observations, and the thoughts his mind  
 Had dealt with — I will here record in verse;  
 Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink  
 Or rise as venerable Nature leads,  
 The high and tender Muses shall accept  
 With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,  
 And listening Time reward with sacred praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born;  
 Where, on a small hereditary Farm,  
 An unproductive slip of rugged ground,  
 His Parents, with their numerous Offspring, dwelt;  
 A virtuous Household, though exceeding poor!  
 Pure Livers were they all, austere and grave,  
 And fearing God; the very Children taught  
 Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,  
 And an habitual piety, maintained  
 With strictness scarcely known on English ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I speak,  
 In summer, tended cattle on the Hills;  
 But, through the inclement and the perilous days  
 Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,

Equipped with satchel, to a School, that stood  
 Sole Building on a mountain's dreary edge,  
 Remote from view of City spire, or sound  
 Of Minster clock! From that bleak Tenement  
 He, many an evening, to his distant home  
 In solitude returning, saw the Hills  
 Grow larger in the darkness, all alone  
 Beheld the stars come out above his head,  
 And travelled through the wood, with no one near  
 To whom he might confess the things he saw.  
 So the foundations of his mind were laid.  
 In such communion, not from terror free,  
 While yet a Child, and long before his time,  
 He had perceived the presence and the power  
 Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed  
 Great objects on his mind, with portraiture  
 And colour so distinct, that on his mind  
 They lay like substances, and almost seemed  
 To haunt the bodily sense. He had received  
 A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,  
 With these impressions would he still compare  
 All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;  
 And, being still unsatisfied with aught  
 Of dimmer character, he thence attained  
 An active power to fasten images  
 Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines  
 Intensely brooded, even till they acquired  
 The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,  
 While yet a Child, with a Child's eagerness  
 Incessantly to turn his ear and eye  
 On all things which the moving seasons brought  
 To feed such appetite: nor this alone  
 Appeased his yearning: — in the after day  
 Of Boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,  
 And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags  
 He sate, and even in their fixed lineaments,  
 Or from the power of a peculiar eye,  
 Or by creative feeling overborne,  
 Or by predominance of thought oppressed,  
 Even in their fixed and steady lineaments  
 He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,  
 Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,  
 He had small need of books; for many a Tale  
 Traditionary, round the mountains hung,  
 And many a Legend, peopling the dark woods,  
 Nourished Imagination in her growth,  
 And gave the Mind that apprehensive power  
 By which she is made quick to recognise  
 The moral properties and scope of things.  
 But eagerly he read, and read again,  
 Whate'er the Minister's old Shelf supplied;  
 The life and death of Martyrs, who sustained,  
 With will inflexible, those fearful pangs  
 Triumphantly displayed in records left  
 Of Persecution, and the Covenant — Times  
 Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour!

And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved  
A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,  
That left half-told the preternatural tale,  
Romance of Giants, chronicle of Fiends,  
Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts  
Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,  
Sharp-knee'd, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,  
With long and ghostly shanks—forms which once seen  
Could never be forgotten!

In his heart,  
Where Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,  
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love  
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,  
Or by the silent looks of happy things,  
Or flowing from the universal face  
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power  
Of Nature, and already was prepared,  
By his intense conceptions, to receive  
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,  
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught  
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth  
What soul was his, when, from the naked top  
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—  
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth  
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay  
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,  
And in their silent faces did he read  
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,  
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank  
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form  
All melted into him; they swallowed up  
His animal being; in them did he live,  
And by them did he live; they were his life.  
In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.  
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;  
Rapt into still communion that transcends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power  
That made him; it was blessedness and love!

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,  
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort  
Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.  
O then how beautiful, how bright appeared  
The written Promise! Early had he learned  
To reverence the volume that displays  
The mystery, the life which cannot die;  
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.  
All things, responsive to the Writing, there  
Breathed immortality, revolving life,  
And greatness still revolving; infinite;  
Their littleness was not; the least of things

Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped  
Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he *saw*.  
What wonder if his being thus became  
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,  
Low thoughts had there no place; yet was his heart  
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,  
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,  
And whence they flowed; and from them he acquired  
Wisdom, which works thro' patience; thence he learned  
In oft-recurring hours of sober thought  
To look on Nature with a humble heart,  
Self-questioned where it did not understand,  
And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time; yet to the nearest Town  
He duly went with what small overplus  
His earnings might supply, and brought away  
The Book that most had tempted his desires  
While at the stall he read. Among the hills  
He gazed upon that mighty Orb of Song,  
The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,  
The annual savings of a toilsome life,  
His School-master supplied; books that explain  
The purer elements of truth involved  
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,  
(Especially perceived where Nature droops  
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind  
Busy in solitude and poverty.  
These occupations oftentimes deceived  
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,  
Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf  
In pensive idleness. What could he do,  
Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,  
With blind endeavours! Yet, still uppermost,  
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,  
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power  
In all things that from her sweet influence  
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,  
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,  
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.  
While yet he lingered in the rudiments  
Of science, and among her simplest laws,  
His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,  
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight  
To measure the altitude of some tall crag  
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak  
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows  
Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,  
Upon its bleak and visionary sides,  
The history of many a winter storm,  
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth year was told,  
Accumulated feelings pressed his heart  
With still increasing weight; he was o'erpowered  
By Nature, by the turbulence subdued

Of his own mind ; by mystery and hope,  
 And the first virgin passion of a soul  
 Communing with the glorious Universe.  
 Full often wished he that the winds might rage  
 When they were silent ; far more fondly now  
 Than in his earlier season did he love  
 Tempestuous nights — the conflict and the sounds  
 That live in darkness : — from his intellect  
 And from the stillness of abstracted thought  
 He asked repose ; and, failing oft to win  
 The peace required, he scanned the laws of light  
 Amid the roar of torrents, where they send  
 From hollow clefts up to the clearer air  
 A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun  
 Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,  
 And vainly by all other means, he strove  
 To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,  
 Thus was he reared\* much wanting to assist  
 The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,  
 And every moral feeling of his soul  
 Strengthened and braced, by breathing in content  
 The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,  
 And drinking from the well of homely life.  
 — But, from past liberty, and tried restraints,  
 He now was summoned to select the course  
 Of humble industry that promised best  
 To yield him no unworthy maintenance.  
 Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach  
 A Village-school — but wandering thoughts were then  
 A misery to him ; and the Youth resigned  
 A task he was unable to perform.

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who constrains  
 The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,  
 The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow vales,  
 (Spirit attached to regions mountainous  
 Like their own steadfast clouds) did now impel  
 His restless mind to look abroad with hope.

\* [The reader of Coleridge's philosophical works may by these passages be reminded of a brilliant paragraph in 'The Friend':

"We have been discoursing of infancy, childhood, boyhood, and youth, of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect plentifully as morning dew-drops — of knowledge inhaled insensibly like the fragrance — of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters — of images uncalled for and rising up like exhalations — of hopes plucked like beautiful wild flowers from the ruined tombs that border the highways of antiquity, to make a garland for a living forehead: in a word, we have been treating of nature as a teacher of truth through joy and through gladness, and as a creatress of the faculties by a process of smoothness and delight. We have made no mention of fear, shame, sorrow, nor of ungovernable and vexing thoughts; because, although these have been and have done mighty service, they are overlooked in that stage of life when youth is passing into manhood — overlooked, or forgotten."

'The Friend,' Vol. III, p. 46. — H. R.]

— An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,  
 Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,  
 A vagrant Merchant bent beneath his load !  
 Yet do such Travellers find their own delight ;  
 And their hard service, deemed debasing now,  
 Gained merited respect in simpler times ;  
 When Squire, and Priest, and they who round them  
 dwelt

In rustic sequestration — all dependent  
 Upon the PEDLAR's toil — supplied their wants,  
 Or pleased their fancies with the wares he brought.  
 Not ignorant was the Youth that still no few  
 Of his adventurous Countrymen were led  
 By perseverance in this track of life  
 To competence and ease ; — for him it bore  
 Attractions manifold ; — and this he chose.  
 His Parents on the enterprise bestowed  
 Their farewell benediction, but with hearts  
 Foreboding evil. From his native hills  
 He wandered far ; much did he see of Men,†  
 Their manners, their enjoyments, and pursuits,  
 Their passions and their feelings ; chiefly those  
 Essential and eternal in the heart,  
 That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,  
 Exist more simple in their elements,  
 And speak a plainer language. In the woods,  
 A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,  
 Itinerant in this labour, he had passed  
 The better portion of his time ; and there  
 Spontaneously had his affections thriven  
 Amid the bounties of the year, the peace  
 And liberty of Nature ; there he kept  
 In solitude and solitary thought  
 His mind in a just equipoise of love.  
 Serene it was, unclouded by the cares  
 Of ordinary life ; unvexed, unwarped  
 By partial bondage. In his steady course,  
 No piteous revolutions had he felt,  
 No wild varieties of joy and grief.  
 Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,  
 His heart lay open ; and, by Nature tuned  
 And constant disposition of his thoughts  
 To sympathy with Man, he was alive  
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,  
 And all that was endured ; for in himself  
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,  
 He had no painful pressure from without  
 That made him turn aside from wretchedness  
 With coward fears. He could afford to suffer  
 With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came  
 That in our best experience he was rich,  
 And in the wisdom of our daily life.  
 For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,  
 He had observed the progress and decay  
 Of many minds, of minds and bodies too ;

† See Note 1.



The History of many Families;  
 How they had prospered; how they were o'erthrown  
 By passion or mischance; or such misrule  
 Among the unthinking masters of the earth  
 As makes the nations groan. — This active course  
 He followed till provision for his wants  
 Had been obtained; — the Wanderer then resolved  
 To pass the remnant of his days — untasked  
 With needless services — from hardship free.  
 His calling laid aside, he lived at ease:  
 But still he loved to pace the public roads  
 And the wild paths; and, by the summer's warmth  
 Invited, often would he leave his home  
 And journey far, revisiting the scenes  
 That to his memory were most endeared.  
 Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, undamped  
 By worldly-mindedness or anxious care;  
 Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed  
 By knowledge gathered up from day to day; —  
 Thus had he lived a long and innocent life.

The Scottish Church, both on himself and those  
 With whom from childhood he grew up, had held  
 The strong hand of her purity; and still  
 Had watched him with an unrelenting eye.  
 This he remembered in his riper age  
 With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.  
 But by the native vigour of his mind,  
 By his habitual wanderings out of doors,  
 By loneliness, and goodness, and kind works,  
 Whate'er, in docile childhood or in youth,  
 He had imbibed of fear or darker thought  
 Was melted all away: so true was this,  
 That sometimes his religion seemed to me  
 Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods;  
 Who to the model of his own pure heart  
 Shaped his belief as grace divine inspired,  
 Or human reason dictated with awe.  
 — And surely never did there live on earth  
 A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports  
 And teasing ways of Children vexed not him;  
 Indulgent listener was he to the tongue  
 Of garrulous age; nor did the sick man's tale,  
 To his fraternal sympathy addressed,  
 Obtain reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb;  
 Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared  
 For Sabbath duties; yet he was a Man  
 Whom no one could have passed without remark.  
 Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs  
 And his whole figure breathed intelligence.  
 Time had compressed the freshness of his cheek  
 Into a narrower circle of deep red,  
 But had not tamed his eye; that, under brows  
 Shaggy and gray, had meanings which it brought  
 From years of youth; which, like a Being made

Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill  
 To blend with knowledge of the years to come,  
 Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed; and such his course of life  
 Who now, with no Appendage but a Staff,  
 The prized memorial of relinquished toils,  
 Upon that Cottage bench reposed his limbs,  
 Screened from the sun. Supine the Wanderer lay,  
 His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,  
 The shadows of the breezy elms above  
 Dappling his face. He had not heard the sound  
 Of my approaching steps, and in the shade  
 Unnoticed did I stand, some minutes' space.  
 At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat  
 Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim  
 Had newly scooped a running stream. He rose,  
 And ere our lively greeting into peace  
 Had settled, "Tis," said I, "a burning day:  
 My lips are parched with thirst, but you, it seems,  
 Have somewhere found relief." He, at the word,  
 Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me climb  
 The fence where that aspiring shrub looked out  
 Upon the public way. It was a plot  
 Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds  
 Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,  
 The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,  
 Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems  
 In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap  
 The broken wall. I looked around, and there,  
 Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs  
 Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a Well  
 Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern.  
 My thirst I slaked, and from the cheerless spot  
 Withdrawing, straightway to the shade returned  
 Where sate the Old Man on the Cottage bench;  
 And, while, beside him, with uncovered head,  
 I yet was standing, freely to respire,  
 And cool my temples in the fanning air,  
 Thus did he speak. "I see around me here  
 Things which you cannot see: we die, my Friend,  
 Nor we alone, but that which each man loved  
 And prized in his peculiar nook of earth  
 Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon  
 Even of the good is no memorial left.  
 — The Poets, in their elegies and songs  
 Lamenting the departed, call the groves,  
 They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,  
 And senseless rocks; nor idly; for they speak,  
 In these their invocations, with a voice  
 Obedient to the strong creative power  
 Of human passion. Sympathies there are  
 More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,  
 That steal upon the meditative mind,  
 And grow with thought. Beside yon Spring I stood,  
 And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel  
 One sadness, they and I. For them a bond



Of brotherhood is broken; time has been  
 When, every day, the touch of human hand  
 Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up  
 In mortal stillness; and they ministered  
 To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,  
 Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied  
 The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,  
 Green with the moss of years, and subject only  
 To the soft handling of the Elements:  
 There let the relic lie — fond thought — vain words!  
 Forgive them; — never — never did my steps  
 Approach this door, but she who dwelt within  
 A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her  
 As my own child. Oh, Sir! the good die first,  
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust  
 Burn to the socket. Many a Passenger  
 Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks,  
 When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn  
 From that forsaken Spring: and no one came  
 But he was welcome; no one went away  
 But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,  
 The light extinguished of her lonely Hut,  
 The Hut itself abandoned to decay,  
 And She forgotten in the quiet grave!

"I speak," continued he, "of One whose stock  
 Of virtues bloomed beneath this lowly roof.  
 She was a Woman of a steady mind,  
 Tender and deep in her excess of love,  
 Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy  
 Of her own thoughts: by some especial care  
 Her temper had been framed, as if to make  
 A Being — who by adding love to peace  
 Might live on earth a life of happiness.  
 Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side  
 The humble worth that satisfied her heart:  
 Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal  
 Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell  
 That he was often seated at his loom,  
 In summer, ere the Mower was abroad  
 Among the dewy grass, — in early spring,  
 Ere the last Star had vanished. — They who passed  
 At evening, from behind the garden fence  
 Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,  
 After his daily work, until the light  
 Had failed, and every leaf and flower were lost  
 In the dark hedges. So their days were spent  
 In peace and comfort; and a pretty Boy  
 Was their best hope, — next to the God in Heaven.

"Not twenty years ago, but you I think  
 Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there came  
 Two blighting seasons, when the fields were left  
 With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add  
 A worse affliction in the plague of war;  
 This happy Land was stricken to the heart!  
 A Wanderer then among the Cottages  
 I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw

The hardships of that season; many rich  
 Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor;  
 And of the poor did many cease to be,  
 And their place knew them not. Meanwhile, abridged  
 Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled  
 To numerous self-denials, Margaret  
 Went struggling on through those calamitous years  
 With cheerful hope, until the second autumn,  
 When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,  
 Smitten with perilous fever. In disease  
 He lingered long; and when his strength returned  
 He found the little he had stored, to meet  
 The hour of accident or crippling age,  
 Was all consumed. A second Infant now  
 Was added to the troubles of a time  
 Laden, for them and all of their degree,  
 With care and sorrow; shoals of Artisans  
 From ill requited labour turned adrift  
 Sought daily bread from public charity,  
 They, and their wives and children — happier far  
 Could they have lived as do the little birds  
 That peck along the hedge-rows, or the Kite  
 That makes her dwelling on the mountain Rocks

"A sad reverse it was for Him who long  
 Had filled with plenty, and possessed in peace,  
 This lonely Cottage. At his door he stood,  
 And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes  
 That had no mirth in them; or with his knife  
 Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks —  
 Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook  
 In house or garden, any casual work  
 Of use or ornament; and with a strange,  
 Amusing, yet uneasy novelty,  
 He blended, where he might, the various tasks  
 Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.  
 But this endured not; his good humour soon  
 Became a weight in which no pleasure was:  
 And poverty brought on a petted mood  
 And a sore temper: day by day he drooped,  
 And he would leave his work — and to the Town  
 Without an errand, would direct his steps,  
 Or wander here and there among the fields.  
 One while he would speak lightly of his Babes,  
 And with a cruel tongue: at other times  
 He tossed them with a false unnatural joy:  
 And 't was a rueful thing to see the looks  
 Of the poor innocent children. 'Every smile,'  
 Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,  
 'Made my heart bleed.'"

At this the Wanderer paused  
 And, looking up to those enormous Elms,  
 He said, "'T is now the hour of deepest noon. —  
 At this still season of repose and peace,  
 This hour when all things which are not at rest  
 Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies  
 Is filling all the air with melody;

Why should a tear be in an Old Man's eye?  
 Why should we thus, with an untoward mind,  
 And in the weakness of humanity  
 From natural wisdom turn our hearts away,  
 To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears,  
 And, feeding on disquiet, thus disturb  
 The calm of nature with our restless thoughts?"

He spake with somewhat of a solemn tone:  
 But, when he ended, there was in his face  
 Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,  
 That for a little time it stole away  
 All recollection, and that simple Tale  
 Passed from my mind like a forgotten sound.  
 A while on trivial things we held discourse,  
 To me soon tasteless. In my own despite,  
 I thought of that poor Woman as of one  
 Whom I had known and loved. He had rehearsed  
 Her homely Tale with such familiar power,  
 With such an active countenance, an eye  
 So busy, that the things of which he spake  
 Seemed present; and, attention now relaxed,  
 A heart-felt chillness crept along my veins.  
 I rose; and, having left the breezy shade,  
 Stood drinking comfort from the warmer sun,  
 That had not cheered me long — ere, looking round  
 Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned,  
 And begged of the Old Man that, for my sake,  
 He would resume his story. —

He replied,

"It were a wantonness, and would demand  
 Severe reproof, if we were Men whose hearts  
 Could hold vain dalliance with the misery  
 Even of the dead; contented thence to draw  
 A momentary pleasure, never marked  
 By reason, barren of all future good.  
 But we have known that there is often found  
 In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,  
 A power to virtue friendly; were't not so,  
 I am a dreamer among men, indeed  
 An idle Dreamer! 'Tis a common Tale,  
 An ordinary sorrow of Man's life,  
 A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed  
 In bodily form. — But without further bidding  
 I will proceed.

"While thus it fared with them,  
 To whom this Cottage, till those hapless years,  
 Had been a blessed home, it was my chance  
 To travel in a Country far remote;  
 And when these lofty Elms once more appeared,  
 What pleasant expectations lured me on  
 O'er the flat Common! — With quick step I reached  
 The threshold, lifted with light hand the latch;  
 But, when I entered Margaret looked at me  
 A little while; then turned her head away  
 Speechless, — and, sitting down upon a chair,  
 Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,

Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch! at last  
 She rose from off her seat, and then, — O Sir!  
 I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my name: —  
 With fervent love, and with a face of grief  
 Unutterably helpless, and a look  
 That seemed to cling upon me, she enquired  
 If I had seen her Husband. As she spake  
 A strange surprise and fear came to my heart,  
 Nor had I power to answer ere she told  
 That he had disappeared — not two months gone.  
 He left his House: two wretched days had past,  
 And on the third, as wistfully she raised  
 Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,  
 Like one in trouble, for returning light,  
 Within her chamber-casement she espied  
 A folded paper, lying as if placed  
 To meet her waking eyes. This tremblingly  
 She opened — found no writing, but beheld  
 Pieces of money carefully enclosed,  
 Silver and gold. — 'I shuddered at the sight,'  
 Said Margaret, 'for I knew it was his hand  
 Which placed it there: and ere that day was ended,  
 That long and anxious day! I learned from One  
 Sent hither by my Husband to impart  
 The heavy news, — that he had joined a Troop  
 Of Soldiers, going to a distant Land.  
 — He left me thus — he could not gather heart  
 To take a farewell of me; for he feared  
 That I should follow with my Babes, and sink  
 Beneath the misery of that wandering Life.'

"This Tale did Margaret tell with many tears:  
 And, when she ended, I had little power  
 To give her comfort, and was glad to take  
 Such words of hope from her own mouth as served  
 To cheer us both: — but long we had not talked  
 Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,  
 And with a brighter eye she looked around  
 As if she had been shedding tears of joy.  
 We parted. — 'T was the time of early spring;  
 I left her busy with her garden tools;  
 And well remember, o'er that fence she looked,  
 And, while I paced along the foot-way path,  
 Called out, and sent a blessing after me,  
 With tender cheerfulness; and with a voice  
 That seemed the very sound of happy thoughts.

"I roved o'er many a hill and many a dale,  
 With my accustomed load; in heat and cold,  
 Through many a wood, and many an open ground,  
 In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,  
 Drooping or blithe of heart, as might befall;  
 My best companions now the driving winds,  
 And now the 'trotting brooks' and whispering trees,  
 And now the music of my own sad steps,  
 With many a short-lived thought that passed between,  
 And disappeared. — I journeyed back this way,

When, in the warmth of Midsummer, the wheat  
 Was yellow; and the soft and bladed grass,  
 Springing afresh, had o'er the hay-field spread  
 Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,  
 I found that she was absent. In the shade,  
 Where now we sit, I waited her return.  
 Her Cottage, then a cheerful Object, wore  
 Its customary look,—only, it seemed,  
 The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,  
 Hung down in heavier tufts: and that bright weed,  
 The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root  
 Along the window's edge, profusely grew,  
 Blinding the lower panes. I turned aside,  
 And strolled into her garden. It appeared  
 To lag behind the season, and had lost  
 Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and thrift  
 Had broken their trim lines, and straggled o'er  
 The paths they used to deck:—Carnations, once  
 Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less  
 For the peculiar pains they had required,  
 Declined their languid heads, wanting support.  
 The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths and bells,  
 Had twined about her two small rows of pease,  
 And dragged them to the earth. — Ere this an hour  
 Was wasted. — Back I turned my restless steps;  
 A Stranger passed; and, guessing whom I sought,  
 He said that she was used to ramble far. —  
 The sun was sinking in the west; and now  
 I sate with sad impatience. From within  
 Her solitary Infant cried aloud;  
 Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,  
 The voice was silent. From the bench I rose;  
 But neither could divert nor soothe my thoughts.  
 The spot, though fair, was very desolate —  
 The longer I remained more desolate:  
 And, looking round me, now I first observed  
 The corner stones, on either side the porch,  
 With dull red stains discoloured, and stuck o'er  
 With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the Sheep,  
 That fed upon the Common, thither came  
 Familiarly; and found a couching-place  
 Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows fell  
 From these tall elms;—the Cottage-clock struck  
 eight; —

I turned, and saw her distant a few steps.  
 Her face was pale and thin — her figure, too,  
 Was changed. As she unlocked the door, she said,  
 'It grieves me you have waited here so long,  
 But, in good truth, I've wandered much of late,  
 And, sometimes — to my shame I speak — have need  
 Of my best prayers to bring me back again.  
 While on the board she spread our evening meal,  
 She told me — interrupting not the work  
 Which gave employment to her listless hands —  
 That she had parted with her elder Child;  
 To a kind master on a distant farm  
 Now happily apprenticed. — 'I perceive  
 You look at me, and you have cause; to-day

I have been travelling far; and many days  
 About the fields I wander, knowing this  
 Only, that what I seek I cannot find;  
 And so I waste my time: for I am changed;  
 And to myself,' said she, 'have done much wrong,  
 And to this helpless Infant. I have slept  
 Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my tears  
 Have flowed as if my body were not such  
 As others are; and I could never die.  
 But I am now in mind and in my heart  
 More easy; and I hope,' said she, 'that God  
 Will give me patience to endure the things  
 Which I behold at home.' It would have grieved  
 Your very soul to see her; Sir, I feel  
 The story linger in my heart; I fear  
 'Tis long and tedious; but my spirit clings  
 To that poor Woman: — so familiarly  
 Do I perceive her manner, and her look,  
 And presence, and so deeply do I feel  
 Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my walks  
 A momentary trance comes over me;  
 And to myself I seem to muse on One  
 By sorrow laid asleep; — or borne away,  
 A human being destined to awake  
 To human life, or something very near  
 To human life, when he shall come again  
 For whom she suffered. Yes, it would have grieved  
 Your very soul to see her: evermore  
 Her eyelids drooped, her eyes were downward cast;  
 And, when she at her table gave me food,  
 She did not look at me. Her voice was low,  
 Her body was subdued. In every act  
 Pertaining to her house affairs, appeared  
 The careless stillness of a thinking mind  
 Self-occupied; to which all outward things  
 Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,  
 But yet no motion of the breast was seen,  
 No heaving of the heart. While by the fire  
 We sate together, sighs came on my ear,  
 I knew not how, and hardly whence they came.

"Ere my departure, to her care I gave,  
 For her son's use, some tokens of regard,  
 Which with a look of welcome she received;  
 And I exhorted her to place her trust  
 In God's good love, and seek his help by prayer.  
 I took my staff, and when I kissed her babe  
 The tears stood in her eyes. I left her then  
 With the best hope and comfort I could give;  
 She thanked me for my wish; — but for my hope  
 Methought she did not thank me.

"I returned,  
 And took my rounds along this road again  
 Ere on its sunny bank the primrose flower  
 Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the Spring.  
 I found her sad and drooping; she had learned  
 No tidings of her Husband; if he lived,  
 She knew not that he lived; if he were dead,



She knew not he was dead. She seemed the same  
 In person and appearance; but her House  
 Bespoke a sleepy hand of negligence;  
 The floor was neither dry nor neat, the hearth  
 Was comfortless, and her small lot of books,  
 Which, in the Cottage window, heretofore  
 Had been piled up against the corner panes  
 In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves  
 Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,  
 As they had chanced to fall. Her infant Babe  
 Had from its Mother caught the trick of grief,  
 And sighed among its playthings. Once again  
 I turned towards the garden gate, and saw,  
 More plainly still, that poverty and grief  
 Were now come nearer to her: weeds defaced  
 The hardened soil, and knots of withered grass:  
 No ridges there appeared of clear black mould,  
 No winter greenness; of her herbs and flowers,  
 It seemed the better part were gnawed away  
 Or trampled into earth; a chain of straw,  
 Which had been twined about the slender stem  
 Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root,  
 The bark was nibbled round by truant Sheep.  
 —Margaret stood near, her Infant in her arms,  
 And, noting that my eye was on the tree,  
 She said, 'I fear it will be dead and gone  
 Ere Robert come again.' Towards the House  
 Together we returned; and she enquired  
 If I had any hope: — but for her Babe  
 And for her little orphan Boy, she said,  
 She had no wish to live, that she must die  
 Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom  
 Still in its place; his Sunday garments hung  
 Upon the self-same nail; his very staff  
 Stood undisturbed behind the door. And when,  
 In bleak December, I retraced this way,  
 She told me that her little Babe was dead,  
 And she was left alone. She now, released  
 From her maternal cares, had taken up  
 The employment common through these Wilds, and  
 gained,  
 By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;  
 And for this end had hired a neighbour's Boy  
 To give her needful help. That very time  
 Most willingly she put her work aside,  
 And walked with me along the miry road,  
 Heedless how far; and in such piteous sort  
 That any heart had ached to hear her, begged  
 That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask  
 For him whom she had lost. We parted then —  
 Our final parting; for from that time forth  
 Did many seasons pass ere I returned  
 Into this tract again.

"Nine tedious years;  
 From their first separation, nine long years,  
 She lingered in unquiet widowhood;

A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have been  
 A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my Friend,  
 That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate  
 Alone, through half the vacant Sabbath day;  
 And, if a dog passed by, she still would quit  
 The shade, and look abroad. On this old Bench  
 For hours she sate; and evermore her eye  
 Was busy in the distance, shaping things  
 That made her heart beat quick. You see that path,  
 Now faint, — the grass has crept o'er its gray line;  
 There, to and fro, she paced through many a day  
 Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp  
 That girt her waist, spinning the long-drawn thread  
 With backward steps. Yet ever as there passed  
 A man whose garments showed the soldier's red,  
 Or crippled Mendicant in Sailor's garb,  
 The little Child who sate to turn the wheel  
 Ceased from his task; and she with faltering voice  
 Made many a fond enquiry; and when they,  
 Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by,  
 Her heart was still more sad. And by yon gate,  
 That bars the Traveller's road, she often stood,  
 And when a stranger Horseman came, the latch  
 Would lift, and in his face look wistfully;  
 Most happy, if, from aught discovered there  
 Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat  
 The same sad question. Meanwhile her poor Hut  
 Sank to decay: for he was gone, whose hand,  
 At the first nipping of October frost,  
 Closed up each chink, and with fresh bands of straw  
 Chequered the green-grown thatch. And so she lived  
 Through the long winter, reckless and alone;  
 Until her House by frost, and thaw, and rain,  
 Was sapped; and while she slept, the nightly damps  
 Did chill her breast; and in the stormy day  
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind;  
 Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still  
 She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds  
 Have parted hence; and still that length of road,  
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,  
 Fast rooted at her heart: and here, my Friend,  
 In sickness she remained; and here she died,  
 Last human tenant of these ruined Walls."

The Old Man ceased: he saw that I was moved:  
 From that low Bench, rising instinctively  
 I turned aside in weakness, nor had power  
 To thank him for the Tale which he had told.  
 I stood, and leaning o'er the Garden wall,  
 Reviewed that Woman's sufferings; and it seemed  
 To comfort me while with a Brother's love  
 I blessed her — in the impotence of grief.  
 At length towards the Cottage I returned  
 Fondly, — and traced, with interest more mild,  
 That secret spirit of humanity  
 Which, 'mid the calm oblivious tendencies



Of nature, 'mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,  
 And silent overgrowings, still survived.  
 The Old Man, noting this, resumed, and said,  
 "My Friend! enough to sorrow you have given,  
 The purposes of wisdom ask no more;  
 Be wise and cheerful; and no longer read  
 The forms of things with an unworthy eye.  
 She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.  
 I well remember that those very plumes,  
 Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,  
 By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,  
 As once I passed, did to my heart convey  
 So still an image of tranquillity,  
 So calm and still, and looked so beautiful  
 Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,  
 That what we feel of sorrow and despair  
 From ruin and from change, and all the grief  
 The passing shows of Being leave behind,

Appeared an idle dream, that could not live  
 Where meditation was. I turned away,  
 And walked along my road in happiness."

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining shot  
 A slant and mellow radiance, which began  
 To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,  
 We sate on that low Bench: and now we felt,  
 Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming on.  
 A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,  
 A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,  
 At distance heard, peopled the milder air.  
 The Old Man rose, and, with a sprightly mien  
 Of hopeful preparation, grasped his Staff:  
 Together casting then a farewell look  
 Upon those silent walls, we left the Shade;  
 And, ere the stars were visible, had reached  
 A Village Inn, — our Evening resting-place.

## THE EXCURSION.

### BOOK THE SECOND.

#### THE SOLITARY.

##### ARGUMENT.

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated — Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake — Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit — View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat — feelings of the Author at the sight of it — Sound of singing from below — a funeral procession — Descent into the Valley — Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a Book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley — Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary — Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in this mountainous district — Solitary contrasts with this, that of the Individual carried a few minutes before from the Cottage — Brief conversation — The Cottage entered — description of the Solitary's apartment — repast there — View from the Window of two mountain summits — and the Solitary's description of the Companionship they afford him — account of the departed Inmate of the Cottage — description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind — Quit the House.

In days of yore how fortunately fared  
 The Minstrel! wandering on from Hall to Hall,  
 Baronial Court or Royal; cheered with gifts  
 Munificent, and love, and Ladies' praise;  
 Now meeting on his road an armed Knight,  
 Now resting with a Pilgrim by the side  
 Of a clear brook; — beneath an Abbey's roof  
 One evening sumptuously lodged; the next  
 Humbly in a religious Hospital;  
 Or with some merry Outlaws of the wood;  
 Or haply shrouded in a Hermit's cell.

Him, sleeping or awake, the Robber spared;  
 He walked — protected from the sword of war  
 By virtue of that sacred Instrument  
 His Harp, suspended at the Traveller's side;  
 His dear companion wheresoe'er he went,  
 Opening from Land to Land an easy way  
 By melody, and by the charm of verse.  
 Yet not the noblest of that honoured Race  
 Drew happier, loftier, more empasioned thoughts  
 From his long journeyings and eventful life,  
 Than this obscure Itinerant had skill —

To gather, ranging through the tamer ground —  
Of these our unimaginative days;  
Both while he trod the earth in humblest guise —  
Accoutred with his burthen and his staff;  
And now, when free to move with lighter pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite School —  
Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,  
Looked on this Guide with reverential love ?  
Each with the other pleased, we now pursued —  
Our journey — beneath favourable skies.  
Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light —  
Unfailing : not a Hamlet could we pass,  
Rarely a House, that did not yield to him —  
Remembrances ; or from his tongue call forth —  
Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard —  
Accompanied those strains of apt discourse,  
Which Nature's various objects might inspire ;  
And in the silence of his face I read  
His overflowing spirit. Birds and beasts,  
And the mute fish that glances in the stream,  
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,  
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,  
The fowl domestic, and the household dog,  
In his capacious mind — he loved them all :  
Their rights acknowledging, he felt for all.  
Oft was occasion given me to perceive —  
How the calm pleasures of the pasturing Herd —  
To happy contemplation soothed his walk ;  
How the poor Brute's condition, forced to run  
Its course of suffering in the public road,  
Sad contrast ! all too often smote his heart  
With unavailing pity. Rich in love  
And sweet humanity, he was, himself,  
To the degree that he desired, beloved.  
— Greetings and smiles we met with all day long  
From faces that he knew ; we took our seats  
By many a cottage hearth, where he received  
The welcome of an Inmate come from far.  
— Nor was he loth to enter ragged Huts,  
Huts where his charity was blest ; his voice  
Heard as the voice of an experienced Friend.  
And, sometimes, where the Poor Man held dispute  
With his own mind, unable to subdue  
Impatience through inaptness to perceive  
General distress in his particular lot ;  
Or cherishing resentment, or in vain  
Struggling against it, with a soul perplexed,  
And finding in himself no steady power  
To draw the line of comfort that divides  
Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven  
From the injustice of our brother men ;  
To Him appeal was made as to a judge ;  
Who, with an understanding heart, allayed  
The perturbation ; listened to the plea ;  
Resolved the dubious point ; and sentence gave  
So grounded, so applied, that it was heard  
With softened spirit — even when it condemned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we roved  
Now as his choice directed, now as mine ;  
Or both, with equal readiness of will,  
Our course submitting to the changeful breeze  
Of accident. But when the rising sun  
Had three times called us to renew our walk,  
My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,  
As if the thought were but a moment old,  
Claimed absolute dominion for the day.  
We started — and he led towards the hills,  
Up through an ample vale, with higher hills  
Before us, mountains stern and desolate ;  
But, in the majesty of distance, now  
Set off, and to our ken appearing fair  
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,  
And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The Wealthy, the Luxurious, by the stress  
Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their time,  
May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs  
Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise  
From earth the dust of morning, slow to rise ;  
And They, if blest with health and hearts at ease,  
Shall lack not their enjoyment : — but how faint  
Compared with ours ! who, pacing side by side,  
Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all  
That we beheld ; and lend the listening sense  
To every grateful sound of earth and air ;  
Pausing at will — our spirits braced, our thoughts  
Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,  
And pure as dew bathing their crimson leaves.

Mount slowly, Sun ! that we may journey long,  
By this dark hill protected from thy beams !  
Such is the summer Pilgrim's frequent wish ;  
But quickly from among our morning thoughts  
'T was chased away : for, toward the western side  
Of the broad Vale, casting a casual glance,  
We saw a throng of People ; — wherefore met ?  
Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose  
On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising, yield  
Prompt answer : they proclaim the annual Wake,  
Which the bright season favours. — Tabor and Pipe  
In purpose join to hasten and reprove  
The laggard Rustic ; and repay with boons  
Of merriment a party-coloured Knot,  
Already formed upon the Village green.  
— Beyond the limits of the shadow cast  
By the broad hill, glistened upon our sight  
That gay Assemblage. Round them and above,  
Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,  
Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of trees  
Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver steam  
Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs  
By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like a mast  
Of gold, the Maypole shines ; as if the rays  
Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,

With gladsome influence could re-animate  
The faded garlands dangling from its sides.

Said I, "The music and the sprightly scene  
Invite us; shall we quit our road, and join  
These festive matins?"—He replied, "Not loth  
Here would I linger, and with you partake,  
Not one hour merely, but till evening's close,  
The simple pastimes of the day and place.  
By the fleet Racers, ere the Sun be set,  
The turf of yon large pasture will be skimmed;  
There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall contend:  
But know we not that he, who intermits  
The appointed task and duties of the day,  
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day;  
Checking the finer spirits that refuse  
To flow, when purposes are lightly changed?  
We must proceed—a length of journey yet  
Remains untraced." Then, pointing with his staff  
Raised toward those craggy summits, his intent  
He thus imparted.

"In a spot that lies  
Among yon mountain fastnesses concealed,  
You will receive, before the hour of noon,  
Good recompense, I hope, for this day's toil—  
From sight of One who lives secluded there,  
Lonesome and lost: of whom, and whose past life,  
(Not to forestall such knowledge as may be  
More faithfully collected from himself)  
This brief communication shall suffice.

"Though now sojourning there, he, like myself,  
Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage  
Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract  
Where many a sheltered and well-tended plant  
Bears, on the humblest ground of social life,  
Blossoms of piety and innocence.  
Such grateful promises his youth displayed:  
And, having shown in study forward zeal,  
He to the Ministry was duly called;  
And straight incited by a curious mind  
Filled with vague hopes, he undertook the charge  
Of Chaplain to a Military Troop  
Cheered by the Highland Bagpipe, as they marched  
In plaided vest,—his Fellow-countrymen.  
This Office filling, yet by native power,  
And force of native inclination, made  
An intellectual Ruler in the haunts  
Of social vanity—he walked the World,  
Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety;  
Lax, buoyant—less a Pastor with his Flock  
Than a Soldier among Soldiers—lived and roamed  
Where fortune led:—and Fortune, who oft proves  
The careless Wanderer's Friend, to him made known  
A blooming Lady—a conspicuous Flower,  
Admired for beauty, for her sweetness praised;

Whom he had sensibility to love,  
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.

"For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts of mind,  
Nor sparingly endowed with worldly wealth,  
His Office he relinquished; and retired  
From the world's notice to a rural Home.  
Youth's season yet with him was scarcely past,  
And she was in youth's prime. How full their joy,  
How free their love! nor did that love decay,  
Nor joy abate, till, pitiable doom!  
In the short course of one undreaded year  
Death blasted all.—Death suddenly o'erthrew  
Two lovely Children—all that they possessed:  
The Mother followed:—miserably bare  
The one Survivor stood; he wept, he prayed  
For his dismissal; day and night, compelled  
By pain to turn his thoughts towards the grave,  
And face the regions of Eternity.  
An uncomplaining apathy displaced  
This anguish; and, indifferent to delight,  
To aim and purpose, he consumed his days,  
To private interest dead, and public care.  
So lived he; so he might have died.

"But now,  
To the wide world's astonishment, appeared  
A glorious opening, the unlooked-for dawn,  
That promised everlasting joy to France!  
Her voice of social transport reached even him!  
He broke from his contracted bounds, repaired  
To the great City, an Emporium then  
Of golden expectations, and receiving  
Freights every day from a new world of hope.  
Thither his popular talents he transferred;  
And, from the Pulpit, zealously maintained  
The cause of Christ and civil liberty,  
As one, and moving to one glorious end.  
Intoxicating service! I might say  
A happy service; for he was sincere  
As vanity and fondness for applause,  
And new and shapeless wishes, would allow.

"That righteous Cause (such power hath Freedom)  
bound,  
For one hostility, in friendly league  
Ethereal Natures and the worst of Slaves;  
Was served by rival Advocates that came  
From regions opposite as heaven and hell.  
One courage seemed to animate them all:  
And, from the dazzling conquests daily gained  
By their united efforts, there arose  
A proud and most presumptuous confidence  
In the transcendent wisdom of the age,  
And her discernment; not alone in rights,  
And in the origin and bounds of power  
Social and temporal; but in laws divine,  
Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed

An overweening trust was raised; and fear  
 Cast out, alike of person and of thing.  
 Plague from this union spread, whose subtle bane  
 The strongest did not easily escape;  
 And He, what wonder! took a mortal taint.  
 How shall I trace the change, how bear to tell  
 That he broke faith with them whom he had laid  
 In earth's dark chambers, with a Christian's hope!  
 An infidel contempt of holy writ  
 Stole by degrees upon his mind; and hence  
 Life, like that Roman Janus, double-faced;  
 Vilest hypocrisy, the laughing, gay  
 Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but pride.  
 Smooth words he had to wheedle simple souls;  
 But, for disciples of the inner school,  
 Old freedom was old servitude, and they  
 The wisest whose opinions stooped the least  
 To known restraints: and who most boldly drew  
 Hopeful prognostications from a creed,  
 That, in the light of false philosophy,  
 Spread like a halo round a misty moon,  
 Widening its circle as the storms advance.

"His sacred function was at length renounced;  
 And every day and every place enjoyed  
 The unshackled Layman's natural liberty;  
 Speech, manners, morals, all without disguise.  
 I do not wish to wrong him; — though the course  
 Of private life licentiously displayed  
 Unhallowed actions — planted like a crown  
 Upon the insolent aspiring brow  
 Of spurious notions — worn as open signs  
 Of prejudice subdued — he still retained,  
 'Mid such abasement, what he had received  
 From nature — an intense and glowing mind.  
 Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew weak,  
 And mortal sickness on her face appeared,  
 He coloured objects to his own desire  
 As with a Lover's passion. Yet his moods  
 Of pain were keen as those of better men,  
 Nay keener — as his fortitude was less.  
 And he continued, when worse days were come,  
 To deal about his sparkling eloquence,  
 Struggling against the strange reverse with zeal  
 That showed like happiness; but, in despite  
 Of all this outside bravery, within,  
 He neither felt encouragement nor hope:  
 For moral dignity, and strength of mind,  
 Were wanting; and simplicity of Life;  
 And reverence for himself; and, last and best,  
 Confiding thoughts, through love and fear of Him  
 Before whose sight the troubles of this world  
 Are vain as billows in a tossing sea.

"The glory of the times fading away,  
 The splendour, which had given a festal air  
 To self-importance, hallowed it, and veiled  
 From his own sight, — this gone, he forfeited

All joy in human nature; was consumed,  
 And vexed, and chafed, by levity and scorn,  
 And fruitless indignation; galled by pride;  
 Made desperate by contempt of Men who throve  
 Before his sight in power or fame, and won,  
 Without desert, what he desired; weak men,  
 Too weak even for his envy or his hate!  
 Tormented thus, after a wandering course  
 Of discontent, and inwardly oppress  
 With malady — in part, I fear, provoked  
 By weariness of life, he fixed his Home,  
 Or, rather say, sate down by very chance,  
 Among these rugged hills; where now he dwells,  
 And wastes the sad remainder of his hours  
 In self-indulging spleen, that doth not want  
 Its own voluptuousness; — on this resolved,  
 With this content, that he will live and die  
 Forgotten, — at safe distance from a 'world  
 Not moving to his mind.'"

These serious words  
 Closed the preparatory notices  
 That served my Fellow-traveller to beguile  
 The way, while we advanced up that wide Vale.  
 Diverging now (as if his quest had been  
 Some secret of the Mountains, Cavern, Fall  
 Of water — or some boastful Eminence,  
 Renowned for splendid prospect far and wide)  
 We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,  
 A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,  
 With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops  
 Before us; savage region! which I paced  
 Dispirited: when, all at once, behold!  
 Beneath our feet, a little lowly Vale,  
 A lowly Vale, and yet uplifted high  
 Among the mountains; even as if the spot  
 Had been, from eldest time by wish of theirs,  
 So placed, to be shut out from all the world!  
 Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an Urn;  
 With rocks encompassed, save that to the South  
 Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge  
 Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;  
 A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,  
 A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,  
 And one bare Dwelling; one Abode, no more!  
 It seemed the home of poverty and toil,  
 Though not of want: the little fields, made green  
 By husbandry of many thrifty years,  
 Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland House.  
 — There crows the Cock, single in his domain:  
 The small birds find in spring no thicket there  
 To shroud them; only from the neighbouring Vales  
 The Cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,  
 Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

Ah! what a sweet Recess, thought I, is here!  
 Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease  
 Upon a bed of heath; — full many a spot  
 Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy



Among the mountains; never one like this;  
 So lonesome, and so perfectly secure:  
 Not melancholy — no, for it is green.  
 And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself  
 With the few needful things that life requires.  
 — In rugged arms how soft it seems to lie,  
 How tenderly protected! Far and near  
 We have an image of the pristine earth,  
 The planet in its nakedness; were this  
 Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,  
 First, last, and single in the breathing world,  
 It could not be more quiet: peace is here  
 Or nowhere; days unruffled by the gale  
 Of public news or private; years that pass  
 Forgetfully; uncalled upon to pay  
 The common penalties of mortal life,  
 Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

On these and kindred thoughts intent I lay  
 In silence musing by my Comrade's side,  
 He also silent: when from out the heart  
 Of that profound Abyss a solemn Voice,  
 Or several voices in one solemn sound,  
 Was heard — ascending: mournful, deep, and slow  
 The Cadence, as of Psalms — a funeral dirge!  
 We listened, looking down upon the Hut,  
 But seeing no One: meanwhile from below  
 The strain continued, spiritual as before;  
 And now distinctly could I recognise  
 These words:—*"Shall in the Grave thy love be  
 known,  
 In Death thy faithfulness?"*—"God rest his soul!"  
 The Wanderer cried, abruptly breaking silence, —  
 "He is departed, and finds peace at last!"

This scarcely spoken, and those holy strains  
 Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band  
 Of rustic Persons, from behind the hut  
 Bearing a Coffin in the midst, with which  
 They shaped their course along the sloping side  
 Of that small Valley; singing as they moved;  
 A sober company and few, the Men  
 Bare-headed, and all decently attired!  
 Some steps when they had thus advanced, the dirge  
 Ended; and, from the stillness that ensued  
 Recovering, to my Friend I said, "You spake,  
 Methought, with apprehension that these rites  
 Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat  
 This day we purposed to intrude."—"I did so,  
 But let us hence, that we may learn the truth:  
 Perhaps it is not he, but some One else,  
 For whom this pious service is performed;  
 Some other Tenant of the Solitude."

So, to a steep and difficult descent  
 Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to crag,  
 Where passage could be won; and, as the last  
 Of the mute train, upon the heathy top

Of that off-sloping Outlet, disappeared,  
 I, more impatient in my downward course,  
 Had landed upon easy ground; and there  
 Stood waiting for my comrade. When behold  
 An object that enticed my steps aside!  
 A narrow, winding Entry opened out  
 Into a platform — that lay, sheepfold-wise,  
 Enclosed between an upright mass of rock  
 And one old moss-grown wall; — a cool Recess,  
 And fanciful! For, where the rock and wall  
 Met in an angle, hung a penthouse, framed  
 By thrusting two rude staves into the wall  
 And overlaying them with mountain sods;  
 To weather-fend a little turf-built seat  
 Whereon a full-grown man might rest, nor dread  
 The burning sunshine, or a transient shower;  
 But the whole plainly wrought by Children's hands!  
 Whose skill had thronged the floor with a proud show  
 Of baby-houses, curiously arranged;  
 Nor wanting ornaments of walks between,  
 With mimic trees inserted in the turf,  
 And gardens interposed. Pleased with the sight,  
 I could not choose but beckon to my Guide,  
 Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance,  
 Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,  
 "Lo! what is here!" and, stooping down, drew forth  
 A Book, that, in the midst of stones and moss  
 And wreck of party-coloured earthen-ware  
 Aptly disposed, had lent its help to raise  
 One of those petty structures. "Gracious Heaven!"  
 The Wanderer cried, "it cannot but be his,  
 And he is gone!" The Book, which in my hand  
 Had opened of itself (for it was swoln  
 With searching damp, and seemingly had lain  
 To the injurious elements exposed  
 From week to week,) I found to be a work  
 In the French Tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,  
 His famous Optimist. "Unhappy Man!"  
 Exclaimed my Friend: "here then has been to him  
 Retreat within retreat, a sheltering-place  
 Within how deep a shelter! He had fits,  
 Even to the last, of genuine tenderness,  
 And loved the haunts of children: here, no doubt,  
 Pleasing and pleased, he shared their simple sports,  
 Or sate companionless; and here the Book,  
 Left and forgotten in his careless way,  
 Must by the Cottage Children have been found:  
 Heaven bless them, and their inconsiderate work!  
 To what odd purpose have the Darlings turned  
 This sad Memorial of their hapless Friend!"

"Me," said I, "most doth it surprise, to find  
 Such Book in such a place!"—"A Book it is,"  
 He answered, "to the Person suited well,  
 Though little suited to surrounding things;  
 'Tis strange, I grant; and stranger still had been  
 To see the Man who owned it, dwelling here,

With one poor Shepherd, far from all the world !  
Now, if our errand hath been thrown away,  
As from these intimations I forebode,  
Grieved shall I be — less for my sake than yours ;  
And least of all for Him who is no more."

By this, the Book was in the Old Man's hand ;  
And he continued, glancing on the leaves  
An eye of scorn ; " The Lover," said he, " doomed  
To love when hope hath failed him—whom no depth  
Of privacy is deep enough to hide,  
Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,  
And that is joy to him. When change of times  
Hath summoned Kings to scaffolds, do but give  
The faithful Servant, who must hide his head  
Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,  
A kerchief sprinkled with his Master's blood,  
And he too hath his comforter. How poor,  
Beyond all poverty how destitute,  
Must that Man have been left, who, hither driven,  
Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him  
No dearer relique, and no better stay,  
Than this dull product of a Scoffer's pen,  
Impure conceits discharging from a heart  
Hardened by impious pride ! — I did not fear  
To tax you with this journey ; " — mildly said  
My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped  
Into the presence of the cheerful light —  
" For I have knowledge that you do not shrink  
From moving spectacles ; — but let us on."

So speaking, on he went, and at the word  
I followed, till he made a sudden stand :  
For full in view, approaching through a gate  
That opened from the enclosure of green fields  
Into the rough uncultivated ground,  
Behold the Man whom he had fancied dead !  
I knew, from his deportment, mien, and dress,  
That it could be no other ; a pale face,  
A tall and meagre person, in a garb  
Not rustic, dull and faded like himself !  
He saw us not, though distant but few steps ;  
For he was busy, dealing, from a store  
Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings  
Of red ripe currants ; gift by which he strove,  
With intermixture of endearing words,  
To soothe a Child, who walked beside him, weeping  
As if disconsolate. — " They to the Grave  
Are bearing him, my little One," he said,  
" To the dark pit ; but he will feel no pain ;  
His body is at rest, his soul in Heaven."

More might have followed — but my honoured Friend  
Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank  
And cordial greeting. — Vivid was the light  
That flashed and sparkled from the Other's eyes ;  
He was all fire : the sickness from his face

Passed like a fancy that is swept away ;  
Hands joined he with his Visitant, — a grasp,  
An eager grasp ; and many moments' space,  
When the first glow of pleasure was no more,  
And much of what had vanished was returned,  
An amicable smile retained the life  
Which it had unexpectedly received,  
Upon his hollow cheek. " How kind," he said,  
" Nor could your coming have been better timed ;  
For this, you see, is in our narrow world  
A day of sorrow. I have here a Charge,"  
And speaking thus, he patted tenderly  
The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping Child —  
" A little Mourner, whom it is my task  
To comfort ; — but how came Ye ! — if yon track  
(Which doth at once befriend us and betray)  
Conducted hither your most welcome feet,  
Ye could not miss the Funeral Train — they yet  
Have scarcely disappeared." " This blooming Child,"  
Said the Old Man, " is of an age to weep  
At any grave or solemn spectacle,  
Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,  
He knows not why ; — but he, perchance, this day  
Is shedding Orphan's tears ; and you yourself  
Must have sustained a loss." — " The hand of Death,"  
He answered, " has been here ; but could not well  
Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen  
Upon myself." — The Other left these words  
Unnoticed, thus continuing. —

" From yon Crag,  
Down whose steep sides we dropped into the vale,  
We heard the hymn they sang — a solemn sound  
Heard any where, but in a place like this  
"Tis more than human ! Many precious rites  
And customs of our rural ancestry  
Are gone, or stealing from us ; this, I hope,  
Will last for ever. Often have I stopped  
When on my way, I could not choose but stop,  
So much I felt the awfulness of Life,  
In that one moment when the Corse is lifted  
In silence, with a hush of decency,  
Then from the threshold moves with song of peace,  
And confidential yearnings, to its home,  
Its final home in earth. What traveller — who —  
(How far soe'er a Stranger) does not own  
The bond of brotherhood, when he sees them go,  
A mute Procession on the houseless road ;  
Or passing by some single tenement  
Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise  
The monitory voice ! But most of all  
It touches, it confirms, and elevates,  
Then, when the Body, soon to be consigned  
Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,  
Is raised from the church-aisle, and forward borne  
Upon the shoulders of the next in love,  
The nearest in affection or in blood ;  
Yea, by the very Mourners who had knelt

Beside the Coffin, resting on its lid  
 In silent grief their unuplifted heads,  
 And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's mournful plaint,  
 And that most awful scripture which declares  
 We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed!  
 — Have I not seen? — Ye likewise may have seen —  
 Son, Husband, Brothers — Brothers side by side,  
 And Son and Father also side by side,  
 Rise from that posture: — and in concert move,  
 On the green turf following the vested Priest,  
 Four dear Supporters of one senseless Weight,  
 From which they do not shrink, and under which  
 They faint not, but advance towards the grave  
 Step after step — together, with their firm  
 Unhidden faces; he that suffers most  
 He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,  
 The most serene, with most undaunted eye!  
 Oh! blest are they who live and die like these,  
 Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned!"

"That poor Man taken hence to-day," replied  
 The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile  
 Which did not please me, "must be deemed, I fear,  
 Of the unblest; for he will surely sink  
 Into his mother earth without such pomp  
 Of grief, depart without occasion given  
 By him for such array of fortitude.  
 Full seventy winters hath he lived, and mark!  
 This simple Child will mourn his one short hour,  
 And I shall miss him; scanty tribute! yet,  
 This wanting, he would leave the sight of men,  
 If love were his sole claim upon their care,  
 Like a ripe date which in the desert falls  
 Without a hand to gather it." At this  
 I interposed, though loth to speak, and said,  
 "Can it be thus among so small a band  
 As ye must needs be here! in such a place  
 I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight  
 Of a departing cloud." — "'T was not for love,"  
 Answered the sick man with a careless voice —  
 "That I came hither; neither have I found  
 Among Associates who have power of speech,  
 Nor in such other converse as is here,  
 Temptation so prevailing as to change  
 That mood, or undermine my first resolve."  
 Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said  
 To my benign Companion, — "Pity 't is  
 That fortune did not guide you to this house  
 A few days earlier; then would you have seen  
 What stuff the Dwellers in a Solitude,  
 That seems by Nature hollowed out to be  
 The seat and bosom of pure innocence,  
 Are made of; an ungracious matter this!  
 Which, for truth's sake, yet in remembrance too  
 Of past discussions with this zealous Friend  
 And Advocate of humble life, I now  
 Will force upon his notice; undeterred  
 By the example of his own pure course,

And that respect and deference which a Soul  
 May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched  
 In what she values most — the love of God  
 And his frail creature Man; — but ye shall hear.  
 I talk — and ye are standing in the sun  
 Without refreshment!"

Saying this, he led  
 Towards the Cottage; — homely was the spot;  
 And, to my feeling, ere we reached the door,  
 Had almost a forbidding nakedness;  
 Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair,  
 Than it appeared when from the beetling rock  
 We had looked down upon it. All within,  
 As left by the departed company,  
 Was silent; and the solitary clock  
 Ticked, as I thought, with melancholy sound. —  
 Following our Guide, we clomb the cottage stairs  
 And reached a small apartment dark and low,  
 Which was no sooner entered than our Host  
 Said gaily, "This is my domain, my cell,  
 My hermitage, my cabin, — what you will —  
 I love it better than a snail his house.  
 But now Ye shall be feasted with our best."  
 So, with more ardour than an unripe girl  
 Left one day mistress of her mother's stores,  
 He went about his hospitable task.  
 My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no less,  
 And pleased I looked upon my gray-haired Friend  
 As if to thank him; he returned that look,  
 Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What a wreck  
 Had we around us! scattered was the floor,  
 And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and shelf,  
 With books, maps, fossils, withered plants and flowers,  
 And tufts of mountain moss: mechanic tools  
 Lay intermixed with scraps of paper, — some  
 Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-rod  
 And shattered telescope, together linked  
 By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;  
 And instruments of music, some half-made,  
 Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the walls.  
 — But speedily the promise was fulfilled;  
 A feast before us, and a courteous Host  
 Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.  
 A napkin, white as foam of that rough brook  
 By which it had been bleached, o'erspread the board;  
 And was itself half-covered with a load  
 Of dainties, — oaten bread, curd, cheese, and cream;  
 And cakes of butter curiously embossed,  
 Butter that had imbibed from meadow-flowers  
 A golden hue, delicate as their own,  
 Faintly reflected in a lingering stream;  
 Nor lacked, for more delight on that warm day,  
 Our Table, small parade of garden fruits,  
 And whortle-berries from the mountain-side.  
 The Child, who long ere this had stilled his sobs,  
 Was now a help to his late Comforter,



And moved, a willing Page, as he was bid,  
Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,

While at our pastoral banquet thus we sate  
Fronting the window of that little Cell,  
I could not, ever and anon, forbear  
To glance an upward look on two huge Peaks,  
That from some other vale peered into this.  
"Those lusty Twins," exclaimed our host, "if here  
It were your lot to dwell, would soon become  
Your prized Companions. — Many are the notes  
Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth  
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores;  
And well those lofty Brethren bear their part  
In the wild concert — chiefly when the storm  
Rides high; then all the upper air they fill  
With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,  
Like smoke, along the level of the blast,  
In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song  
Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails;  
And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,  
Methinks that I have heard them echo back  
The thunder's greeting: — nor have Nature's laws  
Left them ungifted with a power to yield  
Music of finer tone; a harmony,  
So do I call it, though it be the hand  
Of silence, though there be no voice; — the clouds,  
The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,  
Motions of moonlight, all come thither — touch,  
And have an answer — thither come, and shape  
A language not unwelcome to sick hearts  
And idle spirits: — there the sun himself,  
At the calm close of summer's longest day,  
Rests his substantial Orb; — between those heights  
And on the top of either pinnacle,  
More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,  
Sparkle the Stars, as of their station proud.  
Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man  
Than the mute Agents stirring there: — alone  
Here do I sit and watch. —

A fall of voice,

Regretted like the Nightingale's last note,  
Had scarcely closed this high-wrought Rhapsody,  
Ere with inviting smile the Wanderer said,  
"Now for the Tale with which you threatened us!"  
"In truth the threat escaped me unawares;  
Should the tale tire you, let this challenge stand  
For my excuse. Dissevered from mankind,  
As to your eyes and thoughts we must have seemed  
When ye looked down upon us from the crag,  
Islanders of a stormy mountain sea,  
We are not so; — perpetually we touch  
Upon the vulgar ordinance of the world,  
And he, whom this our Cottage hath to-day  
Relinquished, lived dependent for his bread  
Upon the laws of public charity.

3 W

The Housewife, tempted by such slender gains  
As might from that occasion be distilled,  
Opened, as she before had done for me,  
Her doors to admit this homeless Pensioner;  
The portion gave of coarse but wholesome fare  
Which appetite required — a blind dull nook  
Such as she had — the *kennel* of his rest!  
This, in itself not ill, would yet have been  
Ill borne in earlier life, but his was now  
The still contentedness of seventy years.  
Calm did he sit beneath the wide-spread tree  
Of his old age; and yet less calm and meek,  
Willingly meek or venerably calm,  
Than slow and torpid; paying in this wise  
A penalty, if penalty it were,  
For spendthrift feats, excesses of his prime.  
I loved the Old Man, for I pitied him!  
A task it was, I own, to hold discourse  
With one so slow in gathering up his thoughts.  
But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes;  
Mild, inoffensive, ready in *his* way,  
And helpful to his utmost power: and there  
Our Housewife knew full well what she possessed!  
He was her Vassal of all labour, tilled  
Her garden, from the pasture fetched her Kine;  
And, one among the orderly array  
Of Hay-makers, beneath the burning sun  
Maintained his place; or heedfully pursued  
His course, on errands bound, to other vales,  
Leading sometimes an inexperienced Child,  
Too young for any profitable task.  
So moved he like a Shadow that performed  
Substantial service. Mark me now, and learn  
For what reward! The Moon her monthly round  
Hath not completed since our Dame, the Queen  
Of this one cottage and this lonely dale,  
Into my little sanctuary rushed —  
Voice to a rueful treble humanized,  
And features in deplorable dismay. —  
I treat the matter lightly, but, alas!  
It is most serious: persevering rain  
Had fallen in torrents; all the mountain tops  
Were hidden, and black vapours coursed their sides;  
This had I seen, and saw; but, till she spake,  
Was wholly ignorant that my ancient Friend,  
Who at her bidding, early and alone,  
Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland turf  
For winter fuel, to his noontide meal  
Returned not, and now, haply, on the Heights  
Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.  
'Inhuman!' — said I, 'was an Old Man's life  
Not worth the trouble of a thought? — alas!  
This notice comes too late.' With joy I saw  
Her Husband enter — from a distant Vale.  
We sallied forth together; found the tools  
Which the neglected Veteran had dropped,  
But through all quarters looked for him in vain.  
We shouted — but no answer! Darkness fell

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Without remission of the blast or shower,  
 And fears for our own safety drove us home.  
 I, who weep little, did, I will confess,  
 The moment I was seated here alone,  
 Honour my little Cell with some few tears  
 Which anger and resentment could not dry.  
 All night the storm endured; and, soon as help  
 Had been collected from the neighbouring Vale,  
 With morning we renewed our quest: the wind  
 Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills  
 Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist;  
 And long and hopelessly we sought in vain.  
 Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass  
 A heap of ruin, almost without walls,  
 And wholly without roof, (the bleached remains  
 Of a small Chapel, where, in ancient time,  
 The Peasants of these lonely valleys used  
 To meet for worship on that central height) —  
 We there espied the Object of our search,  
 Lying full three parts buried among tufts  
 Of heath-plant, under and above him strewn,  
 To baffle, as he might, the watery storm:  
 And there we found him breathing peaceably,  
 Snug as a child that hides itself in sport  
 'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.  
 We spake — he made reply, but would not stir  
 At our entreaty; less from want of power  
 Than apprehension and bewildering thoughts.  
 So was he lifted gently from the ground,  
 And with their freight the Shepherds homeward moved  
 Through the dull mist, I following — when a step,  
 A single step, that freed me from the skirts  
 Of the blind vapour, opened to my view  
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen  
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!  
 The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,  
 Was of a mighty City — boldly say  
 A wilderness of building, sinking far  
 And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,  
 Far sinking into splendour — without end!  
 Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,  
 With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
 And blazing terrace upon terrace, high  
 Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,  
 In avenues disposed; there towers begirt  
 With battlements that on their restless fronts  
 Bore stars — illumination of all gems!  
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought  
 Upon the dark materials of the storm  
 Now pacified; on them, and on the coves  
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto  
 The vapours had receded, taking there  
 Their station under a cerulean sky.

Oh, 't was an unimaginable sight!  
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf.  
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,  
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,  
 Molten together, and composing thus,  
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array  
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge  
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,  
 In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.  
 Right in the midst, where interspace appeared  
 Of open court, an object like a throne  
 Beneath a shining canopy of state  
 Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen  
 To implements of ordinary use,  
 But vast in size, in substance glorified;  
 Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld  
 In vision — forms uncouth of mightiest power  
 For admiration and mysterious awe.  
 Below me was the earth; this little Vale  
 Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible —  
 I saw not, but I felt that it was there.  
 That which I *saw* was the revealed abode  
 Of spirits in beatitude: my heart  
 Swelled in my breast. — 'I have been dead,' I cried,  
 'And now I live! Oh! wherefore do I live?'  
 And with that pang I prayed to be no more! —  
 — But I forget our Charge, as utterly  
 I then forgot him: — there I stood and gazed;  
 The apparition faded not away,  
 And I descended. — Having reached the House,  
 I found its rescued Inmate safely lodged,  
 And in serene possession of himself,  
 Beside a genial fire; that seemed to spread  
 A gleam of comfort o'er his pallid face.  
 Great show of joy the Housewife made, and truly  
 Was glad to find her conscience set at ease;  
 And not less glad, for sake of her good name,  
 That the poor Sufferer had escaped with life.  
 But, though he seemed at first to have received  
 No harm, and uncomplaining as before  
 Went through his usual tasks, a silent change  
 Soon showed itself; he lingered three short weeks;  
 And from the Cottage hath been borne to-day.

"So ends my dolorous Tale, and glad I am  
 That it is ended." At these words he turned —  
 And, with blithe air of open fellowship,  
 Brought from the Cupboard wine and stouter cheer,  
 Like one who would be merry. Seeing this,  
 My gray-haired Friend said courteously — "Nay, nay,  
 You have regaled us as a Hermit ought;  
 Now let us forth into the sun!" — Our Host  
 Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we went.

# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE THIRD.

### DESPONDENCY.

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#### ARGUMENT.

Images in the Valley — Another Recess in it entered and described — Wanderer's sensations — Solitary's excited by the same objects — Contrast between these — Despondency of the Solitary gently reproved — Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length — His domestic felicity — afflictions — dejection — roused by the French Revolution — Disappointment and disgust — Voyage to America — disappointment and disgust pursue him — his return — His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind.

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A HUMMING Bee — a little tinkling Rill —  
A pair of Falcons, wheeling on the wing,  
In clamorous agitation, round the crest  
Of a tall rock, their airy Citadel —  
By each and all of these the pensive ear  
Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,  
When through the Cottage-threshold we had passed,  
And, deep within that lonesome Valley, stood  
Once more, beneath the concave of a blue  
And cloudless sky. — Anon! exclaimed our Host,  
Triumphantly dispersing with the taunt  
The shade of discontent which on his brow  
Had gathered, — "Ye have left my cell, — but see  
How Nature hems you in with friendly arms!  
And by her help ye are my Prisoners still.  
But which way shall I lead you? — how contrive,  
In Spot so parsimoniously endowed,  
That the brief hours, which yet remain, may reap  
Some recompense of knowledge or delight?"  
So saying, round he looked, as if perplexed;  
And, to remove those doubts, my gray-haired Friend  
Said — "Shall we take this pathway for our guide? —  
Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,  
Its line had first been fashioned by the flock  
A place of refuge seeking at the root  
Of yon black Yew-tree; whose protruded boughs  
Darken the silver bosom of the crag,  
From which she draws her meagre sustenance.  
There in commodious shelter may we rest.  
Or let us trace this Streamlet to his source;  
Feebly it tinkles with an earthly sound,  
And a few steps may bring us to the spot  
Where, haply, crowned with flowerets and green herbs,

The mountain Infant to the sun comes forth,  
Like human Life from darkness." — A quick turn  
Through a strait passage of encumbered ground,  
Proved that such hope was vain: — for now we stood  
Shut out from prospect of the open Vale,  
And saw the water, that composed this Rill,  
Descending, disembodied, and diffused  
O'er the smooth surface of an ample Crag,  
Lofty, and steep, and naked as a Tower.  
All further progress here was barred; — And who,  
Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,  
Here would not linger, willingly detained?  
Whether to such wild objects he were led  
When copious rains have magnified the stream  
Into a loud and white-robed Waterfall,  
Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,  
The hidden nook discovered to our view  
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay  
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,  
A stranded Ship, with keel upturned, — that rests  
Fearless of winds and waves. Three several Stones  
Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike  
To monumental pillars: and from these  
Some little space disjoined, a pair were seen,  
That with united shoulders bore aloft  
A Fragment, like an Altar, flat and smooth:  
Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared  
A tall and shining Holly, that had found  
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,  
As if inserted by some human hand  
In mockery, to wither in the sun,

Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,  
The first that entered. But no breeze did now  
Find entrance; — high or low appeared no trace  
Of motion, save the Water that descended,  
Diffused adown that Barrier of steep rock,  
And softly creeping, like a breath of air,  
Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly seen,  
To brush the still breast of a crystal lake.

"Behold a Cabinet for Sages built,  
Which Kings might envy!" — Praise to this effect  
Broke from the happy Old Man's reverend lip;  
Who to the Solitary turned, and said,  
"In sooth, with love's familiar privilege,  
You have decried the wealth which is your own.  
Among these Rocks and Stones, methinks, I see  
More than the heedless impress that belongs  
To lonely Nature's casual work: they bear  
A semblance strange of power intelligent,  
And of design not wholly worn away.  
Boldest of plants that ever faced the wind,  
How gracefully that slender Shrub looks forth  
From its fantastic birth-place! And I own,  
Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,  
That in these shows a chronicle survives  
Of purposes akin to those of Man,  
But wrought with mightier arm than now prevails.  
— Voiceless the Stream descends into the gulf  
With timid lapse; — and lo! while in this Strait  
I stand — the chasm of sky above my head  
Is heaven's profoundest azure; no domain  
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,  
Or to pass through, but rather an Abyss  
In which the everlasting Stars abide;  
And whose soft gloom, and boundless depth, might  
tempt

The curious eye to look for them by day.  
— Hail Contemplation! from the stately towers,  
Reared by the industrious hand of human art  
To lift thee high above the misty air  
And turbulence of murmuring cities vast;  
From academic groves, that have for thee  
Been planted, hither come and find a Lodge  
To which thou mayest resort for holier peace, —  
From whose calm centre Thou, through height or  
depth,

Mayest penetrate, wherever Truth shall lead;  
Measuring through all degrees, until the scale  
Of Time and conscious Nature disappear,  
Lost in unsearchable Eternity!"\*

A pause ensued; and with minuter care  
We scanned the various features of the scene:  
And soon the Tenant of that lonely Vale  
With courteous Voice thus spake —

"I should have grieved  
Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,  
If from my poor Retirement ye had gone  
Leaving this Nook unvisited: but, in sooth,  
Your unexpected presence had so roused  
My spirits, that they were bent on enterprise;  
And, like an ardent Hunter, I forgot,  
Or, shall I say? — disdained, the game that lurks  
At my own door. The shapes before our eyes  
And their arrangement, doubtless must be deemed  
The sport of Nature, aided by blind Chance  
Rudely to mock the works of toiling Man.  
And hence, this upright Shaft of unhewn stone,  
From Fancy, willing to set off her stores  
By sounding Titles, hath acquired the name  
Of Pompey's Pillar; that I gravely style  
My Theban Obelisk; and, there, behold  
A Druid Cromlech! — thus I entertain  
The antiquarian humour, and am pleased  
To skim along the surfaces of things,  
Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours.  
But if the spirit be oppressed by sense  
Of instability, revolt, decay,  
And change, and emptiness, these freaks of Nature  
And her blind helper Chance, do *then* suffice  
To quicken, and to aggravate — to feed  
Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,  
Not less than that huge Pile (from some abyss  
Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)  
Whose hoary Diadem of pendent rocks  
Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind, round and round  
Eddying within its vast circumference,  
On Sarum's naked plain; — than pyramid  
Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved;  
Or Syria's marble Ruins towering high  
Above the sandy Desert, in the light  
Of sun or moon. — Forgive me, if I say  
That an appearance which hath raised your minds  
To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause  
Different effect producing) is for me  
Fraught rather with depression than delight,  
Though shame it were, could I not look around,  
By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.  
Yet happier in my judgment, even than you  
With your bright transports fairly may be deemed.  
The wandering Herbalist, — who, clear alike  
From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing thoughts,  
Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,  
Upon these uncouth Forms a slight regard  
Of transitory interest, and peeps round  
For some rare Floweret of the hills, or Plant  
Of craggy fountain; what he hopes for wins,  
Or learns, at least, that 't is not to be won:  
Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed Hound  
By soul-engrossing instinct driven along  
Through wood or open field, the harmless Man  
Departs, intent upon his onward quest!

\* See Note 2.

Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,  
 Less to be envied, (you may trace him oft  
 By scars which his activity has left  
 Beside our roads and pathways, though, thank Heaven!  
 This covert nook reports not of his hand)  
 He who with pocket hammer smites the edge  
 Of luckless rock or prominent stone, disguised  
 In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature  
 With her first growths — detaching by the stroke  
 A chip or splinter — to resolve his doubts;  
 And, with that ready answer satisfied,  
 The substance classes by some barbarous name,  
 And hurries on; or from the fragments picks  
 His specimen, if haply interveined  
 With sparkling mineral, or should crystal cube  
 Lark in its cells — and thinks himself enriched,  
 Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before!  
 Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,  
 Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill  
 Range; if it please them, speed from clime to clime;  
 The mind is full — no pain is in their sport."

"Then," said I, interposing, "One is near,  
 Who cannot but possess in your esteem  
 Place worthier still of envy. May I name,  
 Without offence, that fair-faced Cottage-boy?  
 Dame Nature's Pupil of the lowest Form,  
 Youngest Apprentice in the School of Art!  
 Him, as we entered from the open Glen,  
 You might have noticed, busily engaged,  
 Heart, soul, and hands, — in mending the defects  
 Left in the fabric of a leaky dam,  
 Raised for enabling this penurious stream  
 To turn a slender mill (that new-made plaything)  
 For his delight — the happiest he of all!"

"Far happiest," answered the desponding Man,  
 "If, such as now he is, he might remain!  
 Ah! what avails Imagination high  
 Or Question deep? what profits all that Earth,  
 Or Heaven's blue Vault, is suffered to put forth  
 Of impulse or allurements, for the Soul  
 To quit the beaten track of life, and soar  
 Far as she finds a yielding element  
 In past or future; far as she can go  
 Through time or space; if neither in the one,  
 Nor in the other region, nor in aught  
 That Fancy, dreaming o'er the map of things,  
 Hath placed beyond these penetrable bounds,  
 Words of assurance can be heard; if nowhere  
 A habitation, for consummate good,  
 Nor for progressive virtue, by the search  
 Can be attained, — a better sanctuary  
 From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless grave!"

"Is this," the gray-haired Wanderer mildly said,  
 "The voice, which we so lately overheard,

To that same Child, addressing tenderly  
 The Consolations of a hopeful mind?  
 '*His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.*'  
 These were your words; and, verily, methinks  
 Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop  
 Than when we soar." —

The Other, not displeased,  
 Promptly replied — "My notion is the same.  
 And I, without reluctance, could decline  
 All act of Inquisition whence we rise,  
 And what, when breath hath ceased, we may become.  
 Here are we, in a bright and breathing World —  
 Our origin, what matters it! In lack  
 Of worthier explanation, say at once  
 With the American (a thought which suits  
 The place where now we stand) that certain Men  
 Leapt out together from a rocky Cave;  
 And these were the first Parents of Mankind:  
 Or, if a different image be recalled  
 By the warm sunshine, and the jocund voice  
 Of insects — chirping out their careless lives  
 On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled turf,  
 Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit  
 As sound — blithe race! whose mantles were bedecked  
 With golden Grasshoppers, in sign that they  
 Had sprung, like those bright creatures, from the soil  
 Whereon their endless generations dwelt.  
 But stop! — these theoretic fancies jar  
 On serious minds; then, as the Hindoos draw  
 Their holy Ganges from a skiey fount,  
 Even so deduce the Stream of human Life  
 From seats of power divine; and hope, or trust,  
 That our Existence winds her stately course  
 Beneath the Sun, like Ganges, to make part  
 Of a living Ocean; or, to sink engulfed,  
 Like Niger, in impenetrable sands  
 And utter darkness: thought which may be faced,  
 Though comfortless! — Not of myself I speak;  
 Such acquiescence neither doth imply,  
 In me, a meekly-bending spirit — soothed  
 By natural piety; nor a lofty mind,  
 By philosophic discipline prepared  
 For calm subjection to acknowledged law;  
 Pleased to have been, contented not to be.  
 Such palms I boast not; — no! to me, who find,  
 Reviewing my past way, much to condemn,  
 Little to praise, and nothing to regret  
 (Save some remembrances of dream-like joys  
 That scarcely seem to have belonged to me)  
 If I must take my choice between the pair  
 That rule alternately the weary hours,  
 Night is than Day more acceptable; sleep  
 Doth, in my estimate of good, appear  
 A better state than waking; death than sleep:  
 Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,  
 Though under covert of the wormy ground!



"Yet be it said, in justice to myself,  
That in more genial times, when I was free  
To explore the destiny of human kind,  
(Not as an intellectual game pursued  
With curious subtilty, from wish to cheat  
Irksome sensations; but by love of truth  
Urged on, or haply by intense delight  
In feeding thought, wherever thought could feed)  
I did not rank with those (too dull or nice,  
For to my judgment such they then appeared,  
Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)  
Who, in this frame of human life, perceive  
An object whereunto their souls are tied  
In discontented wedlock; nor did e'er,  
From me, those dark impervious shades, that hang  
Upon the region whither we are bound,  
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams  
Of present sunshine. — Deities that float  
On wings, angelic Spirits, I could muse  
O'er what from eldest time we have been told  
Of your bright forms and glorious faculties,  
And with the imagination be content,  
Not wishing more; repining not to tread  
The little sinuous path of earthly care,  
By flowers embellished, and by springs refreshed.  
— 'Blow, winds of Autumn! — let your chilling breath  
'Take the live herbage from the mead, and strip  
'The shady forest of its green attire, —  
'And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse  
'The gentle Brooks! — Your desolating sway,'  
Thus I exclaimed, 'no sadness sheds on me,  
'And no disorder in your rage I find.  
'What dignity, what beauty, in this change  
'From mild to angry, and from sad to gay,  
'Alternate and revolving! How benign,  
'How rich in animation and delight,  
'How bountiful these elements — compared  
'With aught, as more desirable and fair  
'Devised by Fancy for the Golden Age;  
'Or the perpetual warbling that prevails  
'In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,  
'Through the long Year in constant quiet bound,  
'Night hushed as night, and day serene as day!'  
— But why this tedious record? — Age, we know,  
Is garrulous; and solitude is apt  
To anticipate the privilege of Age.  
From far ye come; and surely with a hope  
Of better entertainment — let us hence!"

Loth to forsake the spot, and still more loth  
To be diverted from our present theme,  
I said, "My thoughts agreeing, Sir, with yours,  
Would push this censure farther; — for, if smiles  
Of scornful pity be the just reward  
Of Poesy, thus courteously employed  
In framing models to improve the scheme  
Of Man's existence, and recast the world,  
Why should not grave Philosophy be styled,

Herself, a Dreamer of a kindred stock,  
A Dreamer yet more spiritless and dull?  
Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts  
Establish sounder titles of esteem  
For Her, who (all too timid and reserved  
For onset, for resistance too inert,  
Too weak for suffering, and for hope too tame)  
Placed among flowery gardens, curtained round  
The world-excluding groves, the Brotherhood  
Of soft Epicureans, taught — if they  
The ends of being would secure, and win  
The crown of wisdom — to yield up their souls  
To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring  
Tranquillity to all things. Or is She,"  
I cried, "more worthy of regard, the Power,  
Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed  
The Stoic's heart against the vain approach  
Of admiration, and all sense of joy?"

His Countenance gave notice that my zeal  
Accorded little with his present mind;  
I ceased, and he resumed. — "Ah! gentle Sir,  
Slight, if you will, the *means*; but spare to slight  
The *end* of those, who did, by system, rank,  
As the prime object of a wise Man's aim,  
Security from shock of accident,  
Release from fear; and cherished peaceful days  
For their own sakes, as mortal life's chief good,  
And only reasonable felicity.  
What motive drew, what impulse, I would ask,  
Through a long course of later ages, drove  
The Hermit to his Cell in forest wide;  
Or what detained him, till his closing eyes  
Took their last farewell of the sun and stars,  
Fast anchored in the desert? — Not alone  
Dread of the persecuting sword — remorse,  
Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged  
And unavengeable, defeated pride,  
Prosperity subverted, maddening want,  
Friendship betrayed, affection unreturned,  
Love with despair, or grief in agony; —  
Not always from intolerable pangs  
He fled; but, compassed round by pleasure, sighed  
For independent happiness; craving peace,  
The central feeling of all happiness,  
Not as a refuge from distress or pain,  
A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,  
But for its absolute self; a life of peace,  
Stability without regret or fear;  
That hath been, is, and shall be evermore!  
Such the reward he sought; and wore out life,  
There, where on few external things his heart  
Was set, and those his own; or, if not his,  
Subsisting under Nature's steadfast law.

"What other yearning was the master tie  
Of the monastic Brotherhood, upon Rock  
Aërial, or in green secluded Vale,

One after one, collected from afar,  
 An undissolving Fellowship! — What but this,  
 The universal instinct of repose,  
 The longing for confirmed tranquillity,  
 Inward and outward; humble, yet sublime: —  
 The life where hope and memory are as one;  
 Earth quiet and unchanged; the human Soul  
 Consistent in self-rule; and heaven revealed  
 To meditation in that quietness!  
 Such was their scheme: — thrice happy he who gained  
 The end proposed! And, — though the same were  
 missed

By multitudes, perhaps obtained by none, —  
 They, for the attempt, and for the pains employed,  
 Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed  
 From the unqualified disdain, that once  
 Would have been cast upon them, by my Voice  
 Delivering her decisions from the seat  
 Of forward Youth: — that scruples not to solve  
 Doubts, and determine questions, by the rules  
 Of inexperienced judgment, ever prone  
 To overweening faith; and is inflamed,  
 By courage, to demand from real life  
 The test of act and suffering — to provoke  
 Hostility, how dreadful when it comes,  
 Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt!

“A Child of earth, I rested, in that stage  
 Of my past course to which these thoughts advert,  
 Upon earth's native energies; forgetting  
 That mine was a condition which required  
 Nor energy, nor fortitude — a calm  
 Without vicissitude; which, if the like  
 Had been presented to my view elsewhere,  
 I might have even been tempted to despise.  
 But that which was serene was also bright;  
 Enlivened happiness with joy o'erflowing,  
 With joy, and — oh! that memory should survive  
 To speak the word — with rapture! Nature's boon,  
 Life's genuine inspiration, happiness  
 Above what rules can teach, or fancy feign;  
 Abused, as all possessions are abused  
 That are not prized according to their worth.  
 And yet, what worth! what good is given to Men  
 More solid than the gilded clouds of heaven!  
 What joy more lasting than a vernal flower!  
 None! 't is the general plaint of human kind  
 In solitude, and mutually addressed  
 From each to all, for wisdom's sake: — This truth  
 The Priest announces from his holy seat:  
 And, crowned with garlands in the summer grove,  
 The Poet fits it to his pensive lyre.  
 Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,  
 Sharp contradictions may arise by doom  
 Of this same life, compelling us to grieve  
 That the prosperities of love and joy  
 Should be permitted, oft-times, to endure  
 So long, and be at once cast down for ever.

Oh! tremble, Ye, to whom hath been assigned  
 A course of days composing happy months,  
 And they as happy years; the present still  
 So like the past, and both so firm a pledge  
 Of a congenial future, that the wheels  
 Of pleasure move without the aid of hope:  
 For Mutability is Nature's bane;  
 And slighted Hope *will* be avenged; and, when  
 Ye need her favours, Ye shall find her not;  
 But in her stead — fear — doubt — and agony!”

This was the bitter language of the heart:  
 But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone of voice,  
 Though discomposed and vehement, were such  
 As skill and graceful Nature might suggest  
 To a Proficient of the tragic scene  
 Standing before the multitude, beset  
 With dark events. Desirous to divert  
 Or stem the current of the Speaker's thoughts,  
 We signified a wish to leave that Place  
 Of stillness and close privacy, a nook  
 That seemed for self-examination made,  
 Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,  
 Hidden from all Men's view. To our attempt  
 He yielded not; but pointing to a slope  
 Of mossy turf defended from the sun,  
 And, on that couch inviting us to rest,  
 Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned  
 A serious eye, and thus his speech renewed.

“You never saw, your eyes did never look  
 On the bright Form of Her whom once I loved: —  
 Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,  
 A sound unknown to you; else, honoured Friend!  
 Your heart had borne a pitiable share  
 Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,  
 And suffer now, not seldom, from the thought  
 That I remember, and can weep no more. —  
 Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit  
 Of self-esteem; and by the cutting blasts  
 Of self-reproach familiarly assailed;  
 I would not yet be of such wintry bareness  
 But that some leaf of your regard should hang  
 Upon my naked branches: — lively thoughts  
 Give birth, full often, to unguarded words;  
 I grieve that, in your presence, from my tongue  
 Too much of frailty hath already dropped;  
 But that too much demands still more.

“You know,  
 Revered Compatriot; — and to you, kind Sir,  
 (Not to be deemed a Stranger, as you come  
 Following the guidance of these welcome feet  
 To our secluded Vale) it may be told,  
 That my demerits did not sue in vain  
 To One on whose mild radiance many gazed  
 With hope, and all with pleasure. This fair Bride,  
 In the devotedness of youthful Love,

Preferring me to Parents, and the choir  
 Of gay companions, to the natal roof,  
 And all known places and familiar sights  
 (Resigned with sadness gently weighing down  
 Her trembling expectations, but no more  
 Than did to her due honour, and to me  
 Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime  
 In what I had to build upon) — this Bride,  
 Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led  
 To a low Cottage in a sunny Bay,  
 Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,  
 And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,  
 On Devon's leafy shores; — a sheltered Hold,  
 In a soft clime encouraging the soil  
 To a luxuriant bounty! — As our steps  
 Approach the embowered Abode — our chosen Seat —  
 See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,  
 The unendangered Myrtle, decked with flowers,  
 Before the threshold stands to welcome us!  
 While, in the flowering Myrtle's neighbourhood,  
 Not overlooked but courting no regard,  
 Those native plants, the Holly and the Yew,  
 Gave modest intimation to the mind  
 How willingly their aid they would unite  
 With the green Myrtle, to endear the hours  
 Of winter, and protect that pleasant place.  
 — Wild were the Walks upon those lonely Downs,  
 Track leading into Track, how marked, how worn  
 Into bright verdure, between fern and gorse  
 Winding away its never-ending line  
 On their smooth surface, evidence was none:  
 But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,  
 A range of unappropriated earth,  
 Where youth's ambitious feet might move at large;  
 Whence, unmolested Wanderers, we beheld  
 The shining Giver of the Day diffuse  
 His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land  
 Gay as our spirits, free as our desires,  
 As our enjoyments, boundless. — From those Heights  
 We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan Combs;  
 Where arbours of impenetrable shade,  
 And mossy seats, detained us side by side,  
 With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our hearts  
 'That all the grove and all the day was ours.'

"But Nature called my Partner to resign  
 Her share in the pure freedom of that life,  
 Enjoyed by us in common. — To my hope,  
 To my heart's wish, my tender Mate became  
 The thankful captive of maternal bonds;  
 And those wild paths were left to me alone.  
 There could I meditate on follies past;  
 And, like a weary Voyager escaped  
 From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace  
 A course of vain delights and thoughtless guilt,  
 And self-indulgence — without shame pursued.  
 There, undisturbed, could think of, and could thank  
 Her — whose submissive spirit was to me

Rule and restraint — my Guardian — shall I say  
 That earthly Providence, whose guiding love  
 Within a port of rest had lodged me safe;  
 Safe from temptation, and from danger far!  
 Strains followed of acknowledgment addressed  
 To an Authority enthroned above  
 The reach of sight; from whom, as from their source,  
 Proceed all visible ministers of good  
 That walk the earth — Father of heaven and earth,  
 Father, and King, and Judge, adored and feared!  
 These acts of mind, and memory, and heart,  
 And spirit — interrupted and relieved  
 By observations transient as the glance  
 Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward form  
 Cleaving with power inherent and intense,  
 As the mute insect fixed upon the plant  
 On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from whose cup  
 Draws imperceptibly its nourishment —  
 Endeared my wanderings; and the Mother's kiss  
 And Infant's smile awaited my return.

"In privacy we dwelt — a wedded pair —  
 Companions daily, often all day long;  
 Not placed by fortune within easy reach  
 Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught  
 Beyond the allowance of our own fire-side,  
 The Twain within our happy cottage born,  
 Inmates, and heirs of our united love;  
 Graced mutually by difference of sex,  
 By the endearing names of nature bound,  
 And with no wider interval of time  
 Between their several births than served for One  
 To establish something of a leader's way;  
 Yet left them joined by sympathy in age;  
 Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.  
 On these two pillars rested as in air  
 Our solitude

"It soothes me to perceive,  
 Your courtesy withholds not from my words  
 Attentive audience. But, oh! gentle Friends,  
 As times of quiet and unbroken peace  
 Though, for a Nation, times of blessedness,  
 Give back faint echoes from the Historian's page;  
 So, in the imperfect sounds of this discourse,  
 Depressed I hear, how faithless is the voice  
 Which those most blissful days reverberate.  
 What special record can, or need, be given  
 To rules and habits, whereby much was done,  
 But all within the sphere of little things,  
 Of humble, though, to us, important cares,  
 And precious interests! Smoothly did our life  
 Advance, not swerving from the path prescribe  
 Her annual, her diurnal round alike  
 Maintained with faithful care. And you divine  
 The worst effects that our condition saw,  
 If you imagine changes slowly wrought,  
 And in their progress imperceptible;



Not wished for, sometimes noticed with a sigh,  
(Whate'er of good or lovely they might bring)  
Sighs of regret, for the familiar good,  
And loveliness endeared — which they removed.

“Seven years of occupation undisturbed  
Established seemingly a right to hold  
That happiness; and use and habit gave  
To what an alien spirit had acquired  
A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,  
With thoughts and wishes bounded to this world,  
I lived and breathed; most grateful, if to enjoy  
Without repining or desire for more  
For different lot, or change to higher sphere  
(Only except some impulses of pride  
With no determined object, though upheld  
By theories with suitable support)  
Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy  
Be proof of gratitude for what we have;  
Else, I allow, most thankless. — But, at once,  
From some dark seat of fatal Power was urged  
A claim that shattered all. — Our blooming Girl,  
Caught in the gripe of Death, with such brief time  
To struggle in as scarcely would allow  
Her cheek to change its colour, was conveyed  
From us to regions inaccessible  
Where height, or depth, admits not the approach  
Of living Man, though longing to pursue.  
— With even as brief a warning — and how soon,  
With what short interval of time between,  
I tremble yet to think of — our last prop,  
Our happy life's only remaining stay —  
The Brother followed; and was seen no more!

“Calm as a frozen Lake when ruthless Winds  
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,  
The Mother now remained; as if in her,  
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,  
Had been erewhile unsettled and disturbed,  
This second visitation had no power  
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;  
And to establish thankfulness of heart  
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.  
The eminence on which her spirit stood,  
Mine was unable to attain. Immense  
The space that severed us! But, as the sight  
Communicates with Heaven's ethereal orbs  
Incalculably distant; so, I felt  
That consolation may descend from far;  
(And, that is intercourse, and union, too.)  
While, overcome with speechless gratitude,  
And, with a holier love inspired, I looked  
On her — at once superior to my woes  
And Partner of my loss. — O heavy change!  
Dimness o'er this clear Luminary crept  
Insensibly; — the immortal and divine  
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure Glory,  
As from the pinnacle of worldly state

Wretched Ambition drops astounded, fell  
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,  
And keen heart-anguish — of itself ashamed,  
Yet obstinately cherishing itself:  
And, so consumed, She melted from my arms;  
And left me, on this earth, disconsolate.

“What followed cannot be reviewed in thought;  
Much less, retraced in words. If She, of life  
Blameless, so intimate with love and joy  
And all the tender motions of the Soul,  
Had been supplanted, could I hope to stand —  
Infirm, dependent, and now destitute?  
I called on dreams and visions, to disclose  
That which is veiled from waking thought; conjured  
Eternity, as men constrain a Ghost  
To appear and answer; to the grave I spake  
Imploringly; — looked up, and asked the Heavens  
If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,  
If fixed or wandering Star could tidings yield  
Of the departed Spirit — what Abode  
It occupies — what consciousness retains  
Of former loves and interests. Then my Soul  
Turned inward, — to examine of what stuff  
Time's fetters are composed; and Life was put  
To inquisition, long and profitless!  
By pain of heart — now checked — and now impelled —  
The intellectual Power, through words and things,  
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!  
And from those transports, and these toils abstruse,  
Some trace am I enabled to retain  
Of time, else lost; — existing unto me  
Only by records in myself not found.

“From that abstraction I was roused, — and how! —  
Even as a thoughtful Shepherd by a flash  
Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave  
Of these wild hills. For, lo! the dread Bastile,  
With all the chambers in its horrid Towers,  
Fell to the ground: — by violence o'erthrown  
Of indignation; and with shouts that drowned  
The crash it made in falling! From the wreck  
A golden Palace rose, or seemed to rise,  
The appointed Seat of equitable Law  
And mild paternal Sway. The potent shock  
I felt: the transformation I perceived,  
As marvellously seized as in that moment  
When, from the blind mist issuing, I beheld  
Glory — beyond all glory ever seen,  
Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,  
Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic harps  
In every grove were ringing, ‘War shall cease;  
‘Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?  
‘Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers, to deck  
‘The ‘Tree of Liberty.’ — My heart rebounded;  
My melancholy voice the chorus joined;  
— ‘Be joyful all ye Nations, in all Lands.



'Ye that are capable of Joy, be glad!  
 'Henceforth, whate'er is wanting to yourselves  
 'In others ye shall promptly find; — and all,  
 'Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,  
 'Shall with one heart honour their common kind.'

"Thus was I reconverted to the world;  
 Society became my glittering Bride,  
 And airy hopes my Children. — From the depths  
 Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,  
 My soul diffused herself in wide embrace  
 Of institutions, and the forms of things;  
 As they exist, in mutable array,  
 Upon life's surface. What, though in my veins  
 There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I breathed  
 The air of France, not less than Gallic zeal  
 Kindled and burnt among the sapless twigs  
 Of my exhausted heart. If busy Men  
 In sober conclave met, to weave a web  
 Of amity, whose living threads should stretch  
 Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,  
 There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise  
 And acclamation, crowds in open air  
 Expressed the tumult of their minds, my voice  
 There mingled, heard or not. The powers of song  
 I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,  
 Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive lay  
 Of thanks and expectation, in accord  
 With their belief, I sang Saturnian Rule  
 Returned, — a progeny of golden years  
 Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.  
 — With promises the Hebrew Scriptures teem:  
 I felt the invitation; and resumed  
 A long-suspended office in the House  
 Of public worship, where, the glowing phrase  
 Of ancient Inspiration serving me,  
 I promised also, — with undaunted trust  
 Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;  
 The admiration winning of the crowd;  
 The help desiring of the pure devout.

"Scorn and contempt forbid me to proceed!  
 But History, Time's slavish Scribe, will tell  
 How rapidly the Zealots of the cause  
 Disbanded — or in hostile ranks appeared;  
 Some, tired of honest service; these, outdone,  
 Disgusted, therefore, or appalled, by aims  
 Of fiercer Zealots — so Confusion reigned,  
 And the more faithful were compelled to exclaim,  
 As Brutus did to Virtue, 'Liberty,  
 'I worshipped Thee, and find thee but a Shade!'

"Such recantation had for me no charm,  
 Nor would I bend to it; who should have grieved  
 At aught, however fair, that bore the mien  
 Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.  
 Why then conceal, that, when the simply good

In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought  
 Other support, not scrupulous whence it came,  
 And, by what compromise it stood, not nice!  
 Enough if notions seemed to be high-pitched,  
 And qualities determined. — Among men  
 So charactered did I maintain a strife  
 Hopeless, and still more hopeless every hour;  
 But, in the process, I began to feel  
 That, if the emancipation of the world  
 Were missed, I should at least secure my own,  
 And be in part compensated. For rights,  
 Widely — inveterately usurped upon,  
 I spake with vehemence; and promptly seized  
 Whate'er Abstraction furnished for my needs\*  
 Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,  
 And propagate, by liberty of life,  
 Those new persuasions. Not that I rejoiced,  
 Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant course,  
 For its own sake; but farthest from the walk  
 Which I had trod in happiness and peace,  
 Was most inviting to a troubled mind;  
 That, in a struggling and distempered world,  
 Saw a seductive image of herself.  
 Yet, mark the contradictions of which Man  
 Is still the sport! Here Nature was my guide,  
 The Nature of the dissolute; but Thee,  
 O fostering Nature! I rejected — smiled  
 At others' tears in pity; and in scorn  
 At those, which thy soft influence sometimes drew  
 From my unguarded heart. — The tranquil shores  
 Of Britain circumscribed me; else, perhaps,  
 I might have been entangled among deeds,  
 Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor —  
 Despise, as senseless: for my spirit relished  
 Strangely the exasperation of that Land,  
 Which turned an angry beak against the down  
 Of her own breast; confounded into hope  
 Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings.  
 — But all was quieted by iron bonds  
 Of military sway. The shifting aims,  
 The moral interests, the creative might,  
 The varied functions and high attributes  
 Of civil Action, yielded to a Power  
 Formal, and odious, and contemptible.  
 — In Britain, ruled a panic dread of change;  
 The weak were praised, rewarded, and advanced;  
 And, from the impulse of a just disdain,  
 Once more did I retire into myself.  
 There feeling no contentment, I resolved  
 To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign shore,  
 Remote from Europe; from her blasted hopes;  
 Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

"Fresh blew the wind, when o'er the Atlantic Main  
 The Ship went gliding with her thoughtless crew;  
 And who among them but an Exile, freed

\* See Note 3.

From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit  
 Among the busily-employed, not more  
 With obligation charged, with service taxed,  
 Than the loose pendant — to the idle wind  
 Upon the tall mast streaming: — but, ye Powers  
 Of soul and sense — mysteriously allied,  
 O, never let the Wretched, if a choice  
 Be left him, trust the freight of his distress  
 To a long voyage on the silent deep!  
 For, like a Plague, will Memory break out;  
 And, in the blank and solitude of things,  
 Upon his Spirit, with a fever's strength,  
 Will Conscience prey. — Feebly must they have felt  
 Who, in old time, attired with snakes and whips  
 The vengeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards  
 Were turned on me — the face of her I loved;  
 The Wife and Mother, pitifully fixing  
 Tender reproaches, insupportable!  
 Where now that boasted liberty? No welcome  
 From unknown Objects I received; and those,  
 Known and familiar, which the vaulted sky  
 Did, in the placid clearness of the night,  
 Disclose, had accusations to prefer  
 Against my peace. Within the cabin stood  
 That Volume — as a compass for the soul —  
 Revered among the Nations. I implored  
 Its guidance; but the infallible support  
 Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why refused  
 To One by storms annoyed and adverse winds;  
 Perplexed with currents; of his weakness sick;  
 Of vain endeavours tired; and by his own,  
 And by his Nature's, ignorance, dismayed!

“Long-wished-for sight, the Western World appeared;  
 And, when the Ship was moored, I leaped ashore  
 Indignantly — resolved to be a Man,  
 Who, having o'er the past no power, would live  
 No longer in subjection to the past,  
 With abject mind — from a tyrannic Lord  
 Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured.  
 So, like a Fugitive, whose feet have cleared  
 Some boundary, which his Followers may not cross  
 In prosecution of their deadly chase,  
 Respiring I looked round. — How bright the Sun,  
 How promising the Breeze! Can aught produced  
 In the old World compare, thought I, for power  
 And majesty with this gigantic Stream,  
 Sprung from the Desert! And behold a City  
 Fresh, youthful, and aspiring! What are these  
 To me, or I to them? As much at least  
 As He desires that they should be, whom winds  
 And waves have wafted to this distant shore,  
 In the condition of a damaged seed,  
 Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take root.  
 Here may I roam at large; — my business is,  
 Roaming at large, to observe, and not to feel;  
 And, therefore, not to act — convinced that all

Which bears the name of action, howsoe'er  
 Beginning, ends in servitude — still painful,  
 And mostly profitless. And, sooth to say,  
 On nearer view, a motley spectacle  
 Appeared, of high pretensions — unreproved  
 But by the obstreperous voice of higher still;  
 Big Passions strutting on a petty stage;  
 Which a detached Spectator may regard  
 Not unamused. — But ridicule demands  
 Quick change of objects; and, to laugh alone,  
 At a composing distance from the haunts  
 Of strife and folly, — though it be a treat  
 As choice as musing Leisure can bestow;  
 Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,  
 To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,  
 Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,  
 Of all unsocial courses, is least fit  
 For the gross spirit of Mankind, — the one  
 That soonest fails to please, and quickliest turns  
 Into vexation. — Let us, then, I said,  
 Leave this unknot Republic to the scourge  
 Of her own passions; and to Regions haste,  
 Whose shades have never felt the encroaching axe,  
 Or soil endured a transfer in the mart  
 Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,  
 Primeval Nature's Child. A Creature weak  
 In combination, (wherefore else driven back  
 So far, and of his old inheritance  
 So easily deprived?) but, for that cause,  
 More dignified, and stronger in himself;  
 Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.  
 True, the Intelligence of social Art  
 Hath overpowered his Forefathers, and soon  
 Will sweep the remnant of his line away;  
 But contemplations, worthier, nobler far  
 Than her destructive energies, attend  
 His Independence, when along the side  
 Of Mississippi, or that Northern Stream\*  
 That spreads into successive seas, he walks;  
 Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,  
 And his innate capacities of soul,  
 There imaged: or, when having gained the top  
 Of some commanding Eminence, which yet  
 Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys  
 Regions of wood and wide Savannah, vast  
 Expanse of unappropriated earth,  
 With mind that sheds a light on what he sees;  
 Free as the Sun, and lonely as the Sun,  
 Pouring above his head its radiance down  
 Upon a living, and rejoicing World!

“So, westward, toward the unviolated Woods  
 I bent my way; and, roaming far and wide,  
 Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-bird;  
 And, while the melancholy Muccawies

\* See Note 4.

(The sportive Bird's companion in the Grove)  
 Repeated, o'er and o'er, his plaintive cry,  
 I sympathized at leisure with the sound;  
 But that pure Archetype of human greatness,  
 I found him not. There, in his stead, appeared  
 A Creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure;  
 Remorseless, and submissive to no law  
 But superstitious fear, and abject sloth.  
 — Enough is told! Here am I — Ye have heard  
 What evidence I seek, and vainly seek;  
 What from my Fellow-beings I require,  
 And cannot find; what I myself have lost,  
 Nor can regain; how languidly I look  
 Upon this visible fabric of the World,  
 May be divined — perhaps it hath been said: —  
 But spare your pity, if there be in me  
 Aught that deserves respect: for I exist —  
 Within myself — not comfortless. — The tenour  
 Which my life holds, he readily may conceive  
 Whoe'er hath stood to watch a mountain Brook  
 In some still passage of its course, and seen,

Within the depths of its capacious breast,  
 Inverted trees, and rocks, and azure sky;  
 And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,  
 And conglobated bubbles undissolved,  
 Numerous as stars; that, by their onward lapse,  
 Betray to sight the motion of the stream,  
 Else imperceptible; meanwhile, is heard  
 A softened roar, a murmur; and the sound  
 Though soothing, and the little floating isles  
 Though beautiful, are both by Nature charged  
 With the same pensive office; and make known  
 Through what perplexing labyrinths, abrupt  
 Precipitations, and untoward straits,  
 The earth-born Wanderer hath passed; and quickly,  
 That respite o'er, like traverses and toils  
 Must be again encountered. — Such a stream  
 Is human Life; and so the Spirit fares  
 In the best quiet to its course allowed;  
 And such is mine, — save only for a hope  
 That my particular current soon will reach  
 The unfathomable gulf, where all is still!"

## THE EXCURSION.

### BOOK THE FOURTH.

### DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

#### ARGUMENT.

State of feeling produced by the foregoing Narrative—A belief in a superintending Providence the only adequate support under affliction — Wanderer's ejaculation — account of his own devotional feelings in youth involved — Acknowledges the difficulty of a lively faith — Hence immoderate sorrow — doubt or despondence not therefore to be inferred — Consolation to the Solitary — Exhortations — How received — Wanderer applies his discourse to that other cause of dejection in the Solitary's mind — disappointment from the French Revolution — States grounds of hope — insists on the necessity of patience and fortitude with respect to the course of great revolutions — Knowledge the source of tranquillity — Rural Solitude favourable to knowledge of the inferior Creatures — Study of their habits and ways recommended — Exhortation to bodily exertion and Communion with Nature — Morbid Solitude pitiable — Superstition better than apathy — Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy of society — The various modes of Religion prevented it — illustrated in the Jewish, Persian, Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian modes of belief — Solitary interposes — Wanderer points out the influence of religious and imaginative feeling in the humble ranks of society — Illustrated from present and past times — These principles tend to recall exploded superstitions and popery — Wanderer rebuts this charge, and contrasts the dignities of the Imagination with the presumptive littleness of certain modern Philosophers — Recommends other lights and guides — Asserts the power of the Soul to regenerate herself — Solitary asks how — Reply — Personal appeal — Happy that the imagination and the affections mitigate the evils of that intellectual slavery which the calculating understanding is apt to produce — Exhortation to activity of body renewed — How to commune with Nature — Wanderer concludes with a legitimate union of the imagination, affections, understanding, and reason — Effect of his discourse — Evening — Return to the Cottage.

HERE closed the Tenant of that lonely vale  
 His mournful Narrative — commenced in pain,  
 In pain commenced, and ended without peace:  
 Yet tempered, not unfrequently, with strains

Of native feeling, grateful to our minds;  
 And doubtless yielding some relief to his,  
 While we sat listening with compassion due  
 Such pity yet surviving, with firm voice

That did not falter though the heart was moved,  
The Wanderer said —

“One adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists, one only; — an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, howe'er  
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being  
Of infinite benevolence and power;  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good.  
— The darts of anguish fix not where the seat  
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified  
By acquiescence in the Will Supreme  
For Time and for Eternity; by faith,  
Faith absolute in God, including hope,  
And the defence that lies in boundless love  
Of his perfections; with habitual dread  
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured  
Impatiently; ill-done, or left undone,  
To the dishonour of his holy Name.  
Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the world!  
Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart;  
Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
Their lost affections unto Thee and thine!”

Then, as we issued from that covert Nook,  
He thus continued — lifting up his eyes  
To Heaven — “How beautiful this dome of sky,  
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed  
At thy command, how awful! Shall the Soul,  
Human and rational, report of Thee  
Even less than these? — Be mute who will, who can,  
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice:  
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,  
Cannot forget thee here; where Thou hast built,  
For thy own glory, in the wilderness!  
Me didst thou constitute a Priest of thine,  
In such a Temple as we now behold  
Reared for thy presence: therefore, am I bound  
To worship, here, and every where — as One  
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,  
From childhood up, the ways of poverty;  
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,  
And from debasement rescued. — By thy grace  
The particle divine remained unquenched;  
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,  
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers  
From Paradise transplanted; wintry age  
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;  
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead!  
— Come, Labour, when the worn-out frame requires  
Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and want;  
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;  
But leave me unabated trust in Thee —  
And let thy favour, to the end of life,  
Inspire me with ability to seek  
Repose and hope among eternal things —

Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich  
And will possess my portion in content!

“And what are things Eternal! — Powers depart,”  
The gray-haired Wanderer steadfastly replied,  
Answering the question which himself had asked,  
“Possessions vanish, and opinions change,  
And Passions hold a fluctuating seat:  
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,  
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
Duty exists; — immutably survive,  
For our support, the measures and the forms,  
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies;  
Whose kingdom is, where Time and Space are not.  
Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart,  
Do with united urgency, require,  
What more that may not perish! Thou, dread Source,  
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,  
That, in the scale of Being, fill their place,  
Above our human region, or below,  
Set and sustained; — Thou — Who didst wrap the cloud  
Of Infancy around us, that Thyself,  
Therein, with our simplicity a while  
Mightest hold, on earth, communion undisturbed —  
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,  
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,  
And touch as gentle as the morning light,  
Restorest us, daily, to the powers of sense,  
And reason's steadfast rule — Thou, Thou alone  
Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,  
Which thou includest, as the Sea her Waves:  
For adoration thou endur'st; endure  
For consciousness the motions of thy will;  
For apprehension those transcendent truths  
Of the pure Intellect, that stand as laws,  
(Submission constituting strength and power  
Even to thy Being's infinite majesty!  
This Universe shall pass away — a work  
Glorious! because the shadow of thy might,  
A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee.  
Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet  
No more shall stray where Meditation leads,  
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,  
Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned Mind  
May yet have scope to range among her own,  
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.  
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,  
Still, it may be allowed me to remember  
What visionary powers of eye and soul  
In youth were mine; when, stationed on the top  
Of some huge hill — expectant, I beheld  
The Sun rise up, from distant climes returned  
Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day  
His bounteous gift! or saw him toward the Deep  
Sink — with a retinue of flaming Clouds  
Attended; then, my Spirit was entranced  
With joy exalted to beatitude;  
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,



And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with light,  
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

"Those fervent raptures are for ever flown ;  
And, since their date, my Soul hath undergone  
Change manifold, for better or for worse :  
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire  
Heavenward ; and chide the part of me that flags,  
Through sinful choice ; or dread necessity,  
On human Nature from above imposed.  
'Tis, by comparison, an easy task\*  
Earth to despise ; but, to converse with Heaven —  
This is not easy : — to relinquish all  
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,  
And stand in freedom loosened from this world,  
I deem not arduous : — but must needs confess  
That 't is a thing impossible to frame  
Conceptions equal to the Soul's desires ;  
And the most difficult of tasks to keep  
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.  
— Man is of dust : ethereal hopes are his,  
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,  
Want due consistence ; like a pillar of smoke,  
That with majestic energy from earth  
Rises ; but, having reached the thinner air,  
Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen.  
From this infirmity of mortal kind  
Sorrow proceeds, which else were not ; — at least,  
If Grief be something hallowed and ordained,  
If, in proportion, it be just and meet,  
Through this, 't is able to maintain its hold,  
In that excess which Conscience disapproves.  
For who could sink and settle to that point  
Of selfishness ; so senseless who could be  
As long and perseveringly to mourn  
For any Object of his love, removed  
From this unstable world, if he could fix  
A satisfying view upon that state  
Of pure, imperishable blessedness,  
Which reason promises, and Holy Writ  
Ensures to all Believers ! — Yet mistrust  
Is of such incapacity, methinks,  
No natural branch ; despondency far less.  
— And, if there be whose tender frames have drooped  
Even to the dust ; apparently, through weight  
Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power  
An agonizing sorrow to transmute,  
Infer not hence a hope from those withheld  
When wanted most ; a confidence impaired  
So pitifully, that, having ceased to see  
With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love  
Of what is lost, and perish through regret.  
Oh ! no, full oft the innocent Sufferer sees  
Too clearly ; feels too vividly ; and longs

To realize the Vision, with intense  
And over-constant yearning — there — there lies  
The excess, by which the balance is destroyed.  
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,  
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,  
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim  
For any passion of the soul that leads  
To ecstasy ; and, all the crooked paths  
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course  
Along the line of limitless desires.  
I, speaking now from such disorder free,  
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled peace,  
I cannot doubt that They whom you deplore  
Are glorified ; or, if they sleep, shall wake  
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.  
Hope, below this, consists not with belief  
In mercy, carried infinite degrees  
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts :  
Hope, below this, consists not with belief  
In perfect Wisdom, guiding mightiest Power,  
That finds no limits but her own pure Will.

"Here then we rest : not fearing for our creed  
The worst that human reasoning can achieve,  
To unsettle or perplex it : yet with pain  
Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,  
That, though immovably convinced, we want  
Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith  
As Soldiers live by courage ; as, by strength  
Of heart, the Sailor fights with roaring seas.  
Alas ! the endowment of immortal Power  
Is matched unequally with custom, time,†  
And domineering faculties of sense  
In *all* ; in most with superadded foes,  
Idle temptations — open vanities,  
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing world ;  
And, in the private regions of the mind,  
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,  
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,  
Distress and care. What then remains ! — To seek  
Those helps, for his occasions ever near,  
Who lacks not will to use them ; vows, renewed  
On the first motion of a holy thought ;  
Vigils of contemplation ; praise ; and prayer,  
A Stream, which, from the fountain of the heart  
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows  
Without access of unexpected strength.  
But, above all, the victory is most sure  
For Him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives  
To yield entire submission to the law  
Of Conscience ; Conscience revered and obeyed.  
As God's most intimate Presence in the soul,  
And his most perfect Image in the world.  
— Endeavour thus to live ; these rules regard,  
These helps solicit ; and a steadfast seat  
Shall then be yours among the happy few

\* See, upon this subject, Baxter's most interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in Dr. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*.

† See Note 5.

Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,  
Sons of the morning. For your nobler Part,  
Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,  
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased away;  
With only such degree of sadness left  
As may support longings of pure desire;  
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly  
In the sublime attractions of the Grave."

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage  
Poured forth his aspirations, and announced  
His judgments, near that lonely House we paced  
A plot of green-sward, seemingly preserved  
By Nature's care from wreck of scattered stones,  
And from encroachment of encircling heath:  
Small space! but, for reiterated steps,  
Smooth and commodious; as a stately deck  
Which to and fro the Mariner is used  
To tread for pastime, talking with his Mates,  
Or haply thinking of far-distant Friends,  
While the Ship glides before a steady breeze.  
Stillness prevailed around us: and the Voice,  
That spake, was capable to lift the soul  
Toward regions yet more tranquil. But, methought,  
That He, whose fixed despondency had given  
Impulse and motive to that strong discourse,  
Was less upraised in spirit than abashed;  
Shrinking from admonition, like a man  
Who feels, that to exhort, is to reproach.  
Yet not to be diverted from his aim,  
The Sage continued — "For that other loss,  
The loss of confidence in social Man,  
By the unexpected transports of our Age  
Carried so high, that every thought — which looked  
Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind  
To many seemed superfluous; as, no cause  
For such exalted confidence could o'er  
Exist; so, none is now for fixed despair;  
The two extremes are equally disowned  
By reason; if, with sharp recoil, from one  
You have been driven far as its opposite,  
Between them seek the point whereon to build  
Sound expectations. So doth he advise  
Who shared at first the illusion; but was soon  
Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks  
Which Nature gently gave, in woods and fields;  
Nor unreprieved by Providence, thus speaking  
To the inattentive Children of the World,  
'Vain-glorious Generation! what new powers  
'On you have been conferred! what gifts, withheld  
'From your Progenitors, have Ye received,  
'Fit recompense of new desert! what claim  
'Are ye prepared to urge, that my decrees  
'For you should undergo a sudden change;  
'And the weak functions of one busy day,  
'Reclaiming and extirpating, perform  
'What all the slowly-moving Years of Time,  
'With their united force, have left undone!

'By Nature's gradual processes be taught;  
'By Story be confounded! Ye aspire  
'Rashly, to fall once more; and that false fruit,  
'Which, to your overweening spirits, yields  
'Hope of a flight celestial, will produce  
'Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her sons  
'Shall not the less, though late, be justified.'  
Such timely warning," said the Wanderer, "gave  
That visionary Voice; and, at this day,  
When a Tartarian darkness overspreads  
The groaning nations; when the Impious rule,  
By will or by established ordinance,  
Their own dire agents, and constrain the Good  
To acts which they abhor; though I bewail  
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart  
Prevents me not from owning, that the law,  
By which Mankind now suffers, is most just.  
For by superior energies; more strict  
Affiance in each other; faith more firm  
In their unhallowed principles; the Bad  
Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,  
The vacillating, inconsistent Good.  
Therefore, not unconsolated, I wait — in hope  
To see the moment, when the righteous Cause  
Shall gain Defenders zealous and devout  
As they who have opposed her; in which Virtue  
Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds  
That are not lofty as her rights; aspiring  
By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.  
That Spirit only can redeem Mankind;  
And when that sacred Spirit shall appear,  
Then shall our triumph be complete as theirs.  
Yet, should this confidence prove vain, the Wise  
Have still the keeping of their proper peace;  
Are guardians of their own tranquillity.  
They act, or they recede, observe, and feel;  
'Knowing the heart of Man is set to be  
The centre of this World, about the which  
Those revolutions of disturbances  
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery  
Predominate; whose strong effects are such  
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;  
And that unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!'"

Happy is He who lives to understand —  
Not human Nature only, but explores  
All Natures, — to the end that he may find  
The law that governs each; and where begins  
The union, the partition where, that makes  
Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;  
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,  
Which they inherit, — cannot step beyond, —  
And cannot fall beneath; that do assign  
To every Class its station and its office,  
Through all the mighty Commonwealth of things;

Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.  
Such Converse, if directed by a meek,  
Sincere, and humble Spirit, teaches love;  
For knowledge is delight; and such delight  
Breeds love: yet, suited as it rather is  
To thought and to the climbing intellect,  
It teaches less to love, than to adore;  
If that be not indeed the highest Love!"

"Yet," said I, tempted here to interpose,  
"The dignity of Life is not impaired  
By aught that innocently satisfies  
The humbler cravings of the heart; and He  
Is a still happier Man, who, for those heights  
Of speculation not unfit, descends;  
And such benign affections cultivates  
Among the inferior Kinds; not merely those  
That he may call his own, and which depend,  
As individual objects of regard,  
Upon his care, — from whom he also looks  
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond, —  
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,  
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.  
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life  
And solitude, that they do favour most,  
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain  
These pure sensations; that can penetrate  
The obstreperous City; on the barren Seas  
Are not unfelt, — and much might recommend,  
How much they might inspirit and endear,  
The loneliness of this sublime Retreat!"

"Yes," said the Sage, resuming the discourse  
Again directed to his downcast Friend,  
"If, with the froward will and grovelling soul  
Of Man offended, liberty is here,  
And invitation every hour renewed,  
To mark *their* placid state, who never heard  
Of a command which they have power to break,  
Or rule which they are tempted to transgress;  
These, with a soothed or elevated heart,  
May we behold; their knowledge register;  
Observe their ways; and, free from envy, find  
Complacency there: — but wherefore this to You?  
I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,  
The Redbreast feeds in winter from your hand;  
A box, perchance, is from your casement hung  
For the small Wren to build in; — not in vain,  
The barriers disregarding that surround  
This deep Abiding-place, before your sight  
Mounts on the breeze the Butterfly — and soars,  
Small Creature as she is, from earth's bright flowers  
Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns  
In the waste wilderness: the Soul ascends  
Towards her native firmament of heaven,  
When the fresh Eagle, in the month of May,  
Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,  
This shaded valley leaves, — and leaves the dark

Empurpled hills, — conspicuously renewing  
A proud communication with the sun  
Low sunk beneath the horizon! — List! — I heard,  
From yon huge breast of rock, a solemn bleat;  
Sent forth as if it were the Mountain's voice,  
As if the visible Mountain made the cry.  
Again! — The effect upon the soul was such  
As he expressed; from out the mountain's heart  
The solemn bleat appeared to issue, startling  
The blank air — for the region all around  
Stood silent, empty of all shape of life;  
— It was a Lamb — left somewhere to itself,  
The plaintive Spirit of the Solitude! —  
He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,  
Through consciousness that silence in such place  
Was best, — the most affecting eloquence.  
But soon his thoughts returned upon themselves,  
And, in soft tone of speech, he thus resumed.

"Ah! if the heart, too confidently raised,  
Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled  
Too easily, despise or overlook  
The vassalage that binds her to the earth,  
Her sad dependence upon time, and all  
The trepidations of mortality,  
What place so destitute and void — but there  
The little Flower her vanity shall check  
The trailing Worm reprove her thoughtless pride?"

"These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds  
Does that benignity pervade, that warms  
The Mole contented with her darksome walk  
In the cold ground; and to the Emmet gives  
Her foresight, and intelligence that makes  
The tiny Creatures strong by social league;  
Supports the generations, multiplies  
Their tribes, till we behold a spacious plain  
Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills —  
Their labour — covered, as a Lake with waves;  
Thousands of Cities, in the desert place  
Built up of life, and food, and means of life!  
Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,  
Creatures that in communities exist,  
Less, as might seem, for general guardianship  
Or through dependence upon mutual aid,  
Than by participation of delight  
And a strict love of fellowship, combined.  
What other spirit can it be that prompts  
The gilded summer Flies to mix and weave  
Their sports together in the solar beam,  
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?  
More obviously, the self-same influence rules  
The Feathered kinds; the Fieldfare's pensive flock,  
The cawing Rooks, and Sea-mews from afar,  
Hovering above these inland Solitudes,  
By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call  
Their voyage was begun: nor is its power  
Unfelt among the sedentary Fowl  
That seek yon Pool, and there prolong their stay



In silent congress; or together roused  
Take flight; while with their clang the air resounds.  
And, over all, in that ethereal vault,  
Is the mute company of changeful clouds;  
— Bright apparition suddenly put forth  
The Rainbow, smiling on the faded storm;  
The mild assemblage of the starry heavens;  
And the great Sun, earth's universal Lord!

"How bountiful is Nature! he shall find  
Who seeks not; and to him, who hath not asked,  
Large measure shall be dealt. Three sabbath-days  
Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent  
Of mere humanity, You clomb those Heights;  
And what a marvellous and heavenly Show  
Was to your sight revealed! the Swains moved on,  
And heeded not; you lingered, and perceived.  
There is a luxury in self-dispraise;  
And inward self-disparagement affords  
To meditative Spleen a grateful feast.  
Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert,  
You judge unthankfully; distempered nerves  
Infect the thoughts: the languor of the Frame  
Depresses the Soul's vigour. Quit your Couch —  
Cleave not so fondly to your moody Cell;  
Nor let the hallowed Powers, that shed from heaven  
Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye  
Look down upon your taper, through a watch  
Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling  
In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star  
Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.  
Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways  
That run not parallel to Nature's course.  
Rise with the Lark! your Matins shall obtain  
Grace, be their composition what it may,  
If but with hers performed; climb once again,  
Climb every day, those ramparts; meet the breeze  
Upon their tops, — adventurous as a Bee  
That from your garden thither soars, to feed  
On new-blown heath; let yon commanding rock  
Be your frequented Watch-tower; roll the stone  
In thunder down the mountains: with all your might  
Chase the wild Goat; and, if the bold red Deer  
Fly to these harbours, driven by hound and horn  
Loud echoing, add your speed to the pursuit:  
So, wearied to your Hut shall you return,  
And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills  
A kindling eye; — poetic feelings rushed  
Into my bosom, whence these words broke forth:  
"Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,  
To have a Body (this our vital frame  
With shrinking sensibility endued,  
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)  
And to the elements surrender it  
As if it were a Spirit — How divine,  
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man

3 Y

To roam at large among unpeopled glens  
And mountainous retirements, only trod  
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate  
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm  
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,  
Be as a Presence or a motion — one  
Among the many there; and, while the Mists  
Flying, and rainy Vapours, call out Shapes  
And Phantoms from the crags and solid earth  
As fast as a Musician scatters sounds  
Out of an instrument; and, while the Streams —  
(As at a first creation and in haste  
To exercise their untried faculties)  
Descending from the region of the Clouds,  
And starting from the hollows of the earth  
More multitudinous every moment, rend  
Their way before them — what a joy to roam  
An equal among mightiest Energies;  
And haply sometimes with articulate voice,  
Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard  
By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,  
'Be this continued so from day to day,  
Nor let the fierce commotion have an end,  
Ruinous though it be, from month to month!'"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from my lips  
The strain of transport, "whoso'er in youth  
Has, through ambition of his soul, given way  
To such desires, and grasped at such delight,  
Shall feel congenial stirrings late and long,  
In spite of all the weakness that life brings,  
Its cares and sorrows; he, though taught to owe  
The tranquillizing power of time, shall wake,  
Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness —  
Loving the sports which once he gloried in.

"Compatriot, Friend, remote are Garry's Hills,  
The Streams far distant of your native Glen;  
Yet is their form and Image here expressed  
With brotherly resemblance. Turn your steps  
Wherever fancy leads, by day, by night,  
Are various engines working, not the same  
As those by which your soul in youth was moved,  
But by the great Artificer endued  
With no inferior power. You dwell alone;  
You walk, you live, you speculate alone;  
Yet doth Remembrance, like a sovereign Prince,  
For you a stately gallery maintain  
Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,  
Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed  
With no incurious eye; and books are yours,  
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies  
Preserved from age to age; more precious far  
Than that accumulated store of gold  
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,  
The Sultan hides within ancestral tombs.  
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will:



And music waits upon your skilful touch,  
 Sounds which the wandering Shepherd from these  
 Heights

Hears, and forgets his purpose; — furnished thus,  
 How can you droop, if willing to be raised?

"A piteous lot it were to flee from Man —  
 Yet not rejoice in Nature. He — whose hours  
 Are by domestic Pleasures uncaressed  
 And unenlivened; who exists whole years  
 Apart from benefits received or done  
 'Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd;  
 Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,  
 Of the world's interests — such a One hath need  
 Of a quick fancy, and an active heart,  
 That, for the day's consumption, books may yield  
 A not unwholesome food, and earth and air  
 Supply his morbid humour with delight.  
 — Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of ease  
 And easy contemplation, — gay parterres,  
 And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades  
 And shady groves for recreation framed  
 These may he range, if willing to partake  
 Their soft indulgences, and in due time  
 May issue thence, recruited for the tasks  
 And course of service Truth requires from those  
 Who tend her Altars, wait upon her Throne,  
 And guard her Fortresses. Who thinks, and feels,  
 And recognises ever and anon  
 The breeze of Nature stirring in his soul,  
 Why need such man go desperately astray,  
 And nurse 'the dreadful appetite of death?'  
 If tired with Systems — each in its degree  
 Substantial — and all crumbling in their turn,  
 Let him build Systems of his own, and smile  
 At the fond work — demolished with a touch;  
 If unreligious, let him be at once,  
 Among ten thousand Innocents, enrolled  
 A Pupil in the many-chambered school,  
 Where Superstition weaves her airy dreams.

"Life's Autumn past, I stand on Winter's verge,  
 And daily lose what I desire to keep:  
 Yet rather would I instantly decline  
 To the traditionary sympathies  
 Of a most rustic ignorance, and take  
 A fearful apprehension from the owl  
 Or death-watch, — and as readily rejoice,  
 If two auspicious magpies crossed my way;  
 To this would rather bend than see and hear  
 The repetitions wearisome of sense,  
 Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place;  
 Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark  
 On outward things, with formal inference ends:  
 Or, if the Mind turn inward, 'tis perplexed,  
 Lost in a gloom of uninspired research;  
 Meanwhile, the Heart within the Heart, the seat

Where Peace and happy Consciousness should dwell,  
 On its own axis restlessly revolves,  
 Yet nowhere finds the cheering light of truth.

"Upon the breast of new-created Earth  
 Man walked; and when and wheresoe'er he moved,  
 Alone or mated, Solitude was not.  
 He heard, upon the wind, the articulate Voice  
 Of God; and Angels to his sight appeared,  
 Crowning the glorious hills of Paradise;  
 Or through the groves gliding like morning mist  
 Enkindled by the sun. He sate — and talked  
 With winged Messengers; who daily brought  
 To his small Island in the ethereal deep  
 Tidings of joy and love. — From these pure Heights  
 (Whether of actual vision, sensible  
 To sight and feeling, or that in this sort  
 Have condescendingly been shadowed forth  
 Communications spiritually maintained,  
 And Intuitions moral and divine)  
 Fell Human-kind — to banishment condemned  
 That flowing years repealed not: and distress  
 And grief spread wide; but Man escaped the doom  
 Of destitution; — Solitude was not.  
 — Jehovah — shapeless Power above all Powers,  
 Single and one, the omnipresent God,  
 By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,  
 Or cloud of darkness, localized in heaven;  
 On earth, enshrined within the wandering ark;  
 Or, out of Sion, thundering from his throne  
 Between the Cherubim — on the chosen Race  
 Showered miracles, and ceased not to dispense  
 Judgments, that filled the Land from age to age  
 With hope, and love, and gratitude, and fear;  
 And with amazement smote; — thereby to assert  
 His scorned, or unacknowledged Sovereignty.  
 And when the One, ineffable of name,  
 Of nature indivisible, withdrew  
 From mortal adoration or regard,  
 Not then was Deity engulfed, nor Man,  
 The rational Creature, left, to feel the weight  
 Of his own reason, without sense or thought  
 Of higher reason and a purer will,  
 To benefit and bless, through mightier power:  
 — Whether the Persian — zealous to reject  
 Altar and Image, and the inclusive walls  
 And roofs of Temples built by human hands —  
 To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops,  
 With myrtle-wreathed Tiara on his brow,  
 Presented sacrifice to Moon and Stars,  
 And to the winds and Mother Elements,  
 And the whole Circle of the Heavens, for him  
 A sensitive Existence, and a God,  
 With lifted hands invoked, and songs of praise:  
 Or, less reluctantly to bonds of Sense  
 Yielding his Soul, the Babylonian framed  
 For influence undefined a personal Shape;  
 And, from the Plain, with toil immense, upreared

Tower eight times planted on the top of Tower;  
That Belus, nightly to his splendid Couch  
Descending, there might rest; upon that Height  
Pure and serene, diffused — to overlook  
Winding Euphrates, and the City vast  
Of his devoted Worshipers, far-stretched,  
With grove, and field, and garden, interspersed;  
Their Town, and foodful Region for support  
Against the pressure of beleaguering war.

"Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless fields,  
Beneath the concave of unclouded skies  
Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,  
Looked on the Polar Star, as on a Guide  
And Guardian of their course, that never closed  
His steadfast eye. The Planetary Five  
With a submissive reverence they beheld;  
Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks  
Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move  
Carrying through Ether, in perpetual round,  
Decrees and resolutions of the Gods;  
And, by their aspects, signifying works  
Of dim futurity, to man revealed.  
— The Imaginative Faculty was Lord  
Of observations natural; and, thus  
Led on, those Shepherds made report of Stars  
In set rotation passing to and fro,  
Between the orbs of our apparent sphere  
And its invisible counterpart, adorned  
With answering Constellations, under earth,  
Removed from all approach of living sight  
But present to the Dead; who, so they deemed,  
Like those celestial Messengers beheld  
All accidents, and Judges were of all.

"The lively Grecian, in a Land of hills,  
Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores,  
Under a cope of variegated sky,  
Could find commodious place for every God,  
Promptly received, as prodigally brought,  
From the surrounding Countries — at the choice  
Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,  
As nicest observation furnished hints  
For studious fancy, did his hand bestow  
On fluent Operations a fixed shape;  
Metal or Stone, idolatrously served.  
And yet — triumphant o'er this pompous show  
Of Art, this palpable array of Sense,  
On every side encountered; in despite  
Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets  
By wandering Rhapsodists; and in contempt  
Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged  
Amid the wrangling Schools — a SPIRIT hung,  
Beautiful Region! o'er thy Towns and Farms,  
Statues and Temples, and memorial Tombs;  
And emanations were perceived; and acts  
Of immortality, in Nature's course,  
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt

As bonds, on grave Philosopher imposed  
And armed Warrior; and in every grove  
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,  
When piety more awful had relaxed.  
— 'Take, running River, take these Locks of mine' —  
Thus would the Votary say — 'this severed hair,  
'My vow fulfilling, do I here present,  
'Thankful for my beloved Child's return.  
'Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,  
'Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the crystal lymph  
'With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,  
'And moisten all day long these flowery fields!'  
And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed  
Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose  
Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired;  
That hath been, is, and where it was and is  
There shall endure, — existence unexposed  
To the blind walk of mortal accident;  
From diminution safe and weakening age;  
While Man grows old, and dwindles, and decays;  
And countless generations of Mankind  
Depart; and leave no vestige where they trod.

"We live by admiration, hope, and love;  
And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,  
In dignity of Being we ascend.  
But what is error?" — "Answer he who can!"  
The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed:  
"Love, Hope, and Admiration — are they not  
Mad Fancy's favourite Vassals? Does not life  
Use them, full oft, as Pioneers to ruin,  
Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust  
Imagination's light when Reason's fails,  
The unguarded taper where the guarded faints?  
— Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare  
What error is; and, of our errors, which  
Doth most debase the mind; the genuine seats  
Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate,  
With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?"

"Methinks," persuasively the Sage replied,  
"That for this arduous office You possess  
Some rare advantages. Your early days  
A grateful recollection must supply  
Of much exalted good by Heaven vouchsafed  
To dignify the humblest state. — Your voice  
Hath, in my hearing, often testified  
That poor Men's Children, they, and they alone,  
By their condition taught, can understand  
The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks  
For daily bread. A consciousness is yours  
How feelingly religion may be learned  
In smoky Cabins, from a Mother's tongue —  
Heard while the Dwelling vibrates to the din  
Of the contiguous Torrent, gathering strength  
At every moment — and, with strength, increase  
Of fury; or, while Snow is at the door,  
Assaulting and defending, and the Wind,

A sightless Labourer, whistles at his work —  
 Fearful, but resignation tempers fear,  
 And piety is sweet to infant minds.  
 — The Shepherd Lad, who in the sunshine carves,  
 On the green turf, a dial — to divide  
 The silent hours; and who to that report  
 Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt  
 His round of pastoral duties, is not left  
 With less intelligence for *moral* things  
 Of gravest import. Early he perceives,  
 Within himself, a measure and a rule,  
 Which to the Sun of Truth he can apply,  
 That shines for him, and shines for all Mankind.  
 Experience daily fixing his regards  
 On Nature's wants, he knows how few they are,  
 And where they lie, how answered and appeased.  
 This knowledge ample recompense affords  
 For manifold privations; he refers  
 His notions to this standard; on this rock  
 Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,  
 Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content.  
 Imagination — not permitted here  
 To waste her powers, as in the worldling's mind,  
 On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,  
 And trivial ostentation — is left free  
 And puissant to range the solemn walks  
 Of time and nature, girded by a zone  
 That, while it binds, invigorates and supports.  
 Acknowledge, then, that whether by the side  
 Of his poor hut, or on the mountain top,  
 Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred  
 ('Take from him what you will upon the score  
 Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes  
 For noble purposes of mind: his heart  
 Beats to the heroic song of ancient days;  
 His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.  
 And those Illusions, which excite the scorn  
 Or move the pity of unthinking minds,  
 Are they not mainly outward Ministers  
 Of inward Conscience? with whose service charged  
 They came and go, appeared and disappear,  
 Diverting evil purposes, remorse  
 Awakening, chastening an intemperate grief,  
 Or pride of heart abating: and, whene'er  
 For less important ends those Phantoms move,  
 Who would forbid them, if their presence serve,  
 Among wild mountains and unpeopled heaths,  
 Filling a space, else vacant, to exalt  
 The forms of Nature, and enlarge her powers?

"Once more to distant Ages of the world  
 Let us revert, and place before our thoughts  
 The face which rural Solitude might wear  
 To the unenlightened Swains of pagan Greece.  
 — In that fair Clime, the lonely Herdsman, stretched  
 On the soft grass through half a summer's day,  
 With music lulled his indolent repose:  
 And, in some fit of weariness if he,

When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear  
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds  
 Which his poor skill could make, his Fancy fetched,  
 Even from the blazing Chariot of the Sun,  
 A beardless Youth, who touched a golden lute,  
 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.  
 The nightly Hunter, lifting up his eyes  
 Towards the crescent Moon, with grateful heart  
 Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed  
 That timely light, to share his joyous sport:  
 And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymphs,  
 Across the lawn and through the darksome grove  
 (Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes  
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave)  
 Swept in the storm of chase, as Moon and Stars  
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,  
 When winds are blowing strong. The Traveller slaked  
 His thirst from Rill or gushing Fount, and thanked  
 The Naiad. — Sunbeams, upon distant Hills  
 Gliding apace, with Shadows in their train,  
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed  
 Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.  
 The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed, their wings,  
 Lacked not, for love, fair Objects, whom they wooed  
 With gentle whisper. Withered Boughs grotesque,  
 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,  
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth  
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;  
 And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns  
 Of the live Deer, or Goat's depending beard, —  
 These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood  
 Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,  
 The simple Shepherd's awe-inspiring God!"  
 As this apt strain proceeded, I could mark  
 Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow  
 Of our Companion, gradually diffused;  
 While, listening, he had paced the noiseless turf,  
 Like one whose untired ear a murmuring stream  
 Detains; but tempted now to interpose,  
 He with a smile exclaimed —

'Tis well you speak  
 At a safe distance from our native Land,  
 And from the Mansions where our youth was taught.  
 The true Descendants of those godly Men  
 Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,  
 Shrine, Altar, Image, and the massy Piles  
 That harboured them, — the Souls retaining yet  
 The churlish features of that after Race  
 Who fled to caves, and woods, and naked rocks,  
 In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,  
 Or what their scruples construed to be such —  
 How, think you, would they tolerate this scheme  
 Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged  
 Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh  
 The weeds of Romish Phantasy, in vain  
 Uprooted; would re-consecrate our Wells  
 To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint Anne;



And from long banishment recall Saint Giles,  
To watch again with tutelary love  
O'er stately Edinburgh throned on crags?  
A blessed restoration, to behold  
The Patron, on the shoulders of his Priests,  
Once more parading through her crowded streets;  
Now simply guarded by the sober Powers  
Of Science, and Philosophy, and Sense!"

This answer followed.—"You have turned my thoughts  
Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose  
Against Idolatry with warlike mind,  
And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk  
In caves, and woods, and under dismal rocks,  
Deprived of shelter, covering, fire, and food;  
Why? — for this very reason that they felt,  
And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they moved,  
A Spiritual Presence, oft-times misconceived;  
But still a high dependence, a divine  
Bounty and government, that filled their hearts  
With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love;  
And from their fervent lips drew hymns of praise,  
That through the desert rang. Though favoured less,  
Far less, than these, yet such, in their degree,  
Were those bewildered Pagans of old time.  
Beyond their own poor Natures and above  
They looked; were humbly thankful for the good  
Which the warm Sun solicited — and Earth  
Bestowed; were gladsome, — and their moral sense  
They fortified with reverence for the Gods;  
And they had hopes that overstepped the Grave.

"Now, shall our great Discoverers," he exclaimed,  
Raising his voice triumphantly, "obtain  
From Sense and Reason less than These obtained,  
Though far misled? Shall Men for whom our Age  
Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,  
To explore the world without and world within,  
Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious Souls —  
Whom Earth, at this late season, hath produced  
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh  
The planets in the hollow of their hand;  
And They who rather dive than soar, whose pains  
Have solved the elements, or analysed  
The thinking principle — shall They in fact  
Prove a degraded Race? and what avails  
Renown, if their presumption make them such?  
Oh! there is laughter at their work in Heaven!  
Inquire of ancient Wisdom; go, demand  
Of mighty Nature, if 't was ever meant  
That we should pry far off yet be unraised;  
That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,  
Viewing all objects unremittingly  
In disconnexion dead and spiritless;  
And still dividing, and dividing still,  
Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied  
With the perverse attempt, while littleness  
May yet become more little; waging thus

An impious warfare with the very life  
Of our own souls! — And if indeed there be  
An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom  
Our dark foundations rest, could He design  
That this magnificent effect of Power,  
The Earth we tread, the Sky that we behold  
By day, and all the pomp which night reveals,  
That these — and that superior Mystery  
Our vital Frame, so fearfully devised,  
And the dread Soul within it — should exist  
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,  
Probed, vexed, and criticised! — Accuse me not  
Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,  
If, having walked with Nature threescore years,  
And offered, far as frailty would allow,  
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,  
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,  
Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY  
Revolts, offended at the ways of Men  
Swayed by such motives, to such end employed.  
Philosophers, who, though the human Soul  
Be of a thousand faculties composed,  
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize  
This Soul, and the transcendent Universe,  
No more than as a Mirror that reflects  
To proud Self-love her own intelligence;  
That One, poor, infinite Object, in the Abyss  
Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly!

"Nor higher place can be assigned to Him  
And his Compeers — the laughing Sage of France. —  
Crowned was He, if my Memory do not err,  
With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,  
In sign of conquest by his Wit achieved,  
And benefits his wisdom had conferred,  
His tottering Body was with wreaths of flowers  
Opprest, far less becoming ornaments  
Than Spring oft twines about a mouldering Tree;  
Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain old Man,  
And a most frivolous People. Him I mean  
Who penned, to ridicule confiding Faith,  
This sorry Legend; which by chance we found  
Piled in a nook, through malice, as might seem,  
Among more innocent rubbish." — Speaking thus,  
With a brief notice when, and how, and where,  
We had espied the Book, he drew it forth;  
And courteously, as if the act removed,  
At once, all traces from the good Man's heart  
Of unbenign aversion or contempt,  
Restored it to its owner. "Gentle Friend,"  
Herewith he grasped the Solitary's hand,  
"You have known better Lights and Guides than  
these —

Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose  
A noble mind to practise on herself,  
And tempt Opinion to support the wrongs  
Of Passion: whatsoe'er be felt or feared,  
From higher judgment-seats make no appeal



To lower: can you question that the Soul  
 Inherits an allegiance, not by choice  
 To be cast off, upon an oath proposed  
 By each new upstart Notion? In the ports  
 Of levity no refuge can be found,  
 No shelter, for a spirit in distress.  
 He, who by wilful disesteem of life,  
 And proud insensibility to hope,  
 Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn  
 That her mild nature can be terrible;  
 That neither she nor Silence lack the power  
 To avenge their own insulted Majesty.  
 — O blest seclusion! when the Mind admits  
 The law of duty; and can therefore move  
 Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,  
 Linked in entire complacence with her choice;  
 When Youth's presumptuousness is mellowed down,  
 And Manhood's vain anxiety dismissed;  
 When Wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,  
 Upon the boughs of sheltering Leisure hung  
 In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops  
 To drink with gratitude the crystal stream  
 Of unreprieved enjoyment; and is pleased  
 To muse, — and be saluted by the air  
 Of meek repentance, wafting wall-flower scents  
 From out the crumbling ruins of fallen Pride  
 And chambers of Transgression, now forlorn.  
 O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!  
 Who, when such good can be obtained, would strive  
 To reconcile his Manhood to a couch  
 Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,  
 Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past,  
 For fixed annoyance; and full oft beset  
 With floating dreams, disconsolate and black,  
 The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

"Within the soul a Faculty abides,  
 That with interpositions, which would hide  
 And darken, so can deal, that they become  
 Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt  
 Her native brightness. As the ample Moon,  
 In the deep stillness of a summer Even  
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
 Burns like an unconsuming fire of light,  
 In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides  
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
 Into a substance glorious as her own,  
 Yea with her own incorporated, by power,  
 Capacious and serene; like power abides  
 In Man's celestial Spirit; Virtue thus  
 Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds  
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
 From error, disappointment, — nay, from guilt  
 And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,  
 From palpable oppressions of Despair."

The Solitary by these words was touched  
 With manifest emotion, and exclaimed,

"But how begin! and whence! — the Mind is free;  
 Resolve — the haughty Moralist would say,  
 This single act is all that we demand.  
 Alas! such wisdom bids a Creature fly  
 Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn  
 His natural wings! — To Friendship let him turn  
 For succour; but perhaps he sits alone  
 On stormy waters, in a little Boat  
 That holds but him, and can contain no more!  
 Religion tells of amity sublime  
 Which no condition can preclude; of One  
 Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,  
 All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs;  
 But is that bounty absolute! — His gifts,  
 Are they not still, in some degree, rewards  
 For acts of service? Can his Love extend  
 To hearts that own not Him! Will showers of grace,  
 When in the sky no promise may be seen,  
 Fall to refresh a parched and withered land!  
 Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load  
 At the Redeemer's feet?"

In rueful tone,  
 With some impatience in his mien, he spake;  
 Back to my mind rushed all that had been urged  
 To calm the Sufferer when his story closed;  
 I looked for counsel as unbending now;  
 But a discriminating sympathy  
 Stooped to this apt reply, —

"As Men from Men  
 Do, in the constitution of their Souls,  
 Differ, by mystery not to be explained;  
 And as we fall by various ways, and sink  
 One deeper than another, self-condemned,  
 Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame,  
 So manifold and various are the ways  
 Of restoration, fashioned to the steps  
 Of all infirmity, and tending all  
 To the same point, — attainable by all;  
 Peace in ourselves, and union with our God.  
 For you, assuredly, a hopeful road  
 Lies open: we have heard from You a voice  
 At every moment softened in its course  
 By tenderness of heart; have seen your Eye,  
 Even like an Altar lit by fire from Heaven,  
 Kindle before us. — Your discourse this day,  
 That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to flow  
 In creeping sadness, through oblivious shades  
 Of death and night, has caught at every turn  
 The colours of the Sun. Access for you  
 Is yet preserved to principles of truth,  
 Which the Imaginative Will upholds  
 In seats of wisdom, not to be approached  
 By the inferior faculty that moulds,  
 With her minute and speculative pains,  
 Opinion, ever changing! — I have seen  
 A curious Child, who dwelt upon a tract

Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped Shell;  
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
 Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
 Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within  
 Were heard, — sonorous cadences! whereby  
 To his belief, the Monitor expressed  
 Mysterious union with its native Sea.\*  
 Even such a Shell the Universe itself  
 Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,  
 I doubt not, when to You it doth impart  
 Authentic tidings of invisible things;  
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;  
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
 Of endless agitation. Here you stand,  
 Adore, and worship, when you know it not;  
 Pious beyond the intention of your thought;  
 Devout above the meaning of your will.  
 — Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.  
 The estate of Man would be indeed forlorn  
 If false conclusions of the reasoning Power  
 Made the Eye blind, and closed the passages  
 Through which the Ear converses with the heart.  
 Has not the Soul, the Being of your Life,  
 Received a shock of awful consciousness,  
 In some calm season, when these lofty Rocks  
 At night's approach bring down the unclouded Sky,  
 To rest upon their circumambient walls;  
 A Temple framing of dimensions vast,  
 And yet not too enormous for the sound  
 Of human anthems, — choral song, or burst  
 Sublime of instrumental harmony,  
 To glorify the Eternal! What if these  
 Did never break the stillness that prevails  
 Here, if the solemn Nightingale be mute,  
 And the soft Woodlark here did never chant  
 Her vespers, Nature fails not to provide  
 Impulse and utterance. The whispering Air  
 Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,  
 And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;  
 The little Rills, and Waters numberless,  
 Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes  
 With the loud Streams: and often, at the hour  
 When issue forth the first pale Stars, is heard,  
 Within the circuit of this Fabric huge,  
 One Voice — the solitary Raven, flying  
 Athwart the concave of the dark-blue dome,  
 Unseen, perchance above all power of sight —  
 An iron knell! with echoes from afar

\* ————— "Of pearly hue  
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
 In the Sun's palace porch; where, when unyoked,  
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave,  
 Shake one, and it awakens; then apply  
 Its polished lips to your attentive ear,  
 And it remembers its august abodes,  
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

LANDOR. — H. R.]

Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with which  
 The wanderer accompanies her flight  
 Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,  
 Diminishing by distance till it seemed  
 To expire, yet from the Abyss is caught again,  
 And yet again recovered!

"But descending  
 From these Imaginative Heights, that yield  
 Far-stretching views into Eternity  
 Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler power  
 Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend  
 Even here, where her amenities are sown  
 With sparing hand. Then trust yourself abroad  
 To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,  
 Where on the labours of the happy Throng  
 She smiles, including in her wide embrace  
 City, and Town, and Tower,—and Sea with Ships  
 Sprinkled; — be our Companion while we track  
 Her rivers populous with gliding life;  
 While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,  
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;  
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade  
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness;  
 Where living Things, and Things inanimate,  
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,  
 And speak to social Reason's inner sense,  
 With inarticulate language.

"For the Man,  
 Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms  
 Of Nature, who with understanding heart  
 Doth know and love such Objects as excite  
 No morbid passions, no disquietude,  
 No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel  
 The joy of that pure principle of Love  
 So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught  
 Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose  
 But seek for objects of a kindred love  
 In Fellow-natures and a kindred joy.  
 Accordingly he by degrees perceives  
 His feelings of aversion softened down;  
 A holy tenderness pervade his frame,  
 His sanity of reason not impaired,  
 Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,  
 From a clear Fountain flowing, he looks round  
 And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks:  
 Until abhorrence and contempt are things  
 He only knows by name; and, if he hear,  
 From other mouths, the language which they speak,  
 He is compassionate; and has no thought,  
 No feeling, which can overcome his love.

"And further; by contemplating these Forms  
 In the relations which they bear to Man,  
 He shall discern, how, through the various means  
 Which silently they yield, are multiplied  
 The spiritual Presences of absent Things.

Trust me, that for the Instructed, time will come  
 When they shall meet no object but may teach  
 Some acceptable lesson to their minds  
 Of human suffering, or of human joy.  
 So shall they learn, while all things speak of Man,  
 Their duties from all forms; and general laws,  
 And local accidents, shall tend alike  
 To rouse, to urge; and, with the will, confer  
 The ability to spread the blessings wide  
 Of true philanthropy. The light of love  
 Not failing, perseverance from their steps  
 Departing not, for them shall be confirmed  
 The glorious habit by which Sense is made  
 Subservient still to moral purposes,  
 Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe  
 The naked Spirit, ceasing to deplore  
 The burthen of existence. Science then  
 Shall be a precious Visitant; and then,  
 And only then, be worthy of her name.  
 For then her Heart shall kindle; her dull Eye,  
 Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang  
 Chained to its object in brute slavery;  
 But taught with patient interest to watch  
 The processes of things, and serve the cause  
 Of order and distinctness, not for this  
 Shall it forget that its most noble use,  
 Its most illustrious province, must be found  
 In furnishing clear guidance, a support  
 Not treacherous to the Mind's *excursive* Power.  
 — So build we up the Being that we are;  
 Thus deeply drinking-in the Soul of Things,  
 We shall be wise perforce; and while inspired  
 By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,  
 Unswerving shall we move, as if impelled  
 By strict necessity, along the path  
 Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,  
 Whate'er we feel, by agency direct  
 Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse  
 Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats  
 Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights  
 Of love divine, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent harangue,  
 Poured forth with fervour in continuous stream;  
 Such as, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,  
 An Indian Chief discharges from his breast

Into the hearing of assembled Tribes,  
 In open circle seated round, and hushed  
 As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf  
 Stirs in the mighty woods. — So did he speak:  
 The words he uttered shall not pass away;  
 For they sank into me — the bounteous gift  
 Of One whom time and nature had made wise,  
 Gracing his language with authority  
 Which hostile spirits silently allow;  
 Of One accustomed to desires that feed  
 On fruitage gathered from the Tree of Life;  
 To hopes on knowledge and experience built;  
 Of One in whom persuasion and belief  
 Had ripened into faith, and faith become  
 A passionate intuition; whence the Soul,  
 Though bound to Earth by ties of pity and love,  
 From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were reached,  
 Had yet to travel far, but unto us,  
 To us who stood low in that hollow Dell,  
 He had become invisible, — a pomp  
 Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread  
 Upon the mountain sides, in contrast bold  
 With ample shadows, seemingly, no less  
 Than those resplendent lights, his rich bequest,  
 A dispensation of his evening power.  
 — Adown the path that from the Glen had led  
 The funeral Train, the Shepherd and his Mate  
 Were seen descending; — forth to greet them ran  
 Our little Page; the rustic Pair approach;  
 And in the Matron's aspect may be read  
 A plain assurance that the words which told  
 How that neglected Pensioner was sent  
 Before his time into a quiet grave,  
 Had done to her humanity no wrong:  
 But we are kindly welcomed — promptly served  
 With ostentatious zeal. — Along the floor  
 Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell  
 A grateful Couch was spread for our repose;  
 Where, in the guise of Mountaineers, we slept,  
 Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled by sound  
 Of far-off torrents charming the still night,  
 And to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts  
 Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE FIFTH.

### THE PASTOR.

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#### ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley — Reflections — Sight of a large and populous Vale — Solitary consents to go forward — Vale described — The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him — The Churchyard — Church and Monuments — The Solitary musing, and where — Roused — In the Church-yard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recently passed through his mind — Lofty tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to — Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human life — Inconsistency of the best men — Acknowledgment that practice falls far below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind — General complaint of a falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth — Outward appearances of content and happiness in degree illusive — Pastor approaches — Appeal made to him — His answer — Wanderer in sympathy with him — Suggestion that the least ambitious Inquirers may be most free from error — The Pastor is desired to give some Portraits of the living or dead from his own observations of life among these Mountains — and for what purpose — Pastor consents — Mountain Cottage — Excellent qualities of its Inhabitants — Solitary expresses his pleasure; but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this kind — Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon his account of Persons interred in the Church-yard — Graves of unbaptized Infants — What sensations they excite — Funeral and sepulchral Observances, whence — Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived — Profession of Belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

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FAREWELL, deep Valley, with thy one rude House,  
And its small lot of life-supporting fields,  
And guardian rocks! — Farewell, attractive Seat!  
To the still influx of the morning light  
Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but veiled  
From human observation, as if yet  
Primeval Forests wrapped thee round with dark  
Impenetrable shade; once more farewell,  
Majestic Circuit, beautiful Abyss,  
By Nature destined from the birth of things  
For quietness profound!

Upon the side  
Of that brown Slope, the outlet of the Vale,  
Lingering behind my Comrades, thus I breathed  
A parting tribute to a spot that seemed  
Like the fixed centre of a troubled World.  
And now, pursuing leisurely my way,  
How vain, thought I, it is by change of place  
To seek that comfort which the mind denies;  
Yet trial and temptation oft are shunned  
Wisely; and by such tenure do we hold  
Frail Life's possessions, that even they whose fate  
Yields no peculiar reason of complaint

Might, by the promise that is here, be won  
To steal from active duties, and embrace  
Obscurity, and calm forgetfulness.  
— Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered times  
Should be allowed a privilege to have  
Her Anchorites, like Piety of old;  
Men, who, from faction sacred, and unstained  
By war, might, if so minded, turn aside  
Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few  
Living to God and Nature, and content  
With that communion. Consecrated be  
The Spots where such abide! But happier still  
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attends  
That meditation and research may guide  
His privacy to principles and powers  
Discovered or invented; or set forth,  
Through his acquaintance with the ways of truth,  
In lucid order; so that, when his course  
Is run, some faithful Eulogist may say,  
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook  
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,  
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good  
That shall survive his name and memory.



Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere  
Accompanied these musings; — fervent thanks  
For my own peaceful lot and happy choice;  
A choice that from the passions of the world  
Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat,  
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,  
Secluded, but not buried; and with song  
Cheering my days, and with industrious thought,  
With ever-welcome company of books,  
By virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining aid,  
And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,  
Following the rugged road, by sledge or wheel  
Worn in the moorland, till I overtook  
My two Associates, in the morning sunshine  
Halting together on a rocky knoll,  
From which the road descended rapidly  
To the green meadows of another Vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his hand  
In sign of farewell. "Nay," the Old Man said,  
"The fragrant Air its coolness still retains;  
The Herds and Flocks are yet abroad to crop  
The dewy grass; you cannot leave us now,  
We must not part at this inviting hour."  
He yielded, though reluctant; for his Mind  
Instinctively disposed him to retire  
To his own Covert; as a billow, heaved  
Upon the beach, rolls back into the Sea.  
— So we descend; and winding round a rock  
Attain a point that showed the Valley — stretched  
In length before us; and, not distant far,  
Upon a rising ground a gray Church-tower,  
Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees.  
And, towards a crystal Mere, that lay beyond  
Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed  
A copious Stream with boldly-winding course;  
Here traceable, there hidden — there again  
To sight restored, and glittering in the Sun.  
On the Stream's bank, and everywhere, appeared  
Fair Dwellings, single, or in social knots;  
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched  
On the hill sides, a cheerful quiet scene,  
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As, 'mid some happy Valley of the Alps,"  
Said I, "once happy, ere tyrannic Power,  
Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,  
Destroyed their unoffending Commonwealth,  
A popular equality reigns here,  
Save for one House of State beneath whose roof  
A rural Lord might dwell." — "No feudal pomp,"  
Replied our Friend, a Chronicler who stood  
Where'er he moved upon familiar ground,  
"Nor feudal power is there; but there abides,  
In his allotted Home, a genuine Priest,  
The Shepherd of his Flock; or, as a King

Is styled, when most affectionately praised,  
The Father of his People. Such is he;  
And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice  
Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed  
To me some portion of a kind regard;  
And something also of his inner mind  
Hath he imparted — but I speak of him  
As he is known to all. The calm delights  
Of unambitious piety he chose,  
And learning's solid dignity; though born  
Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful friends.  
Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew  
From academic bowers. He loved the spot,  
Who does not love his native soil! he prized  
The ancient rural character, composed  
Of simple manners, feelings unsuppressed  
And undisguised, and strong and serious thought;  
A character reflected in himself,  
With such embellishment as well befits  
His rank and sacred function. This deep vale  
Winds far in reaches hidden from our eyes,  
And one, a turreted manorial Hall  
Adorns, in which the good's Man's Ancestors  
Have dwelt through ages — Patrons of this Cur  
To them, and to his own judicious pains,  
The Vicar's Dwelling, and the whole Domain,  
Owes that presiding aspect which might well  
Attract your notice; statelier than could else  
Have been bestowed, through course of common chance  
On an unwealthy mountain Benefice."

This said, oft halting we pursued our way;  
Nor reached the Village Churchyard till the sun,  
Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen  
Above the summits of the highest hills,  
And round our path darted oppressive beams.

As chanced, the Portals of the sacred Pile  
Stood open, and we entered. On my frame,  
At such transition from the fervid air,  
A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike  
The heart, in concert with that temperate awe  
And natural reverence, which the Place inspired.  
Not raised in nice proportions was the Pile,  
But large and massy; for duration built;  
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld  
By naked rafters intricately crossed,  
Like leafless underboughs, 'mid some thick grove,  
All withered by the depth of shade above.  
Admonitory Texts inscribed the walls,  
Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed,  
Each also crowned with winged heads — a pair  
Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor  
Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,  
Was occupied by oaken benches, ranged  
In seemly rows; the chancel only showed  
Some inoffensive marks of earthly state  
And vain distinction. A capacious pew

Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined;  
 And marble Monuments were here displayed  
 Thronging the walls; and on the floor beneath  
 Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven  
 And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small  
 And shining effigies of brass inlaid.  
 — The tribute by these various records claimed,  
 Without reluctance did we pay; and read  
 The ordinary chronicle of birth,  
 Office, alliance, and promotion — all  
 Ending in dust; of upright Magistrates,  
 Grave Doctors strenuous for the Mother Church,  
 And uncorrupted Senators, alike  
 To King and People true. A brazen plate,  
 Not easily deciphered, told of One  
 Whose course of earthly honour was begun  
 In quality of page among the Train  
 Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the seas  
 His royal state to show, and prove his strength  
 In tournament, upon the Fields of France.  
 Another Tablet registered the death,  
 And praised the gallant bearing, of a Knight  
 Tried in the sea-fights of the second Charles.  
 Near this brave Knight his Father lay entombed;  
 And, to the silent language giving voice,  
 I read, — how in his manhood's earlier day  
 He, 'mid the afflictions of intestine War  
 And rightful Government subverted, found  
 One only solace — that he had espoused  
 A virtuous Lady tenderly beloved  
 For her benign perfections; and yet more  
 Endeared to him, for this, that in her state  
 Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's regard,  
 She with a numerous Issue filled his House,  
 Who throve, like Plants, uninjured by the Storm  
 That laid their Country waste. No need to speak  
 Of less particular notices assigned  
 To youth or Maiden gone before their time,  
 And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old;  
 Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed  
 In modest panegyric. "These dim lines,  
 What would they tell?" said I, — but, from the task  
 Of puzzling out that faded Narrative,  
 With whisper soft my venerable Friend  
 Called me; and, looking down the darksome aisle,  
 I saw the Tenant of the lonely Vale  
 Standing apart; with curved arm reclined  
 On the baptismal Font; his pallid face  
 Upturned, as if his mind were wrapt, or lost  
 In some abstraction; — gracefully he stood,  
 The semblance bearing of a sculptured Form  
 That leans upon a monumental Urn  
 In peace, from morn to night, from year to year.

Him from that posture did the Sexton rouse;  
 Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,  
 Continuation haply of the notes

That had beguiled the work from which he came,  
 With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder hung,  
 To be deposited, for future need,  
 In their appointed place. The pale Recluse  
 Withdrew; and straight we followed, — to a spot  
 Where sun and shade were intermixed; for there  
 A broad Oak, stretching forth its leafy arms  
 From an adjoining pasture, overhung  
 Small space of that green churchyard with a light  
 And pleasant awning. On the moss-grown wall  
 My ancient Friend and I together took  
 Our seats; and thus the Solitary spake,  
 Standing before us. "Did you note the mien  
 Of that self solaced, easy-hearted Churl,  
 Death's Hireling, who scoops out his Neighbour's  
 grave,  
 Or wraps an old Acquaintance up in clay,  
 As unconcerned as when he plants a tree!  
 I was abruptly summoned by his voice  
 From some affecting images and thoughts,  
 And from the company of serious words.  
 Much, yesterday, was said in glowing phrase  
 Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes  
 For future states of Being; and the wings  
 Of speculation, joyfully outspread,  
 Hovered above our destiny on earth: —  
 But stoop, and place the prospect of the soul  
 In sober contrast with reality,  
 And Man's substantial life. If this mute earth  
 Of what it holds could speak, and every grave  
 Were as a volume, shut, yet capable  
 Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,  
 We should recoil, stricken with sorrow and shame  
 To see disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill  
 That which is done accords with what is known  
 To reason, and by conscience is enjoined;  
 How idly, how perversely, Life's whole course,  
 To this conclusion, deviates from the line,  
 Or of the end stops short, proposed to all  
 At her aspiring outset. Mark the Babe  
 Not long accustomed to this breathing world;  
 One that hath barely learned to shape a smile;  
 Though yet irrational of Soul to grasp  
 With tiny fingers — to let fall a tear;  
 And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dissolves,  
 To stretch his limbs, bemocking, as might seem,  
 The outward functions of intelligent Man;  
 A grave Proficient in amusive feats  
 Of puppetry, that from the lap declare  
 His expectations, and announce his claims  
 To that inheritance which millions rue  
 That they were ever born to! In due time  
 A day of solemn ceremonial comes;  
 When they, who for this Minor hold in trust  
 Rights that transcend the humblest heritage  
 Of mere Humanity, present their Charge,  
 For this occasion daintily adorned,

At the baptismal Font. And when the pure  
And consecrating element hath cleansed  
The original stain, the Child is there received  
Into the second Ark, Christ's Church, with trust  
That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall float  
Over the billows of this troublesome world  
To the fair land of everlasting Life.  
Corrupt affections, covetous desires,  
Are all renounced; high as the thought of man  
Can carry virtue, virtue is professed;  
A dedication made, a promise given  
For due provision to control and guide,  
And unremitting progress to ensure  
In holiness and truth."

"You cannot blame,"

Here interposing fervently I said,  
"Rites which attest that Man by nature lies  
Bedded for good and evil in a gulf  
Fearfully low; nor will your judgment scorn  
Those services, whereby attempt is made  
To lift the Creature toward that eminence  
On which, now fallen, erewhile in majesty  
He stood; or if not so, whose top serene  
At least he feels 't is given him to descry;  
Not without aspirations, evermore  
Returning, and injunctions from within  
Doubt to cast off and weariness; in trust  
That what the Soul perceives, if glory lost,  
May be, through pains and persevering hope,  
Recovered; or, if hitherto unknown,  
Lies within reach, and one day shall be gained."

"I blame them not," he calmly answered — "no;  
The outward ritual and established forms  
With which communities of Men invest  
These inward feelings, and the aspiring vows  
To which the lips give public utterance,  
Are both a natural process; and by me  
Shall pass uncensured; though the issue prove,  
Bringing from age to age its own reproach,  
Incongruous, impotent, and blank. — But, oh!  
If to be weak is to be wretched — miserable,  
As the lost Angel by a human voice  
Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my mind,  
Far better not to move at all than move  
By impulse sent from such illusive Power,  
That finds and cannot fasten down; that grasps;  
And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps;  
That tempts, emboldens — doth a while sustain,  
And then betrays; accuses and inflicts  
Remorseless punishment; and so retreads  
The inevitable circle: better far  
Than this, to graze the herb in thoughtless peace,  
By foresight, or remembrance, undisturbed!

"Philosophy! and thou more vaunted name  
Religion! with thy statelier retinue,  
Faith, Hope, and Charity — from the visible world

Choose for your Emblems whatsoe'er ye find  
Of safest guidance and of firmest trust, —  
The Torch, the Star, the Anchor; nor except  
The Cross itself, at whose unconscious feet  
The Generations of Mankind have knelt  
Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears,  
And through that conflict seeking rest — of you,  
High-titled Powers, am I constrained to ask,  
Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky  
In faint reflection of infinitude  
Stretched overhead, and at my pensive feet  
A subterraneous magazine of bones,  
In whose dark vaults my own shall soon be laid,  
Where are your triumphs! your dominion where?  
And in what age admitted and confirmed?  
— Not for a happy Land do I enquire,  
Island or Grove, that hides a blessed few  
Who, with obedience willing and sincere,  
To your serene authorities conform;  
But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,  
Have ye withdrawn from Passion's crooked ways,  
Inspired, and thoroughly fortified? — If the Heart  
Could be inspected to its inmost folds  
By sight undazzled with the glare of praise,  
Who shall be named — in the resplendent line  
Of Sages, Martyrs, Confessors — the Man  
Whom the best might of Conscience, Truth, and Hope,  
For one day's little compass, has preserved  
From painful and discreditable shocks  
Of contradiction, from some vague desire  
Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse  
To some unsanctioned fear!"

"If this be so,

And Man," said I, "be in his noblest shape  
Thus pitiably infirm; then, He who made,  
And who shall judge, the Creature, will forgive.  
— Yet, in its general tenor, your complaint  
Is all too true; and surely not misplaced:  
For, from this pregnant spot of ground, such thoughts  
Rise to the notice of a serious Mind  
By natural exhalation. With the Dead  
In their repose, the Living in their mirth,  
Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the round  
Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,  
By which, on Christian Lands, from age to age  
Profession mocks Performance. Earth is sick,  
And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words  
Which States and Kingdoms utter when they talk  
Of truth and justice. Turn to private life  
And social neighbourhood; look we to ourselves;  
A light of duty shines on every day  
For all; and yet how few are warmed or cheered!  
How few who mingle with their fellow-men  
And still remain self-governed, and apart,  
Like this our honoured Friend; and thence acquire  
Right to expect his vigorous decline,  
That promises to the end a blest old age!"



"Yet," with a smile of triumph thus exclaimed  
The Solitary, "in the life of Man,  
If to the poetry of common speech  
Faith may be given, we see as in a glass  
A true reflection of the circling year,  
With all its seasons. Grant that Spring is there,  
In spite of many a rough untoward blast,  
Hopeful and promising with buds and flowers;  
Yet where is glowing Summer's long rich day,  
That *ought* to follow faithfully expressed?  
And mellow Autumn, charged with bounteous fruit,  
Where is she imaged? in what favoured clime  
Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?  
— Yet, while the better part is missed, the worse  
In Man's autumnal season is set forth  
With a resemblance not to be denied,  
And that contents him; bowers that hear no more  
The voice of gladness, less and less supply  
Of outward sunshine and internal warmth;  
And, with this change, sharp air and falling leaves,  
Foretelling total Winter, blank and cold.

"How gay the Habitations that bedeck  
This fertile Valley! Not a House but seems  
To give assurance of content within;  
Embosomed happiness, and placid love;  
As if the sunshine of the day were met  
With answering brightness in the hearts of all  
Who walk this favoured ground. But chance-regards,  
And notice forced upon incurious ears;  
These, if these only, acting in despite  
Of the encomiums by my Friend pronounced  
On humble life, forbid the judging mind  
To trust the smiling aspect of this fair  
And noiseless Commonwealth. The simple race  
Of Mountaineers (by Nature's self removed  
From foul temptations, and by constant care  
Of a good Shepherd tended as themselves  
Do tend their flocks) partake Man's general lot  
With little mitigation. They escape,  
Perchance, guilt's heavier woes; and do not feel  
The tedium of fantastic idleness;  
Yet life, as with the multitude, with them,  
Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale;  
That on the outset wastes its gay desires,  
Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,  
And pleasant interests — for the sequel leaving  
Old things repeated with diminished grace;  
And all the laboured novelties at best  
Imperfect substitutes, whose use and power  
Evince the want and weakness whence they spring."

While in this serious mood we held discourse,  
The reverend Pastor toward the Church-yard gate  
Approached; and, with a mild respectful air  
Of native cordiality, our Friend  
Advanced to greet him. With a gracious mien  
Was he received, and mutual joy prevailed.

Awhile they stood in conference, and I guess  
That He, who now upon the mossy wall  
Sate by my side, had vanished, if a wish  
Could have transferred him to his lonely House  
Within the circuit of those guardian rocks.  
— For me, I looked upon the pair, well pleased:  
Nature had framed them both, and both were marked  
By circumstance, with intermixture fine  
Of contrast and resemblance. To an Oak  
Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten Oak,  
Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,  
One might be likened: flourishing appeared,  
Though somewhat past the fulness of his prime,  
The Other — like a stately Sycamore,  
That spreads, in gentler pomp, its honeyed shade.

A general greeting was exchanged; and soon  
The Pastor learned that his approach had given  
A welcome interruption to discourse  
Grave, and in truth too often sad. — "Is Man  
A Child of hope? Do generations press  
On generations, without progress made?  
Halts the Individual, ere his hairs be gray,  
Perforce? are we a Creature in whom good  
Preponderates, or evil? Doth the Will  
Acknowledge Reason's law? A living Power  
Is Virtue, or no better than a name,  
Fleeting as health or beauty, and unsound?  
So that the only substance which remains,  
(For thus the tenor of complaint hath run)  
Among so many shadows, are the pains  
And penalties of miserable life,  
Doomed to decay, and then expire in dust!  
— Our cogitations this way have been drawn,  
These are the points," the Wanderer said, "on which  
Our inquest turns. — Accord, good Sir! the light  
Of your experience to dispel this gloom:  
By your persuasive wisdom shall the Heart  
That frets, or languishes, be stilled and cheered."

"Our Nature," said the Priest, in mild reply,  
"Angels may weigh and fathom: they perceive,  
With undistempered and unclouded spirit,  
The object as it is; but, for ourselves,  
That speculative height we may not reach.  
The good and evil are our own; and we  
Are that which we would contemplate from far.  
Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain —  
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep —  
As Virtue's self; like Virtue, is beset  
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to decay.  
Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,  
Blind were we without these: through these alone  
Are capable to notice or discern  
Or to record; we judge, but cannot be  
Indifferent judges. 'Spite of proudest boast,  
Reason, best Reason, is to imperfect Man  
An effort only, and a noble aim;



A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,  
Still to be courted — never to be won!  
— Look forth, or each man dive into himself;  
What sees he but a Creature too perturbed,  
That is transported to excess; that yearns,  
Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too much;  
Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;  
Battens on spleen, or moulders in despair!  
Thus truth is missed, and comprehension fails;  
And darkness and delusion round our path  
Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury lurks  
Within the very faculty of sight.

"Yet for the general purposes of faith  
In Providence, for solace and support,  
We may not doubt that who can best subject  
The will to Reason's law, and strictliest live  
And act in that obedience, he shall gain  
The clearest apprehension of those truths,  
Which unassisted Reason's utmost power  
Is too infirm to reach. But — waiving this,  
And our regards confining within bounds  
Of less exalted consciousness — through which  
The very multitude are free to range —  
We safely may affirm that human life  
Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene  
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,  
Or a forbidding tract of cheerless view;  
Even as the same is looked at, or approached.  
Thus, when in changeful April snow has fallen,  
And fields are white, if from the sullen north  
Your walk conduct you hither, ere the Sun  
Hath gained his noontide height, this church-yard, filled  
With mounds transversely lying side by side  
From east to west, before you will appear  
An unillumined, blank, and dreary plain,  
With more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom  
Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back;  
Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,  
Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense  
His beams; which, unexcluded in their fall,  
Upon the southern side of every grave  
Have gently exercised a melting power,  
Then will a vernal prospect greet your eye,  
All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,  
Hopeful and cheerful: — vanished is the snow,  
Vanished or hidden; and the whole Domain,  
To some too lightly minded might appear  
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.  
— This contrast, not unsuitable to Life,  
Is to that other state more apposite,  
Death and its two-fold aspect; wintry — one,  
Cold sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut out;  
The other, which the ray divine hath touched,  
Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring."

"We see, then, as we feel," the Wanderer thus  
With a complacent animation spake,

"And in your judgment, Sir! the Mind's repose  
On evidence is not to be ensured  
By act of naked Reason. Moral truth  
Is no mechanic structure, built by rule;  
And which, once built, retains a steadfast shape  
And undisturbed proportions; but a thing  
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;  
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,  
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head  
Floats on the tossing waves. With joy sincere  
I re-salute these sentiments confirmed  
By your authority. But how acquire  
The inward principle that gives effect  
To outward argument; the passive will  
Meek to admit; the active energy,  
Strong and unbounded to embrace, and firm  
To keep and cherish! How shall Man unite  
With self-forgetting tenderness of heart  
An earth-despising dignity of soul!  
Wise in that union, and without it blind!"

"The way," said I, "to court, if not obtain  
The ingenuous Mind, apt to be set aright;  
This, in the lonely Dell discoursing, you  
Declared at large; and by what exercise  
From visible nature or the inner self  
Power may be trained, and renovation brought  
To those who need the gift. But, after all,  
Is aught so certain as that man is doomed  
To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance!  
The natural roof of that dark house in which  
His soul is pent! How little can be known —  
This is the wise man's sigh; how far we err —  
This is the good man's not unfrequent pang!  
And they perhaps err least, the lowly Class  
Whom a benign necessity compels  
To follow Reason's least ambitious course;  
Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt,  
And uncited by a wish to look  
Into high objects farther than they may,  
Pace to and fro, from morn till even-tide,  
The narrow avenue of daily toil  
For daily bread."

"Yes," buoyantly exclaimed  
The pale Recluse — "praise to the sturdy plough,  
And patient spade, and shepherd's simple crook,  
And ponderous loom — resounding while it holds  
Body and mind in one captivity;  
And let the light mechanic tool be hailed  
With honour; which, encasing by the power  
Of long companionship, the Artist's hand,  
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,  
From a too busy commerce with the heart!  
— Inglorious implements of craft and toil,  
Both ye that shape and build, and ye that force,  
By slow solicitation, Earth to yield

Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth  
 With wise reluctance, you would I extol,  
 Not for gross good alone which ye produce,  
 But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife  
 Of proofs and reasons ye preclude — in those  
 Who to your dull society are born,  
 And with their humble birthright rest content.  
 — Would I had ne'er renounced it !”

A slight flush

Of moral anger previously had tinged  
 The Old Man's cheek ; but, at this closing turn  
 Of self-reproach, it passed away. Said he,  
 “That which we feel we utter ; as we think  
 So have we argued ; reaping for our pains  
 No visible recompense. For our relief  
 You,” to the Pastor turning thus he spake,  
 “Have kindly interposed. May I entreat  
 Your further help ? The mine of real life  
 Dig for us ; and present us, in the shape  
 Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by pains  
 Fruitless as those of æry Alchemists,  
 Seek from the torturing crucible. There lies  
 Around us a domain where You have long  
 Watched both the outward course and inner heart ;  
 Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts ;  
 For our disputes, plain pictures. Say what Man  
 He is who cultivates yon hanging field ;  
 What qualities of mind She bears, who comes,  
 For morn and evening service, with her pail,  
 To that green pasture ; place before our sight  
 The Family who dwell within yon House  
 Fenced round with glittering laurel ; or in that  
 Below, from which the curling smoke ascends.  
 Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,\*  
 And have the Dead around us, take from them  
 Your instances ; for they are both best known,  
 And by frail Man most equitably judged.  
 Epitomise the life ; pronounce, You can,  
 Authentic epitaphs on some of these  
 Who, from their lowly mansions hither brought,  
 Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our feet.  
 So, by your records, may our doubts be solved ;  
 And so, not searching higher, we may learn  
 To prize the breath we share with human kind ;  
 And look upon the dust of man with awe.”

The Priest replied. — “An office you impose  
 For which peculiar requisites are mine ;  
 Yet much, I feel, is wanting — else the task

Would be most grateful. True indeed it is  
 That They whom Death has hidden from our sight  
 Are worthiest of the Mind's regard ; with these  
 The future cannot contradict the past :  
 Mortality's last exercise and proof  
 Is undergone ; the transit made that shows  
 The very soul, revealed as she departs.  
 Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,  
 Ere we descend into these silent vaults,  
 One Picture from the living. —

“You behold,

High on the breast of yon dark mountain — dark  
 With stony barrenness, a shining speck  
 Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a shower  
 Brush it away, or cloud pass over it ;  
 And such it might be deemed — a sleeping sunbeam ;  
 But 't is a plot of cultivated ground,  
 Cut off, an island in the dusky waste ;  
 And that attractive brightness is its own.  
 The lofty Site, by nature framed to tempt  
 Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones  
 The Tiller's hand, a Hermit might have chosen,  
 For opportunity presented, thence  
 Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er land  
 And ocean, and look down upon the works,  
 The habitations, and the ways of men,  
 Himself unseen ! But no tradition tells  
 That ever Hermit dipped his maple dish  
 In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon green fields ;  
 And no such visionary views belong  
 To those who occupy and till the ground,  
 And on the bosom of the mountain dwell  
 — A wedded Pair in childless solitude.  
 — A House of stones collected on the spot,  
 By rude hands built, with rocky knolls in front,  
 Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose crest  
 Of birch-trees waves above the chimney top :  
 A rough abode — in colour, shape, and size,  
 Such as in unsafe times of Border war  
 Might have been wished for and contrived, to elude  
 The eye of roving Plunderer — for their need  
 Suffices ; and unshaken bears the assault  
 Of their most dreaded foe, the strong South-west  
 In anger blowing from the distant sea.  
 — Alone within her solitary Hut ;  
 There, or within the compass of her fields,  
 At any moment may the Dame be found,  
 True as the Stock-dove to her shallow nest  
 And to the grove that holds it. She beguiles  
 By intermingled work of house and field  
 The summer's day, and winter's ; with success  
 Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,  
 Even at the worst, a smooth stream of content,  
 Until the expected hour at which her Mate  
 From the far-distant Quarry's vault returns ;  
 And by his converse crowns a silent day  
 With evening cheerfulness. In powers of mind.

\* *Leonard.* You, Sir, would help me to the History  
 Of half these Graves !

*Priest.* For eight-score winters past  
 With what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard,  
 Perhaps I might ; — — — —  
 By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,  
 We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round ;  
 Yet all in the broad high-way of the world.

See p. 87, 'The Brothers.'

In scale of culture, few among my Flock  
 Hold lower rank than this sequestered Pair;  
 But humbleness of heart descends from Heaven;  
 And that best gift of Heaven hath fallen on them;  
 Abundant recompense for every want.  
 —Stoop from your height, ye proud, and copy these!  
 Who, in their noiseless dwelling-place, can hear  
 The voice of wisdom whispering Scripture texts  
 For the mind's government, or temper's peace;  
 And recommending, for their mutual need,  
 Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity!"

"Much was I pleased," the gray-haired Wanderer said,  
 "When to those shining fields our notice first  
 You turned; and yet more pleased have from your lips  
 Gathered this fair report of them who dwell  
 In that retirement; whither, by such course  
 Of evil hap and good as oft awaits  
 A lone wayfaring Man, I once was brought.  
 Dark on my road the autumnal evening fell  
 While I was traversing yon mountain-pass,  
 And night succeeded with unusual gloom;  
 So that my feet and hands at length became  
 Guides better than mine eyes—until a light  
 High in the gloom appeared, too high, methought  
 For human habitation; but I longed  
 To reach it, destitute of other hope.  
 I looked with steadiness as Sailors look  
 On the north star, or watch-tower's distant lamp,  
 And saw the light—now fixed—and shifting now—  
 Not like a dancing meteor, but in line  
 Of never-varying motion, to and fro.  
 It is no night-fire of the naked hills,  
 Thought I, some friendly covert must be near.  
 With this persuasion thitherward my steps  
 I turn, and reach at last the guiding Light;  
 Joy to myself! but to the heart of Her  
 Who there was standing on the open hill,  
 (The same kind Matron whom your tongue hath praised)  
 Alarm and disappointment! The alarm  
 Ceased, when she learned through what mishap I came,  
 And by what help had gained those distant fields.  
 Drawn from her Cottage, on that open height,  
 Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,  
 Or paced the ground—to guide her Husband home,  
 By that unwearied signal, kenned afar;  
 An anxious duty! which the lofty Site,  
 Traversed but by a few irregular paths,  
 Imposes, whensoever untoward chance  
 Detains him after his accustomed hour  
 Till night lies black upon the ground. 'But come,  
 Come,' said the Matron, 'to our poor Abode;  
 Those dark rocks hide it!' Entering, I beheld  
 A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth  
 Sate down; and to her office, with leave asked,  
 The Dame returned.—Or ere that glowing pile  
 Of mountain turf required the Builder's hand:

Its wasted splendour to repair, the door  
 Opened, and she re-entered with glad looks,  
 Her Helpmate following. Hospitable fare,  
 Frank conversation, made the evening's treat:  
 Need a bewildered Traveller wish for more?  
 But more was given; I studied as we sate  
 By the bright fire, the good Man's face—composed  
 Of features elegant; an open brow  
 Of undisturbed humanity; a cheek  
 Suffused with something of a feminine hue;  
 Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard;  
 But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,  
 Expression slowly varying, that evinced  
 A tardy apprehension. From a fount  
 Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,  
 But honoured once, these features and that mien  
 May have descended, though I see them here.  
 In such a Man, so gentle and subdued,  
 Withal so graceful in his gentleness,  
 A race illustrious for heroic deeds,  
 Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.  
 This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld  
 By sundry recollections of such fall  
 From high to low, ascent from low to high,  
 As books record, and even the careless mind  
 Cannot but notice among men and things)  
 Went with me to the place of my repose.

"Roused by the crowing cock at dawn of day,  
 I yet had risen too late to interchange  
 A morning salutation with my Host,  
 Gone forth already to the far-off seat  
 Of his day's work. 'Three dark mid-winter months  
 'Pass,' said the Matron, 'and I never see,  
 'Save when the Sabbath brings its kind release,  
 'My Helpmate's face by light of day. He quits  
 'His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.  
 'And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we gain the  
     bread  
 'For which we pray; and for the wants provide  
 'Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.  
 'Companions have I many; many Friends,  
 'Dependants, Comforters—my Wheel, my Fire,  
 'All day the House-clock ticking in mine ear,  
 'The cackling Hen, the tender Chicken brood,  
 'And the wild Birds that gather round my porch  
 'This honest Sheep-dog's countenance I read;  
 'With him can talk; nor blush to waste a word  
 'On Creatures less intelligent and shrewd.  
 'And if the blustering Wind that drives the clouds  
 'Care not for me, he lingers round my door,  
 'And makes me pastime when our tempers suit;  
 '—But, above all, my Thoughts are my support.  
 The Matron ended—nor could I forbear  
 To exclaim—'O happy! yielding to the law  
 Of these privations, richer in the main!  
 While thankless thousands are oppressed and clogged  
 By ease and leisure—by the very wealth



And pride of opportunity made poor ;  
While tens of thousands falter in their path,  
And sink, through utter want of cheering light ;  
For you the hours of labour do not flag ;  
For you each Evening hath its shining Star,  
And every Sabbath-day its golden Sun.' "

"Yes!" said the Solitary with a smile  
That seemed to break from an expanding heart,  
"The untutored Bird may found, and so construct,  
And with such soft materials line her nest,  
Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,  
That the thorns wound her not; they only guard.  
Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts  
Of happy instinct which the woodland Bird  
Shares with her species, Nature's grace sometimes  
Upon the Individual doth confer,  
Among her higher creatures born and trained  
To use of reason. And, I own, that tired  
Of the ostentatious world — a swelling stage  
With empty actions and vain passions stuffed,  
And from the private struggles of mankind  
Hoping for less than I could wish to hope,  
Far less than once I trusted and believed —  
I love to hear of Those, who, not contending  
Nor summoned to contend for Virtue's prize,  
Miss not the humbler good at which they aim;  
Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt  
The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn  
Into their contraries the petty plagues  
And hinderances with which they stand beset.  
— In early youth, among my native hills,  
I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed  
A few small Crofts of stone-encumbered ground;  
Masses of every shape and size, that lay  
Scattered about under the mouldering walls  
Of a rough precipice; and some, apart,  
In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,  
As if the Moon had showered them down in spite;  
But he repined not. Though the plough was scared  
By these obstructions, 'round the shady stones  
A fertilising moisture,' said the Swain,  
'Gathers, and is preserved; and feeding dews  
'And damps, through all the drougthy Summer day,  
'From out their substance issuing maintain  
'Herbage that never fails; no grass springs up  
'So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine!'  
But thinly sown these Natures; rare, at least,  
The mutual aptitude of seed and soil  
That yields such kindly product. He — whose bed  
Perhaps yon loose soda cover, the poor Pensioner  
Brought yesterday from our sequestered dell  
Here to lie down in lasting quiet — he,  
If living now, could otherwise report  
Of rustic loneliness: that gray-haired Orphan —  
So call him, for humanity to him  
No parent was — feelingly could have told,  
In life, in death, what Solitude can breed

Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice;  
Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.  
— But your compliance, Sir! with our request  
My words too long have hindered."

Undeterred,  
Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,  
In no ungracious opposition, given  
To the confiding spirit of his own  
Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor said,  
Around him looking, "Where shall I begin?  
Who shall be first selected from my Flock  
Gathered together in their peaceful fold?"  
He paused — and having lifted up his eyes  
To the pure Heaven, he cast them down again  
Upon the earth beneath his feet; and spake.  
—"To a mysteriously-consorted Pair  
This place is consecrate; to Death and Life  
And to the best Affections that proceed  
From their conjunction; — consecrate to faith  
In Him who bled for man upon the Cross;  
Hallowed to Revelation; and no less  
To Reason's mandates; and the hopes divine  
Of pure Imagination; — above all,  
To Charity, and Love, that have provided,  
Within these precincts, a capacious bed  
And receptacle, open to the good  
And evil, to the just and the unjust;  
In which they find an equal resting-place:  
Even as the multitude of kindred brooks  
And streams, whose murmur fills this hollow vale,  
Whether their course be turbulent or smooth,  
Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost  
Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,  
And end their journey in the same repose!

"And blest are they who sleep; and we that know,  
While in a spot like this we breathe and walk,  
That All beneath us by the wings are covered  
Of motherly Humanity, outspread  
And gathering all within their tender shade,  
Though loth and slow to come! A battle-field,  
In stillness left when slaughter is no more,  
With this compared, is a strange spectacle  
A rueful sight the wild shore strewn with wrecks,  
And trod by people in afflicted quest  
Of friends and kindred, whom the angry Sea  
Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who would think  
That all the scattered subjects which compose  
Earth's melancholy vision through the space  
Of all her climes; these wretched, these depraved,  
To virtue lost, insensible of peace,  
From the delights of charity cut off,  
To pity dead, the Oppressor and the Opprest;  
Tyrants who utter the destroying word,  
And slaves who will consent to be destroyed —  
Were of one species with the sheltered few,  
Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,



Did lodge, in an appropriated spot,  
 This file of Infants; some that never breathed  
 The vital air; and others, who, allowed  
 That privilege, did yet expire too soon,  
 Or with too brief a warning, to admit  
 Administration of the holy rite  
 That lovingly consigns the Babe to the arms  
 Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.  
 These that in trembling hope are laid apart;  
 And the besprinkled Nursling, unrequired  
 Till he begins to smile upon the breast  
 That feeds him; and the tottering Little-one  
 Taken from air and sunshine when the rose  
 Of Infancy first blooms upon his cheek;  
 The thinking, thoughtless School-boy; the bold Youth  
 Of soul impetuous, and the bashful Maid  
 Smitten while all the promises of life  
 Are opening round her; those of middle age,  
 Cast down while confident in strength they stand,  
 Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might seem,  
 And more secure, by very weight of all  
 That, for support, rests on them; the decayed  
 And burthensome; and lastly, that poor few  
 Whose light of reason is with age extinct;  
 The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,  
 The earliest summoned and the longest spared —  
 Are here deposited, with tribute paid  
 Various, but unto each some tribute paid;  
 As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,  
 Society were touched with kind concern;  
 And gentle 'Nature grieved, that One should die;'<sup>\*</sup>  
 Or, if the change demanded no regret,  
 Observed the liberating stroke — and blessed.  
 — And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards?<sup>†</sup>  
 Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man  
 (Though claiming high distinction upon earth

<sup>\*</sup> "And suffering Nature grieved that one should die."

SOUTHEY'S *Retrospect*.

<sup>†</sup> The sentiments and opinions here uttered are in unison with those expressed in an *Essay upon Epitaphs*, which was furnished by the author for Mr. Coleridge's periodical work, 'The Friend';

As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,  
 His own peculiar utterance for distress  
 Or gladness.) No," the philosophic Priest  
 Continued, "'t is not in the vital seat  
 Of feeling to produce them, without aid  
 From the pure Soul, the Soul sublime and pure;  
 With her two faculties of Eye and Ear,  
 The one by which a Creature, whom his sins  
 Have rendered prone, can upward look to Heaven;  
 The other that empowers him to perceive  
 The voice of Deity, on height and plain,  
 Whispering those truths in stillness, which the Word,  
 To the four quarters of the winds, proclaims.  
 Not without such assistance could the use  
 Of these benign observances prevail.  
 Thus are they born, thus fostered, and maintained;  
 And by the care prospective of our wise  
 Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks,  
 The fluctuation and decay of things,  
 Embodied and established these high Truths  
 In solemn Institutions: — Men convinced  
 That Life is Love and Immortality,  
 The Being one, and one the Element.  
 There lies the channel, and original bed,  
 From the beginning, hollowed out and scooped  
 For Man's Affections — else betrayed and lost,  
 And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!  
 — This is the genuine course, the aim, and end  
 Of prescient Reason; all conclusions else  
 Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse.  
 The faith partaking of those holy times,  
 Life, I repeat, is energy of Love  
 Divine or human; exercised in pain,  
 In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,  
 If so approved and sanctified, to pass,  
 Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

and as they are dictated by a spirit congenial to that which pervades this and the two succeeding books, the sympathising reader will not be displeased to see the *Essay* here annexed. [See Appendix VI., to which the *Essay upon Epitaphs* has been transferred. — H. R.]

# THE EXCURSION

## BOOK THE SIXTH.

### THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

#### ARGUMENT.

Poet's Address to the State and Church of England — The Pastor not inferior to the ancient Worthies of the Church — He begins his Narratives with an Instance of unrequited Love — Anguish of Mind subdued — and how — The lonely Miner, an Instance of Perseverance, which leads by contrast to an Example of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness — Solitary, applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an Instance of some Stranger, whose disposition may have led him to end his days here — Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonising influence of Solitude upon two Men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life — The Rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed — and where — Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality — Answer of the Pastor — What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives — Conversation upon this — Instance of an unamiable character, a Female — and why given — Contrasted with this, a meek Sufferer from unguarded and betrayed love — Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender — With this Instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their female Children.

HAIL to the Crown by Freedom shaped — to gird  
An English Sovereign's brow! and to the Throne  
Whereon he sits! Whose deep Foundations lie  
In veneration and the People's love;  
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.  
— Hail to the State of England! And conjoin  
With this a salutation as devout,  
Made to the spiritual Fabric of her Church;  
Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom  
Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom reared  
In beauty of Holiness, with ordered pomp,  
Decent, and unreprieved. The voice, that greets  
The majesty of both, shall pray for both;  
That, mutually protected and sustained,  
They may endure long as the sea surrounds  
This favoured Land, or sunshine warms her soil.  
— And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious plains!  
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-towers  
And spires whose "silent finger points to Heaven;"\*

\* "An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heaven-ward." — S. T. COLERIDGE: '*Biographia Literaria*,' ch. xxii. 'Satyrano's Letters,' No. 1.

Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk  
Of ancient Minster, lifted above the cloud  
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds  
To intercept the sun's glad beams — may ne'er  
That true succession fail of English Hearts,  
Who, with Ancestral feeling, can perceive  
What in those holy Structures ye possess  
Of ornamental interest, and the charm  
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,  
And human charity, and social love.  
— Thus never shall the indignities of Time  
Approach their reverend graces, unopposed;  
Nor shall the Elements be free to hurt  
Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage  
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn;  
And, if the desolating hand of war  
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow —  
Upon the thronged abodes of busy Men  
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill their minds  
Exclusively with transitory things)  
An air and mien of dignified pursuit;  
Of sweet civility — on rustic wilds.  
— The poet, fostering for his native land  
Such hope, entreats that Servants may abound  
Of those pure Altars worthy; Ministers  
Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain

Superior, insusceptible of pride,  
 And by ambitious longings undisturbed;  
 Men, whose delight is where their duty leads  
 Or fixes them; whose least distinguished day  
 Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre  
 Which makes the Sabbath lovely in the sight  
 Of blessed angels, pitying human care.  
 — And, as on earth it is the doom of Truth  
 To be perpetually attacked by foes  
 Open or covert, be that Priesthood still,  
 For her defence, replenished with a Band  
 Of strenuous Champions, in scholastic arts  
 Thoroughly disciplined; nor (if in course  
 Of the revolving World's disturbances  
 Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven avert!  
 To meet such trial) from their spiritual Sires  
 Degenerate; who, constrained to wield the sword  
 Of disputation, shrunk not, though assailed  
 With hostile din, and combating in sight  
 Of angry umpires, partial and unjust;  
 And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in fire,  
 So to declare the conscience satisfied:  
 Nor for their bodies would accept release;  
 But, blessing God and praising him, bequeathed  
 With their last breath, from out the smouldering flame,  
 The faith which they by diligence had earned,  
 Or, through illuminating grace, received,  
 For their dear Countrymen, and all mankind.  
 O high example, constancy divine!

Even such a man (inheriting the zeal  
 And from the sanctity of elder times  
 Not deviating, — a Priest, the like of whom,  
 If multiplied, and in their stations set,  
 Would o'er the bosom of a joyful Land  
 Spread true Religion, and her genuine fruits)  
 Before me stood that day; on holy ground  
 Fraught with the relics of mortality,  
 Exalting tender themes, by just degrees  
 To lofty raised; and to the highest, last;  
 The head and mighty paramount of truths;  
 Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,  
 For mortal Creatures, conquered and secured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith  
 Announced, as a preparatory act  
 Of reverence to the spirit of the place;  
 The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground,  
 Not, as before, like one oppressed with awe,  
 But with a mild and social cheerfulness,  
 Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

"At morn or eve, in your retired Domain,  
 Perchance you not unfrequently have marked  
 A Visitor — in quest of herbs and flowers;  
 Too delicate employ, as would appear,  
 For One, who, though of drooping mien, had yet

From Nature's kindliness received a frame  
 Robust as ever rural labour bred."

The Solitary answered: "Such a Form  
 Full well I recollect. We often crossed  
 Each other's path; but, as the Intruder seemed  
 Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,  
 And I as willingly did cherish mine,  
 We met, and passed, like shadows. I have heard,  
 From my good Host, that he was crazed in brain  
 By unrequited love; and scaled the rocks,  
 Dived into caves, and pierced the matted woods,  
 In hope to find some virtuous herb of power  
 To cure his malady!"

The Vicar smiled,  
 "Alas! before to-morrow's sun goes down  
 His habitation will be here: for him  
 That open grave is destined."

"Died he then  
 Of pain and grief?" the Solitary asked,  
 "Believe it not — oh! never could that be!"  
 "He loved," the Vicar answered, "deeply loved,  
 Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared  
 At length to tell his love, but sued in vain;  
 — Rejected — yea repelled — and, if with scorn  
 Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 't is but  
 A high-prized plume which female beauty wears  
 In wantonness of conquest, or puts on  
 To cheat the world, or from herself to hide  
 Humiliation, when no longer free.  
 That he could brook, and glory in; — but when  
 The tidings came that she whom he had wooed  
 Was wedded to another, and his heart  
 Was forced to rend away its only hope,  
 Then, Pity could have scarcely found on earth  
 An Object worthier of regard than he,  
 In the transition of that bitter hour!  
 Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer say  
 That in the act of preference he had been  
 Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was gone!  
 Had vanished from his prospects and desires;  
 Not by translation to the heavenly Choir  
 Who have put off their mortal spoils — ah no!  
 She lives another's wishes to complete, —  
 'Joy be their lot, and happiness,' he cried,  
 'His lot and hers, as misery is mine!'

"Such was that strong concussion; but the Man  
 Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some huge Oak  
 By a fierce tempest shaken, soon resumed  
 The steadfast quiet natural to a Mind  
 Of composition gentle and sedate,  
 And in its movements circumspect and slow.  
 To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,  
 O'er which enchained by science he had loved  
 To bend, he stoutly re-addressed himself,

Resolved to quell his pain, and search for truth  
 With keener appetite (if that might be)  
 And closer industry. Of what ensued  
 Within the heart no outward sign appeared  
 Till a betraying sickliness was seen  
 To tinge his cheek; and through his frame it crept  
 With slow mutation unconcealable;  
 Such universal change as autumn makes  
 In the fair body of a leafy grove  
 Discoloured, then divested. 'Tis affirmed  
 By Poets skilled in Nature's secret ways  
 That Love will not submit to be controlled  
 By mastery:—and the good Man lacked not Friends  
 Who strove to instil this truth into his mind,  
 A mind in all heart-mysteries unversed.  
 'Go to the hills,' said one, 'remit a while  
 'This baneful diligence:—at early morn  
 'Court the fresh air, explore the heaths and woods;  
 'And, leaving it to others to foretell,  
 'By calculations sage, the ebb and flow  
 'Of tides, and when the moon will be eclipsed,  
 'Do you, for your own benefit, construct  
 'A calendar of flowers, plucked as they blow  
 'Where health abides, and cheerfulness, and peace.'  
 The attempt was made;—'t is needless to report  
 How hopelessly:—but Innocence is strong,  
 And an entire simplicity of mind  
 A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven,  
 That opens, for such Sufferers, relief  
 Within their souls, a fount of grace divine;  
 And doth commend their weakness and disease  
 To Nature's care, assisted in her office  
 By all the Elements that round her wait  
 To generate, to preserve, and to restore;  
 And by her beautiful array of Forms  
 Shedding sweet influence from above, or pure  
 Delight exhaling from the ground they tread."

"Impute it not to impatience, if," exclaimed  
 The Wanderer, "I infer that he was healed  
 By perseverance in the course prescribed."

"You do not err: the powers, that had been lost  
 By slow degrees, were gradually regained;  
 The fluttering nerves composed; the beating heart  
 In rest established; and the jarring thoughts  
 To harmony restored. — But yon dark mould  
 Will cover him, in the fulness of his strength —  
 Hastily smitten, by a fever's force;  
 Yet not with stroke so sudden as refused  
 Time to look back with tenderness on her  
 Whom he had loved in passion, — and to send  
 Some farewell words — with one, but one, request,  
 That, from his dying hand, she would accept  
 Of his possessions that which most he prized;  
 A Book, upon whose leaves some chosen plants  
 By his own hand disposed with nicest care,

In undecaying beauty were preserved;  
 Mute register, to him, of time and place,  
 And various fluctuations in the breast;  
 To her, a monument of faithful Love  
 Conquered, and in tranquillity retained!

"Close to his destined habitation, lies  
 One who achieved a humbler victory,  
 Though marvellous in its kind. A Place there is  
 High in these mountains, that allured a Band  
 Of keen Adventurers to unite their pains  
 In search of precious ore: who tried, were foiled —  
 And all desisted, all, save him alone.  
 He, taking counsel of his own clear thoughts,  
 And trusting only to his own weak hands,  
 Urged unremittingly the stubborn work,  
 Unseconded, uncounseled; then, as time  
 Passed on, while still his lonely efforts found  
 No recompense, derided; and at length,  
 By many pitied, as insane of mind;  
 By others dreaded as the luckless Thrall  
 Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope  
 By various mockery of sight and sound;  
 Hope after hope, encouraged and destroyed.  
 — But when the Lord of seasons had matured  
 The fruits of earth through space of twice ten years,  
 The mountain's entrails offered to his view  
 And trembling grasp the long-deferred reward.  
 Not with more transport did Columbus greet  
 A world, his rich discovery! But our Swain,  
 A very Hero till his point was gained,  
 Proved all unable to support the weight  
 Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he looked  
 With an unsettled liberty of thought,  
 Of schemes and wishes; in the daylight walked  
 Giddy and restless; ever and anon  
 Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate cups;  
 And truly might be said to die of joy!  
 He vanished; but conspicuous to this day  
 The Path remains that linked his Cottage-door  
 To the Mine's mouth; a long, and slanting track,  
 Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,  
 Worn by his daily visits to and from  
 The darksome centre of a constant hope.  
 This Vestige, neither force of beating rain,  
 Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw,  
 Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away;  
 And it is named, in memory of the event,  
 The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."

"Thou from whom  
 Man has his strength," exclaimed the Wanderer, "oh!  
 Do thou direct it! — to the Virtuous grant  
 The penetrative eye which can perceive  
 In this blind world the guiding vein of hope,  
 That, like this Labourer, such may dig their way,





Of contradictions infinite the slave,  
Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him  
One with Himself, and one with them who sleep."

"T is strange," observed the Solitary, "strange  
It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,  
That in a Land where Charity provides  
For all that can no longer feed themselves,  
A Man like this should choose to bring his shame  
To the parental door; and with his sighs  
Infect the air which he had freely breathed  
In happy infancy. He could not pine,  
Through lack of converse, no, he must have found  
Abundant exercise for thought and speech,  
In his dividual Being, self-reviewed,  
Self-catechised, self-punished. — Some there are  
Who, drawing near their final Home, and much  
And daily longing that the same were reached,  
Would rather shun than seek the fellowship  
Of kindred mould. — Such haply here are laid!"

"Yes," said the Priest, "the Genius of our Hills,  
Who seems, by these stupendous barriers cast  
Round his Domain, desirous not alone  
To keep his own, but also to exclude  
All other progeny, doth sometimes lure,  
Even by this studied depth of privacy,  
The unhappy Alien hoping to obtain  
Concealment, or seduced by wish to find,  
In place from outward molestation free,  
Helps to internal ease. Of many such  
Could I discourse; but as their stay was brief,  
So their departure only left behind  
Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other trace  
Survives, for worthy mention, of a Pair  
Who, from the pressure of their several fates,  
Meeting as Strangers, in a petty Town  
Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach  
Of this far-winding Vale, remained as Friends  
True to their choice; and gave their bones in trust  
To this loved Cemetery, here to lodge  
With unescutcheoned privacy interred  
Far from the Family-vault. — A Chieftain One  
By right of birth; within whose spotless breast  
The fire of ancient Caledonia burned.  
He, with the foremost whose impatience hailed  
The Stuart, landing to resume, by force  
Of arms, the crown which Bigotry had lost,  
Aroused his clan; and, fighting at their head,  
With his brave sword endeavoured to prevent  
Culloden's fatal overthrow. — Escaped  
From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores  
He fled; and when the lenient hand of time  
Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,  
For his obscured condition, an obscure  
Retreat, within this nook of English ground.  
— The Other, born in Britain's southern tract,  
Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed

His gentler sentiments of love and hate,  
There, where *they* placed them who in conscience  
prized

The new succession, as a line of Kings  
Whose oath had virtue to protect the Land  
Against the dire assaults of Papacy  
And arbitrary Rule. But launch thy Bark  
On the distempered flood of public life,  
And cause for most rare triumph will be thine  
If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,  
The Stream, that bears thee forward, prove not, soon  
Or late, a perilous Master. He, who oft,  
Under the battlements and stately trees  
That round his Mansion cast a sober gloom,  
Had moralized on this, and other truths  
Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied,  
Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh  
Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitterness,  
When he had crushed a plentiful estate  
By ruinous Contest, to obtain a Seat  
In Britain's Senate. Fruitless was the attempt:  
And while the uproar of that desperate strife  
Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,  
The vanquished Whig, beneath a *borrowed* name,  
(For the mere sound and echo of his own  
Haunted him with sensations of disgust  
That he was glad to lose) slunk from the World  
To the deep shade of these untravelled Wilds;  
In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed  
An undisturbed Abode. — Here, then, they met,  
Two doughty Champions; flaming Jacobite  
And sullen Hanoverian! You might think  
That losses and vexations, less severe  
Than those which they had severally sustained,  
Would have inclined each to abate his zeal  
For his ungrateful cause; no, — I have heard  
My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm  
Of that small Town encountering thus, they filled,  
Daily, its Bowling-green with harmless strife;  
Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the Church;  
And vexed the Market-place. But in the breasts  
Of these Opponents gradually was wrought,  
With little change of general sentiment,  
Such change towards each other, that their days  
By choice were spent in constant fellowship;  
And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,  
Those very bickerings made them love it more.

"A favourite boundary to their lengthened walks  
This Church-yard was. And, whether they had come  
Treading their path in sympathy and linked  
In social converse, or by some short space  
Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,  
One Spirit seldom failed to extend its sway  
Over both minds, when they awhile had marked  
The visible quiet of this holy ground.  
And breathed its soothing air; — the Spirit of hope  
And saintly magnanimity; that, spurning

The field of selfish difference and dispute,  
 And every care which transitory things,  
 Earth, and the kingdoms of the earth, create,  
 Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,  
 Preclude forgiveness, from the praise debarred,  
 Which else the Christian Virtue might have claimed.  
 — There live who yet remember here to have seen  
 Their courtly Figures, — seated on the stump  
 Of an old Yew, their favourite resting-place.  
 But, as the Remnant of the long-lived Tree  
 Was disappearing by a swift decay,  
 They, with joint care, determined to erect,  
 Upon its site, a Dial, that might stand  
 For public use preserved, and thus survive  
 As their own private monument; for this  
 Was the particular spot, in which they wished  
 (And heaven was pleased to accomplish the desire)  
 That, undivided, their remains should lie.  
 So, where the mouldered Tree had stood, was raised  
 Yon Structure, framing, with the ascent of steps  
 That to the decorated Pillar lead,  
 A work of art more sumptuous than might seem  
 To suit this Place; yet built in no proud scorn  
 Of rustic homeliness; they only aimed  
 To ensure for it respectful guardianship.  
 Around the margin of the Plate, whereon  
 The Shadow falls to note the stealthy hours,  
 Winds an inscriptive Legend." — At these words  
 Thither we turned; and, gathered, as we read,  
 The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers couched.  
*Time flies; it is his melancholy task  
 To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,  
 And re-produce the troubles he destroys.  
 But, while his blindness thus is occupied,  
 Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will  
 Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace  
 Which the World wants, shall be for Thee confirmed.*"

"Smooth verse, inspired by no unlettered Muse,"  
 Exclaimed the Sceptic, "and the strain of thought  
 Accords with Nature's language; — the soft voice  
 Of yon white torrent falling down the rocks  
 Speaks, less distinctly, to the same effect.  
 If, then, their blended influence be not lost  
 Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,  
 Even upon mine, the more are we required  
 To feel for those, among our fellow-men,  
 Who, offering no obeisance to the world,  
 Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a sense  
 Of constant infelicity,' — cut off  
 From peace like Exiles on some barren rock,  
 Their life's appointed prison; not more free  
 Than Sentinels, between two armies, set,  
 With nothing better, in the chill night air,  
 Than their own thoughts to comfort them. — Say why  
 That ancient story of Prometheus chained?  
 The Vulture — the inexhaustible repast  
 Drawn from his vitals! Say what meant the woes

By Tantalus entailed upon his race,  
 And the dark sorrows of the line of Thebes?  
 Fictions in form, but in their substance truths,  
 Tremendous truths! familiar to the men  
 Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours.  
 — Exchange the Shepherd's flock of native gray  
 For robes with regal purple tinged; convert  
 The crook into a sceptre; — give the pomp  
 Of circumstance, and here the tragic Muse  
 Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.  
 — Amid the groves, beneath the shadowy hills,  
 The generations are prepared; the pangs,  
 The internal pangs are ready; the dread strife  
 Of poor humanity's afflicted will  
 Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the Priest in answer, "these be terms  
 Which a divine philosophy rejects,  
 We, whose established and unfailing trust  
 Is in controlling Providence, admit  
 That, through all stations, human life abounds  
 With mysteries; — for, if Faith were left untried  
 How could the might, that lurks within her, then  
 Be shown? her glorious excellence — that ranks  
 Among the first of Powers and virtues — proved!  
 Our system is not fashioned to preclude  
 That sympathy which you for others ask;  
 And I could tell, not travelling for my theme  
 Beyond these humble graves, of grievous crimes  
 And strange disasters; but I pass them by,  
 Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed in peace  
 — Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat  
 Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight  
 By the deformities of brutish vice:  
 For, in such Portraits, though a vulgar face  
 And a coarse outside of repulsive life  
 And unaffecting manners might at once  
 Be recognised by all —" "Ah! do not think,"  
 The Wanderer somewhat eagerly exclaimed,  
 "Wish could be ours that you, for such poor gain  
 (Gain shall I call it? — gain of what? — for whom?)  
 Should breathe a word tending to violate  
 Your own pure spirit. Not a step we look for  
 In slight of that forbearance and reserve  
 Which common human-heartedness inspires,  
 And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,  
 Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."

"True," said the Solitary, "be it far  
 From us to infringe the laws of charity.  
 Let judgment here in mercy be pronounced;  
 This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and this  
 Wisdom enjoins; but, if the thing we seek  
 Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind  
 How, from his lofty throne, the Sun can fling  
 Colours as bright on exhalations bred  
 By weedy pool or pestilential swamp



As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,  
Or the pellucid Lake."

"Small risk," said I,

"Of such illusion do we here incur;  
"Emptation here is none to exceed the truth;  
No evidence appears that they who rest  
Within this ground, were covetous of praise,  
Or of remembrance even, deserved or not.  
Green is the Church-yard, beautiful and green,  
Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,  
A heaving surface — almost wholly free  
From interruption of sepulchral stones,  
And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf  
And everlasting flowers. These Dalesmen trust  
The lingering gleam of their departed Lives  
To oral records and the silent heart;  
Depository faithful, and more kind  
Than fondest Epitaphs: for, if that fail,  
What boots the sculptured Tomb? and who can blame,  
Who rather would not envy, men that feel  
This mutual confidence; if, from such source,  
The practice flow, — if thence, or from a deep  
And general humility in death?  
Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring  
From disregard of Time's destructive power,  
As only capable to prey on things  
Of earth, and human nature's mortal part.  
Yet — in less simple districts, where we see  
Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone  
In courting notice, and the ground all paved  
With commendations of departed worth;  
Reading, where'er we turn, of innocent lives,  
Of each domestic charity fulfilled,  
And sufferings meekly borne — I, for my part,  
Though with the silence pleased that here prevails,  
Among those fair recitals also range,  
Soothed by the natural spirit which they breathe.  
And, in the centre of a world whose soil  
Is rank with all unkindness, compassed round  
With such Memorials, I have sometimes felt,  
It was no momentary happiness  
To have *one* Enclosure where the voice that speaks  
In envy or detraction is not heard;  
Which malice may not enter; where the traces  
Of evil inclinations are unknown;  
Where love and pity tenderly unite  
With resignation; and no jarring tone  
Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb  
Of amity and gratitude."

"Thus sanctioned,"

The Pastor said, "I willingly confine  
My narratives to subjects that excite  
Feelings with these accordant; love, esteem,  
And admiration; lifting up a veil,  
A sunbeam introducing among hearts  
Retired and covert; so that ye shall have

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Clear images before your gladdened eyes  
Of Nature's unambitious underwood,  
And flowers that prosper in the shade. And when  
I speak of such among my flock as swerved  
Or fell, those only will I single out  
Upon whose lapse, or error, something more  
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend;  
To such will we restrict our notice — else  
Better my tongue were mute. And yet there are,  
I feel, good reasons why we should not leave  
Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.  
For strength to persevere and to support,  
And energy to conquer and repel; —  
These elements of virtue, that declare  
The native grandeur of the human Soul,  
Are oft-times not unprofitably shown  
In the perverseness of a selfish course:  
Truth every day exemplified, no less  
In the gray cottage by the murmuring stream  
Than in fantastic Conqueror's roving camp,  
Or 'mid the factious Senate, unappalled  
While merciless proscription ebbs and flows.  
— There," said the Vicar, pointing as he spake,  
"A Woman rests in peace; surpassed by few  
In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.  
Tall was her stature; her complexion dark  
And saturnine; her head not raised to hold  
Converse with Heaven, nor yet deprest tow'rd's earth,  
But in projection carried, as she walked  
For ever musing. Sunken were her eyes;  
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual thought  
Was her broad forehead; like the brow of One  
Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare  
Of overpowering light. — While yet a Child,  
She, 'mid the humble Flowerets of the vale,  
Towered like the imperial Thistle, not unfurnished  
With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking  
To be admired, than coveted and loved.  
Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign Queen  
Over her Comrades; else their simple sports,  
Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,  
Had crossed her, only to be shunned with scorn.  
— Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those  
Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,  
That they have lived for harsher servitude,  
Whether in soul, in body, or estate!  
Such doom was hers; yet nothing could subdue  
Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface  
Those brighter images — by books imprest  
Upon her memory, faithfully as stars  
That occupy their places, — and, though oft  
Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,  
Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

"Two passions, both degenerate, for they both  
Began in honour, gradually obtained  
Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;  
An unrelenting, avaricious thrift;



And a strange thralldom of maternal love,  
 That held her spirit, in its own despite,  
 Bound — by vexation, and regret, and scorn,  
 Constrained forgiveness, and relenting vows,  
 And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame concealed —  
 To a poor dissolute Son, her only Child.  
 — Her wedded days had opened with mishap,  
 Whence dire dependence. — What could she perform  
 To shake the burthen off? Ah! there was felt,  
 Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.  
 She mused — resolved, adhered to her resolve;  
 The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the heart  
 Closed by degrees to charity; heaven's blessing  
 Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust  
 In ceaseless pains and parsimonious care,  
 Which got, and sternly hoarded, each day's gain.

"Thus all was re-established, and a pile  
 Constructed, that sufficed for every end  
 Save the contentment of the Builder's mind;  
 A Mind by nature indisposed to aught  
 So placid, so inactive, as content;  
 A Mind intolerant of lasting peace,  
 And cherishing the pang which it deplored.  
 Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared  
 To the agitation of a brook that runs  
 Down rocky mountains — buried now and lost  
 In silent pools, now in strong eddies chained, —  
 But never to be charmed to gentleness;  
 Its best attainment fits of such repose  
 As timid eyes might shrink from fathoming.

"A sudden illness seized her in the strength  
 Of life's autumnal season. — Shall I tell  
 How on her bed of death the Matron lay,  
 To Providence submissive, so she thought;  
 But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon — almost  
 To anger, by the malady that griped  
 Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing power,  
 As the fierce Eagle fastens on the Lamb?  
 She prayed, she moaned — her husband's Sister watched  
 Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;  
 And yet the very sound of that kind foot  
 Was anguish to her ears! — 'And must she rule,'  
 This was the dying Woman heard to say  
 In bitterness, 'and must she rule and reign,  
 'Sole Mistress of this house, when I am gone?  
 'Sit by my fire — possess what I possessed —  
 'Tend what I tended — calling it her own.'  
 Enough; — I fear, too much. — One vernal evening,  
 While she was yet in prime of health and strength,  
 I well remember, while I passed her door,  
 Musing with loitering step, and upward eye  
 Turned tow'ards the Planet Jupiter that hung  
 Above the centre of the Vale, a voice  
 Roused me, her voice; it said, 'That glorious Star  
 'In its untroubled element will shine

'As now it shines, when we are laid in earth  
 'And safe from all our sorrows.' — She is safe,  
 And her uncharitable acts, I trust,  
 And harsh unkindnesses, are all forgiven;  
 Though, in this Vale, remembered with deep awe!"

THE Vicar paused; and tow'rd a seat advanced,  
 A long stone-seat, fixed in the Church-yard wall;  
 Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part  
 Offering a sunny resting-place to them  
 Who seek the House of worship, while the Bells  
 Yet ring with all their voices, or before  
 The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.  
 Under the shade we all sat down; and there  
 His office, uninvited, he resumed.

"As on a sunny bank, a tender Lamb  
 Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March,  
 Screened by its Parent, so that little mound  
 Lies guarded by its neighbour; the small heap  
 Speaks for itself; — an Infant there doth rest,  
 The sheltering Hillock is the Mother's grave.  
 If mild discourse, and manners that conferred  
 A natural dignity on humblest rank;  
 If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,  
 That for a face not beautiful did more  
 Than beauty for the fairest face can do:  
 And if religious tenderness of heart,  
 Grieving for sin, and penitential tears  
 Shed when the clouds had gathered and distained  
 The spotless ether of a maiden life;  
 If these may make a hallowed spot of earth  
 More holy in the sight of God or Man;  
 Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood  
 Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

"Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless Man,  
 Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,  
 Show to his eye an image of the pangs  
 Which it hath witnessed; render back an echo  
 Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!  
 There, by her innocent Baby's precious grave,  
 Yea, doubtless, on the turf that roofs her own,  
 The Mother oft was seen to stand, or kneel  
 In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.  
 Now she is not; the swelling turf reports  
 Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's tears  
 Is silent; nor is any vestige left  
 Of the path worn by mournful tread of Her  
 Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had moved  
 In virgin fearlessness, with step that seemed  
 Caught from the pressure of elastic turf  
 Upon the mountains gemmed with morning dew,  
 In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs.  
 — Serious and thoughtful was her mind; and yet,  
 By reconciliation exquisite and rare,

The form, port, motions of this Cottage-girl  
 Were such as might have quickened and inspired  
 A Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth  
 Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade  
 What time the Hunter's earliest horn is heard  
 Startling the golden hills. A wide-spread Elm  
 Stands in our Valley, named **THE JOYFUL TREE**;  
 From dateless usage which our Peasants hold  
 Of giving welcome to the first of May  
 By dances round its trunk. — And if the sky  
 Permit, like honours, dance and song, are paid  
 To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty Stars  
 Or the clear Moon. The Queen of these gay sports,  
 If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,  
 Was hapless Ellen. — No one touched the ground  
 So deftly, and the nicest Maiden's locks  
 Less gracefully were braided; — but this praise,  
 Methinks, would better suit another place.

“She loved, and fondly deemed herself beloved.  
 — The road is dim, the current unperceived,  
 The weakness painful and most pitiful,  
 By which a virtuous Woman, in pure youth,  
 May be delivered to distress and shame.  
 Such fate was hers. — The last time Ellen danced,  
 Among her Equals, round **THE JOYFUL TREE**,  
 She bore a secret burthen; and full soon  
 Was left to tremble for a breaking vow, —  
 Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,  
 Alone, within her widowed Mother's house.  
 It was the season sweet, of budding leaves,  
 Of days advancing tow'rd their utmost length,  
 And small birds singing to their happy mates.  
 Wild is the music of the autumnal wind  
 Among the faded woods; but these blithe notes  
 Strike the deserted to the heart; — I speak  
 Of what I know, and what we feel within.  
 — Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt  
 Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost twig  
 A Thrush resorts, and annually chants,  
 At morn and evening from that naked perch,  
 While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,  
 A time-beguiling ditty, for delight  
 Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.  
 — ‘Ah why,’ said Ellen, sighing to herself,  
 ‘Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge;  
 ‘And nature that is kind in Woman's breast,  
 ‘And reason that in Man is wise and good,  
 ‘And fear of Him who is a righteous Judge,  
 ‘Why do not these prevail for human life,  
 ‘To keep two Hearts together, that began  
 ‘Their spring-time with one love, and that have need  
 ‘Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet  
 ‘To grant, or be received; while that poor Bird,  
 ‘— O come and hear him! Thou who hast to me  
 ‘Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly Creature,  
 ‘One of God's simple children that yet know not  
 ‘The universal Parent, how he sings

‘As if he wished the firmament of Heaven  
 ‘Should listen, and give back to him the voice  
 ‘Of his triumphant constancy and love;  
 ‘The proclamation that he makes, how far  
 ‘His darkness doth transcend our fickle light!’

“Such was the tender passage, not by me  
 Repeated without loss of simple phrase,  
 Which I perused, even as the words had been  
 Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand  
 To the blank margin of a Valentine,  
 Bedropped with tears. ‘T will please you to be told  
 That, studiously withdrawing from the eye  
 Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet  
 In lonely reading found a meek resource;  
 How thankful for the warmth of summer days,  
 When she could slip into the Cottage-barn,  
 And find a secret oratory there;  
 Or, in the garden, under friendly veil  
 Of their long twilight, pore upon her book  
 By the last lingering help of open sky,  
 Till the dark night dismissed her to her bed!  
 Thus did a waking Fancy sometimes lose  
 The unconquerable pang of despised love.

“A kindlier passion opened on her soul  
 When that poor Child was born. Upon its face  
 She looked as on a pure and spotless gift  
 Of unexpected promise, where a grief  
 Or dread was all that had been thought of — joy  
 Far livelier than bewildered Traveller feels  
 Amid a perilous waste, that all night long  
 Hath harassed him — toiling through fearful storm,  
 When he beholds the first pale speck serene  
 Of day-spring, in the gloomy east revealed,  
 And greets it with thanksgiving. ‘Till this hour,’  
 Thus, in her Mother's hearing Ellen spake,  
 ‘There was a stony region in my heart;  
 ‘But He, at whose command the parched rock  
 ‘Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching stream,  
 ‘Hath softened that obduracy, and made  
 ‘Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,  
 ‘To save the perishing; and, henceforth, I look  
 ‘Upon the light with cheerfulness, for thee,  
 ‘My Infant! and for that good Mother dear,  
 ‘Who bore me,—and hath prayed for me in vain;—  
 ‘Yet not in vain, it shall not be in vain.’  
 She spake, nor was the assurance unfulfilled,  
 And if heart-rending thoughts would oft return,  
 They stayed not long. — The blameless Infant grew;  
 The Child whom Ellen and her Mother loved  
 They soon were proud of; tended it and nursed,  
 A soothing comforter, although forlorn;  
 Like a poor singing-bird from distant lands;  
 Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by  
 With vacant mind, not seldom may observe  
 Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,  
 Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.

—Through four months' space the Infant drew its food  
From the maternal breast; then scruples rose;  
Thoughts, which the rich are free from, came and  
crossed

The sweet affection. She no more could bear  
By her offence to lay a twofold weight  
On a kind parent willing to forget  
Their slender means; so, to that parent's care  
Trusting her child, she left their common home,  
And with contented spirit undertook  
A Foster-Mother's office.

'Tis, perchance,  
Unknown to you that in these simple Vales  
The natural feeling of equality  
Is by domestic service unimpaired;  
Yet, though such service be, with us, removed  
From sense of degradation, not the less  
The ungentle mind can easily find means  
To impose severe restraints and laws unjust,  
Which hapless Ellen now was doomed to feel.  
— For (blinded by an over-anxious dread  
Of such excitement and divided thought  
As with her office would but ill accord)  
The Pair, whose Infant she was bound to nurse,  
Forbad her all communion with her own;  
Week after week, the mandate they enforced.  
— So near! — yet not allowed, upon that sight  
To fix her eyes — alas! 't was hard to bear!  
But worse affliction must be borne — far worse:  
For 'tis Heaven's will — that, after a disease  
Begun and ended within three days' space,  
Her Child should die; as Ellen now exclaimed,  
Her own — deserted Child! — Once, only once,  
She saw it in that mortal malady;  
And, on the burial day, could scarcely gain  
Permission to attend its obsequies.  
She reached the house — last of the funeral train;  
And some One, as she entered, having chanced  
To urge unthinkingly their prompt departure,  
'Nay,' said she, with commanding look, a spirit  
Of anger never seen in her before,  
'Nay, ye must wait my time!' and down she sate,  
And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat  
Weeping and looking, looking on and weeping,  
Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,  
Until at length her soul was satisfied.

"You see the Infant's Grave; — and to this Spot,  
The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,  
And whatsoe'er the errand, urged her steps:  
Hither she came; here stood, and sometimes knelt  
In the broad day — a rueful Magdalene!  
So call her; for not only she bewailed  
A Mother's loss, but mourned in bitterness  
Her own transgression, Penitent sincere  
As ever raised to Heaven a streaming eye.  
— At length the Parents of the Foster-child

Noting that in despite of their commands  
She still renewed and could not but renew  
Those visitations, ceased to send her forth;  
Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, confined.  
I failed not to remind them that they erred;  
For holy nature might not thus be crossed,  
Thus wronged in woman's breast: in vain I pleaded—  
But the green stalk of Ellen's life was snapped,  
And the flower drooped; as every eye could see,  
It hung its head in mortal languishment.  
— Aided by this appearance, I at length  
Prevailed; and, from those bonds released, she went  
Home to her mother's house. The Youth was fled;  
The rash Betrayer could not face the shame  
Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had caused;  
And little would his presence, or proof given  
Of a relenting soul, have now availed;  
For, like a shadow, he was passed away  
From Ellen's thoughts; had perished to her mind  
For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,  
Save only those which to their common shame,  
And to his moral being, appertained:  
Hope from that quarter would, I know, have brought  
A heavenly comfort; there she recognised  
An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need;  
There, and, as seemed, there only. — She had built  
Her fond maternal Heart had built, a Nest  
In blindness all too near the river's edge;  
That Work a summer flood with hasty swell  
Had swept away; and now her Spirit longed  
For its last flight to Heaven's security.  
— The bodily frame was wasted day by day;  
Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,  
Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace  
And pleasure in endurance. Much she thought,  
And much she read; and brooded feelingly  
Upon her own unworthiness. — To me,  
As to a spiritual comforter and friend,  
Her heart she opened; and no pains were spared  
To mitigate, as gently as I could,  
The sting of self-reproach, with healing words.  
— Meek Saint! through patience glorified on earth!  
In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,  
The ghastly face of cold decay put on  
A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!  
May I not mention — that, within those walls,  
In due observance of her pious wish,  
The Congregation joined with me in prayer  
For her Soul's good? Nor was that office vain.  
— Much did she suffer: but, if any Friend,  
Beholding her condition, at the sight  
Gave way to words of pity or complaint,  
She stilled them with a prompt reproof, and said,  
'He who afflicts me knows what I can bear;  
'And, when I fail, and can endure no more,  
'Will mercifully take me to himself.'  
So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit passed



Into that pure and unknown world of love  
Where injury cannot come : — and here is laid  
The mortal Body by her Infant's side."

The Vicar ceased ; and downcast looks made known  
That Each had listened with his inmost heart.  
For me, the emotion scarcely was less strong  
Or less benign than that which I had felt  
When, seated near my venerable Friend,  
Beneath those shady elms, from him I heard  
The story that retraced the slow decline  
Of Margaret sinking on the lonely Heath,  
With the neglected House to which she clung.  
— I noted that the Solitary's cheek  
Confessed the Power of nature. — Pleased though sad,  
More pleased than sad, the gray-haired Wanderer sate ;  
Thanks to his pure imaginative soul  
Capacious and serene, his blameless life,  
His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth, and love  
Of human kind ! He was it who first broke  
The pensive silence, saying, "Blest are they  
Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong  
Than to do wrong, although themselves have erred.  
This Tale gives proof that Heaven most gently deals  
With such, in their affliction. — Ellen's fate,  
Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart,  
Call to my mind dark hints which I have heard  
Of One who died within this Vale, by doom  
Heavier, as his offence was heavier far.  
Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the bones  
Of Wilfred Armathwaite !" — The Vicar answered,  
" In that green nook, close by the Church-yard wall,  
Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself  
In memory and for warning, and in sign  
Of sweetness where dire anguish had been known,  
Of reconciliation after deep offence,  
There doth he rest. — No theme his fate supplies  
For the smooth glozings of the indulgent world ;  
Nor need the windings of his devious course  
Be here retraced ; — enough that, by mishap  
And venial error, robbed of competence,  
And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind,  
He craved a substitute in troubled joy ;  
Against his conscience rose in arms, and, braving  
Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-vow.  
That which he had been weak enough to do  
Was misery in remembrance ; he was stung,  
Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the smiles  
Of Wife and Children stung to agony.  
Wretched at home, he gained no peace abroad ;  
Ranged through the mountains, slept upon the earth,  
Asked comfort of the open air, and found  
No quiet in the darkness of the night,  
No pleasure in the beauty of the day.  
His flock he slighted ; his paternal fields  
Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished  
To fly, but whither ! and this gracious Church,  
That wears a look so full of peace and hope

And love, benignant Mother of the Vale,  
How fair amid her brood of Cottages !  
She was to him a sickness and reproach.  
Much to the last remained unknown : but this  
Is sure, that through remorse and grief he died ;  
Though pitied among Men, absolved by God,  
He could not find forgiveness in himself ;  
Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.

" Here rests a Mother. But from her I turn  
And from her Grave. — Behold — upon that Ridge,  
That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,  
Carries into the centre of the Vale  
Its rocks and woods — the Cottage where she dwelt  
And yet where dwells her faithful Partner, left,  
Full eight years past) the solitary prop,  
Of many helpless Children. I begin  
With words that might be prelude to a Tale  
Of sorrow and dejection ; but I feel  
No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes  
See daily in that happy Family.  
— Bright Garland form they for the pensive brow  
Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,  
Those six fair Daughters, budding yet — not one,  
Not one of all the band, a full-blown Flower !  
Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once  
That Father was, and filled with anxious fear,  
Now, by experience taught, he stands assured,  
That God, who takes away, yet takes not half  
Of what he seems to take ; or gives it back,  
Not to our prayer, but far beyond our prayer ;  
He gives it — the boon produce of a soil  
Which our endeavours have refused to till,  
And Hope hath never watered. The Abode,  
Whose grateful Owner can attest these truths,  
Even were the object nearer to our sight,  
Would seem in no distinction to surpass  
The rudest habitations. Ye might think  
That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or grown  
Out of the living rock, to be adorned  
By nature only ; but, if thither led,  
Ye would discover, then, a studious work  
Of many fancies, prompting many hands.  
— Brought from the woods, the honeysuckle twines  
Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,  
A Plant no longer wild ; the cultured rose  
There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon  
Roof-high ; the wild pink crowns the garden wall,  
And with the flowers are intermingled stones  
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.  
These ornaments, that fade not with the year,  
A hardy Girl continues to provide ;  
Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights  
Her Father's prompt Attendant, does for him  
All that a Boy could do, but with delight  
More keen and prouder daring ; yet hath she,  
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed  
For her own flowers and favourite herbs — a space,



By sacred charter, holden for her use.  
 — These, and whatever else the garden bears  
 Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,  
 I freely gather; and my leisure draws  
 A not unfrequent pastime from the sigh  
 Of the Bees murmuring round their sheltered hives  
 In that Enclosure; while the mountain rill,  
 That sparkling thrills the rocks, attunes his voice  
 To the pure course of human life, which there  
 Flows on in solitude. But, when the gloom  
 Of night is falling round my steps, then most  
 This Dwelling charms me; often I stop short,  
 (Who could refrain!) and feed by stealth my sight  
 With prospect of the Company within,

Laid open through the blazing window: — there  
 I see the eldest daughter at her wheel  
 Spinning amain, as if to overtake  
 The never-halting Time; or, in her turn,  
 Teaching some Novice of the Sisterhood  
 That skill in this or other household work,  
 Which, from her Father's honoured hand, herself,  
 While she was yet a little-one, had learned,  
 — Mild Man! he is not gay, but they are gay;  
 And the whole house seems filled with gaiety.  
 — Thrice happy, then, the Mother may be deemed,  
 The Wife, from whose consolatory grave  
 I turned, that ye in mind might witness where  
 And how, her Spirit yet survives on Earth."

## THE EXCURSION.

### BOOK THE SEVENTH.

#### THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

CONTINUED.

#### ARGUMENT.

Impression of these Narratives upon the Author's mind — Pastor invited to give account of certain Graves that lie apart — Clergyman and his Family — Fortunate influence of change of situation — Activity in extreme old age — Another Clergyman, a character of resolute Virtue — Lamentations over mis-directed applause — Instance of less exalted excellence in a deaf man — Elevated character of a blind man — Reflection upon Blindness — Interrupted by a Peasant who passes — his animal cheerfulness and careless vivacity — He occasions a digression on the fall of beautiful and interesting Trees — A female Infant's Grave — Joy at her Birth — Sorrow at her Departure — A youthful Peasant — his patriotic enthusiasm — distinguished qualities — and untimely death — Exultation of the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this Picture — Solitary how affected — Monument of a Knight — Traditions concerning him — Peroration of the Wanderer on the transitoriness of things and the revolutions of society — Hints at his own past Calling — Thanks the Pastor.

WHILE thus from theme to theme the Historian passed,  
 The words he uttered, and the scene that lay  
 Before our eyes, awakened in my mind  
 Vivid remembrance of those long-past hours;  
 When, in the hollow of some shadowy Vale,  
 (What time the splendour of the setting sun  
 Lay beautiful on Snowdon's sovereign brow,  
 On Cader Idris, or huge Penmanmaur)  
 A wandering Youth, I listened with delight  
 To pastoral melody or warlike air,  
 Drawn from the chords of the ancient British harp

By some accomplished Master, while he sate  
 Amid the quiet of the green recess,  
 And there did inexhaustibly dispense  
 An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,  
 Tender or blithe; now, as the varying mood  
 Of his own spirit urged, — now, as a voice  
 From Youth or Maiden, or some honoured Chief  
 Of his compatriot villagers (that hung  
 Around him, drinking in the impassioned notes  
 Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required  
 For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains of power

Were they, to seize and occupy the sense ;  
But to a higher mark than song can reach  
Rose this pure eloquence. And, when the stream  
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,  
A consciousness remained that it had left,  
Deposited upon the silent shore  
Of memory, images and precious thoughts,  
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

"These grassy heaps lie amicably close,"  
Said I, "like surges heaving in the wind  
Upon the surface of a mountain pool ;  
— Whence comes it then, that yonder we behold  
Five graves, and only five, that rise together  
Unsociably sequestered, and encroaching  
On the smooth play-ground of the Village-school ?"

The Vicar answered. "No disdainful pride  
In them who rest beneath, nor any course  
Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped  
To place those Hillocks in that lonely guise.  
— Once more look forth, and follow with your sight  
The length of road that from yon mountain's base  
Through bare enclosures stretches, till its line  
Is lost within a little tuft of trees, —  
Then reappearing in a moment, quits  
The cultured fields, — and up the heathy waste,  
Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,  
Towards an easy outlet of the Vale.  
— That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,  
By which the road is hidden, also hides  
A Cottage from our view, — though I discern  
(Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering trees  
The smokeless chimney-top. — All unembowered  
And naked stood that lowly Parsonage  
(For such in truth it is, and appertains  
To a small Chapel in the Vale beyond)  
When hither came its last Inhabitant.

"Rough and forbidding were the choicest roads  
By which our Northern wilds could then be crossed ;  
And into most of these secluded Vales  
Was no access for wain, heavy or light.  
So, at his Dwelling-place the Priest arrived  
With store of household goods, in panniers slung  
On sturdy horses graced with jingling bells,  
And on the back of more ignoble beast ;  
That, with like burthen of effects most prized  
Or easiest carried, closed the motley train.  
Young was I then, a school-boy of eight years ;  
But still, methinks, I see them as they passed  
In order, drawing tow'rd their wished-for home.  
— Rocked by the motion of a trusty-Ass  
Two ruddy Children hung, a well-poised freight,  
Each in his basket nodding drowsily ;  
Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with flowers,  
Which told it was the pleasant month of June ;  
And, close behind, the comely Matron rode,

A Woman of soft speech and gracious smile,  
And with a Lady's mien. — From far they came,  
Even from Northumbrian hills ; yet theirs had been  
A merry journey — rich in pastime — cheered  
By music, prank, and laughter-stirring jest ;  
And freak put on, and arch word dropped — to swell  
The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise  
That gathered round the slowly-moving train.  
— 'Whence do they come ! and with what errand  
charged !

'Belong they to the fortune-telling Tribe  
'Who pitch their tents beneath the green-wood Tree ?  
'Or are they Strollers, furnished to enact  
'Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the Wood,  
'And, by that whiskered Tabby's aid, set forth  
'The lucky venture of sage Whittington,  
'When the next Village hears the Show announced  
'By blast of trumpet ?' Plenteous was the growth  
Of such conjectures, overheard — or seen  
On many a staring countenance portrayed  
Of Boor or Burgher, as they marched along.  
And more than once their steadiness of face  
Was put to proof, and exercise supplied  
To their inventive humour, by stern looks,  
And questions in authoritative tone,  
From some staid Guardian of the public peace,  
Checking the sober steed on which he rode,  
In his suspicious wisdom ; oftener still,  
By notice indirect, or blunt demand  
From Traveller halting in his own despite,  
A simple curiosity to ease :  
Of which adventures, that beguiled and cheered  
Their grave migration, the good Pair would tell,  
With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

"A Priest he was by function ; but his course  
From his youth up, and high as manhood's noon,  
(The hour of life to which he then was brought)  
Had been irregular, I might say, wild ;  
By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care  
Too little checked. An active, ardent mind ;  
A fancy pregnant with resource and scheme  
To cheat the sadness of a rainy day ;  
Hands apt for all ingenious arts and games ;  
A generous spirit, and a body strong  
To cope with stoutest Champions of the bowl ;  
Had earned for him sure welcome, and the rights  
Of a prized Visitant, in the jolly hall  
Of country squire ; or at the statelier board  
Of Duke or Earl, from scenes of courtly pomp  
Withdrawn, — to while away the summer hours  
In condescension among rural guests.

"With these high comrades he had revelled long,  
Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk  
By hopes of coming patronage beguiled  
Till the heart sickened. So each loftier aim  
Abandoning and all his showy Friends

For a life's stay, though slender yet assured,  
 He turned to this secluded Chapelry;  
 That had been offered to his doubtful choice  
 By an unthought-of Patron. Bleak and bare  
 They found the Cottage, their allotted home;  
 Naked without, and rude within; a spot  
 With which the scantily provided Cure  
 Not long had been endowed: and far remote  
 The Chapel stood, divided from that House  
 By an unpeopled tract of mountain waste.  
 — Yet cause was none, whate'er regret might hang  
 On his own mind, to quarrel with the choice  
 Or the necessity that fixed him here;  
 Apart from old temptations, and constrained  
 To punctual labour in his sacred charge.  
 See him a constant Preacher to the Poor!  
 And visiting, though not with saintly zeal,  
 Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will,  
 The sick in body, or distress in mind;  
 And, by as salutary change, compelled  
 To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day  
 With no engagement, in his thoughts, more proud  
 Or splendid than his garden could afford,  
 His fields, — or mountains by the heath-cock ranged,  
 Or the wild brooks; from which he now returned  
 Contented to partake the quiet meal  
 Of his own board, where sate his gentle Mate  
 And three fair Children, plentifully fed  
 Though simply, from their little household farm;  
 With acceptable treat of fish or fowl  
 By nature yielded to his practised hand —  
 To help the small but certain comings-in  
 Of that spare Benefice. Yet not the less  
 Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs  
 A charitable door. — So days and years  
 Passed on; — the inside of that rugged House  
 Was trimmed and brightened by the Matron's care,  
 And gradually enriched with things of price,  
 Which might be lacked for use or ornament.  
 What, though no soft and costly sofa there  
 Insidiously stretched out its lazy length,  
 And no vain mirror glittered on the walls,  
 Yet were the windows of the low Abode  
 By shutters weather-fenced, which at once  
 Repelled the storm and deadened its loud roar.  
 There snow-white curtains hung in decent folds;  
 Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain plants,  
 That creep along the ground with sinuous trail,  
 Were nicely braided, and composed a work  
 Like Indian mats, that with appropriate grace  
 Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;  
 And a fair carpet, woven of homespun wool,  
 But tintured daintily with florid hues,  
 For seemliness and warmth, on festal days,  
 Covered the smooth blue slabs of mountain stone  
 With which the parlour-floor, in simplest guise  
 Of pastoral homesteads, had been long inlaid.

— These pleasing works the Housewife's skill produced:  
 Meanwhile the unsedentary Master's hand  
 Was busier with his task — to rid, to plant,  
 To rear for food, for shelter, and delight;  
 A thriving covert! And when wishes, formed  
 In youth, and sanctioned by the riper mind,  
 Restored me to my native Valley, here  
 To end my days; well pleased was I to see  
 The once-bare Cottage, on the mountain-side,  
 Screened from assault of every bitter blast;  
 While the dark shadows of the summer leaves  
 Danced in the breeze, upon its mossy roof.  
 Time, which had thus afforded willing help  
 To beautify with Nature's fairest growth  
 This rustic Tenement, had gently shed,  
 Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace;  
 The comeliness of unenfeebled age.  
 But how could I say, gently! for he still  
 Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,  
 A stirring foot, a head which beat at nights  
 Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.  
 Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures lost;  
 Generous and charitable, prompt to serve;  
 And still his harsher passions kept their hold,  
 Anger and indignation; still he loved  
 The sound of titled names, and talked in glee  
 Of long-past banquetings with high-born Friends:  
 Then, from those lulling fits of vain delight  
 Uproused by recollected injury, railed  
 At their false ways disdainfully, — and oft  
 In bitterness, and with a threatening eye  
 Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow.  
 — These transports, with staid looks of pure good-will  
 And with soft smile, his Consort would reprove.  
 She, far behind him in the race of years,  
 Yet keeping her first mildness, was advanced  
 Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,  
 To that still region whither all are bound.  
 — Him might we liken to the setting Sun  
 As seen not seldom on some gusty day,  
 Struggling and bold, and shining from the west  
 With an inconstant and unmellowed light;  
 She was a soft attendant Cloud, that hung  
 As if with wish to veil the restless orb;  
 From which it did itself imbibe a ray  
 Of pleasing lustre. — But no more of this;  
 I better love to sprinkle on the sod  
 That now divides the Pair, or rather say  
 That still unites them, praises, like heaven's dew  
 Without reserve descending upon both.  
 "Our very first in eminence of years  
 This old Man stood, the Patriarch of the Vale!  
 And, to his unmolested mansion, Death  
 Had never come, through space of forty years;  
 Sparing both old and young in that Abode.

Suddenly then they disappeared : not twice  
 Had summer scorched the fields ; not twice had fallen  
 On those high Peaks, the first autumnal snow,  
 Before the greedy visiting was closed,  
 And the long-privileged House left empty — swept  
 As by a plague : yet no rapacious plague  
 Had been among them ; all was gentle death,  
 One after one, with intervals of peace.  
 — A happy consummation ! an accord  
 Sweet, perfect — to be wished for ! save that here  
 Was something which to mortal sense might sound  
 Like harshness, — that the old gray-headed Sire,  
 The oldest, he was taken last, — survived  
 When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,  
 His Daughter, and that late and high-prized gift,  
 His little smiling Grandchild, were no more.

“All gone, all vanished ! he deprived and bare,  
 ‘How will he face the remnant of his life ?  
 ‘What will become of him !’ we said, and mused  
 In sad conjectures — ‘Shall we meet him now  
 ‘Haunting with rod and line the craggy brooks ?  
 ‘Or shall we overhear him, as we pass,  
 ‘Striving to entertain the lonely hours  
 ‘With music ?’ (for he had not ceased to touch  
 The harp or viol which himself had framed,  
 For their sweet purposes, with perfect skill.)  
 ‘What titles will he keep ? will he remain  
 ‘Musician, Gardener, Builder, Mechanist,  
 ‘A Planter, and a rearer from the Seed ?  
 ‘A Man of hope and forward-looking mind  
 ‘Even to the last !’ — Such was he, unsubdued.  
 But Heaven was gracious ; yet a little while,  
 And this Survivor, with his cheerful throng  
 Of open schemes, and all his inward hoard  
 Of unsunned griefs, too many and too keen,  
 Was overcome by unexpected sleep,  
 In one blest moment. Like a shadow thrown  
 Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,  
 Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay  
 For noontide solace on the summer grass,  
 The warm lap of his Mother Earth : and so,  
 Their lenient term of separation past,  
 That family (whose graves you there behold)  
 By yet a higher privilege once more  
 Were gathered to each other.”

Calm of mind

And silence waited on these closing words ;  
 Until the Wanderer (whether moved by fear  
 Lest in those passages of life were some  
 That might have touched the sick heart of his Friend  
 Too nearly, or intent to reinforce  
 His own firm spirit in degree deprest  
 By tender sorrow for our mortal state)  
 Thus silence broke : — “Behold a thoughtless Man  
 From vice and premature decay preserved  
 By useful habits, to a fitter soil

4C

Transplanted ere too late. — The Hermit, lodged  
 In the untrodden desert, tells his beads,  
 With each repeating its allotted prayer,  
 And thus divides and thus relieves the time ;  
 Smooth task, with his compared, whose mind could  
 string,  
 Not scantily, bright minutes on the thread  
 Of keen domestic anguish, — and beguile  
 A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed ;  
 Till gentlest death released him. — Far from us  
 Be the desire — too curiously to ask  
 How much of this is but the blind result  
 Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,  
 And what to higher powers is justly due.  
 But you, Sir, know that in a neighbouring Vale  
 A Priest abides before whose life such doubts\*  
 Fall to the ground ; whose gifts of Nature lie  
 Retired from notice, lost in attributes  
 Of Reason — honourably effaced by debts  
 Which her poor treasure-house is content to owe,  
 And conquests over her dominion gained,  
 To which her frowardness must needs submit.  
 In this one Man is shown a temperance — proof  
 Against all trials ; industry severe  
 And constant as the motion of the day ;  
 Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade  
 That might be deemed forbidding, did not there  
 All generous feelings flourish and rejoice ;  
 Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,  
 And resolution competent to take  
 Out of the bosom of simplicity  
 All that her holy customs recommend,  
 And the best ages of the world prescribe.  
 — Preaching, administering, in every work  
 Of his sublime vocation, in the walks  
 Of worldly intercourse 'twixt man and man,  
 And in his humble dwelling, he appears  
 A Labourer, with moral virtue girt,  
 With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned.”

“Doubt can be none,” the Pastor said, “for whom  
 This Portraiture is sketched. — The Great, the Good,  
 The Well-beloved, the Fortunate, the Wise,  
 These Titles Emperors and Chiefs have borne,  
 Honour assumed or given : and Him, the WONDERFUL,  
 Our simple Shepherds, speaking from the heart,  
 Deservedly have styled. — From his Abode  
 In a dependent Chapelry, that lies  
 Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,  
 Which in his soul he lovingly embraced, —  
 And, having once espoused, would never quit ;  
 Hither, ere long, that lowly, great, good Man  
 Will be conveyed. An unelaborate Stone  
 May cover him ; and by its help, perchance,  
 A century shall hear his name pronounced,  
 With images attendant on the sound :

\* See conclusion of Note 9, to Poems of Imagination, p. 380  
 and Appendix IV.



Then, shall the slowly gathering twilight close  
 In utter night; and of his course remain  
 No cognizable vestiges, no more  
 Than of this breath, which shapes itself in words  
 To speak of him, and instantly dissolves.  
 — Noise is there not enough in doleful war,  
 But that the heaven-born poet must stand forth,  
 And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,  
 To multiply and aggravate the din?  
 Pangs are there not enough in hopeless love —  
 And, in requited passion, all too much  
 Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear —  
 But that the Minstrel of the rural shade  
 Must tune his pipe insidiously to nurse  
 The perturbation in the suffering breast,  
 And propagate its kind, far as he may?  
 — Ah who (and with such rapture as befits  
 The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate  
 The good Man's deeds and purposes; retrace  
 His struggles, his discomfiture deplore,  
 His triumphs hail, and glorify his end?  
 That Virtue, like the fumes and vapoury clouds  
 Through Fancy's heat redounding in the brain,  
 And like the soft infections of the heart,  
 By charm of measured words may spread o'er field,  
 Hamlet, and town; and Piety survive  
 Upon the lips of Men in hall or bower;  
 Not for reproof, but high and warm delight,  
 And grave encouragement, by song inspired.  
 — Vain thought! but wherefore murmur or repine?  
 The memory of the just survives in Heaven:  
 And, without sorrow, will this ground receive  
 That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best  
 Of what it holds confines us to degrees  
 In excellence less difficult to reach,  
 And milder worth: nor need we travel far  
 From those to whom our last regards were paid,  
 For such example.

“ Almost at the root  
 Of that tall Pine, the shadow of whose bare  
 And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,  
 Oft stretches tow'rs me, like a long straight path  
 Traced faintly in the greensward; there, beneath  
 A plain blue Stone, a gentle Dalesman lies,  
 From whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn  
 The precious gift of hearing. He grew up  
 From year to year in loneliness of soul;  
 And this deep mountain Valley was to him  
 Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn  
 Did never rouse this Cottager from sleep  
 With startling summons; not for his delight  
 The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him  
 Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds  
 Were working the broad bosom of the lake  
 Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,  
 Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud  
 Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,

The agitated scene before his eye  
 Was silent as a picture: evermore  
 Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.  
 Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts  
 Upheld, he duteously pursued the round  
 Of rural labours; the steep mountain-side  
 Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;  
 The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;  
 And the ripe corn before his sickle fell  
 Among the jocund reapers. For himself  
 All watchful and industrious as he was,  
 He wrought not; neither field nor flock he owned:  
 No wish for wealth had place within his mind;  
 Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care.  
 Though born a younger Brother, need was none  
 That from the floor of his paternal home  
 He should depart, to plant himself anew.  
 And when, mature in manhood, he beheld  
 His Parents laid in earth, no loss ensued  
 Of rights to him; but he remained well pleased,  
 By the pure bond of independent love  
 An inmate of a second family,  
 The fellow-labourer and friend of him  
 To whom the small inheritance had fallen.  
 — Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight  
 That pressed upon his Brother's house, for books  
 Were ready comrades whom he could not tire, —  
 Of whose society the blameless Man  
 Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,  
 Even to old age, with unabated charm  
 Beguiled his leisure hours; refreshed his thoughts;  
 Beyond its natural elevation raised  
 His introverted spirit; and bestowed  
 Upon his life an outward dignity  
 Which all acknowledged. The dark winter night,  
 The stormy day, had each its own resource;  
 Song of the muses, sage historic tale,  
 Science severe, or word of Holy Writ  
 Announcing immortality and joy  
 To the assembled spirits of the just,  
 From imperfection and decay secure.  
 — Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,  
 To no perverse suspicion he gave way,  
 No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint:  
 And they, who were about him, did not fail  
 In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized  
 His gentle manners: — and his peaceful smiles,  
 The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,  
 Were met with answering sympathy and love.  
 “ At length, when sixty years and five were told,  
 A slow disease insensibly consumed  
 The powers of nature: and a few short steps  
 Of friends and kindred bore him from his home  
 (Yon Cottage shaded by the woody crags)  
 To the profounder stillness of the grave.  
 — Nor was his funeral denied the grace  
 Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief;

Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.  
 And now that monumental Stone preserves  
 His name, and unambitiously relates  
 How long, and by what kindly outward aids,  
 And in what pure contentedness of mind,  
 The sad privation was by him endured.  
 — And yon tall Pine-tree, whose composing sound  
 Was wasted on the good Man's living ear,  
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;  
 And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,  
 Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

"Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful of Things!  
 Guide of our way, mysterious Comforter!  
 Whose sacred influence, spread through earth and  
     heaven,  
 We all too thanklessly participate,  
 Thy gifts were utterly withheld from Him  
 Whose place of rest is near yon ivied Porch.  
 Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he complained;  
 Ask of the channelled rivers if they held  
 A safer, easier, more determined course.  
 What terror doth it strike into the mind  
 To think of One, who cannot see, advancing  
 Toward some precipice's airy brink!  
 But, timely warned, *He* would have stayed his steps;  
 Protected, say enlightened, by his ear,  
 And on the very edge of vacancy  
 Not more endangered than a Man whose eye  
 Beholds the gulf beneath. — No floweret blooms  
 Throughout the lofty range of these rough hills,  
 Or in the woods, that could from him conceal  
 Its birth-place; none whose figure did not live  
 Upon his touch. The bowels of the earth  
 Enriched with knowledge his industrious mind;  
 The ocean paid him tribute from the stores  
 Lodged in her bosom; and, by science led,  
 His genius mounted to the plains of Heaven.  
 — Methinks I see him — how his eye-balls rolled  
 Beneath his ample brow, in darkness paired, —  
 But each instinct with spirit; and the frame  
 Of the whole countenance alive with thought,  
 Fancy, and understanding; while the voice  
 Discoursed of natural or moral truth  
 With eloquence, and such authentic power,  
 That, in his presence, humbler knowledge stood  
 Abashed, and tender pity overawed."

"A noble — and, to unreflecting minds,  
 A marvellous spectacle," the Wanderer said,  
 "Beings like these present! But proof abounds  
 Upon the earth that faculties, which seem  
 Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease to be.  
 And to the mind among her powers of sense  
 This transfer is permitted, — not alone  
 That the bereft their recompense may win;  
 But for remoter purposes of love

And charity; nor last nor least for this,  
 That to the imagination may be given  
 A type and shadow of an awful truth;  
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,  
 Darkness is banished from the realms of Death,  
 By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.  
 Unto the men who see not as we see  
 Futurity was thought, in ancient times,  
 To be laid open, and they prophesied.  
 And know we not that from the blind have flowed  
 The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre;  
 And wisdom married to immortal verse!"

Among the humbler Worthies, at our feet  
 Lying insensible to human praise,  
 Love, or regret, — *whose* lineaments would next  
 Have been portrayed, I guess not! but it chanced  
 That, near the quiet church-yard where we sat,  
 A Team of horses, with a ponderous freight  
 Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,  
 Whose sharp descent confounded their array,  
 Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

"Here," said the Pastor, "do we muse, and mourn  
 The waste of death; and lo! the giant Oak  
 Stretched on his bier — that massy timber wain;  
 Nor fail to note the Man who guides the team."

He was a Peasant of the lowest class:  
 Gray locks profusely round his temples hung  
 In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite  
 Of Winter cannot thin; the fresh air lodged  
 Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;  
 And he returned our greeting with a smile.  
 When he had passed, the Solitary spake;  
 — "A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
 And confident to-morrows, — with a face  
 Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much  
 Of Nature's impress, gaiety and health,  
 Freedom and hope; but keen, withal, and shrewd.  
 His gestures note, — and hark! his tones of voice  
 Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

The Pastor answered. "You have read him well  
 Year after year is added to his store  
 With *silent* increase: summers, winters — past,  
 Past or to come; yea, boldly might I say,  
 Ten summers and ten winters of a space  
 That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,  
 Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix  
 The obligation of an anxious mind,  
 A pride in having, or a fear to lose;  
 Possessed like outskirts of some large Domain,  
 By any one more thought of than by him  
 Who holds the land in fee, its careless Lord!  
 — Yet is the creature rational — endowed  
 With foresight; hears, too, every Sabbath day,  
 The Christian promise with attentive ear;

Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven  
Reject the incense offered up by him,  
Though of the kind which beasts and birds present  
In grove or pasture; cheerfulness of soul,  
From trepidation and repining free.  
How many scrupulous worshippers fall down  
Upon their knees, and daily homage pay  
Less worthy, less religious even, than his!

"This qualified respect, the Old Man's due,  
Is paid without reluctance; but in truth,  
(Said the good Vicar with a fond half-smile)  
"I feel at times a motion of despite  
Tow'rd's One, whose bold contrivances and skill,  
As you have seen, bear such conspicuous part  
In works of havoc; taking from these vales,  
One after one, their proudest ornaments.  
Full oft his doings leave me to deplore  
Tall ash-tree sown by winds, by vapours nursed,  
In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks;  
Light birch aloft upon the horizon's edge,  
A veil of glory for the ascending moon;  
And oak whose roots by noontide dew were damped,  
And on whose forehead inaccessible  
The raven lodged in safety. — Many a Ship  
Launched into Morecambe Bay, to *him* hath owed  
Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast that bears  
The loftiest of her pendants; He, from Park  
Or Forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree  
That whirls (how slow itself!) ten thousand spindles: —  
And the vast engine labouring in the mine,  
Content with meaner prowess, must have lacked  
The trunk and body of its marvellous strength,  
If his undaunted enterprise had failed  
Among the mountain coves.

"Yon household Fir,

A guardian planted to fence off the blast  
But towering high the roof above, as if  
Its humble destination were forgot;  
That Sycamore, which annually holds  
Within its shade, as in a stately tent\*  
On all sides open to the fanning breeze,  
A grave assemblage, seated while they shear  
The fleece-encumbered flock; — the JOYFUL ELM,  
Around whose trunk the Maidens dance in May; —  
And the LORD'S OAK; — would plead their several  
rights  
In vain, if He were master of their fate;  
His sentence to the axe would doom them all.  
— But, green in age and lusty as he is,  
And promising to keep his hold on earth  
Less, as might seem, in rivalry with men  
Than with the forest's more enduring growth,

\* This Sycamore, oft musical with bees, —  
Such tents the Patriarchs loved! —

S. T. COLERIDGE: *Inscription for a fountain on a Heath.*

His own appointed hour will come at last;  
And, like the haughty Spoilers of the world,  
This keen Destroyer in his turn, must fall.  
"Now from the living pass we once again:  
From Age," the Priest continued, "turn your thoughts  
From Age, that often unlamented drops,  
And mark that daisied hillock, three spans long!  
— Seven lusty Sons sate daily round the board  
Of Gold-rill side; and, when the hope had ceased  
Of other progeny, a Daughter then  
Was given, the crowning bounty of the whole;  
And so acknowledged with a tremulous joy  
Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm  
With which by nature every Mother's Soul  
Is stricken, in the moment when her throes  
Are ended, and her ears have heard the cry  
Which tells her that a living Child is born, —  
And she lies conscious in a blissful rest,  
That the dread storm is weathered by them both.

"The Father — Him at this unlooked-for gift  
A bolder transport seizes. From the side  
Of his bright hearth, and from his open door,  
Day after day the gladness is diffused  
To all that come, and almost all that pass;  
Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer  
Spread on the never-empty board, and drink  
Health and good wishes to his new-born Girl,  
From cups replenished by his joyous hand.  
— Those seven fair Brothers variously were moved  
Each by the thoughts best suited to his years:  
But most of all and with most thankful mind  
The hoary Grandsire felt himself enriched;  
A happiness that ebb'd not, but remained  
To fill the total measure of the soul!  
— From the low tenement, his own abode,  
Whither, as to a little private cell,  
He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and noise.  
To spend the Sabbath of old age in peace,  
Once every day he duteously repaired  
To rock the cradle of the slumbering Babe:  
For in that female Infant's name he heard  
The silent Name of his departed Wife;  
Heart-stirring music! hourly heard that name;  
Full blest he was, 'Another Margaret Green,'  
Oft did he say, 'was come to Gold-rill side.'  
— Oh! pang unthought of, as the precious boon  
Itself had been unlooked for; — oh! dire stroke  
Of desolating anguish for them all!  
— Just as the Child could totter on the floor,  
And, by some friendly finger's help upstayed,  
Range round the garden walk, while She perchance  
Was catching at some novelty of Spring,  
Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its cell  
Drawn by the sunshine — at that hopeful season  
The winds of March, smiting insidiously,  
Raised in the tender passage of the throat



Viewless obstruction; whence — all unforewarned,  
The Household lost their pride and soul's delight.  
— But Time hath power to soften all regrets,  
And prayer and thought can bring to worst distress  
Due resignation. Therefore, though some tears  
Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye  
Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,  
Yet this departed Little-one, too long  
The innocent troubler of their quiet, sleeps  
In what may now be called a peaceful grave.

“On a bright day, the brightest of the year,  
These mountains echoed with an unknown sound,  
A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Corse  
Let down into the hollow of that Grave,  
Whose shelving sides are red with naked mould.  
Ye Rains of April, duly wet this earth!  
Spare, burning Sun of Midsummer, these sods,  
That they may knit together, and therewith  
Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!  
Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.  
Dear Youth, by young and old alike beloved,  
To me as precious as my own! — Green herbs  
May creep (I wish that they would softly creep)  
Over thy last abode, and we may pass  
Reminded less imperiously of thee; —  
The ridge itself may sink into the breast  
Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more;  
Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our hearts,  
Thy image disappear!

“The mountain Ash  
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove  
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head  
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine  
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked,  
By a brook side or solitary tarn,  
How she her station doth adorn; — the pool  
Glow at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks  
Are brightened round her. In his native Vale  
Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;  
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts  
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam  
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,  
By all the graces with which Nature's hand  
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old Bards  
Tell in their idle songs of wandering Gods,  
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form;  
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,  
Discovered in their own despite to sense  
Of Mortals (if such fables without blame  
May find chance-mention on this sacred ground)  
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,  
And through the impediment of rural cares,  
In him revealed a Scholar's genius shone;  
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,  
In him the spirit of a Hero walked  
Our unpretending valley. — How the coit

Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If touched by him,  
The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch  
Of the lark's flight, — or shaped a rainbow curve,  
Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!  
The indefatigable fox had learned  
To dread his perseverance in the chase.  
With admiration would he lift his eyes  
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand  
Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:  
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak  
To guard the royal brood. The sailing glead,  
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,  
The sportive sea-gull dancing with the waves,  
And cautious water-fowl, from distant climes,  
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere,  
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.

“From Gallia's coast a Tyrant hurled his threats;  
Our Country marked the preparation vast  
Of hostile Forces; and she called — with voice  
That filled her plains, that reached her utmost shores,  
And in remotest vales was heard — to Arms!  
— Then, for the first time, here you might have seen  
The Shepherd's gray to martial scarlet changed,  
That flashed uncouthly through the woods and fields.  
Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,  
And graced with shining weapons, weekly marched,  
From this lone valley, to a central spot,  
Where, in assemblage with the Flower and Choice  
Of the surrounding district, they might learn  
The rudiments of war; ten — hardy, strong,  
And valiant; but young Oswald, like a Chief  
And yet a modest Comrade, led them forth  
From their shy solitude, to face the world.  
With a gay confidence and seemly pride;  
Measuring the soil beneath their happy feet  
Like Youths released from labour, and yet bound  
To most laborious service, though to them  
A festival of unencumbered ease;  
The inner spirit keeping holiday,  
Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshine left.

“Oft have I marked him, at some leisure hour,  
Stretched on the grass or seated in the shade  
Among his Fellows, while an ample Map  
Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,  
From which the gallant Teacher would discourse,  
Now pointing this way and now that. — ‘Here flows,’  
Thus would he say, ‘the Rhine, that famous Stream!  
‘Eastward, the Danube tow'rd this inland sea,  
‘A mightier river, winds from realm to realm; —  
‘And, like a serpent, shows his glittering back  
‘Bespotted with innumerable isles:  
‘Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk; observe  
‘His capital city!’ — Thence — along a tract  
Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears —  
His finger moved, distinguishing the spots



Where wide-spread conflict then most fiercely raged;  
 Nor left unstigmatized those fatal Fields  
 On which the Sons of mighty Germany  
 Were taught a base submission. — 'Here behold  
 'A nobler race, the Switzers, and their Land;  
 'Vales deeper far than these of ours, huge woods,  
 'And mountains white with everlasting snow!' —  
 — And, surely, he, that spake with kindling brow  
 Was a true Patriot, hopeful as the best  
 Of that young Peasantry, who, in our days,  
 Have fought and perished for Helvetia's rights, —  
 Ah, not in vain! — or those who, in old time,  
 For work of happier issue, to the side  
 Of Tell came trooping from a thousand huts,  
 When he had risen alone! No braver Youth  
 Descended from Judean heights, to march  
 With righteous Joshua; or appeared in arms  
 When grove was felled, and altar was cast down,  
 And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-inflamed,  
 And strong in hatred of idolatry."

This spoken, from his seat the Pastor rose,  
 And moved towards the grave; instinctively  
 His steps we followed; and my voice exclaimed,  
 "Power to the Oppressors of the world is given,  
 A might of which they dream not. Oh! the curse,  
 To be the Awakener of divinest thoughts,  
 Father and Founder of exalted deeds,  
 And to whole nations bound in servile straits  
 The liberal Donor of capacities  
 More than heroic! this to be, nor yet  
 Have sense of one connatural wish, nor yet  
 Deserve the least return of human thanks;  
 Winning no recompense but deadly hate  
 With pity mixed, astonishment with scorn!"

When these involuntary words had ceased,  
 The Pastor said, "So Providence is served;  
 'The forked weapon of the skies can send  
 Illumination into deep, dark Holds,  
 Which the mild sunbeam hath not power to pierce.  
 Why do ye quake, intimidated Thrones?  
 For, not unconscious of the mighty debt  
 Which to outrageous Wrong the Sufferer owes,  
 Europe, through all her habitable seats,  
 Is thirsting for *their* overthrow, who still  
 Exist, as pagan Temples stood of old,  
 By very horror of their impious rites  
 Preserved; are suffered to extend their pride,  
 Like Cedars on the top of Lebanon  
 Darkening the sun. — But less impatient thoughts,  
 And love 'all hoping and expecting all,'  
 'This hallowed Grave demands, where rests in peace  
 A humble Champion of the better Cause;  
 A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he asked  
 No higher name; in whom our Country showed,  
 As in a favourite Son, most beautiful,  
 In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,

Spread with the spreading of her wealthy arts,  
 England, the ancient and the free, appeared,  
 In him to stand before my swimming eyes,  
 Unconquerably virtuous and secure.  
 — No more of this, lest I offend his dust:  
 Short was his life, and a brief tale remains

"One summer's day — a day of annual pomp  
 And solemn chase — from morn to sultry noon  
 His steps had followed, fleetest of the fleet,  
 The red-deer driven along its native heights  
 With cry of hound and horn; and, from that toil  
 Returned with sinews weakened and relaxed,  
 This generous Youth, too negligent of self,  
 Plunged — 'mid a gay and busy throng convened  
 To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock —  
 Into the chilling flood.

"Convulsions dire  
 Seized him, that self-same night; and through the  
 space  
 Of twelve ensuing days his frame was wrenched,  
 Till nature rested from her work in death.  
 — To him, thus snatched away, his Comrades paid  
 A Soldier's honours. At his funeral hour  
 Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue —  
 A golden lustre slept upon the hills;  
 And if by chance a Stranger, wandering there,  
 From some commanding eminence had looked  
 Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen  
 A glittering Spectacle; but every face  
 Was pallid, — seldom hath that eye been moist  
 With tears, that wept not then; nor were the few  
 Who from their Dwellings came not forth to join  
 In this sad service, less disturbed than we.  
 They started at the tributary peal  
 Of instantaneous thunder, which announced  
 Through the still air the closing of the Grave;  
 And distant mountains echoed with a sound  
 Of lamentation, never heard before!"

The Pastor ceased. — My venerable Friend  
 Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye;  
 And, when that eulogy was ended, stood  
 Enrapt, — as if his inward sense perceived  
 The prolongation of some still response,  
 Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide Land,  
 The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,  
 Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,  
 Its rights and virtues — by that Deity  
 Descending, and supporting his pure heart  
 With patriotic confidence and joy.  
 And, at the last of those memorial words,  
 The pining Solitary turned aside,  
 Whether through manly instinct to conceal  
 Tender emotions spreading from the heart  
 To his worn cheek; or with uneasy shame  
 For those cold humours of habitual spleen,

That fondly seeking in dispraise of Man  
 Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes urged  
 To self-abuse a not ineloquent tongue.  
 — Right tow'rd the sacred Edifice his steps  
 Had been directed; and we saw him now  
 Intent upon a monumental Stone,  
 Whose uncouth Form was grafted on the wall,  
 Or rather seemed to have grown into the side  
 Of the rude Pile; as oft-times trunks of trees,  
 Where Nature works in wild and craggy spots,  
 Are seen incorporate with the living rock —  
 To endure for aye. The Vicar, taking note  
 Of his employment, with a courteous smile  
 Exclaimed, "The sagest Antiquarian's eye  
 That task would foil;" then, letting fall his voice  
 While he advanced, thus spake: "Tradition tells  
 That, in Eliza's golden days, a Knight  
 Came on a war-horse sumptuously attired,  
 And fixed his home in this sequestered Vale.  
 'Tis left untold if here he first drew breath,  
 Or as a Stranger reached this deep recess,  
 Unknowing and unknown. A pleasing thought  
 I sometimes entertain, that, haply bound  
 To Scotland's court in service of his Queen,  
 Or sent on mission to some northern Chief  
 Of England's Realm, this Vale he might have seen  
 With transient observation; and thence caught  
 An Image fair, which, brightening in his soul  
 When joy of war and pride of Chivalry  
 Languished beneath accumulated years,  
 Had power to draw him from the world — resolved  
 To make that paradise his chosen home  
 To which his peaceful Fancy oft had turned.  
 — Vague thoughts are these; but, if belief may rest  
 Upon unwritten story fondly traced  
 From sire to son, in this obscure Retreat  
 The Knight arrived, with pomp of spear and shield,  
 And borne upon a Charger covered o'er  
 With gilded housings. And the lofty Steed —  
 His sole companion, and his faithful friend,  
 Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to range  
 In fertile pastures — was beheld with eyes  
 Of admiration and delightful awe,  
 By those untravelled Dalesmen. With less pride,  
 Yet free from touch of envious discontent,  
 They saw a Mansion at his bidding rise,  
 Like a bright star, amid the lowly band  
 Of their rude Homesteads. Here the Warrior dwelt;  
 And, in that Mansion, Children of his own,  
 Or Kindred, gathered round him. As a Tree  
 That falls and disappears, the House is gone;  
 And, through improvidence or want of love  
 For ancient worth and honourable things,  
 The spear and shield are vanished, which the Knight  
 Hung in his rustic Hall. One ivied arch  
 Myself have seen, a gateway, last remains  
 Of that Foundation in domestic care

Raised by his hands. And now no trace is left  
 Of the mild-hearted Champion, save this Stone,  
 Faithless memorial! and his family name  
 Borne by yon clustering cottages, that sprang  
 From out the ruins of his stately lodge:  
 These, and the name and title at full length, —  
 Sir Alfred Jething, with appropriate words  
 Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath  
 Or posy — girding round the several fronts  
 Of three clear-sounding and harmonious bells,  
 That in the steeple hang, his pious gift."

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,"  
 The gray-haired Wanderer pensively exclaimed,  
 "All that this World is proud of. From their spheres  
 The stars of human glory are cast down;  
 Perish the roses and the flowers of Kings,\*  
 Princes, and Emperors, and the crowns and palms  
 Of all the Mighty, withered and consumed!  
 Nor is power given to lowliest Innocence  
 Long to protect her own. The Man himself  
 Departs; and soon is spent the Line of those  
 Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,  
 In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,  
 Did most resemble him. Degrees and Ranks,  
 Fraternities and Orders — heaping high  
 New wealth upon the burthen of the old,  
 And placing trust in privilege confirmed  
 And re-confirmed — are scoffed at with a smile  
 Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand  
 Of Desolation, aimed: to slow decline  
 These yield, and these to sudden overthrow;  
 Their virtue, service, happiness, and state,  
 Expire; and Nature's pleasant robe of green,  
 Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps  
 Their monuments and their memory. The vast Frame  
 Of social Nature changes evermore  
 Her organs and her members with decay  
 Restless, and restless generation, powers  
 And functions dying and produced at need, —  
 And by this law the mighty Whole subsists:  
 With an ascent and progress in the main;  
 Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes  
 And expectations of self-flattering minds!  
 — The courteous Knight, whose bones are here interred,  
 Lived in an age conspicuous as our own  
 For strife and ferment in the minds of men;  
 Whence alteration, in the forms of things,

\* The "*Transit gloria mundi*" is finely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation Charters of some of the ancient Abbeys. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary's Furness, the translation of which is as follows: —

"Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death: I therefore," &c.

Various and vast. A memorable age !  
 Which did to him assign a pensive lot —  
 To linger 'mid the last of those bright Clouds,  
 That, on the steady breeze of honour, sailed  
 In long procession calm and beautiful.  
 He who had seen his own bright Order fade,  
 And its devotion gradually decline,  
 (While War, relinquishing the lance and shield,  
 Her temper changed, and bowed to other laws)  
 Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,  
 That violent Commotion, which o'erthrew,  
 In town, and city, and sequestered glen,  
 Altar, and Cross, and Church of solemn roof,  
 And old religious House — Pile after Pile ;  
 And shook the Tenants out into the fields,  
 Like wild Beasts without home ! Their hour was come ;  
 But why no softening thought of gratitude,  
 No just remembrance, scruple, or wise doubt ?  
 Benevolence is mild ; nor borrows help,  
 Save at worst need, from bold impetuous force,  
 Fittest allied to anger and revenge.  
 But Human-kind rejoices in the might  
 Of Mutability, and airy Hopes,  
 Dancing around her, hinder and disturb

Those meditations of the soul that feed  
 The retrospective Virtues. Festive songs  
 Break from the maddened Nations at the sight  
 Of sudden overthrow ; and cold neglect  
 Is the sure consequence of slow decay.  
 — Even," said the Wanderer, "as that courteous  
 Knight,  
 Bound by his vow to labour for redress  
 Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact  
 By sword and lance the law of gentleness,  
 (If I may venture of myself to speak,  
 Trusting that not incongruously I blend  
 Low things with lofty) I too shall be doomed  
 To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem  
 Of the poor calling which my Youth embraced  
 With no unworthy prospect. But enough ;  
 — Thoughts crowd upon me — and 't were seemlier  
 now  
 To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks  
 For the pathetic Records which his voice  
 Hath here delivered ; words of heartfelt truth,  
 Tending to patience when Affliction strikes ;  
 To hope and love ; to confident repose  
 In God ; and reverence for the dust of Man."

## THE EXCURSION.

### BOOK THE EIGHTH.

#### THE PARSONAGE.

##### ARGUMENT.

Pastor's apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long — Invitation to his House — Solitary disinclined to comply — rallies the Wanderer ; and somewhat playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight-errant — which leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes in the Country from the manufacturing spirit — Favourable effects — The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes — Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported by moral worth — gives Instances — Physical science unable to support itself — Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among the humbler Classes of Society — Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton-mill — Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed — Conversation broken off by a renewed Invitation from the Pastor — Path leading to his House — Its appearance described — His Daughter — His wife — His Son (a Boy) enters with his Companion — Their happy appearance — The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

The pensive Sceptic of the lonely Vale  
 To these acknowledgments subscribed his own,  
 With a sedate compliance, which the Priest  
 Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and said,

"If Ye, by whom invited I commenced  
 These narratives of calm and humble life,  
 Be satisfied, 't is well, — the end is gained ;  
 And, in return for sympathy bestowed

And patient listening, thanks accept from me.  
 — Life, Death, Eternity! momentous themes  
 Are they — and might demand a Seraph's tongue,  
 Were they not equal to their own support;  
 And therefore no incompetence of mine  
 Could do them wrong The universal forms  
 Of human nature, in a Spot like this,  
 Present themselves at once to all Men's view:  
 Ye wished for act and circumstance, that make  
 The Individual known and understood;  
 And such as my best judgment could select  
 From what the place afforded have been given;  
 Though apprehensions crossed me that my zeal  
 To his might well be likened, who unlocks  
 A Cabinet with gems or pictures stored,  
 And draws them forth — soliciting regard  
 To this, and this, as worthier than the last,  
 Till the Spectator, who awhile was pleased  
 More than the Exhibitor himself, becomes  
 Weary and faint, and longs to be released.  
 — But let us hence! my Dwelling is in sight,  
 And there —”

At this the Solitary shrunk  
 With backward will; but, wanting not address  
 That inward motion to disguise, he said  
 To his Compatriot, smiling as he spake;  
 —“ The peaceable Remains of this good Knight  
 Would be disturbed, I fear, with wrathful scorn,  
 If consciousness could reach him where he lies  
 That One, albeit of these degenerate times,  
 Deploring changes past, or dreading change  
 Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in thought,  
 The fine Vocation of the sword and lance  
 With the gross aims and body-bending toil  
 Of a poor Brotherhood who walk the earth  
 Pity'd, and where they are not known, despised.  
 — Yet, by the good Knight's leave, the two Estates  
 Are graced with some resemblance. Errant those,  
 Exiles and Wanderers — and the like are these;  
 Who, with their burthen, traverse hill and dale,  
 Carrying relief for Nature's simple wants.  
 — What though no higher recompense they seek  
 Than honest maintenance, by irksome toil  
 Full oft procured, yet Such may claim respect,  
 Among the Intelligent, for what this course  
 Enables them to be, and to perform.  
 Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,  
 While solitude permits the mind to feel;  
 Instructs and prompts her to supply defects  
 By the division of her inward self,  
 For grateful converse: and to these poor Men  
 (As I have heard you boast with honest pride)  
 Nature is bountiful, where'er they go;  
 Kind Nature's various wealth is all their own.  
 Versed in the characters of men; and bound,  
 By ties of daily interest, to maintain  
 Conciliatory manners and smooth speech;

Such have been, and still are in their degree,  
 Examples efficacious to refine  
 Rude intercourse; apt Agents to expel,  
 By importation of unlooked-for Arts,  
 Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice;  
 Raising, through just gradation, savage life  
 To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.  
 — Within their moving magazines is lodged  
 Power that comes forth to quicken and exalt  
 Affections seated in the Mother's breast,  
 And in the Lover's fancy; and to feed  
 The sober sympathies of long-try'd Friends.  
 — By these Itinerants, as experienced Men,  
 Counsel is given; contention they appease  
 With gentle language; in remotest Wilds,  
 Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings bring;  
 Could the proud quest of Chivalry do more!”

“Happy,” rejoined the Wanderer, “they who gain  
 A panegyric from your generous tongue!  
 But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained  
 Aught of romantic interest, 't is gone;  
 Their purer service, in this realm at least,  
 Is past for ever. — An inventive Age  
 Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet  
 To most strange issues. I have lived to mark  
 A new and unforeseen Creation rise  
 From out the labours of a peaceful Land,  
 Wielding her potent Enginery to frame  
 And to produce, with appetite as keen  
 As that of War, which rests not night or day,  
 Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains  
 Might one like me now visit many a tract  
 Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod again,  
 A lone Pedestrian with a scanty freight,  
 Wished for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came,  
 Among the Tenantry of Thorpe and Vill;  
 Or straggling Burgh, of ancient charter proud,  
 And dignified by battlements and towers  
 Of some stern Castle, mouldering on the brow  
 Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.  
 The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,  
 And formidable length of plashy lane,  
 (Prized avenues ere others had been shaped  
 Or easier links connecting place with place)  
 Have vanished, — swallowed up by stately roads  
 Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom  
 Of Britain's farthest Glens. The Earth has lent  
 Her waters, Air her breezes;\* and the Sail

\* In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect, with gratitude, the pleasing picture, which, in his Poem of the Fleece, the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of this Island. He wrote at a time when machinery was first beginning to be introduced, and his benevolent heart prompted him to augur from it nothing but good. Truth has compelled me to dwell upon the baneful effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves.



Of traffic glides with ceaseless interchange,  
 Glistening along the low and woody dale,  
 Or on the naked mountain's lofty side.  
 Meanwhile, at social Industry's command,  
 How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ  
 Of some poor Hamlet, rapidly produced  
 Here a huge Town, continuous and compact,  
 Hiding the face of earth for leagues — and there,  
 Where not a Habitation stood before,  
 Abodes of men irregularly massed  
 Like trees in forests, spread through spacious tracts,  
 O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires  
 Hangs permanent and plentiful as wreaths  
 Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.  
 And, wheresoe'er the Traveller turns his steps,  
 He sees the barren wilderness erased,  
 Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims  
 How much the mild Directress of the plough  
 Owes to alliance with these new-born Arts!  
 — Hence is the wide Sea peopled, hence the Shores  
 Of Britain are resorted to by Ships  
 Freightened from every climate of the world  
 With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum  
 Of Keels that rest within her crowded ports  
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;  
 That animating spectacle of Sails  
 Which, through her inland regions, to and fro  
 Pass with the respirations of the tide,  
 Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,  
 Hence a dread arm of floating Power, a voice  
 Of Thunder daunting those who would approach  
 With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,  
 Truth's consecrated residence, the seat  
 Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

"And yet, O happy Pastor of a Flock  
 Faithfully watched, and, by that loving care  
 And Heaven's good providence, preserved from taint!  
 With You I grieve, when on the darker side  
 Of this great change I look; and there behold  
 Such outrage done to Nature as compels  
 The indignant Power to justify herself;  
 Yea, to avenge her violated rights,  
 For England's bane. — When soothing darkness spreads  
 O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus expressed  
 His recollections, "and the punctual stars,  
 While all things else are gathering to their homes,  
 Advance, and in the firmament of heaven  
 Glitter — but undisturbing, undisturbed;  
 As if their silent company were charged  
 With peaceful admonitions for the heart  
 Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful Lord;  
 Then, in full many a region, once like this  
 The assured domain of calm simplicity  
 And pensive quiet, an unnatural light  
 Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes,  
 Breaks from a many-windowed Fabric huge;  
 And at the appointed hour a bell is heard,

Of harsher import than the Curfew-knoll  
 That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest —  
 A local summons to unceasing toil!  
 Disgorged are now the ministers of day;  
 And, as they issue from the illumined Pile,  
 A fresh Band meets them, at the crowded door —  
 And in the courts — and where the rumbling Stream  
 That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,  
 Glares, like a troubled Spirit, in its bed  
 Among the rocks below. Men, Maidens, Youths,  
 Mother, and little Children, Boys and Girls,  
 Enter, and each the wonted task resumes  
 Within this Temple, where is offered up  
 To Gain — the master Idol of the Realm —  
 Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old  
 Our Ancestors, within the still domain  
 Of vast Cathedral or Conventual Church,  
 Their vigils kept; where tapers day and night  
 On the dim altar burned continually,  
 In token that the House was evermore  
 Watching to God. Religious Men were they;  
 Nor would their Reason, tutored to aspire  
 Above this transitory world, allow  
 That there should pass a moment of the year,  
 When in their land the Almighty Service ceased.

"Triumph who will in these profaner rites  
 Which We, a generation self-extolled,  
 As zealously perform! I cannot share  
 His proud complacency; yet I exult,  
 Casting reserve away, exult to see  
 An Intellectual mastery exercised  
 O'er the blind Elements; a purpose given,  
 A perseverance fed; almost a soul  
 Imparted — to brute Matter. I rejoice,  
 Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,  
 That by the thinking Mind have been compelled  
 To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.  
 For with the sense of admiration blends  
 The animating hope that time may come  
 When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might  
 Of this dominion over Nature gained,  
 Men of all lands shall exercise the same  
 In due proportion to their Country's need;  
 Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,  
 All praise, all safety, and all happiness,  
 Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,  
 Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves,  
 Palmyra, central in the Desert, fell;  
 And the Arts died by which they had been raised.  
 — Call Archimedes from his buried Tomb  
 Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,  
 And feelingly the Sage shall make report  
 How insecure, how baseless in itself,  
 Is the Philosophy, whose sway depends  
 On mere material instruments; — how weak  
 Those Arts, and high Inventions, if unpropped

By Virtue. — He with sighs of pensive grief,  
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit  
That not the slender privilege is theirs  
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness!"

When from the Wanderer's lips these words had fallen,  
I said, "And, did in truth these vaunted Arts  
Possess such privilege, how could we escape  
Regret and painful sadness, who revere,  
And would preserve as things above all price,  
The old domestic morals of the land,  
Her simple manners, and the stable worth  
That dignified and cheered a low estate?  
Oh! where is now the character of peace,  
Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,  
And honest dealing, and untainted speech,  
And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer;  
That made the very thought of Country-life  
A thought of refuge, for a Mind detained  
Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?  
Where now the beauty of the Sabbath, kept  
With conscientious reverence, as a day  
By the Almighty Lawgiver pronounced  
Holy and blest? and where the winning grace  
Of all the lighter ornaments attached  
To time and season, as the year rolled round?"

"Fled!" was the Wanderer's passionate response,  
"Fled utterly! or only to be traced  
In a few fortunate Retreats like this;  
Which I behold with trembling, when I think  
What lamentable change, a year — a month —  
May bring; that Brook converting as it runs  
Into an Instrument of deadly bane  
For those, who, yet untempted to forsake  
The simple occupations of their Sires,  
Drink the pure water of its innocent stream  
With lip almost as pure. — Domestic bliss,  
(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)  
How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart!  
Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,  
The Habitations empty! or perchance  
The Mother left alone, — no helping hand  
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;  
No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,  
Or in dispatch of each day's little growth  
Of household occupation; no nice arts  
Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,  
Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;  
Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;  
Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command!  
— The Father, if perchance he still retain  
His old employments, goes to field or wood,  
No longer led or followed by the Sons;  
Idlers perchance they were, — but in *his* sight;  
Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth;  
'Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,

Ne'er to return! That birthright now is lost.  
Economists will tell you that the State  
Thrives by the forfeiture — unfeeling thought,  
And false as monstrous! Can the Mother thrive  
By the destruction of her innocent Sons?  
In whom a premature Necessity  
Blocks out the forms of Nature, preconsumes  
The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up  
The Infant Being in itself, and makes  
Its very spring a season of decay!  
The lot is wretched, the condition sad,  
Whether a pining discontent survive,  
And thirst for change; or habit hath subdued  
The soul deprest, dejected — even to love  
Of her dull tasks, and close captivity.  
— Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns  
A native Briton to these inward chains,  
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep,  
Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed!  
He is a Slave to whom release comes not,  
And cannot come. The Boy, where'er he turns,  
Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up  
Among the clouds and in the ancient woods;  
Or when the sun is shining in the east,  
Quiet and calm. Behold him — in the school  
Of his attainments! no; but with the air  
Fanning his temples under heaven's blue arch.  
His raiment, whitened o'er with cotton flakes,  
Or locks of wool, announces whence he comes.  
Creeping his gait and cowering — his lip pale —  
His respiration quick and audible;  
And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam  
From out those languid eyes could break, or blush  
Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,  
Is that the countenance, and such the port,  
Of no mean being? One who should be clothed  
With dignity befitting his proud hope;  
Who, in his very childhood, should appear  
Sublime — from present purity and joy!  
The limbs increase, but liberty of mind  
Is gone for ever; this organic Frame,  
So joyful in her motions, is become  
Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead;  
And even the Touch, so exquisitely poured  
Through the whole body, with a languid Will  
Performs her functions; rarely competent  
To impress a vivid feeling on the mind  
Of what there is delightful in the breeze,  
The gentle visitations of the sun,  
Or lapse of liquid element — by hand,  
Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth — perceived.  
— Can hope look forward to a manhood raised  
On such foundations?"

"Hope is none for him!"

The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,  
"And tens of thousands suffer wrong as deep.  
Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,

If there were not, before those Arts appeared,  
 These structures rose, commingling old and young,  
 And unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint;  
 Then, if there were not, in our far-famed Isle,  
 Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed  
 Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large;  
 Yet walked beneath the sun, in human shape,  
 As abject, as degraded? At this day,  
 Who shall enumerate the crazy huts  
 And tottering hovels, whence do issue forth  
 A ragged Offspring, with their own blanched hair  
 Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear;  
 Or wearing, we might say, in that white growth  
 An ill-adjusted turban, for defence  
 Or fierceness, wreathed around their sun-burnt brows,  
 By savage Nature's unassisted care.  
 Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet  
 On which they stand; as if thereby they drew  
 Some nourishment, as Trees do by their roots,  
 From Earth the common Mother of us all.  
 Figure and mien, complexion and attire,  
 Are leagued to strike dismay, but outstretched hand  
 And whining voice denote them Supplicants  
 For the least boon that pity can bestow.  
 Such on the breast of darksome heaths are found;  
 And with their Parents dwell upon the skirts  
 Of furze-clad commons; such are born and reared  
 At the mine's mouth, beneath impending rocks,  
 Or in the chambers of some natural cave;  
 And where their Ancestors erected huts,  
 For the convenience of unlawful gain,  
 In forest purlieus; and the like are bred,  
 All England through, where nooks and slips of ground,  
 Purloined, in times less jealous than our own,  
 From the green margin of the public way,  
 A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom  
 And gaiety of cultivated fields.  
 — Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)  
 Do I remember oft-times to have seen  
 'Mid Buxton's dreary heights. Upon the watch,  
 Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand;  
 Then, following closely with the cloud of dust,  
 An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone  
 Heels over head, like Tumblers on a Stage.  
 — Up from the ground they snatch the copper coin,  
 And, on the freight of merry Passengers  
 Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed;  
 And spin — and pant — and overhead again,  
 Wild Pursuivants! until their breath is lost,  
 Or bounty tires — and every face, that smiled  
 Encouragement, hath ceased to look that way.  
 — But, like the Vagrants of the Gipsy tribe,  
 These, bred to little pleasure in themselves,  
 Are profitless to others. Turn we then  
 To Britons born and bred within the pale  
 Of civil polity, and early trained  
 To earn, by wholesome labour in the field,

The bread they eat. A sample should I give  
 Of what this stock produces to enrich  
 The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,  
 'Is this the whistling Plough-boy whose shrill notes  
 Impart new gladness to the morning air?'  
 Forgive me if I venture to suspect  
 That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,  
 Are of no finer frame: — his joints are stiff;  
 Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the knees  
 Invests the thriving Churl, his legs appear,  
 Fellows to those that lustily upheld  
 The wooden stools for everlasting use,  
 Whereon our Fathers sate. And mark his brow!  
 Under whose shaggy canopy are set  
 Two eyes, not dim, but of a healthy stare;  
 Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and strange:  
 Proclaiming boldly that they never drew  
 A look or motion of intelligence  
 From infant conning of the Christ-cross-row,  
 Or puzzling through a Primer, line by line,  
 Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last.  
 — What kindly warmth from touch of fostering hand.  
 What penetrating power of sun or breeze,  
 Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his soul  
 Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?  
 This torpor is no pitiable work  
 Of modern ingenuity; no Town  
 Nor crowded City may be taxed with aught  
 Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law,  
 To which in after years he may be roused.  
 — This Boy the Fields produce: his spade and hoe —  
 The Carter's whip that on his shoulder rests  
 In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,  
 The sceptre of his sway; his Country's name,  
 Her equal right her churches and her schools —  
 What have they done for him? And, let me ask,  
 For tens of thousands uninformed as he?  
 In brief, what liberty of mind is here?"

This ardent sally pleased the mild good Man,  
 To whom the appeal couched in its closing words  
 Was pointedly addressed; and to the thoughts  
 That, in assent or opposition, rose  
 Within his mind, he seemed prepared to give  
 Prompt utterance; but, rising from our seat,  
 The hospitable Vicar interposed  
 With invitation urgently renewed.  
 — We followed, taking as he led, a Path  
 Along a hedge of hollies, dark and tall,  
 Whose flexile boughs, descending with a weight  
 Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and roots  
 That gave them nourishment. When frosty winds  
 Howl from the north, what kindly warmth, methought,  
 Is here, how grateful this impervious screen!  
 Not shaped by simple wearing of the foot  
 On rural business passing to and fro  
 Was the commodious Walk; a careful hand



Had marked the line, and strewn the surface o'er  
 With pure cerulean gravel, from the heights  
 Fetched by the neighbouring brook.—Across the Vale  
 The stately Fence accompanied our steps;  
 And thus the Pathway, by perennial green  
 Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned to unite,  
 As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,  
 The Pastor's Mansion with the House of Prayer.

Like Image of solemnity, conjoined  
 With feminine allurements soft and fair,  
 The Mansion's self displayed; — a reverend Pile  
 With bold projections and recesses deep;  
 Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood  
 Fronting the noontide Sun. We paused to admire  
 The pillared Porch, elaborately embossed;  
 The low wide windows with their mullions old;  
 The cornice richly fretted, of gray stone;  
 And that smooth slope from which the Dwelling rose,  
 By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowers  
 And flowering shrubs, protected and adorned;  
 Profusion bright! and every flower assuming  
 A more than natural vividness of hue,  
 From unaffected contrast with the gloom  
 Of sober cypress, and the darker foil  
 Of yew, in which survived some traces, here  
 Not unbecoming, of grotesque device  
 And uncouth fancy. From behind the roof  
 Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,  
 Blending their diverse foliage with the green  
 Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped  
 The huge round chimneys, harbour of delight  
 For wren and redbreast, — where they sit and sing  
 Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.  
 Nor must I leave untouched (the picture else  
 Were incomplete) a relique of old times  
 Happily spared, a little Gothic niche  
 Of nicest workmanship; that once had held  
 The sculptured Image of some Patron Saint,  
 Or of the Blessed Virgin, looking down  
 On all who entered those religious doors.  
 But lo! where from the rocky garden Mount  
 Crowned by its antique summer-house — descends,  
 Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl;  
 For she hath recognized her honoured Friend,  
 The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt kiss  
 The gladsome Child bestows at his request;  
 And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,  
 Hangs on the Old Man with a happy look,  
 And with a pretty restless hand of love.  
 — We enter — by the Lady of the Place  
 Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port:  
 A lofty stature undepressed by Time,  
 Whose visitation had not wholly spared  
 The finer linesments of form and face;  
 To that complexion brought which prudence trusts in  
 And wisdom loves. — But when a stately Ship

Sails in smooth weather by the placid coast  
 On homeward voyage, what — if wind and wave  
 And hardship undergone in various climes,  
 Have caused her to abate the virgin pride,  
 And that full trim of inexperienced hope  
 With which she left her haven — not for this,  
 Should the sun strike her, and the impartial breeze  
 Play on her streamers, fails she to assume  
 Brightness and touching beauty of her own,  
 That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair, appeared  
 This goodly Matron, shining in the beams  
 Of unexpected pleasure. Soon the board  
 Was spread, and we partook a plain repast.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled  
 The mid-day hours with desultory talk;  
 From trivial themes to general argument  
 Passing, as accident or fancy led,  
 Or courtesy prescribed. While question rose  
 And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve  
 Dropping from every mind, the Solitary  
 Resumed the manners of his happier days;  
 And, in the various conversation, bore  
 A willing nay, at times, a forward part;  
 Yet with the grace of one who in the world  
 Had learned the art of pleasing, and had now  
 Occasion given him to display his skill,  
 Upon the steadfast 'vantage ground of truth.  
 He gazed with admiration unsuppressed  
 Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,  
 Seen, from the shady room in which we sate,  
 In softened perspective; and more than once  
 Praised the consummate harmony serene  
 Of gravity and elegance — diffused  
 Around the Mansion and its whole domain;  
 Not, doubtless, without help of female taste  
 And female care. — "A blessed lot is yours!"  
 The words escaped his lip with a tender sigh  
 Breathed over them; but suddenly the door  
 Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys  
 Appeared — confusion checking their delight.  
 — Not Brothers they in feature or attire,  
 But fond Companions, so I guessed, in field,  
 And by the river's margin — whence they come,  
 Anglers elated with unusual spoil.  
 One bears a willow-pannier on his back,  
 The Boy of plainer garb, whose blush survives  
 More deeply tinged. Twin might the other be  
 To that fair Girl who from the garden Mount  
 Bounded — triumphant entry this for him!  
 Between his hands he holds a smooth blue stone,  
 On whose capacious surface see outspread  
 Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted trouts;  
 Ranged side by side, and lessening by degrees  
 Up to the Dwarf that tops the pinnacle.  
 Upon the Board he lays the sky-blue stone  
 With its rich freight; — their number he proclaims;  
 Tells from what pool the noblest had been dragged;



And where the very monarch of the brook,  
After long struggle, had escaped at last —  
Stealing alternately at them and us  
(As doth his Comrade too) a look of pride;  
And, verily, the silent Creatures made  
A splendid sight, together thus exposed;  
Dead — but not sullied or deformed by Death,  
That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

But O, the animation in the mien  
Of those two Boys! Yea in the very words  
With which the young Narrator was inspired,  
When, as our questions led, he told at large  
Of that day's prowess! Him might I compare,  
His look, tones, gestures, eager eloquence,  
To a bold Brook that splits for better speed,  
And, at the self-same moment, works its way  
Through many channels, ever and anon  
Parted and reunited: his Compeer  
To the still Lake, whose stillness is to sight

As beautiful, as grateful to the mind.  
— But to what object shall the lovely Girl  
Be likened? She whose countenance and air  
Unite the graceful qualities of both,  
Even as she shares the pride and joy of both.

My gray-haired Friend was moved; his vivid eye  
Glistened with tenderness; his Mind, I knew,  
Was full; and had, I doubted not, returned,  
Upon this impulse, to the theme erewhile  
Abruptly broken off. The ruddy Boys  
Withdrew, on summons to their well-earned meal;  
And He — (to whom all tongues resigned their rights  
With willingness, to whom the general ear  
Listened with readier patience than to strain  
Of music, lute or harp, — a long delight  
That ceased not when his voice had ceased) as One  
Who from truth's central point serenely views  
The compass of his argument — began  
Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone.

## THE EXCURSION.

### BOOK THE NINTH.

#### DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, AND AN EVENING VISIT TO THE LAKE.

##### ARGUMENT.

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe. — Its noblest seat the human soul — How lively this principle is in Childhood — Hence the delight in Old Age of looking back upon Childhood — The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted — These not to be looked for generally but under a just government — Right of a human Creature to be exempt from being considered as a mere Instrument — Vicious inclinations are best kept under by giving good ones an opportunity to show themselves — The condition of multitudes deplored, from want of due respect to this truth on the part of their superiors in society. — Former conversation recurred to, and the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light — Genuine principles of equality — Truth placed within reach of the humblest — Happy state of the two Boys again adverted to — Earnest wish expressed for a System of National Education established universally by Government — Glorious effects of this foretold — Wanderer breaks off — Walk to the Lake — embark — Description of scenery and amusements — Grand spectacle from the side of a hill — Address of Priest to the Supreme Being — In the course of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him — The change ascribed to Christianity — Apostrophe to his Flock, living and dead — Gratitude to the Almighty — Return over the Lake — Parting with the Solitary — Under what circumstances.

"To every Form of being is assigned,"  
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,  
"An *active* principle: — howe'er removed  
From sense and observation, it subsists

In all things, in all natures, in the stars  
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,  
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone  
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,

The moving waters, and the invisible air.  
 Whate'er exists hath properties that spread  
 Beyond itself, communicating good,  
 A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;  
 Spirit that knows no insulated spot,  
 No chasm, no solitude; from link to link  
 It circulates, the Soul of all the Worlds.  
 This is the freedom of the Universe;  
 Unfolded still the more, more visible,  
 The more we know; and yet is revered least,  
 And least respected, in the human Mind,  
 Its most apparent home. The food of hope  
 Is meditated action; robbed of this  
 Her sole support, she languishes and dies.  
 We perish also; for we live by hope  
 And by desire; we see by the glad light,  
 And breathe the sweet air of futurity,  
 And so we live, or else we have no life.  
 To-morrow — nay perchance this very hour, —  
 (For every moment hath its own to-morrow!)  
 Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are almost sick  
 With present triumph, will be sure to find  
 A field before them freshened with the dew  
 Of other expectations; — in which course  
 Their happy year spins round. The youth obeys  
 A like glad impulse; and so moves the Man  
 'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and fears, —  
 Or so he ought to move. Ah! why in age  
 Do we revert so fondly to the walks  
 Of Childhood — but that there the Soul discerns  
 The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired  
 Of her own native vigour — thence can hear  
 Reverberations; and a choral song,  
 Commingling with the incense that ascends  
 Undaunted, tow'rd the imperishable heavens,  
 From her own lonely altar? — Do not think  
 That Good and Wise ever will be allowed,  
 Though strength decay, to breathe in such estate  
 As shall divide them wholly from the stir  
 Of hopeful nature. Rightly is it said  
 That Man descends into the VALE of years;  
 Yet have I thought that we might also speak,  
 And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,  
 As of a final EXISTENCE, though bare  
 In aspect and forbidding, yet a Point  
 On which 't is not impossible to sit  
 In awful sovereignty — a place of power —  
 A Throne, that may be likened unto his,  
 Who, in some placid day of summer, looks  
 Down from a mountain-top, — say one of those  
 High Peaks, that bound the vale where now we are.  
 Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,  
 Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,  
 With all the shapes upon their surface spread:  
 But, while the gross and visible frame of things  
 Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,  
 Yea almost on the Mind herself, and seems

All unsubstantialized, — how loud the voice  
 Of waters, with invigorated peal  
 From the full River in the vale below,  
 Ascending! — For on that superior height  
 Who sits, is disencumbered from the press  
 Of near obstructions, and is privileged  
 To breathe in solitude above the host  
 Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air  
 That suits not them. The murmur of the leaves  
 Many and idle, visits not his ear;  
 This he is freed from, and from thousand notes  
 Not less unceasing, not less vain than these, —  
 By which the finer passages of sense  
 Are occupied; and the Soul, that would incline  
 To listen, is prevented or deterred.

“And may it not be hoped, that, placed by Age  
 In like removal tranquil though severe,  
 We are not so removed for utter loss;  
 But for some favour, suited to our need?  
 What more than that the severing should confer  
 Fresh power to commune with the invisible world,  
 And hear the mighty stream of tendency  
 Uttering, for elevation of our thought,  
 A clear sonorous voice, inaudible  
 To the vast multitude; whose doom it is  
 To run the giddy round of vain delight,  
 Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

“But, if to such sublime ascent the hopes  
 Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close  
 And termination of his mortal course,  
 Them only can such hope inspire whose minds  
 Have not been starved by absolute neglect;  
 Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;  
 To whom kind Nature, therefore, may afford  
 Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;  
 Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may ensure.  
 For me, consulting what I feel within  
 In times when most existence with herself  
 Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,  
 That, far as kindly Nature hath free scope  
 And Reason's sway predominates, even so far,  
 Country, society, and time itself,  
 That saps the Individual's bodily frame,  
 And lays the generations low in dust,  
 Do, by the Almighty Ruler's grace, partake  
 Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth  
 And cherishing with ever-constant love,  
 That tires not, nor betrays. Our Life is turned  
 Out of her course, wherever Man is made  
 An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool  
 Or implement, a passive Thing employed  
 As a brute mean, without acknowledgment  
 Of common right or interest in the end;  
 Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.  
 Say, what can follow for a rational Soul  
 Perverted thus, but weakness in all good

And strength in evil! Hence an after-call  
 For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,  
 And oft-times Death, avenger of the past,  
 And the sole guardian in whose hands we dare  
 Entrust the future. — Not for these sad issues  
 Was Man created; but to obey the law  
 Of life, and hope, and action. And 't is known  
 That when we stand upon our native soil,  
 Unelbowed by such objects as oppress  
 Our active powers, those powers themselves become  
 Strong to subvert our noxious qualities:  
 They sweep distemper from the busy day,  
 And make the Chalice of the big round Year  
 Run o'er with gladness; whence the Being moves  
 In beauty through the world; and all who see  
 Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbourhood."

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what force  
 Of language shall a feeling Heart express  
 Her sorrow for that multitude in whom  
 We look for health from seeds that have been sown  
 In sickness, and for increase in a power  
 That works but by extinction! On themselves  
 They cannot lean, nor turn to their own hearts  
 To know what they must do; their wisdom is  
 To look into the eyes of others, thence  
 To be instructed what they must avoid:  
 Or rather, let us say, how least observed,  
 How with most quiet and most silent death,  
 With the least taint and injury to the air  
 The Oppressor breathes, their human Form divine,  
 And their immortal Soul, may waste away."

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you — you have spared  
 My voice the utterance of a keen regret,  
 A wide compassion which with you I share.  
 When, heretofore, I placed before your sight  
 A Little-one, subjected to the Arts  
 Of modern ingenuity, and made  
 The senseless member of a vast machine,  
 Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel;  
 Think not, that, pitying him, I could forget  
 The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, untaught;  
 The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,  
 And miserable hunger. Much, too much  
 Of this unhappy lot, in early youth  
 We both have witnessed, lot which I myself  
 Shared, though in mild and merciful degree:  
 Yet was the mind to hinderances exposed,  
 Through which I struggled, not without distress  
 And sometimes injury, like a Lamb enthralled  
 'Mid thorns and brambles; or a Bird that breaks  
 Through a strong net, and mounts upon the wind,  
 Though with her plumes impaired. If they, whose souls  
 Should open while they range the richer fields  
 Of merry England, are obstructed less  
 By indigence, their ignorance is not less,  
 Nor less to be deplored. For who can doubt

That tens of thousands at this day exist  
 Such as the Boy you painted, lineal Heirs  
 Of those who once were Vassals of her soil,  
 Following its fortunes like the beasts or trees  
 Which it sustained. But no one takes delight  
 In this oppression; none are proud of it;  
 It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore;  
 A standing grievance, an indigenous vice  
 Of every country under heaven. My thoughts  
 Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,  
 A Bondage lurking under shape of good, —  
 Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,  
 But all too fondly followed and too far;  
 To Victims, which the merciful can see  
 Nor think that they are Victims; turned to wrongs  
 By Women, who have Children of their own,  
 Beheld without compassion, yea with praise!  
 I spake of mischief by the wise diffused  
 With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads  
 The healthier, the securer, we become;  
 Delusion which a moment may destroy!  
 Lastly, I mourned for those whom I had seen  
 Corrupted and cast down, on favoured ground,  
 Where circumstance and nature had combined  
 To shelter innocence, and cherish love;  
 Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,  
 Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind:  
 Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

"Alas! what differs more than man from man!  
 And whence that difference? whence but from himself?  
 For see the universal Race endowed  
 With the same upright form! — The sun is fixed,  
 And the infinite magnificence of heaven,  
 Fixed within reach of every human eye;  
 The sleepless Ocean murmurs for all ears;  
 The vernal field infuses fresh delight  
 Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,  
 Even as an object is sublime or fair,  
 That object is laid open to the view  
 Without reserve or veil; and as a power  
 Is salutary, or an influence sweet,  
 Are each and all enabled to perceive  
 That power, that influence, by impartial law.  
 Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;  
 Reason, — and, with that reason, smiles and tears.  
 Imagination, freedom in the will,  
 Conscience to guide and check; and death to be  
 Foretasted, immortality presumed.  
 Strange, then, nor less than monstrous might be deemed  
 The failure, if the Almighty, to this point  
 Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide  
 The excellence of moral qualities  
 From common understanding; leaving truth  
 And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark;  
 Hard to be won, and only by a few;  
 Strange, should He deal herein with nice respects,  
 And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not:

The primal duties shine aloft — like stars;  
 The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
 Are scattered at the feet of Man — like flowers.  
 The generous inclination, the just rule,  
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts —  
 No mystery is here; no special boon  
 For high and not for low, for proudly graced  
 And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends  
 To heaven as lightly from the Cottage hearth  
 As from the haughty palace. He, whose soul  
 Ponders this true equality, may walk  
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope;  
 Yet, in that meditation, will he find  
 Motive to sadder grief, as we have found, —  
 Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,  
 And for the injustice grieving, that hath made  
 So wide a difference betwixt Man and Man.

"But let us rather turn our gladdened thoughts  
 Upon the brighter scene. How blest that Pair  
 Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even now)  
 Blest in their several and their common lot!  
 A few short hours of each returning day  
 The thriving Prisoners of their Village school:  
 And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant homes  
 Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy,  
 To breathe and to be happy, run and shout  
 Idle, — but no delay, no harm, no loss;  
 For every genial Power of heaven and earth,  
 Through all the seasons of the changeful year,  
 Obsequiously doth take upon herself  
 To labour for them; bringing each in turn  
 The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge, health,  
 Beauty, or strength! Such privilege is theirs,  
 Granted alike in the outset of their course  
 To both; and, if that partnership must cease,  
 I grieve not," to the Pastor here he turned,  
 "Much as I glory in that Child of yours,  
 Repine not, for his Cottage-comrade, whom  
 Belike no higher destiny awaits  
 Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled,  
 The wish for liberty to live — content  
 With what Heaven grants, and die — in peace of mind,  
 Within the bosom of his native Vale.  
 At least, whatever fate the noon of life  
 Reserves for either, this is sure, that both  
 Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;  
 Whether regarded as a jocund time,  
 That in itself may terminate, or lead  
 In course of nature to a sober eve.  
 Both have been fairly dealt with; looking back  
 They will allow that justice has in them  
 Been shown — alike to body and to mind."

He paused, as if revolving in his soul  
 Some weighty matter, then, with fervent voice  
 And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed,  
 'O for the coming of that glorious time

4 E

When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth  
 And best protection, this Imperial Realm,  
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit  
 An obligation, on her part, to *teach*  
 Them who are born to serve her and obey;  
 Binding herself by Statute\* to secure  
 For all the Children whom her soil maintains  
 The rudiments of Letters, and inform  
 The mind with moral and religious truth,  
 Both understood, and practised, — so that none,  
 However destitute, be left to droop  
 By timely culture unsustained; or run  
 Into a wild disorder; or be forced  
 To drudge through weary life without the aid  
 Of intellectual implements and tools;  
 A savage Horde among the civilized,  
 A servile Band among the lordly free!  
 This sacred right, the lisping Babe proclaims  
 To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,  
 For the protection of his innocence;  
 And the rude Boy, — who, having overpast  
 The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,  
 Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,  
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,  
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech  
 To impious use — by process indirect  
 Declares his due, while he makes known his need  
 — This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,  
 This universal plea in vain addressed,  
 To eyes and ears of Parents who themselves  
 Did, in the time of their necessity,  
 Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer  
 That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,  
 It mounts to reach the State's parental ear;  
 Who, if indeed she own a Mother's heart,  
 And be not most unfeelingly devoid  
 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant  
 The unquestionable good; which England, safe  
 From interference of external force,  
 May grant at leisure; without risk incurred  
 That what in wisdom for herself she doth,  
 Others shall e'er be able to undo.

"Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt cliffs  
 To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,  
 Long-reverenced Titles cast away as weeds;  
 Laws overturned; — and Territory split,  
 Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,  
 And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes,  
 Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust  
 Of the same breath are shattered and destroyed.  
 Meantime the Sovereignty of these fair Isles

\* The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous facilities for carrying this into effect; and it is impossible to over-rate the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of this simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government.



Remains entire and indivisible;  
 And, if that ignorance were removed, which breeds  
 Within the compass of their several shores  
 Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each  
 Might still preserve the beautiful repose  
 Of heavenly Bodies shining in their spheres.  
 — The discipline of slavery is unknown  
 Amongst us, — hence the more do we require  
 The discipline of virtue; order else  
 Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.  
 Thus, duties rising out of good possessed,  
 And prudent caution needful to avert  
 Impending evil, equally require  
 That the whole people should be taught and trained.  
 So shall licentiousness and black resolve  
 Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take  
 Their place; and genuine piety descend  
 Like an inheritance, from age to age.

“ With such foundations laid, avaunt the fear  
 Of numbers crowded on their native soil,  
 To the prevention of all healthful growth  
 Through mutual injury! Rather in the law  
 Of increase and the mandate from above  
 Rejoice! — and Ye have special cause for joy.  
 — For, as the element of air affords  
 An easy passage to the industrious bees  
 Fraught with their burthens; and a way as smooth  
 For those ordained to take their sounding flight  
 From the thronged hive, and settle where they list  
 In fresh abodes, their labour to renew;  
 So the wide waters, open to the power,  
 The will, the instincts, and appointed needs  
 Of Britain, do invite her to cast off  
 Her swarms, and in succession send them forth;  
 Bound to establish new communities  
 On every shore whose aspect favours hope  
 Or bold adventure; promising to skill  
 And perseverance their deserved reward.  
 — Yes,” he continued, kindling as he spake,  
 “ Change wide, and deep, and silently performed,  
 This Land shall witness; and as days roll on,  
 Earth’s universal Frame shall feel the effect  
 Even till the smallest habitable Rock,  
 Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs  
 Of humanized Society; and bloom  
 With civil arts, that send their fragrance forth,  
 A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.  
 From Culture, unexclusively bestowed  
 On Albion’s noble Race in freedom born,  
 Expect these mighty issues; from the pains  
 And faithful care of unambitious Schools  
 Instructing simple Childhood’s ready ear:  
 Thence look for these magnificent results!  
 Vast the circumference of hope — and Ye  
 Are at its centre, British Lawgivers;  
 Ah! sleep not there in shame! Shall Wisdom’s voice

From out the bosom of these troubled Times  
 Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,  
 And shall the venerable Halls ye fill  
 Refuse to echo the sublime decree?  
 Trust not to partial care a general good;  
 Transfer not to futurity a work  
 Of urgent need. — Your Country must complete  
 Her glorious destiny. — Begin even now,  
 Now, when Oppression, like the Egyptian plague  
 Of darkness, stretched o’er guilty Europe, makes  
 The brightness more conspicuous, that invests  
 The happy Island where ye think and act;  
 Now, when Destruction is a prime pursuit,  
 Show to the wretched Nations for what end  
 The Powers of civil Polity were given!”

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,  
 The Sage broke off. No sooner had he ceased  
 Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,  
 “ Behold the shades of afternoon have fallen  
 Upon this flowery slope; and see — beyond —  
 The Lake, though bright, is of a placid blue;  
 As if preparing for the peace of evening.  
 How temptingly the Landscape shines! — The air  
 Breathes invitation; easy is the walk  
 To the Lake’s margin, where a boat lies moored  
 Beneath her sheltering tree.” — Upon this hint  
 We rose together: all were pleased — but most  
 The beauteous Girl, whose cheek was flushed with joy  
 Light as a sunbeam glides along the hills  
 She vanished — eager to impart the scheme  
 To her loved Brother and his shy Compeer.  
 — Now was there bustle in the Vicar’s house  
 And earnest preparation. — Forth we went,  
 And down the vale along the Streamlet’s edge  
 Pursued our way, a broken Company,  
 Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.  
 Thus having reached a bridge, that overarched  
 The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed  
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw  
 A two-fold Image; on a grassy bank  
 A snow-white Ram, and in the crystal flood  
 Another and the same! Most beautiful,  
 On the green turf, with his imperial front  
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,  
 The breathing Creature stood; as beautiful,  
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.  
 Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,  
 And each seemed centre of his own fair world:  
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,  
 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,  
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

“ Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,  
 Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,  
 And yet a breath can do it!”

These few words

The Lady whispered, while we stood and gazed  
Gathered together, all, in still delight,  
Not without awe. Thence passing on, she said  
In like low voice to my particular ear,  
"I love to hear that eloquent Old Man  
Pour forth his meditations, and descant  
On human life from infancy to age.  
How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues  
His mind gives back the various forms of things,  
Caught in their fairest, happiest attitude!  
While he is speaking, I have power to see  
Even as he sees; but when his voice hath ceased,  
Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as now,  
That combinations so serene and bright,  
Like those reflected in yon quiet Pool,  
Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,  
To great and small disturbances exposed."  
More had she said — but sportive shouts were heard;  
Sent from the jocund hearts of those two Boys,  
Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,  
Down the green field came tripping after us.  
— When we had cautiously embarked, the Pair  
Now for a prouder service were address;  
But an inexorable law forbade,  
And each resigned the oar which he had seized.  
Whereat, with willing hand I undertook  
The needful labour; grateful task! — to me  
Pregnant with recollections of the time  
When, on thy bosom, spacious Windermere!  
A Youth, I practised this delightful art;  
Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a crew  
Of joyous comrades. — Now, the reedy marge  
Cleared, with a strenuous arm I dipped the oar,  
Free from obstruction; and the Boat advanced  
Through crystal water, smoothly as a Hawk,  
That, disentangled from the shady boughs  
Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves  
With correspondent wings the abyss of air.  
—"Observe," the Vicar said, "yon rocky Isle  
With birch-trees fringed; my hand shall guide the  
helm,  
While thitherward we bend our course; or while  
We seek that other, on the western shore, —  
Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,  
Supporting gracefully a massy Dome  
Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate  
A Grecian Temple rising from the Deep."  
"Turn where we may," said I, "we cannot err  
In this delicious Region." — Cultured slopes,  
Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves,  
And mountains bare — or clothed with ancient woods,  
Surrounded us; and, as we held our way  
Along the level of the glassy flood,  
They ceased not to surround us; change of place,  
From kindred features diversely combined,  
Producing change of beauty ever new.

— Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light:  
Of living nature, cannot be portrayed  
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;  
But is the property of him alone  
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,  
And in his mind recorded it with love!  
Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse  
Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet speaks  
Of trivial occupations well devised,  
And unsought pleasures springing up by chance;  
As if some friendly Genius had ordained  
That, as the day thus far had been enriched  
By acquisition of sincere delight,  
The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,  
A gipsy fire we kindled on the shore  
Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed — and there,  
Merrily seated in a ring, partook  
The beverage drawn from China's fragrant herb.  
— Lunched from our hands, the smooth stone skimmed  
the lake;

With shouts we roused the echoes; — stiller sounds  
The lovely Girl supplied — a simple song,  
Whose low tones reached not to the distant rocks  
To be repeated thence, but gently sank  
Into our hearts; and charmed the peaceful flood.  
Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils  
From land and water; Lilies of each hue —  
Golden and white, that float upon the waves,  
And court the wind; and leaves of that shy Plant,  
(Her flowers were shed) the Lily of the Vale,  
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds  
Her pensive beauty, from the breeze her sweets.

Such product, and such pastime did the place  
And season yield; but, as we re-embarked,  
Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore  
Of that wild Spot, the Solitary said  
In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,  
"The fire, that burned so brightly to our wish,  
Where is it now? Deserted on the beach  
It seems extinct; nor shall the fanning breeze  
Revive its ashes. What care we for this,  
Whose ends are gained? Behold an emblem here  
Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys!  
And, in this unpremeditated slight  
Of that which is no longer needed, see  
The common course of human gratitude!"

This plaintive note disturbed not the repose  
Of the still evening. Right across the Lake  
Our pinnace moves: then, coasting creek and bay,  
Glades we behold — and into thickets peep —  
Where couch the spotted deer; or raised our eyes  
To shaggy steeps on which the careless goat  
Browsed by the side of dashing waterfalls.  
Thus did the Bark, meandering with the shore

Pursue her voyage, till a natural pier  
 Of jutting rock invited us to land.  
 — Alert to follow as the Pastor led,  
 We clomb a green hill's side; and as we clomb,  
 The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave  
 Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,  
 Of the flat meadows and indented coast  
 Of the smooth lake — in compass seen: — far off,  
 And yet conspicuous, stood the old Church-tower,  
 In majesty presiding over fields  
 And habitations, seemingly preserved  
 From the intrusion of a restless world  
 By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,  
 And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon we couched  
 Or sate reclined — admiring quietly  
 The general aspect of the scene; but each  
 Not seldom over-anxious to make known  
 'His own discoveries; or to favourite points  
 Directing notice, merely from a wish  
 To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.  
 That rapturous moment ne'er shall I forget  
 When these particular interests were effaced  
 From every mind! — Already had the sun,  
 Sinking with less than ordinary state,  
 Attained his western bound; but rays of light —  
 Now suddenly diverging from the orb  
 Retired behind the mountain tops or veiled  
 By the dense air — shot upwards to the crown  
 Of the blue firmament — aloft — and wide:  
 And multitudes of little floating clouds,  
 Ere we, who saw, of change were conscious, pierced  
 Through their ethereal texture, had become  
 Vivid as fire — clouds separately poised,  
 Innumerable multitude of Forms  
 Scattered through half the circle of the sky;  
 And giving back, and shedding each on each,  
 With prodigal communion, the bright hues  
 Which from the unapparent Fount of glory  
 They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.  
 That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep  
 Repeated; but with unity sublime!

While from the grassy mountain's open side  
 We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes intent  
 On the refulgent spectacle — diffused  
 Through earth, sky, water, and all visible space,  
 The Priest in holy transport thus exclaimed —

"Eternal Spirit! universal God!  
 Power inaccessible to human thought,  
 Save by degrees and steps which Thou hast deigned  
 To furnish; for this effluence of Thyself,  
 To the infirmity of mortal sense  
 Vouchsafed; this local transitory type  
 Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp

Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,  
 The radiant Cherubim; — accept the thanks  
 Which we, thy humble Creatures, here convened,  
 Presume to offer; we, who from the breast  
 Of the frail earth, permitted to behold  
 The faint reflections only of thy face,  
 Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!  
 Such as they are who in thy presence stand  
 Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink  
 Imperishable majesty streamed forth  
 From thy empyreal Throne, the elect of Earth  
 Shall be — divested at the appointed hour  
 Of all dishonour — cleansed from mortal stain.  
 — Accomplish, then, their number; and conclude  
 Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,  
 The consummation that will come by stealth  
 Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,  
 Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away  
 The sting of human nature. Spread the Law,  
 As it is written in thy holy Book,  
 Throughout all lands: let every nation hear  
 The high behest, and every heart obey;  
 Both for the love of purity, and hope  
 Which it affords, to such as do thy will  
 And persevere in good, that they shall rise,  
 To have a nearer view of Thee, in heaven.  
 — Father of Good! this prayer in bounty grant,  
 In mercy grant it to thy wretched Sons.  
 Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease,  
 And cruel Wars expire. The way is marked,  
 The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.  
 Alas! the Nations, who of yore received  
 These tidings, and in Christian Temples meet  
 The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger still;  
 Preferring bonds and darkness to a state  
 Of holy freedom, by redeeming love  
 Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.

"So fare the many; and the thoughtful few,  
 Who in the anguish of their souls bewail  
 This dire perverseness, cannot choose but ask,  
 Shall it endure! — Shall enmity and strife,  
 Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their seed;  
 And the kind never perish! Is the hope  
 Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain  
 A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,  
 And ne'er to fail! Shall that blest day arrive  
 When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell  
 In crowded cities, without fear shall live  
 Studious of mutual benefit; and he,  
 Whom morning wakes, among sweet dews and flowers  
 Of every clime, to till the lonely field,  
 Be happy in himself! — The law of faith  
 Working through love, such conquest shall it gain,  
 Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve?  
 Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!  
 And with that help the wonder shall be seen



Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy praise  
Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

"Once," and with mild demeanour, as he spake,  
On us the Venerable Pastor turned  
His beaming eye that had been raised to Heaven,  
"Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was a sound  
Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle  
Unheard, the savage nations bowed the head  
To Gods delighting in remorseless deeds;  
Gods which themselves had fashioned, to promote  
Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.  
Then, in the bosom of yon mountain cove,  
To those inventions of corrupted Man  
Mysterious rites were solemnized; and there,  
Amid impending rocks and gloomy woods,  
Of those terrific Idols, some received  
Such dismal service, that the loudest voice  
Of the swollen cataracts (which now are heard  
Soft murmuring) was too weak to overcome,  
Though aided by wild winds, the groans and shrieks  
Of human Victims, offered up to appease  
Or to propitiate. And, if living eyes  
Had visionary faculties to see  
The thing that hath been as the thing that is,  
Aghast we might behold this crystal Mere  
Bedimmed with smoke, in wreaths voluminous,  
Flung from the body of devouring fires,  
To Taranis erected on the heights  
By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed  
Exultingly, in view of open day  
And full assemblage of a barbarous Host;  
Or to Andates, Female Power! who gave  
(For so they fancied) glorious Victory.  
— A few rude Monuments of mountain-stone  
Survive; all else is swept away. — How bright  
The appearances of things! From such, how changed  
The existing worship; and with those compared,  
The Worshippers how innocent and blest!  
So wide the difference, a willing mind,  
At this affecting hour, might almost think  
That Paradise, the lost abode of man,  
Was raised again: and to a happy Few,  
In its original beauty, here restored.  
— Whence but from Thee, the true and only God,  
And from the faith derived through Him who bled  
Upon the Cross, this marvellous advance  
Of good from evil; as if one extreme  
Were left — the other gained — O Ye, who come  
To kneel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,  
Called to such office by the peaceful sound  
Of Sabbath bells; and Ye, who sleep in earth,  
All cares forgotten, round its hallowed walls!  
For You, in presence of this little Band  
Gathered together on the green hill-side,  
Your Pastor is emboldened to prefer  
Vocal thanksgivings to the Eternal King;

Whose love, whose counsel, whose commands have  
made

Your very poorest rich in peace of thought  
And in good works; and Him, who is endowed  
With scantiest knowledge, Master of all truth  
Which the salvation of his soul requires.  
Conscious of that abundant favour showered  
On you, the Children of my humble care,  
And this dear Land, our Country, while on Earth  
We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,  
Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.  
These barren rocks, your stern inheritance;  
These fertile fields, that recompense your pains;  
The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-top;  
Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,  
Or hushed; the roaring waters, and the still;  
They see the offering of my lifted hands —  
They hear my lips present their sacrifice —  
They know if I be silent, morn or even:  
For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart  
Will find a vent; and Thought is praise to Him,  
Audible praise, to Thee, Omniscient Mind,  
From Whom all gifts descend, all blessings flow!"

This Vesper service closed, without delay,  
From that exalted station to the plain  
Descending, we pursued our homeward course,  
In mute composure, o'er the shadowy lake,  
Beneath a faded sky. No trace remained  
Of those celestial splendours; gray the vault,  
Pure, cloudless ether; and the Star of Eve  
Was wanting; — but inferior Lights appeared  
Faintly, too faint almost for sight; and some  
Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth  
In twinkling lustre, ere the Boat attained  
Her mooring-place; — where, to the sheltering tree  
Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her prow,  
With prompt yet careful hands. This done, we paced  
The dewy fields; but ere the Vicar's door  
Was reached, the Solitary checked his steps;  
Then, intermingling thanks, on each bestowed  
A farewell salutation, — and, the like  
Receiving, took the slender path that leads  
To the one Cottage in the lonely dell;  
But turned not without welcome promise given,  
That he would share the pleasures and pursuits  
Of yet another summer's day, consumed  
In wandering with us through the Valleys fair,  
And o'er the Mountain-wastes. "Another sun,"  
Said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we part, —  
Another sun, and peradventure more;  
If time, with free consent, is yours to give, —  
And season favours."

To enfeebled Power,  
From this communion with uninjured Minds,  
What renovation had been brought; and what  
Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,



Dejected, and habitually disposed  
To seek, in degradation of the Kind,  
Excuse and solace for her own defects;  
How far those erring notions were reformed;  
And whether aught, of tendency as good

And pure, from further intercourse ensued;  
This — (if delightful hopes, as heretofore,  
Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts  
Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the past)  
My future Labours may not leave untold.

END OF THE EXCURSION.

NOTES  
TO  
THE EXCURSION.

Note 1, p. 556.

"——— *much did he see of Men.*"

At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have ever been ready to pay homage to the Aristocracy of Nature; under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste. It may still, however, be satisfactory to have prose-testimony how far a Character, employed for purposes of imagination, is founded upon general fact. I, therefore, subjoin an extract from an author who had opportunities of being well acquainted with a class of men, from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this Portrait.

"We learn from Cæsar and other Roman Writers, that the travelling merchants who frequented Gaul and other barbarous countries, either newly conquered by the Roman arms, or bordering on the Roman conquests, were ever the first to make the inhabitants of those countries familiarly acquainted with the Roman modes of life, and to inspire them with an inclination to follow the Roman fashions, and to enjoy Roman conveniences. In North America, travelling merchants from the Settlements have done and continue to do much more towards civilizing the Indian natives, than all the Missionaries, Papist or Protestant, who have ever been sent among them.

It is farther to be observed, for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, by their personal manners, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the refinement of the people among whom they travel. Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most insinuating address. As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various Men and various Cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. *As they wander, each alone, through thinly-*

*inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection, and of sublime contemplation.* With all these qualifications, no wonder, that they should often be, in remote parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion, and censors of manners; and should contribute much to polish the roughness, and soften the rusticity of our peasantry. It is not more than twenty or thirty years, since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to *carry the pack*, was considered as going to lead the life, and acquire the Fortune, of a Gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence, in that honourable line of employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a Gentleman to all intents and purposes."

*Heron's Journey in Scotland*, Vol. i. p. 89.

Note 2, p. 572.

"*Lost in unsearchable Eternity!*"

Since this paragraph was composed, I have read with so much pleasure, in Burnet's Theory of the Earth, a passage expressing correspondent sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it.

"Siquid verò Natura nobis dedit spectaculum, in hac tellure, verè gratum, et philosopho dignum, id semel mihi contigisse arbitror; cum ex celsissimâ rupe speculabundus ad oram maris Mediterranei, hinc æquor cæruleum, illinc tractus Alpinos propexi; nihil quidem magis dispar aut dissimile, nec in suo genere, magis egregium et singulare. Hoc theatrum ego facillè prætulerim Romanis cunctis, Græcisve; atque id quod natura hic spectandum exhibet, scenicis ludis omnibus aut amphitheatri certaminibus. Nihil hic elegans aut venustum, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod placet magnitudine suâ et quâdam specie immensitatis. Hic intuebar maris æquabilem superficiem, usque et usque diffusam, quantum maximum oculorum acies ferri potuit; illinc disruptissimam terræ faciem, et vastas moles variè elevatas aut epressas, erectas, propendentes,

reclinatas, concervatas, omni situ inæquali et turbido. Placuit, ex hâc parte, Naturæ unitas et simplicitas, et inexhausta quædam planities; ex altera, multiformis confusio magnorum corporum, et insanæ rerum strages: quas cùm intuebar, non urbis alicujus aut oppidi, sed confRACTI mundi rudera, ante oculos habere mihi visus sum.

"In singulis ferò montibus orat aliquid insolens et mirabile, sed præ cæteris mihi placebat illa, quâ sedebam, rupes; erat maxima et altissima, et quâ terram respiciebat, molliori ascensu altitudinem suam dissimulabat: quâ verò mare, horrendum præceps, et quasi ad perpendiculum facta, instar parietis. Præterea facies illa marina adeò erat lævis ac uniformis (quod in rupibus aliquando observare licet) ac si scissa fuisset à summo ad imum, in illo plano; vel terræ motu aliquo, aut fulmine, divulsa.

"Ima pars rupis erat cava, recessusque habuit, et saxeos specus, euntes in vacuum montem; sive naturâ pridem factos, sive exesos mari, et undarum crebris ictibus: In hos enim cum impetu ruebant et fragore, æstuantis maris fluctus; quos iterum spumantes reddidit antrum, et quasi ab imo ventre evomuit.

"Dextrum latus montis erat præruptum, aspero saxo et nudâ caute; sinistrum non adeò neglexerat Natura, arboribus utpote ornatum: et prope pedem montis rivus limpidæ aquæ prorupit; qui cùm vicinam vallem irrigaverat, lento motu serpens, et per varios mæandros, quasi ad protrahendam vitam, in magno mari absorptus subito periit. Denique in summo vertice promontorii, commodè eminebat saxum, cui insidebam contemplabundus. Vale augusta sedes, Rege digna: Augusta rupes, semper mihi memoranda!" P. 89. *Telluris Theoria sacra, &c. Editio secunda.*

Note 3, p. 578.

"*Whate'er Abstraction furnished for my needs  
Or purposes;*"

["It seems a paradox only to the unthinking, and it is a fact that none, but the unread in history, will deny, that in periods of popular tumult and innovation the more abstract a notion is, the more readily has it been found to combine, the closer has appeared its affinity, with the feelings of a people and with all their immediate impulses to action. At the commencement of the French Revolution, in the remotest villages every tongue was employed in echoing and enforcing the almost geometrical abstractions of the physiocratic politicians and economists. The public roads were crowded with armed enthusiasts disputing on the inalienable sovereignty of the people, the imprescriptible laws of the pure reason, and the universal constitution, which, as rising out of the nature and rights of man as man, all nations alike were under the obligation of adopting." . . . . .]

"It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peaceable times we are quite *practical*. Facts only and cool common sense are then in fashion.

But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalize; to connect by remotest analogies; to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts, as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings.

"The Apostle of the Gentiles quoted from a Greek comic poet. Let it not then be condemned as unseasonable or out of place, if I remind you that in the intuitive knowledge of this truth, and with his wonted fidelity to nature, our own great poet has placed the greater number of his profoundest maxims and general truths, both political and moral, not in the mouths of men at ease, but of men under the influence of passion, when the mighty thoughts overmaster and become the tyrants of the mind that has brought them forth. In his *Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, principles of deepest insight and widest interest fly off like sparks from the glowing iron under the loud anvil."

COLERIDGE: '*The Statesman's Manual, a Lay Sermon.*' — H. R.]

Note 4, p. 579.

"*Of Mississippi, or that Northern Stream.*"

"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the *World*, by visiting *London*. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: He who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brookes's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first *Pizarro* that crossed him: — But when he walks along the River of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long and watered Savannah; or contemplates, from a sudden Promontory, the distant, vast Pacific — and feels himself a Freeman in this vast Theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream — His exaltation is not less than Imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great: His emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them.' He becomes at once a Child and a King. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts; and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially: His mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars." — From the notes upon *The Hurricane*, a Poem, by WILLIAM GILBERT.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above Quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose.

Note 5, p. 582.

"Alas! the endowment of immortal Power,  
Is matched unequally with custom, time," &c.

This subject is treated at length in the Ode entitled  
"INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS  
OF EARLY CHILDHOOD, p. 470.

[This Note affords an appropriate place for two extracts from Coleridge's writings—one, a comment, and the other a description of that temperament of which there are manifestations throughout this ode:

"To the 'Ode on the intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood,' the Poet might have prefixed the lines which Dante addresses to one of his own Canzoni:—

"Canzon! io credo, che saranno radi  
Che tua ragione intendan bene:  
Tanto lor sei faticoso ed alto!"

"O lyric song, there will be few, think I,  
Who may thy import understand aright:  
Thou art for *them* so arduous and so high!"

"But the ode was intended for such readers only as had been accustomed to watch the flux and reflux of their inmost nature, to venture at times into the twilight realms of consciousness, and to feel a deep interest in modes of inmost being, to which they know that the attributes of time and space are inapplicable and alien, but which yet cannot be conveyed, save in symbols of time and space. For such readers the sense is sufficiently plain, and they will be as little disposed to charge Mr. Wordsworth with believing the Platonic pre-existence in the ordinary interpretation of the words, as I am to believe that Plato himself ever meant or taught it.

Πολλά μοι βῆ' ἀγκῶ-  
νος ὡκία βέλη.

Ἐνόν ἐντὶ φρεσίν  
Φανῶντα συνεδισιν ἐς  
Δι τὸ πᾶν, ἱρμηνέων  
Χαρίζεαι, σφῶδες δ' πολ-  
λὰ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φησὶ.

Μεθόντες δὲ, λίσσονται  
Παγγλωσσίᾳ, κόρακις ὦς,

Ἀκραντα γαρυμεν

Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα θεῖον. — PINDAR: Olymp. II."

COLERIDGE: 'Biographia Literaria,' Ch. xxii.

"—To find no contradiction in the union of old and new, to contemplate the ANCIENT OF DAYS with feelings as fresh as if they then sprang forth at his own fiat, this characterizes the minds that feel the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it! To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

With Sun and Moon and Stars throughout the year,  
And Man and Woman ———

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents."

'The Friend,' Vol. I. p. 183. — H. R.]

Note 6, p. 583.

"Knowing the heart of Man is set to be," &c.

The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and the two last lines, printed in Italics, are by him translated from Seneca. The whole Poem is very beautiful. I will transcribe four stanzas from it, as they contain an admirable picture of the state of a wise Man's mind in a time of public commotion.

'Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks  
Of Tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow  
Of Power, that proudly sits on other's crimes;  
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.  
The storms of sad confusion that may grow  
Up in the present for the coming times,  
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,  
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)  
Cannot but pity the perplexed state  
Of troublous and distressed mortality,  
That thus make way unto the ugly Birth  
Of their own Sorrows, and do still beget  
Affliction upon Imbecility:  
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,  
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses,  
And is encompassed, while as Craft deceives,  
And is deceived: whilst Man doth ransack Man,  
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;  
And th' Inheritance of desolation leaves  
To great-expecting Hopes: He looks thereon,  
As from the shore of Peace, with unwet eye,  
And bears no venture in Impiety.

Thus, Lady, fares that Man that hath prepared  
A Rest for his desires; and sees all things  
Beneath him; and hath learned this Book of Man,  
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared  
The best of Glory with her sufferings:  
By whom, I see, you labour all you can  
To plant your heart! and set your thoughts as near  
His glorious Mansion as your powers can bear.

[ \* \* \* \* \*  
This concord, Lady, of a well-tuned mind  
Hath been so set by that all-working hand  
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst  
To put it out by discords most unkind;  
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand  
With God and man; nor ever will be forced  
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,  
Equal in fortune's inequality.'

I have added to the quotation another stanza of this admirable poem; though not in immediate connection with the former stanzas, it may be regarded as part of the same picture. In transcribing this stanza, my thoughts have turned to Wordsworth's own character and career—the purity of purpose with which he devoted himself to his high calling, and the constancy with which, through the evil and the good report of criticism, he has adhered to it.—H. R.]



## APPENDIX.

### PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

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THE observations prefixed to that portion of this Volume which was published many years ago, under the title of "Lyrical Ballads," have so little of a special application to the greater part of the present enlarged and diversified collection, that they could not with propriety stand as an Introduction to it. Not deeming it, however, expedient to suppress that exposition, slight and imperfect as it is, of the feelings which had determined the choice of the subjects, and the principles which had regulated the composition of those Pieces, I have transferred it to an Appendix, to be attended to, or not, at the pleasure of the Reader.

In the Preface to that part of "The Recluse," lately published under the title of "The Excursion," I have alluded to a meditated arrangement of my minor Poems, which should assist the attentive Reader in perceiving their connexion with each other, and also their subordination to that Work. I shall here say a few words explanatory of this arrangement, as carried into effect.

The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first, those of observation and description, *i. e.* the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the Describer: whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as the Translator or Engraver ought to be to his Original. 2dly, Sensibility,—which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a Poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the Poet delineated in the original preface, before-mentioned.) 3dly, Reflection,—which makes the Poet acquainted with the value

of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connexion with each other. 4thly, Imagination and Fancy,—to modify, to create, and to associate. 5thly, Invention,—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, Judgment,—to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.

The materials of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms. The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, the Narrative,—including the Epopœia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Romance, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the metrical Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which everything primarily flows. Epic Poets, in order that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as *singing* from the inspiration of the Muse, "*Arma virumque cano*;" but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value: the *Iliad* or the *Paradise Lost* would gain little in our estimation by being chanted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to *tell* their tale—so that of the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music.

2dly, The Dramatic,—consisting of Tragedy,



Historic Drama, Comedy, and Masque, in which the poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents; music being admitted only incidentally and rarely. The Opera may be placed here, inasmuch as it proceeds by dialogue; though depending, to the degree that it does, upon music, it has a strong claim to be ranked with the Lyrical. The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of monodrama, may, without impropriety, be placed in this class.

3dly, The Lyrical,—containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad; in all which, for the production of their *full* effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable.

4thly, The Idyllium,—descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the Seasons of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone's Schoolmistress, The Cotter's Saturday Night of Burns, The Twa Dogs of the same Author; or of these in conjunction with the appearances of Nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton, Beattie's Minstrel, Goldsmith's Deserted Village. The Epitaph, the Inscription, the Sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

5thly, Didactic,—the principal object of which is direct instruction; as the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, The Fleece of Dyer, Mason's "English Garden," &c.

And, lastly, philosophical satire, like that of Horace and Juvenal; personal and occasional Satire rarely comprehending sufficient of the general in the individual to be dignified with the name of poetry.

Out of the three last has been constructed a composite order, of which Young's Night Thoughts, and Cowper's Task, are excellent examples.

It is deducible from the above, that poems, apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them; or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also ar-

ranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My guiding wish was, that the small pieces in this volume, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view; as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, "The Recluse." This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter them at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, any thing material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the unreflecting Reader. I trust there is a sufficient variety in each class to prevent this; while, for him who reads with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to my purposes, both particular and general. But, as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, it is proper first to remind the Reader, that certain poems are placed according to the powers of mind, in the Author's conception, predominant in the production of them; *predominant*, which implies the exertion of other faculties in less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem, it is placed under the head of imagination, and *vice versa*. Both the above classes might without impropriety have been enlarged from that consisting of "Poems founded on the Affections;" as might this latter from those, and from the class "proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection." The most striking characteristics of each piece, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion, have governed me throughout.

It may be proper in this place to state, that the Extracts in the Second Class, entitled "Juvenile Pieces," are in many places altered from the printed copy, chiefly by omission and compression. The slight alterations of another kind were for the most part made not long after the publication of the Poems from which the Extracts are taken.\* These Extracts seem to have a title to be placed here, as they were the productions of youth, and represent implicitly some of the features of a youthful mind, at a time when images of nature supplied to it the place of thought, sentiment, and almost of action; or as it will be found expressed, of a state of mind when

———"the sounding cataract  
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,

\* These Poems are now printed entire.

Their colours and their forms were then to me  
 An appetite, a feeling, and a love,  
 That had no need of a remoter charm,  
 By thought supplied, or any interest  
 Unborrowed from the eye.”—

I will own that I was much at a loss what to select of these descriptions; and perhaps it would have been better either to have reprinted the whole, or suppressed what I have given.

None of the other Classes, except those of Fancy and Imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre: with what degree of affectation this has been done in modern times, I leave to the judicious to determine. For my own part, I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make such a large demand upon the Reader's charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical; and, therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment; but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves: the law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible,—the letter of metre must not be so impassive to the spirit of versification,—as to deprive the Reader of a voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the music of the poem;—in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But, though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere Proseman;

“He murmurs near the running brooks  
 A music sweeter than their own.”

I come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following Poems. “A man,” says an intelligent author, “has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense: it is the faculty which *images* within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (*παράγειν* is to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy

of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterised. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced.”—*British Synonyms discriminated, by W. Taylor.*

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation, as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other instances throughout the volume, the judicious Author's mind is enthralled by Etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide and escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them: each is nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that Faculty of which the Poet is “all compact;” he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape; or what is left to characterise Fancy, as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity? — Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a Class of the following Poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot *hangs* from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the Shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his Farm, thus addresses his Goats:—

“Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro  
 Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo.”

————— “Half way down  
*Hangs* one who gathers samphire,”

is the well-known expression of Shakspeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the Cliffs of

Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate Imagination, in the use of one word: neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

"As when far off at Sea a Fleet descried  
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Isles  
Of Ternate or Tidore, whence Merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood  
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole: so seemed  
Far off the flying Fiend."

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image: First, the Fleet, an aggregate of many Ships, is represented as one mighty Person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters: but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared.

From images of sight we will pass to those of sound:

"Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove *broods*;"  
of the same bird,

"His voice was *buried* among trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze;"

"O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee *Bird*,  
Or but a wandering *Voice*?"

The Stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird; but, by the intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the Bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. "His voice was buried among trees," a metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this Bird is marked; and characterising its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shade

in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.

"Shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice?"

This concise interrogation characterises the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the Cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the Imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the Cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of Spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to re-act upon the mind which hath performed the process, like a *few* existence.

I pass from the Imagination acting upon an individual image to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in a conjunction by which they modify each other. The Reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the Goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the Shepherd, contemplating it from the seclusion of the Cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unaffecting the picture compared with the produced by their being thus connected with, and opposed to, each other!

"As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,  
Wonder to all who do the same espy  
By what means it could thither come, and whence,  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense,  
Like a Sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun himself.

Such seemed this Man; not all alive or dead,  
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.  
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,  
And moveth altogether if it move at all."

In these images, the conferring, the abstracting and the modifying powers of the Imagination, immediately and mediately acting, are all brought into conjunction. The Stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it



to the Sea-beast; and the Sea-beast stripped of some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man; who is divested of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said, the image of the Cloud need not be commented upon.

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power: but the Imagination also shapes and *creates*; and how? By innumerable processes; and in none does it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number,—alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has been introduced “Sailing from Bengala,” “They,” i. e. the “Merchants,” representing the Fleet, resolved into a Multitude of Ships, “ply” their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: “So” (referring to the word “As” in the commencement) “seemed the flying Fiend;” the image of his Person acting to recombine the multitude of Ships into one body,—the point from which the comparison set out. “So seemed,” and to whom seemed? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet’s mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

“Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.”

Hear again this mighty Poet,—speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from Heaven the rebellious Angels,

“Attended by ten thousand thousand Saints  
He onward came: far off his coming shone,”—

the retinue of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that indefinite abstraction, “His coming!”

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the present Poems, and especially upon one division of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the trouble of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions: I will not consider it (more than I

have already done by implication) as that power which, in the language of one of my most esteemed Friends, “draws all things to one; which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour and serve to one effect.”\* The grand store-houses of enthusiastic and meditative Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic Imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton, to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome, because the anthropomorphism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind. However imbued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all things tended in him towards the sublime. Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegorical spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions; and, at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations,—of which his character of *Una* is a glorious example. Of the human and dramatic Imagination the works of Shakspeare are an inexhaustible source.

“I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you Kingdoms, called you Daughters!”

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention; yet justified by a recollection of the insults which the Ignorant, the Incapable and the Presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself; I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given, in these unfavourable times, evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions

\* Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.



of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.

This subject may be dismissed with observing—that, in the series of Poems placed under the head of Imagination, I have begun with one of the earliest processes of Nature in the developement of this faculty. Guided by one of my own primary consciousnesses, I have represented a commutation and transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with external accidents, to plant, for immortality, images of sound and sight, in the celestial soil of the Imagination. The Boy, there introduced, is listening, with something of a feverish and restless anxiety, for the recurrence of the riotous sounds which he had previously excited; and, at the moment when the intenseness of his mind is beginning to remit, he is surprised into a perception of the solemn and tranquillizing images which the Poem describes.—The Poems next in succession exhibit the faculty exerting itself upon various objects of the external universe; then follow others, where it is employed upon feelings, characters, and actions\*; and the Class is concluded with imaginative pictures of moral, political, and religious sentiments.

To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterised as the Power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr. Coleridge has styled it, “the aggregative and associative Power,” my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy: but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be susceptible of change in their constitution, from her touch; and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these, are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from every thing but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming,

“In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an Alderman.”

Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey’s Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimen-

\* In the present edition, such of these as were furnished by Scottish subjects are incorporated with a class entitled, *Memorials of Tours in Scotland*.

sions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas;—because these, and if they were a million times as high, it would be the same, are bounded: The expression is, “His stature reached the sky!” the illimitable firmament!—When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows—and continues to grow—upon the mind; the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature, than upon expression and effect; less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent and internal, properties:—moreover, the images invariably modify each other.—The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things; and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value: or she prides herself upon the curious subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion;—the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but, if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished.—Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our Nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal.—Yet is it not the less true that Fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner Fancy ambitiously aims at a rivalry with the Imagination, and Imagination stoops to work with the materials of Fancy, might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own Country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned parts of Bishop Taylor’s Works can be opened that shall not afford examples.—Referring the Reader to those inestimable Volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the *Paradise Lost*:—

“The dews of the evening most carefully shun,  
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the Sun.”

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathising Nature, thus marks the immediate consequence,

"Sky lowered, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completion of the mortal sin."

The associating link is the same in each instance ; —dew or rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case ; a flash of surprise, and nothing more ; for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects of the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous, that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in Nature so manifested ; and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as "Earth had before, trembled from her entrails, and Nature given a second groan."

Awe-stricken as I am by contemplating the operations of the mind of this truly divine Poet, I scarcely dare venture to add that "An Address to an Infant," which the reader will find under the Class of Fancy in the present Volume, exhibits something of this communion and interchange of instruments and functions between the two powers ; and is, accordingly, placed last in the class, as a preparation for that of Imagination which follows.

Finally, I will refer to Cotton's "Ode upon Winter," an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as "A palsied King," and yet a military Monarch,—advancing for conquest with his Army ; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate on the part of the Poet extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling. Winter retires from the Foe into his fortress, where

———— "a magazine  
Of sovereign juice is cellared in ;  
Liquor that will the siege maintain  
Should Phœbus ne'er return again."

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling than, in its preceding

passages, the Poem supplies of her management of forms.

" 'Tis that, that gives the Poet rage,  
And thaws the gelly'd blood of Age ;  
Matures the Young, restores the Old,  
And makes the fainting Coward bold.

It lays the careful head to rest,  
Calms palpitations in the breast,  
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet ;  
\* \* \* \* \*

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,  
And gird us round with hills of snow,  
Or else go whistle to the shore,  
And make the hollow mountains roar,

Whilst we together jovial sit  
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,  
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,  
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to ;  
When having drunk all thine and mine,  
We rather shall want healths than wine.

But where Friends fail us, we'll supply  
Our friendships with our charity ;  
Men that remote in sorrows live,  
Shall by our lusty Brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into Wealth,  
And those that languish into health ;  
The Afflicted into joy ; th' Opprest  
Into security and rest.

The Worthy in disgrace shall find  
Favour return again more kind,  
And in restraint who stifled lie,  
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The Brave shall triumph in success,  
The Lovers shall have Mistresses,  
Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,  
And the neglected Poet, Bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,  
Whilst we ourselves do all we would ;  
For, freed from envy and from care,  
What would we be but what we are ?"

It remains that I should express my regret at the necessity of separating my compositions from some beautiful Poems of Mr. Coleridge, with which they have been long associated in publication. The feelings with which that joint publication was made, have been gratified ; its end is answered ; and the time is come when considerations of general propriety dictate the separation. Four short pieces are the work of a Female Friend ; and the Reader, to whom they may be acceptable, is indebted to me for his pleasure ; if any one regard them with dislike, or be disposed to con-

damn them, let the censure fall upon him who, trusting in his own sense of their merit and their fitness for the place which they occupy, *extorted* them from the Authoress.

When I sat down to write this preface, it was my intention to have made it more comprehen-

sive; but as all that I deem necessary is expressed, I will here detain the reader no longer:—what I have further to remark shall be introduced in a Supplementary Essay.\*

\* See Appendix II.

## NOTE IN EDITION OF 1845.

Much the greatest part of the foregoing Poems have been so long before the public that no prefatory matter, explanatory of any portion of them or of the arrangement which has been adopted, appears to be required;

and had it not been for the observations contained in these Prefaces upon the principles of Poetry in general, they would not have been reprinted even as an Appendix in this Edition.

## DEDICATION

### PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

TO

SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

ACCEPT my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these Poems to you.—In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction; for by inscribing them with your Name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honour, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the Collection—as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim,—for several of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious Poets of your Name and Family, who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood.—Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this Collection

as have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful Country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself—who have composed so many admirable Pictures from the suggestions of the same scenery. Early in life, the sublimity and beauty of this Region excited your admiration; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still-strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that this Work may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship, which I reckon among the blessings of my life,

I have the honour to be,

My dear Sir George,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,  
February 1, 1815.

## APPENDIX II.

### ESSAY SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE.\*

WITH the young of both Sexes, Poetry is, like love, a passion; but, for much the greater part of those who have been proud of its power over their minds, a necessity soon arises of breaking the pleasing bondage; or it relaxes of itself; — the thoughts being occupied in domestic cares, or the time engrossed by business. Poetry then becomes only an occasional recreation; while to those whose existence passes away in a course of fashionable pleasure, it is a species of luxurious amusement. — In middle and declining age, a scattered number of serious persons resort to poetry, as to religion, for a protection against the pressure of trivial employments, and as a consolation for the afflictions of life. And, lastly, there are many, who, having been enamoured of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended *as a study*.

Into the above Classes the Readers of poetry may be divided; Critics abound in them all; but from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with Poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed; but upon Youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of poetry, (which, nevertheless, if genuine, is as permanent as pure science,) her appropriate employment, her privilege and her *duty*, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they *appear*; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the *senses* and to the *passions*. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged principle prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason! — When a juvenile Reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, should experience throw in doubts, or common-

sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts — is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and, no doubt, eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations, the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be warded off, if Youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent; or, if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark; and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgment.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause; — that, having discontinued their attention to poetry, whatever progress may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem falls in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgment not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled; and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back, as by enchantment, into

[\* See Appendix I., p. 648. — H. R.]



the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The Book was probably taken up after an escape from the burthen of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If Men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened Critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; Magnificence herself, when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is a well-known property of human nature, that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. Is it not, then, inevitable (confining these observations to the effects of style merely) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such Readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work, the colouring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony? It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can *serve* (i. e. obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But, as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive, that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite, its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves. Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to over-rate the Authors by whom these truths are expressed and enforced. They come prepared to impart so much passion to the Poet's language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they receive from it. And, on the other hand, religious faith is to him who holds it so momentous a thing, and error appears to be attended with such tremendous conse-

quences, that, if opinions touching upon religion occur which the Reader condemns, he not only cannot sympathise with them, however animated the expression, but there is, for the most part, an end put to all satisfaction and enjoyment. Love, if it before existed, is converted into dislike; and the heart of the Reader is set against the Author and his book. — To these excesses, they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable; I mean those sects whose religion, being from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal. For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest faculty of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemptuous; at another, being troubled, as they are and must be, with inward misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious; — and at all seasons, they are under temptation to supply, by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself.

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity: — the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence; and giving him a title to partake of its holiness. The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an "imperfect shadowing forth" of what he is incapable of seeing. The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burthen upon words and symbols. The commerce between Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the Infinite Being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinity between religion and poetry; — between religion — making up the deficiencies of reason by faith; and poetry — passionate for the instruction of reason; between religion — whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription, and reconciled to substitutions: and poetry — ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error; — so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion, than that species, the argument and scope of which is religious; and no lovers of the art have gone farther astray than the pious and the devout.

Whither then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of

society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dispassionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no selfishness can disturb? For a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness without losing any thing of its quickness; and for active faculties capable of answering the demands which an Author of original imagination shall make upon them, — associated with a judgment that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it?—Among those and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied to the consideration of the laws of this art the best power of their understandings. At the same time it must be observed—that, as this Class comprehends the only judgments which are trust-worthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse. For to be mis-taught is worse than to be untaught; and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system, no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this Class are contained Censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalise rightly to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end;—who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. In it are found Critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine Poet, and too feeble to grapple with him; Men, who take upon them to report of the course which *he* holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany,—confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily “into the region;”—Men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid,—who therefore feed as the many direct them, or, with the many, are greedy after vicious provocatives;—Judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous! In this class meet together the two extremes of best and worst.

The observations presented in the foregoing series are of too ungracious a nature to have been made without reluctance; and, were it only on this account, I would invite the reader to try them by the test of comprehensive experience. If the number of Judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality so small, it ought to follow that partial notice only, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits—must have been the fate of most works in the higher departments of poetry; and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularity, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them:—it will be further found, that when Authors have, at length, raised themselves into general admiration and maintained their ground,

errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore; if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies whom it provokes;—a vivacious quality, ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it; and, from the nature of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this Country for the greater part of the last two Centuries, and see if the facts support these inferences.

Who is there that can now endure to read the “Creation” of Dubartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by Kings; and, when his Poem was translated into our language, the Faery Queen faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his Countrymen, compared with that which they bestow on those of some other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

“The laurel, meed of mighty Conquerors  
And Poets *sage*”—

are his own words; but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy; while its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been *their* best friend. But he was a great power; and bears a high name: the laurel has been awarded to him.

A Dramatic Author, if he write for the Stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the Audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakspeare was listened to. The people were delighted: but I am not sufficiently versed in Stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary Authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic Writers, that Shakspeare, like his predecessors, Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable, when we reflect that the Admirers of Settle and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent, as those of Dryden. At all events, that Shakspeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is sufficiently apparent; and one of the most striking proofs of his

almost omnipotent genius, is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation; else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made little impression upon the ruling Intellects of the time, may be inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him.\*—His dramatic excellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration; but Dryden tells us that in his time two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspeare. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general Reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation: "the English, with their Buffon de Shakspeare," is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French Theatre; an advantage which the Parisian Critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakspeare. The Germans only, of foreign nations, are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the Poet: for among us it is a current, I might say, an established opinion, that Shakspeare is justly praised when he is pronounced to be "a wild irregular genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties." How long may it be before this misconception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgment of Shakspeare in the selection of his materials, and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable

than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human Nature!

There is extant a small Volume of miscellaneous Poems in which Shakspeare expresses his own feelings in his own Person. It is not difficult to conceive that the Editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that Volume, the Sonnets; though there is not a part of the writings of this Poet where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the Critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of these, or any production of Shakspeare,† if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in those little pieces; and if he had not, moreover, shared the too common propensity of human nature to exult over a supposed fall into the mire of a genius whom he had been compelled to regard with admiration, as an inmate of the celestial regions,—“there sitting where he durst not soar.”

Nine years before the death of Shakspeare, Milton was born; and early in life he published several small poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by a few of the judicious, were afterwards neglected to that degree, that Pope, in his youth, could borrow from them without risk of its being known. Whether these poems are at this day justly appreciated, I will not undertake to decide: nor would it imply a severe reflection upon the mass of Readers to suppose the contrary; seeing that a Man of the acknowledged genius of Voss, the German Poet, could suffer their spirit to evaporate; and could change their character, as is done in the translation made by him of the most popular of those pieces. At all events, it is certain that these Poems of Milton are now much read, and loudly praised; yet were they little heard of till more than 150 years after their publication; and of the Sonnets, Dr. Johnson, as appears from Boswell's life of him, was in the habit of thinking and speaking as contemptuously as Steevens wrote upon those of Shakspeare.

About the time when the Pindaric Odes of Cowley and his imitators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr. Johnson has strangely styled Metaphysical Poets, were beginning to lose something of that extravagant admiration which they had excited, the *Paradise Lost* made its appearance. “Fit audience find though few,” was the petition addressed by the Poet to his inspiring Muse. I have said else-

\* The learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose book bears date 1635), writing to refute the error “touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay,” cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Burtas, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated; but he makes no mention of Shakspeare.

† This flippant insensibility was publicly reprehended by Mr. Coleridge, in a course of Lectures upon Poetry given by him at the Royal Institution. For the various merits of thought and language in Shakspeare's Sonnets, see Numbers 27. 29. 30. 32. 33. 54. 64. 66. 68. 73. 76. 86. 91. 92. 93. 97. 98. 105. 107. 108. 109. 111. 113. 114. 116. 117. 129. and many others.



where that he gained more than he asked; this I believe to be true; but Dr. Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the work, that Milton's Countrymen were "*just to it*" upon its first appearance. Thirteen hundred Copies were sold in two years; an uncommon example, he asserts, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so much recent enmity as Milton's public conduct had excited. But, be it remembered that, if Milton's political and religious opinions, and the manner in which he announced them, had raised him many enemies, they had procured him numerous friends; who, as all personal danger was passed away at the time of publication, would be eager to procure the master-work of a Man whom they revered, and whom they would be proud of praising. The demand did not immediately increase; "for," says Dr. Johnson, "many more Readers" (he means Persons in the habit of reading poetry) "than were supplied at first the Nation did not afford." How careless must a writer be who can make this assertion in the face of so many existing title-pages to belie it! Turning to my own shelves, I find the folio of Cowley, 7th Edition, 1681. A book near it is Flatman's Poems, 4th Edition, 1686. Waller, 5th Edition, same date. The Poems of Norris of Bemerton not long after went, I believe, through nine Editions. What further demand there might be for these works I do not know, but I well remember, that 25 years ago, the Booksellers' stalls in London swarmed with the folios of Cowley. This is not mentioned in disparagement of that able writer and amiable Man; but merely to show—that, if Milton's work was not more read, it was not because readers did not exist at the time. The early Editions of the *Paradise Lost* were printed in a shape which allowed them to be sold at a low price, yet only 3000 copies of the Work were sold in 11 years; and the Nation, says Dr. Johnson, had been satisfied from 1623 to 1644, that is 21 years, with only two Editions of the Works of Shakspeare; which probably did not together make 1000 Copies; facts adduced by the critic to prove the "paucity of Readers."—There were Readers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, as their admiration was fixed elsewhere. We are authorized, then, to affirm, that the reception of the *Paradise Lost*, and the slow progress of its fame, are proofs as striking as can be desired that the positions which I am attempting to establish are not erroneous.\*—How amusing to shape to one's self such a critique as a Wit of Charles's days, or a Lord of the Miscellanies or trading Journalist of King William's time, would have brought forth, if he had set his faculties

\* Hughes is express upon this subject: in his dedication of Spenser's Works to Lord Somers, he writes thus: "It was your Lordship's encouraging a beautiful Edition of *Paradise Lost* that first brought that incomparable Poem to be generally known and esteemed."

industriously to work upon this Poem, every where impregnated with *original* excellence!

So strange indeed are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles† in human nature for this art to rest upon. I have been honoured by being permitted to peruse in MS. a tract composed between the period of the Revolution and the close of that Century. It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his Son. Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist. The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are, throughout, equally conspicuous. Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own Country those whom he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularises only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley. Writing about the same time, Shaftesbury, an Author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet lisping in their Cradles.

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his life-time, are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of these arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended. He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success. Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues with boyish inexperience, the praise, which these compositions obtained, tempted him into a belief that Nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues which the Author intended to be burlesque. The Instigator of the work, and his Admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some detestable passages, the effect, as Dr. Johnson well observes, "of reality and truth became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded." These Pastorals, ludicrous to those who prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages, "became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations."

Something less than 60 years after the publication of

† This opinion seems actually to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced.



the *Paradise Lost* appeared Thomson's *Winter*; which was speedily followed by his other *Seasons*. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? "It was no sooner read," says one of his contemporary Biographers, "than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for any thing in poetry, beyond a *point* of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart *antithesis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions, too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man."

This case appears to bear strongly against us:—but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and, by undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the Poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the *Iliad*. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless\*; those of Pope, though he had Homer to

guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation,—nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an Enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity!—If these two distinguished Writers could habitually think that the visible universe was of so little consequence to a Poet, that it was scarcely necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that those passages of the elder Poets which faithfully and poetically describe the phenomena of nature, were not at that time holden in much estimation, and that there was little accurate attention paid to these appearances.

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance; and as the soil was in *such good condition* at the time of the publication of the *Seasons*, the crop was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an inspired Poet, but he could not work miracles; in cases where the art of seeing had in some degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficiency of his pupils, but he could do little *more*, though so far does vanity assist men in acts of self-deception, that many would often fancy they recognized a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his Biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment,—how is the rest to be accounted for!—Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his Poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one; in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental common-places, that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used copy of the *Seasons*, the Book generally opens of itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps Damon and Musidora); these also are prominent in our Collections of Extracts; and are the parts of his Work, which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice. Pope, repaying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him "an elegant and philosophical Poet;" nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson's genius as an

\* CORTEZ alone in a night-gown.

All things are hushed as Nature's self lay dead:  
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head:

The little Birds in drowsy their songs repeat,  
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat:  
Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love denies  
Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes.

DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor*

imaginative Poet\* were perceived, till the elder Warton, almost 40 years after the publication of the *Seasons*, pointed them out by a note in his *Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope*. In the *Castle of Indolence* (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious, and diction more pure. Yet that fine Poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a Few!

When Thomson died, Collins breathed forth his regrets in an Elegiac Poem, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon him who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet's remains were deposited. The Poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable Editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended. The notice which his poems attained during his life-time was so small, and of course the sale so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to repay to the Bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the Edition into the fire.

Next in importance to the *Seasons* of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*; collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed by the Editor, Dr. Percy. This work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales, which appeared not long after its publication; and which were modelled, as the Authors persuaded themselves, after the Old Ballad. The Compilation was however ill suited to the then existing taste of City society; and Dr. Johnson, 'mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exertions to make it an object of contempt. The Critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their ill-imitated models sank, in this Country, into temporary neglect; while Burger, and other able writers of Germany, were translating, or imitating these *Reliques*, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, Poems which are the delight of the German nation. Dr. Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the Persons with whom he lived, that, though while he was writing under a mask he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite ballad of Sir Cauline

and by many other pieces), yet when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of *The Hermit of Warkworth*, a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, the glossy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact† with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr. Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated. That even Burger (to whom Klopstock gave, in my hearing, a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine Poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last,) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray. For example,

Now daye was gone, and night was come,  
And all were fast asleepe,  
All save the Lady Emeline,  
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone she heard her true-love's voice  
Low whispering at the walle,  
Awake, awake, my dear Ladye,  
'Tis I thy true-love call.

Which is thus tricked out and dilated:

Als nun die Nacht Gebirg' und Tha  
Vernummt in Rabenschatten,  
Und Hochburgs Lampen uber-all  
Schon ausgeflimmert hatten,  
Und alles tief entschlafen war;  
Doch nur das Fraulein immerdar,  
Voll Fieberangst, noch wachte.  
Und seinen Ritter dachte:  
Da horch! Ein susser Liebeston  
Kam leis' empor geflogen.  
"Ho, Trudchen, ho! Da bin ich schen!  
Frisch auf! Dich angezogen!"

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroics. All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the "*Reliques*" had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable! how selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own

† Shenstone, in his *Schoolmistress*, gives a still more remarkable instance of this timidity. On its first appearance, (See D'Israeli's 2d Series of the *Curiosities of Literature*) the Poem was accompanied with an absurd prose commentary, showing, as indeed some incongruous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions, the commentary was dropped, and the People have since continued to read in seriousness, doing for the Author what he had not courage openly to venture upon for himself.

\* Since these observations upon Thomson were written, I have perused the 2d Edition of his *Seasons*, and find that even that does not contain the most striking passages which Warton points out for admiration; these, with other improvements, throughout the whole work, must have been added at a later period.

issue for a beggarly pittance! — Open this far-famed Book! — I have done so at random, and the beginning of the “Epic Poem Temora,” in 3 Books, presents itself. “The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Gray torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds.” Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion. — Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous Country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the World under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In nature every thing is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson’s work it is exactly the reverse; every thing (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened, — yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied; when, with the steep of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his car-borne heroes; — of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface. — Mr. Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his very “*ands*” and his “*buts*,” and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a *conscious* plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Fingallian; in which case the modern transla-

tor would have been but giving back to Ossian his own. — It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who would censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland; — a Country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns! These opinions are of ill omen for the Epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as these pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly unimportant upon the literature of the country. No succeeding Writer appears to have caught from them a ray of inspiration; no Author, in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them — except the Boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture; and he set himself to the work of filling a Magazine with *Saxon poems*, — counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This incapability to amalgamate with the literature of the Island, is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a forgery, audacious as worthless. — Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson’s publication with the Reliques of Percy, so unassuming, so modest in their pretensions! — I have already stated how much Germany is indebted to this latter work; and for our own Country, its Poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able Writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the Reliques; I know that is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own.

Dr. Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt of the labours of Macpherson than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish Prefaces biographical and critical for the works of some of the most eminent English Poets. The Booksellers took upon themselves to make the collection; they referred probably to the most popular miscellanies, and unquestionably, to their Books of accounts; and decided upon the claim of Authors to be admitted into a body of the most Eminent, from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits, which, from the sale of his works, each had brought and was bringing to the Trade. The Editor was allowed a limited exercise of discretion, and the Authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of Prefatory Lives, and to our astonishment the *first* name we find is that of Cowley! — What is become of the Morning-star of English Poetry! Where is the bright Elizabethan Constellation!



Or, if Names be more acceptable than images, where is the ever-to-be-honoured Chaucer? where is Spenser? where Sidney? and, lastly, where he, whose rights as a Poet, contradistinguished from those which he is universally allowed to possess as a Dramatist, we have vindicated,—where Shakspeare?—These, and a multitude of others not unworthy to be placed near them, their contemporaries and successors, we have *not*. But in their stead, we have (could better be expected when precedence was to be settled by an abstract of reputation at any given period made, as in this case before us?) Roscommon, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King, and Spratt—Halifax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, Broome, and other reputed Magnates: Writers in metre utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this distinguished event. From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced, that the opinions announced in the former part of this Essay are founded upon truth. It was not an agreeable office, nor a prudent undertaking, to declare them; but their importance seemed to render it a duty. It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these Volumes?—The question will be easily answered by the discerning Reader who is old enough to remember the taste that prevailed when some of these Poems were first published, 17 years ago; who has also observed to what degree the Poetry of this Island has since that period been coloured by them; and who is further aware of the unremitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been opposed. A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of Fame has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind, from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains, which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression, though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure.

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of Poetical Works, it is this,—

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that every Author, as far as he is great and at the same time *original*, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical Friend for the separation of whose Poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret. The predecessors of an original Genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them;—and much he will have in common; but, for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own road:—he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps.

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original Poet is to be relished? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience? Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the Reader of the pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein Men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all Men are alike, or the same; and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on Men who stand below him in the scale of society? Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of Readers by which they are to be humbled and humanised, in order that they may be purified and exalted?

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of *knowledge*, it does *not* lie here.—TASTE, I would remind the Reader, like IMAGINATION, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a *passive* sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence *not* passive,—to intellectual *acts* and *operations*. The word, Imagination, has been overstrained, from impulses honourable to mankind, to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of Taste, the process has been reversed; and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and discreditable,—being no other than that selfishness which is the child of apathy,—which, as Nations decline in productive and creative power, makes them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word, Imagination; but the word, Taste, has been stretched to the sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties conversant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are



subjects upon which taste may be trusted; it is competent to this office;—for in its intercourse with these the mind is *passive*, and is affected painfully or pleasurably as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or, in ordinary language, the pathetic and the sublime;—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor—*Taste*. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating *power* in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse, elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies *suffering*; but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and *action*, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact, that, in popular language, to be in a passion, is to be angry! — But,

“Anger in hasty words or blows  
Itself discharges on its foe.”

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal, effort; whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid,—and soon languishes, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great Poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate *power*, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original Writer, at his first appearance in the world.—Of genius the only proof is, the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before: Of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening the spheres of human sensibility, for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe: or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the Poet? Is it to be supposed that the Reader can make progress of this kind, like an Indian Prince or General—stretched on his Palanquin, and borne by his Slaves? No, he is invigorated and inspirited by his Leader, in order that he may exert himself; for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore to create taste is to call forth and bestow power, of which knowledge is the effect; and *there* lies the true difficulty.

As the pathetic participates of an *animal* sensation, it might seem—that, if the springs of this emotion were genuine, all men, possessed of competent knowledge of the facts and circumstances, would be instantaneously affected. And, doubtless, in the works of every true Poet will be found passages of that species of excellence, which is proved by effects immediate and universal. But there are emotions of the pathetic that are simple and direct, and others—that are complex and revolutionary; some—to which the heart yields with gentleness, others—against which it struggles with pride: these varieties are infinite as the combinations of circumstance and the constitutions of character. Remember, also, that the medium through which, in poetry, the heart is to be affected—is language; a thing subject to endless fluctuations and arbitrary associations. The genius of the Poet melts these down for his purpose; but they retain their shape and quality to him who is not capable of exerting, within his own mind, a corresponding energy. There is also a meditative, as well as a human, pathos; an enthusiastic, as well as an ordinary, sorrow; a sadness that has its seat in the depths of reason, to which the mind cannot sink gently of itself—but to which it must descend by treading the steps of thought. And for the sublime,—if we consider what are the cares that occupy the passing day, and how remote is the practice and the course of life from the sources of sublimity, in the soul of Man, can it be wondered that there is little existing preparation for a Poet charged with a new mission to extend its kingdom, and to augment and spread its enjoyments?

Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word, *popular*, applied to new works in Poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all Men should run after its productions, as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell!—The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance; or they are chiefly of a superficial kind, lying upon the surfaces of manners; or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity, and the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in every thing which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness, or to be made conscious of her power;—wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination; wherever the instinctive wisdom of antiquity and her heroic passions uniting, in the heart of the Poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is at once a history of the remote past and a prophetic annunciation of the remotest future, *there*, the Poet must reconcile himself for a season to few and scattered hearers.—Grand

thoughts (and Shakspeare must often have sighed over this truth), as they are most naturally and most fitly conceived in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits, without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the Sister Art, and be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Let us not shrink from following up these principles as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing — that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the species, survives from age to age; whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly *perishes*; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced; which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty, — with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention.

Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the Writer, the judgment of the People is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The People have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it was said, above — that, of *good* Poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how does it survive but through the People? what preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

“ — Past and future, are the wings  
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,  
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge — ”  
MS.

The voice that issues from this Spirit, is that Vox Populi which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry — transitory though it be for years, local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is any thing of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which, under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE. Towards the Public, the Writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to: but to the People, philosophically characterised, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily; and, this done, takes leave of his Readers, by assuring them — that, if he were not persuaded that the Contents of this Volume, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evinced something of the “Vision and the Faculty divine;” and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree, to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honour, and the benefit of human nature, notwithstanding the many happy hours which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction; — from becoming at this moment to the world, as a thing that had never been.

## APPENDIX III.

### OBSERVATIONS

PREFIXED TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SEVERAL OF THE FOREGOING POEMS, PUBLISHED WITH AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME, UNDER THE TITLE OF "LYRICAL BALLADS,"\* AND NOTE ON POETIC DICTION.

A PORTION of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published, as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain, how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.†

\* See Appendix I., page 641.

† [The occasion of the "Lyrical Ballads" is thus narrated by Coleridge:—

"During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty, by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sun-set diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself, (to which of us I do not recollect,) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at, was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in *this* sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them, when they present themselves.

"In this idea originated the plan of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest, and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself, as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them, they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that I have pleased a greater number than I ventured to hope I should please.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realised, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the multiplicity, and in the quality of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, because I knew that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of *reasoning* him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because, adequately to display my opinions, and fully to enforce my arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of a preface. For to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which I believe it susceptible, it would be necessary

from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand."

'*Biographia Literaria*':—Ch. XIV.

In several Chapters of the same work, the subject of these "Observations, &c." forming Appendix III. of this Edition, is fully discussed.—H. R.]



to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined, without pointing out, in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible, that there would be some impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which by the act of writing in verse an Author, in the present day, makes to his reader: but I am certain it will appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to enquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the reader will not censure me, if I attempt to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also, (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from the most dishonourable accusation which can be brought against an Author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, which I proposed to myself in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination,

whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly, though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language: because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings; and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites of their own creation.\*

I cannot, however, be insensible of the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend, at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in this collection will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each has a worthy purpose. Not that I mean to say, I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but my habits of meditation have so formed my feelings,

\* It is worth while here to observe, that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day.



as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If in this opinion I am mistaken, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections ameliorated.

I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. I have also informed my Reader what this purpose will be found principally to be: namely, to illustrate the manner in which our feelings and ideas are associated in a state of excitement. But, speaking in language somewhat more appropriate, it is to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature. This object I have endeavoured in these short essays to attain by various means; by tracing the maternal passion through many of its more subtle windings, as in the poems of the **IDIOT BOY** and the **MAD MOTHER**; by accompanying the last struggles of a human being at the approach of death, cleaving in solitude to life and society, as in the Poem of the **FORSAKEN INDIAN**; by showing, as in the Stanzas entitled **WE ARE SEVEN**, the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion; or by displaying the strength of fraternal, or, to speak more philosophically, of moral attachment when early associated with the great and beautiful objects of nature, as in **THE BROTHERS**; or, as in the Incident of **SIMON LEE**, by placing my Reader in the way of receiving from ordinary moral sensations another and more salutary impression than we are accustomed to receive from them. It has also been part of my general purpose to attempt to sketch characters under the influence of less impassioned feelings, as in the **TWO APRIL MORNINGS**, **THE FOUNTAIN**, **THE OLD MAN TRAVELLING**, **THE TWO THIEVES**, &c., characters of which the elements are simple, belonging rather to nature than to manners, such as exist now, and will pre-

bably always exist, and which from their constitution may be distinctly and profitably contemplated. I will not abuse the indulgence of my Reader by dwelling longer upon this subject; but it is proper that I should mention one other circumstance which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling. My meaning will be rendered perfectly intelligible by referring my Reader to the Poems entitled **POOR SUSAN** and the **CHILDLESS FATHER**, particularly to the last Stanza of the latter Poem.

I will not suffer a sense of false modesty to prevent me from asserting, that I point my Reader's attention to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble effort with which I have endeavoured to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and did I not further add to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men

of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their style, in order, among other reasons, that I may not be censured for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and, I hope, are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and to raise it above prose. I have proposed to myself to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but I have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep my Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by doing so I shall interest him. I am, however, well aware that others who pursue a different track may interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, I only wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in this collection little of what is usually called poetic diction; I have taken as much pains to avoid it as others ordinarily take to produce it; this I have done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men, and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart, is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. I do not know how, without being culpably particular, I can give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which I wished these poems to be written, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject, consequently, I hope that there is in these Poems little falsehood of description, and that my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something I must have gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a nu-

merous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these Poems. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. I have not space for much quotation; but, to illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:  
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,  
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.  
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;  
*A different object do these eyes require;*  
*My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;*  
*And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;*  
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;  
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;  
To warm their little loves the birds complain.  
*I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,*  
*And weep the more because I weep in vain."*

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and I have previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same

organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry\* sheds no tears "such as Angela weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial Ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what I have been saying on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as I am recommending is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems I now present to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of the highest importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall

appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, I would remind such persons, that, whatever may be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure; and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, I ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than any thing which, from the motions of their own mind merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him, must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious, that while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose

\* I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre; nor is this, in truth, a strict antithesis; because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.



feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle on which I have so much insisted, namely, that of selection: on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which his fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who deems himself justified when he substitutes excellencies of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for Rope-dancing, or Frontinac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate plea-

sure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of Science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding every where objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those, which, through labour and length of time, the Man of Science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of Science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of Science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and



loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science.\* Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying every where with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are every where; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of Science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of Science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the Science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called Science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What I have thus far said applies to Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where

the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters, and upon this point it appears to have such weight, that I will conclude, there are few persons of good sense, who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general, to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring my Reader to the description which I have before given of a Poet. Among the qualities which I have enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what I have there said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of the passions of men. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which depends upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing (what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height, and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feel-

\* [“No man was ever yet a great Poet, without being at the same time a profound Philosopher. For Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language.”

COLERIDGE: ‘*Biographia Literaria*’: Ch. xv.—H. R.]

ings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called poetic diction,\* arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what I have already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse, the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature, from which I am at liberty to supply myself with endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why am I to be condemned, if to such description I have endeavoured to superadd the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are unconvinced by what I have already said, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly under-rate the power of metre in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these Poems, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a more naked and simple style than I have aimed at, which poems have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked

and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished *chiefly* to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But I might point out various causes why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind, as he who is sensible of the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of Poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure. Now, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. But, if the words by which this excitement is produced are in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true, and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion, and, I hope, if the following Poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the re-perusal of the distressful parts of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or the *Gamester*; while *Shakspeare's* writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand, (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen,) if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then, (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious,) in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect

\* See Note p. 670.

with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defence of the theory upon which these poems are written, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; I mean the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not have been a useless employment to have applied this principle to the consideration of metre, and to have shown that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to have pointed out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. Now, if Nature be thus cautious in preserving in a state of enjoyment a being thus employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson thus held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is

of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling which will always be found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. I might, perhaps, include all which it is *necessary* to say upon this subject, by affirming, what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once. We see that Pope, by the power of verse alone, has contrived to render the plainest common sense interesting, and even frequently to invest it with the appearance of passion. In consequence of these convictions I related in metre the Tale of GOODY BLAKE and HARRY GILL, which is one of the rudest of this collection. I wished to draw attention to the truth, that the power of the human imagination is sufficient to produce such changes even in our physical nature as might almost appear miraculous. The truth is an important one; the fact (for it is a *fact*) is a valuable illustration of it; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been communicated to many hundreds of people who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a Ballad, and in a more impressive metre than is usual in Ballads.

Having thus explained a few of the reasons why I have written in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and it is for this reason that I request the Reader's permission to add a few words with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from diseased impulses, I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an Author is not convinced, or his



feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind lose all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the Reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying, that it is not probable he will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since he is so much less interested in the subject, he may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as I have detained my Reader, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to Poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen: —

"I put my hat upon my head  
And walked into the Strand,  
And there I met another man  
Whose hat was in his hand."

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "*Babes in the Wood*."

"These pretty Babes with hand in hand  
Went wandering up and down;  
But never more they saw the Man  
Approaching from the Town."

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, This is a bad kind of poetry, or, This is not poetry; but, This wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can lead to any thing interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

I have one request to make of my reader, which is,

that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, "I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but, to such and such classes of people, it will appear mean or ludicrous!" This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: I have therefore to request, that the Reader would abide, independently, by his own feelings, and that, if he finds himself affected, he would not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and, further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself, (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself;) but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

I know that nothing would have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend: for the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what can I do more for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, that if I propose to furnish him with new friends, it is only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honourable bigotry for the objects which have long continued to please them: we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is a host of arguments in these feelings; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that,



in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, I might have removed many obstacles, and assisted my Reader in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of my subject I have not altogether neglected; but it has been less my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, than to offer reasons for presuming, that, if the object which I have proposed to myself were adequately attained, a species of poetry would be produced, which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I have proposed to myself: he will determine how far I have attained this object; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.

#### NOTE.

See page 667,—“by what is usually called Poetic Diction.”

As, perhaps, I have no right to expect from a Reader of an Introduction to a volume of Poems that attentive perusal without which it is impossible, imperfectly as I have been compelled to express my meaning, that what is contained therein should, throughout, be fully understood, I am the more anxious to give an exact notion of the sense in which I use the phrase *poetic diction*; and for this purpose I will here add a few words concerning the origin of the phraseology which I have condemned under that name.—The earliest poets of all nations generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally, and as men: feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring, and figurative. In succeeding times, Poets, and Men ambitious of the fame of Poets, perceiving the influence of such language, and desirous of producing the same effect without having the same animating passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech, and made use of them, sometimes with propriety, but much more frequently applied them to feelings and ideas with which they had no natural connection whatsoever. A language was thus insensibly produced, differing materially from the real

language of men in *any situation*. The Reader or Hearer of this distorted language found himself in a perturbed and unusual state of mind; when affected by the genuine language of passion, he had been in a perturbed and unusual state of mind also: in both cases he was willing that his common judgment and understanding should be laid asleep, and he had no instinctive and infallible perception of the true, to make him reject the false; the one served as a passport for the other. The agitation and confusion of mind were in both cases delightful, and no wonder if he confounded the one with the other, and believed them both to be produced by the same, or similar causes. Besides, the Poet spake to him in the character of a man to be looked up to, a man of genius and authority. Thus, and from a variety of other causes, this distorted language was received with admiration; and Poets, it is probable, who had before contented themselves for the most part with misapplying only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the original figurative language of passion, yet altogether of their own invention, and distinguished by various degrees of wanton deviation from good sense and nature.

It is indeed true, that the language of the earliest Poets was felt to differ materially from ordinary language, because it was the language of extraordinary occasions; but it was really spoken by men, language which the Poet himself had uttered when he had been affected by the events which he described, or which he had heard uttered by those around him. To this language it is probable that metre of some sort or other was early superadded. This separated the genuine language of Poetry still further from common life, so that whoever read or heard the poems of these earliest Poets felt himself moved in a way in which he had not been accustomed to be moved in real life, and by causes manifestly different from those which acted upon him in real life. This was the great temptation to all the corruptions which have followed: under the protection of this feeling succeeding Poets constructed a phraseology which had one thing, it is true, in common with the genuine language of poetry, namely, that it was not heard in ordinary conversation; that it was unusual. But the first Poets, as I have said, spake a language which, though unusual, was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors; they found that they could please by easier means: they became proud of a language which they themselves had invented, and which was uttered only by themselves; and, with the spirit of a fraternity, they arrogated it to themselves as their own. In process of time metre became a symbol of promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of true poetic genius, introduced

less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false became so inseparably interwoven that the taste of men was gradually perverted; and this language was received as a natural language: and at length, by the influence of books upon men, did to a certain degree really become so. Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintnesses, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

It would be highly interesting to point out the causes of the pleasure given by this extravagant and absurd language; but this is not the place; it depends upon a great variety of causes, but upon none, perhaps, more than its influence in impressing a notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the Poet's character, and in flattering the Reader's self-love by bringing him nearer to a sympathy with that character; an effect which is accomplished by unsettling ordinary habits of thinking, and thus assisting the Reader to approach to that perturbed and dizzy state of mind in which if he does not find himself, he imagines that he is *balked* of a peculiar enjoyment which poetry can and ought to bestow.

The sonnet which I have quoted from Gray, in the Preface, except the lines printed in Italics, consists of little else but this diction, though not of the worst kind; and indeed, if I may be permitted to say so, it is far too common in the best writers both ancient and modern. Perhaps I can in no way, by positive example, more easily give my Reader a notion of what I mean by the phrase *poetic diction* than by referring him to a comparison between the metrical paraphrase which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, and those passages as they exist in our common Translation. See Pope's "Messiah" throughout; Prior's "Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue," &c. &c. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," &c. &c. See 1st Corinthians, chapter xiii. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson:—

"Turn on the prudent Ant thy heedless eyes,  
Observe her labours, Sluggard, and be wise;  
No stern command, no monitory voice,  
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;  
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away  
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;  
When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,  
She crops the harvest and she stores the grain.  
How long shall sloth usurp thy useleſs hours,  
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?  
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,  
And soft solicitation courts repose,  
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,  
Year chases year with unremitted flight,  
Till Want now following, fraudulent and slow,  
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambushed foe."

From this hubbub of words pass to the original.  
"Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard, consider her ways,

and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in thy summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard! when wilt thou arise out of the sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." Proverbs, chap. vi.

One more quotation, and I have done. It is from Cowper's Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk:—

"Religion! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word!  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I must visit no more.  
My Friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see."

I have quoted this passage as an instance of three different styles of composition. The first four lines are poorly expressed; some Critics would call the language prosaic; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad that it is scarcely worse in metre. The epithet "church-going" applied to a bell, and that by so chaste a writer as Cowper, is an instance of the strange abuses which Poets have introduced into their language, till they and their Readers take them as matters of course, if they do not single them out expressly as objects of admiration. The two lines "Ne'er sighed at the sound," &c. are, in my opinion, an instance of the language of passion wrested from its proper use, and, from the mere circumstance of the composition being in metre, applied upon an occasion that does not justify such violent expressions; and I should condemn the passage, though perhaps few Readers will agree with me, as vicious poetic diction. The last stanza is throughout admirably expressed: it would be equally good whether in prose or verse, except that the reader has an exquisite pleasure in seeing such natural language so naturally connected with metre. The beauty of this stanza tempts me to conclude with a principle which ought never to be lost sight of,—namely, that in works of imagination and sentiment, in proportion as ideas and feelings are valuable, whether the composition be in prose or in verse, they require and exact one and the same language. Metre is but adventitious to composition, and the phraseology for which that passport is necessary, even where it is graceful at all, will be little valued by the judicious.

## APPENDIX IV.

### MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.\*

IN the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-Crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-Crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this Memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to *breed him a scholar*; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these Dales were furnished with schoolhouses; the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Lowes-water; not being called upon, probably, in that situation, to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "Gentleman" in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies; the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, *viz.* five pounds *per annum*; but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:—

To Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

Coniston, July 26, 1754.

"SIR,

"I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard) I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them, (what we call clogs in these parts,) with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast: his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good-humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so, at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself." \* \*

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given.

"By his frugality and good management, he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care, than to any thing else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and, I believe, the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied, when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor?

\* See Note 9, to "Poems of the Imagination."



A man, who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place.

From the Rev. ROBERT WALKER.

"Sir,

"Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence then lying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zacheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months: besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23d inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zacheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about 17*l.* 10*s.*, of which is paid in cash *viz.* 5*l.* from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 5*l.* from W. P. Esq. of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 3*l.* from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at 4*l.* yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3*l.*; but, as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and good-will with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of 40*l.* for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet by a providential blessing upon

my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge) I hope you will not think your favour to me, out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford's effects, quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself,

"Sir,

"Your much obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

"R. W., Curate of S——.

"To Mr. C., of Lancaster."

About the time when this letter was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bishop, (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me,) thus expresses himself: "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"My Lord,

"I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And, in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful. Among his papers I find the following copy of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years after his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, which will show what exertions had been made for one of his sons.



"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.

"The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your Grace's ensuing ordination; the first on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to

"Your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient

"Son and Servant,

"ROBERT WALKER."

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday, were served, upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half-a-guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket-money," who was then at school; in-

trusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us, we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately.

"ROBERT WALKER."

He loved old customs and usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity.—From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount, at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than 2000*l.*; and such a sense of his various excellencies was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of **WONDERFUL** is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further *explanatory* details.—And to begin with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion-table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sate, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus, was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Intrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in

his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c. with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house, were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remained a few years ago neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still

continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White candles*, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried, for winter provision: the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes.—By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, “from wanting the necessities of life;” but afforded them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society.

It might have been concluded that no one could thus, as it were, have converted his body into a machine of industry for the humblest uses, and kept his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled; his conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy “he never sent empty away,”—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligations. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor, there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing, that upon these occasions, selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his good-will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also, while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbour as themselves, and do as they would be done unto, that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the

minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerous attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Birkett's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures; not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious. "There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years: one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty."

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention, that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a Quaker;—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the Church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncompromising dis-

position which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice; for, while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of Church-stock\*; a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was blameable need not be determined;—certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments; and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties. —It would be unpardonable to omit that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the Partner of his long life. She was equally strict in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "she was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor, she was good to every thing!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one grand-daughter; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind. took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the Chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid Churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

"O 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen  
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of consecrated ground, in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the church-yard without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn, it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might

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\*Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not her own," he would rather forego his rights than distrain for dues which the parties liable refused to pay as a point of conscience.



be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair, is the production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the Parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society—changes which have proved especially unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances: had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely-different effects.

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

"Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat  
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great  
As are his mounting wishes; but for me,  
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

HENRY FOREST, Curate.

Honour, the idol which the most adore,  
Receives no homage from my knee;  
Content in privacy I value more  
Than all uneasy dignity.

Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708, being 25 years of age."

"This Curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne's bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Y<sup>e</sup> said 9th of May, y<sup>e</sup> said Mr. Curwen went to the office, and saw my name registered there, &c. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

Hæc testor H. Forest."

In another place he records, that the sycamore-trees were planted in the church-yard in 1710.

He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part:

"Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu  
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus;  
Utendum est ætate, cito pede præterit ætas."

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, Extracts from a Paper in the Christian Remembrancer, Vol. I. October, 1819: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopston, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

"His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterised the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion, were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations.

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"He sat up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing, till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no school-house. Yet in that cold, damp place he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home, or make them run up the mountain's side.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of nature; she was his mother, and he was a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun; and in tranquil evenings, as it slid behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds: the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his children. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or surrounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seathwaite.



Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr. Walker, and begged him to be as good a man.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Once, when I was very young, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his 90th year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman, without thinking of Mr. Walker \* \* \* \*. He allowed no dissenter or methodist to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his cure: and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one dissenter of any denomination whatever in the whole parish.—Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous piety had secured to his appearance reverence and silent honour, no one, however determined in his hatred of apostolic descent, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history, and ancient times, without thinking, that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mortality, and in that vale of peace had

come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr. Walker.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock, that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife's death. His voice faltered: he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about 12 o'clock the night before his death. As his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter's arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. 'How clear the moon shines to-night!' He said those words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave."

## APPENDIX V.

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### TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY OF THE LAKES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.\*

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AT Lucerne in Switzerland, there existed, some years ago, a model of the Alpine country which encompasses the Lake of the four Cantons. The spectator ascended a little platform, and saw mountains, lakes, glaciers, rivers, woods, waterfalls, and valleys with their cottages and every other object contained in them, lying at his feet; all things being represented in their appropriate colours. It may be easily conceived that this exhibition afforded an exquisite delight to the imagination, which was thus tempted to wander at will from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain, through the deepest recesses of the Alps. But it supplied also a more substantial pleasure; for the sublime and beautiful region, with all its hidden treasures, and their bearings and relations to each other, was thereby comprehended and understood at once.

Something of this kind (as far as it can be performed by words, which must needs be inadequately) will here be attempted in respect to the Lakes in the north of England, and the vales and mountains enclosing and surrounding them. The delineation if tolerably executed will in some instances communicate to the traveller, who has already seen the objects, new information; and will assist in giving to his recollections a

more orderly arrangement than his own opportunities of observing may have permitted him to make; while it will be still more useful to the future traveller, by directing his attention at once to distinctions in things which, without such previous aid, a length of time only could enable him to discover. It is hoped, also, that this Essay may become generally serviceable by leading to habits of more exact and considerate observation than, as far as the writer knows, have hitherto been applied to local scenery.

To begin, then, with the main outlines of the country. I know not how to give the reader a distinct image of these more readily, than by requesting him to place himself with me, in imagination, upon some given point; let it be the top of either of the mountains, Great Gavel, or Scawfell; or, rather, let us suppose our station to be a cloud hanging midway between these two mountains, at not more than half a mile's distance from the summit of each, and not many yards above their highest elevation; we shall then see stretched at our feet a number of valleys, not fewer than nine, diverging from the point, on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First, we note, lying to the south-east, the vale of Langdale, which will conduct the eye to the long Lake of Winandermere, stretched nearly to the sea; or rather to the sands of the vast bay of Morcomb, serving here for the rim of this imaginary wheel;—let us trace it in a direction from the south-east towards the south, and we shall next fix our eyes upon the vale of Coniston, running up likewise from the sea, but not (as all the other valleys do) to the nave of the wheel, and therefore it may not be inaptly represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking forth again, with an inclination towards the west, immediately at our feet lies the vale of Duddon, in which is no lake, but a co-

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\* This Essay, which was published several years ago as an Introduction to some Views of the Lakes, by the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson, (an expensive work, and necessarily of limited circulation,) is now, with emendations and additions, attached to this volume; from a consciousness of its having been written in the same spirit which dictated several of the poems, and from a belief that it will tend materially to illustrate them.

[The republication, here mentioned, was made in the Volume containing "Sonnets to the River Duddon and other Poems published in 1820." No other reason than that stated by the Author himself need be given for introducing into the present Edition this Essay descriptive of the Scenery of the Lakes, and thus restoring its appropriate connection with the Poems.—H. R.]

pious stream winding among fields, rocks, and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth valley next to be observed, viz. that of Eskdale, is of the same general character as the last, yet beautifully discriminated from it by peculiar features. Next, almost due west, look down upon, and into, the deep valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and half a dozen neat scattered dwellings, a plain of meadow and corn-ground intersected with stone walls apparently innumerable, like a large piece of lawless patch-work, or an array of mathematical figures, such as in the ancient schools of geometry might have been sportively and fantastically traced out upon sand. Beyond this little fertile plain lies, within its bed of steep mountains, the long, narrow, stern, and desolate Lake of Wastdale; and beyond this a dusky tract of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish Sea. The several vales of Ennerdale and Buttermere, with their lakes, next present themselves; and lastly, the vale of Borrowdale, of which that of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Winandermere with which we began. From this it will appear, that the image of a wheel thus far exact, is little more than one half complete; but the deficiency on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Ulswater, Hawswater, and the vale of Grasmere and Rydal; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Scawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, take a flight of not more than three or four miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, and you will look down upon Wytheburn and St. John's Vale, which are a branch of the vale of Keswick; upon Ulswater, stretching due east, and not far beyond to the south-east, (though from this point not visible,) lie the vale and lake of Hawswater; and lastly, the vale of Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, brings you back to Winandermere, thus completing, though on the eastern side in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel.

Such, concisely given, is the general topographical view of the country of the Lakes in the north of England; and it may be observed, that, from the circumference to the centre, that is, from the sea or plain country to the mountain stations specified, there is—in the several ridges that enclose these vales and divide them from each other, I mean in the forms and surfaces, first of the swelling grounds, next of the hills and rocks, and lastly of the mountains—an ascent of almost regular gradation from elegance and richness to the highest point of grandeur. It follows therefore from this, first, that these rocks, hills, and mountains, must present themselves to view in stages rising above each other, the mountains clustering together towards the central point; and, next, that an observer familiar with the several vales, must, from their various position in relation to the sun, have had before his eyes every

possible embellishment of beauty, dignity, and splendour, which light and shadow can bestow upon objects so diversified. For example, in the vale of Winandermere, if the spectator looks for gentle and lovely scenes, his eye is turned towards the south; if for the grand, towards the north; in the vale of Keswick, which (as hath been said) lies almost due north of this, it is directly the reverse. Hence, when the sun is setting in summer far to the north-west, it is seen by the spectator from the shores or breast of Winandermere, resting amongst the summits of the loftiest mountains, some of which will perhaps be half or wholly hid by clouds, or by the blaze of light which the orb diffuses around it; and the surface of the lake will reflect before the eye correspondent colours through every variety of beauty, and through all degrees of splendour. In the vale of Keswick, at the same period, the sun sets over the humbler regions of the landscape, and showers down upon *them* the radiance which at once veils and glorifies,—sending forth, meanwhile, broad streams of rosy, crimson purple, or golden light, towards the grand mountains in the south and south-east, which, thus illuminated, with all their projections and cavities, and with an intermixture of solemn shadows, are seen distinctly through a cool and clear atmosphere. Of course, there is as marked a difference between the *noontide* appearance of these two opposite vales. The bedimming haze that overspreads the south, and the clear atmosphere and determined shadows of the clouds in the north, at the same time of the day, are each seen in these several vales, with a contrast as striking. The reader will easily perceive in what degree the intermediate vales partake of the same variety.

I do not indeed know any tract of country in which, within so narrow a compass, may be found an equal variety in the influences of light and shadow upon the sublime or beautiful features of landscape; and it is owing to the combined circumstances to which I have directed the reader's attention. From a point between Great Gavel and Scawfell, a shepherd would not require more than an hour to descend into any one of eight of the principal vales by which he would be surrounded; and all the others lie (with the exception of Hawswater) at but a small distance. Yet, though clustered together, every valley has its distinct and separate character; in some instances, as if they had been formed in studied contrast to each other, and in others with the united pleasing differences and resemblances of a sisterly rivalry. This concentration of interest gives to the country a decided superiority over the most attractive districts of Scotland and Wales, especially for the pedestrian traveller. In Scotland and Wales are found undoubtedly individual scenes, which, in their several kinds, cannot be excelled. But, in Scotland, particularly, what desolate and unimpressive tracts of country almost perpetually intervene! so that the traveller, when he reaches a spot deservedly of

great celebrity, would find it difficult to determine how much of his pleasure is owing to excellence inherent in the landscape itself; and how much to an instantaneous recovery from an oppression left upon his spirits by the barrenness and desolation through which he has passed.

But, to proceed with our survey:—and, first, of the MOUNTAINS. Their *forms* are endlessly diversified, sweeping easily or boldly in simple majesty, abrupt and precipitous, or soft and elegant. In magnitude and grandeur they are individually inferior to the most celebrated of those in some other parts of this island; but, in the combinations which they make, towering above each other, or lifting themselves in ridges like the waves of a tumultuous sea, and in the beauty and variety of their surfaces and their colours, they are surpassed by none.

The general *surface* of the mountains is turf, rendered rich and green by the moisture of the climate. Sometimes the turf, as in the neighbourhood of Newlands, is little broken, the whole covering being soft and downy pasturage. In other places rocks predominate: the soil is laid bare by torrents and burstings of water from the sides of the mountains in heavy rains; and occasionally their perpendicular sides are seamed by ravines (formed also by rains and torrents) which, meeting in angular points, entrench and scar over the surface with numerous figures like the letters W and Y.

The MOUNTAINS are composed of the stone by mineralogists termed schist, which, as you approach the plain country, gives place to lime-stone and free-stone; but schist being the substance of the mountains, the predominant *colour* of their *rocky* parts is bluish, or hoary gray—the general tint of the lichens with which the bare stone is encrusted. With this blue or gray colour is frequently intermixed a red tinge, proceeding from the iron that intervenes the stone, and impregnates the soil. The iron is the principle of decomposition in these rocks; and hence, when they become pulverized, the elementary particles crumbling down overspread in many places the steep and almost precipitous sides of the mountains with an intermixture of colours, like the compound hues of a dove's neck. When, in the heat of advancing summer, the fresh green tint of the herbage has somewhat faded, it is again revived by the appearance of the fern profusely spread every where; and, upon this plant, more than upon any thing else, do the changes which the seasons make in the colouring of the mountains depend. About the first week in October, the rich green, which prevailed through the whole summer, is usually passed away. The brilliant and various colours of the fern are then in harmony with the autumnal woods; bright yellow or lemon colour, at the base of the mountains, melting gradually, through orange, to a dark russet brown towards the summits, where the plant being more exposed to the

weather, is in a more advanced state of decay. Neither heath nor furze are *generally* found upon the *sides* of these mountains, though in some places they are richly adorned by them. We may add, that the mountains are of height sufficient to have the surface towards the summits softened by distance, and to imbibe the finest aerial hues. In common also with other mountains, their apparent forms and colours are perpetually changed by the clouds and vapours which float round them: the effect indeed of mist or haze, in a country of this character, is like that of magic. I have seen six or seven ridges rising above each other, all created in a moment by the vapours upon the side of a mountain, which, in its ordinary appearance, showed not a projecting point to furnish even a hint for such an operation.

I will take this opportunity of observing, that they, who have studied the appearances of nature, feel that the superiority, in point of visual interest, of mountainous over other countries—is more strikingly displayed in winter than in summer. This, as must be obvious, is partly owing to the *forms* of the mountains, which, of course, are not affected by the seasons; but also, in no small degree, to the greater variety that exists in their winter than their summer *colouring*. This variety is such, and so harmoniously preserved, that it leaves little cause of regret when the splendour of autumn is passed away. The oak-coppices, upon the sides of the mountains, retain russet leaves; the birch stands conspicuous with its silver stem and puce-coloured twigs; the hollies, with green leaves and scarlet berries, have come forth to view from among the deciduous trees, whose summer foliage had concealed them; the ivy is now plentifully apparent upon the stems and boughs of the trees, and among the woody rocks. In place of the uniform summer-green of the herbage and fern, many rich colours play into each other over the surface of the mountains; turf (the tints of which are interchangeably tawny-green, olive, and brown,) beds of withered fern, and gray rocks, being harmoniously blended together. The mosses and lichens are never so fresh and flourishing as in winter, if it be not a season of frost; and their minute beauties prodigally adorn the fore-ground. Wherever we turn, we find these productions of nature, to which winter is rather favourable than unkindly, scattered over the walls, banks of earth, rocks, and stones, and upon the trunks of trees, with the intermixture of several species of small fern, now green and fresh; and, to the observing passenger, their forms and colours are a source of inexhaustible admiration. Add to this the hoar-frost and snow, with all the varieties they create, and which volumes would not be sufficient to describe. I will content myself with one instance of the colouring produced by snow, which may not be uninteresting to painters. It is extracted from the memorandum-book of a friend; and for its accuracy I can speak, having been an eye-



witness of the appearance. "I observed," says he, "the beautiful effect of the drifted snow upon the mountains, and the perfect *tone* of colour. From the top of the mountains downwards a rich olive was produced by the powdery snow and the grass, which olive was warmed with a little brown, and in this way harmoniously combined, by insensible gradations, with the white. The drifting took away the monotony of snow; and the whole vale of Grasmere, seen from the terrace walk in Easedale, was as varied, perhaps more so, than even in the pomp of autumn. In the distance was Loughrigg-Fell, the basin-wall of the lake: this, from the summit downward, was a rich orange-olive; then the lake of a bright olive-green, nearly the same tint as the snow-powdered mountain tops and high slopes in Easedale; and lastly, the church with its firs forming the centre of the view. Next to the church with its firs, came nine distinguishable hills, six of them with woody sides turned towards us, all of them oak-copses with their bright red leaves and snow-powdered twigs; these hills—so variously situated to each other, and to the view in general, so variously powdered, some only enough to give the herbage a rich brown tint, one intensely white and lighting up all the others—were yet so placed, as in the most inobtrusive manner to harmonize by contrast with a perfect naked, snowless bleak summit in the far distance."

Having spoken of the forms, surface, and colour of the mountains, let us descend into the VALLEYS. Though these have been represented under the general image of the spokes of a wheel, they are, for the most part, winding; the windings of many being abrupt and intricate. And, it may be observed, that, in one circumstance, the general shape of them all has been determined by that primitive conformation through which so many became receptacles of lakes. For they are not formed, as are most of the celebrated Welsh valleys, by an approximation of the sloping bases of the opposite mountains towards each other, leaving little more between than a channel for the passage of a hasty river; but the bottom of these valleys is, for the most part, a spacious and gently declining area, apparently level as the floor of a temple, or the surface of a lake, and beautifully broken, in many cases, by rocks and hills, which rise up like islands from the plain. In such of the valleys as make many windings, these level areas open upon the traveller in succession, divided from each other sometimes by a mutual approximation of the hills, leaving only passage for a river, sometimes by correspondent windings, without such approximation; and sometimes by a bold advance of one mountain towards that which is opposite to it. It may here be observed with propriety, that the several rocks and hills, which have been described as rising up like islands from the level area of the vale, have regulated the choice of the inhabitants in the situation of their dwellings. Where none of these are found, and the incli-

nation of the ground is not sufficiently rapid easily to carry off the waters, (as in the higher part of Langdale, for instance,) the houses are not sprinkled over the middle part of the vales, but confined to their sides, being placed merely so far up the mountain as to protect them from the floods. But where these rocks and hills have been scattered over the plain of the vale, (as in Grasmere, Donnerdale, Eskdale, &c.) the beauty which they give to the scene is much heightened by a single cottage, or cluster of cottages, that will be almost always found under them or upon their sides; dryness and shelter having tempted the Dalesmen to fix their habitations there.

I shall now speak of the LAKES of this country. The form of the lake is most perfect when, like Derwent-water and some of the smaller lakes, it least resembles that of a river;—I mean, when being looked at from any given point where the whole may be seen at once, the width of it bears such proportion to the length, that, however the outline may be diversified by far-shooting bays, it never assumes the shape of a river, and is contemplated with that placid and quiet feeling which belongs peculiarly to the lake—as a body of still water under the influence of no current; reflecting therefore the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky and surrounding hills; expressing also and making visible the changes of the atmosphere, and motions of the lightest breeze, and subject to agitation only from the winds—

——— The visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received  
Into the bosom of the *steady* lake!

It must be noticed, as a favourable characteristic of the lakes of this country, that, though several of the largest, such as Winandermere, Ulswater, Hawswater, &c. do, when the whole length of them is commanded from an elevated point, lose somewhat of the peculiar form of the lake, and assume the resemblance of a magnificent river; yet, as their shape is winding, (particularly that of Ulswater and Hawswater) when the view of the whole is obstructed by those barriers which determine the windings, and the spectator is confined to one reach, the appropriate feeling is revived; and one lake may thus in succession present to the eye the essential characteristic of many. But, though the forms of the large lakes have this advantage, it is nevertheless a circumstance favourable to the beauty of the country, that the largest of them are comparatively small; and that the same valley generally furnishes a succession of lakes, instead of being filled with one. The valleys in North Wales, as hath been observed, are not formed for the reception of lakes; those of Switzerland, Scotland, and this part of the north of England, are so formed; but, in Switzerland

and Scotland, the proportion of diffused water is often too great, as at the lake of Geneva for instance, and in most of the Scotch lakes. No doubt it sounds magnificent and flatters the imagination to hear at a distance of expanses of water so many leagues in length and miles in width; and such ample room may be delightful to the fresh-water sailor scudding with a lively breeze amid the rapidly-shifting scenery. But, who ever travelled along the banks of Loch-Lomond, variegated as the lower part is by islands, without feeling that a speedier termination of the long vista of blank water would be acceptable; and without wishing for an interposition of green meadows, trees, and cottages, and a sparkling stream to run by his side! In fact, a notion of grandeur, as connected with magnitude, has seduced persons of taste into a general mistake upon this subject. It is much more desirable, for the purposes of pleasure, that lakes should be numerous, and small or middle-sized, than large, not only for communication by walks and rides, but for variety, and for recurrence of similar appearances. To illustrate this by one instance:—how pleasing is it to have a ready and frequent opportunity of watching, at the outlet of a lake, the stream pushing its way among the rocks in lively contrast with the stillness from which it has escaped; and how amusing to compare its noisy and turbulent motions with the gentle playfulness of the breezes, that may be starting up or wandering here and there over the faintly-rippled surface of the broad water? I may add, as a general remark, that, in lakes of great width, the shores cannot be distinctly seen at the same time, and therefore contribute little to mutual illustration and ornament; and if, like the American and Asiatic lakes, the opposite shores are out of sight of each other, then unfortunately the traveller is reminded of a nobler object; he has the blankness of a sea-prospect without the same grandeur and accompanying sense of power.

As the comparatively small size of the lakes in the North of England is favourable to the production of variegated landscape, their *boundary-line* also is for the most part gracefully or boldly indented. That uniformity which prevails in the primitive frame of the lower grounds among all chains or clusters of mountains where large bodies of still water are bedded, is broken by the *secondary* agents of nature, ever at work to supply the deficiencies of the mould in which things were originally cast. It need scarcely be observed that using the word, deficiencies, I do not speak with reference to those stronger emotions which a region of mountains is peculiarly fitted to excite. The bases of those huge barriers may run for a long space in straight lines, and these parallel to each other; the opposite sides of a profound vale may ascend as exact counterparts or in mutual reflection like the billows of a troubled sea: and the impression be, from its very simplicity, more awful and sublime. Sublimity is the

result of Nature's first great dealings with the superficies of the earth; but the general tendency of her subsequent operations, is towards the production of beauty, by a multiplicity of symmetrical parts uniting in a consistent whole. This is every where exemplified along the margin of these lakes. Masses of rock, that have been precipitated from the heights into the area of waters, lie frequently like stranded ships; or have acquired the compact structure of jutting piers; or project in little peninsulas crested with native wood. The smallest rivulet—one whose silent influx is scarcely noticeable in a season of dry weather, so faint is the dimple made by it on the surface of the smooth lake—will be found to have been not useless in shaping, by its deposits of gravel and soil in time of flood, a curve that would not otherwise have existed. But the more powerful brooks, encroaching upon the level of the lake, have in course of time given birth to ample promontories, whose sweeping line often contrasts boldly with the longitudinal base of the steeps on the opposite shore; while their flat or gently-sloping surface never fails to introduce, into the midst of desolation and barrenness, the elements of fertility, even where the habitations of men may not happen to have been raised. These alluvial promontories, however, threaten in some places to bisect the waters which they have long adorned; and, in course of ages, they will cause some of the lakes to dwindle into numerous and insignificant pools; which, in their turn, will finally be filled up. But the man of taste will say, it is an impertinent calculation that leads to such unwelcome conclusions;—let us rather be content with appearances as they are, and pursue in imagination the meandering shores, whether rugged steeps, admitting of no cultivation, descend into the water; or the shore is formed by gently-sloping lawns and rich woods, or by flat and fertile meadows stretching between the margin of the lake and the mountains. Among minuter recommendations will be noted with pleasure the curved rim of fine blue gravel thrown up by the waves, especially in bays exposed to the setting-in of strong winds; here and there are found, bordering the lake, groves, if I may so call them, of reeds and bulrushes; or plots of water-lilies lifting up their large circular leaves to the breeze, while the white flower is heaving upon the wave.

The ISLANDS are neither so numerous nor so beautiful as might be expected from the account I have given of the manner in which the level areas of the vales are so frequently diversified by rocks, hills, and hillocks, scattered over them; nor are they ornamented, as are several islands of the lakes in Scotland, by the remains of old castles or other places of defence, or of monastic edifices. There is however a beautiful cluster of islands on Winandermere; a pair pleasingly contrasted upon Rydal; nor must the solitary green island at Grasmere be forgotten. In the bosom of each of the lakes of Ennerdale and Devock-water is a single rock

which, owing to its neighbourhood to the sea, is—

“The haunt of cormorants and sea-mews’ clang,”

a music well suited to the stern and wild character of the several scenes!

This part of the subject may be concluded with observing—that, from the multitude of brooks and torrents that fall into these lakes, and of internal springs by which they are fed, and which circulate through them like veins, they are truly living lakes, “*vivi lacus*,” and are thus discriminated from the stagnant and sullen pools frequent among mountains that have been formed by volcanoes, and from the shallow meres found in flat and fenny countries. The water is also pure and crystalline; so that, if it were not for the reflections of the incumbent mountains by which it is darkened, a delusion might be felt, by a person resting quietly in a boat on the bosom of Winandermere or Derwent-water, similar to that which Carver so beautifully describes when he was floating alone in the middle of the lake Erie or Ontario, and could almost have imagined that his boat was suspended in an element as pure as air, or rather that the air and water were one.

Having spoken of Lakes I must not omit to mention, as a kindred feature of this country, those bodies of still water called **TARNS**. These are found in some of the valleys, and are very numerous upon the mountains. A Tarn, in a *Vale*, implies, for the most part, that the bed of the vale is not happily formed; that the water of the brooks can neither wholly escape, nor diffuse itself over a large area. Accordingly, in such situations, Tarns are often surrounded by a tract of boggy ground which has an unsightly appearance; but this is not always the case, and in the cultivated parts of the country, when the shores of the Tarn are determined, it differs only from the Lake in being smaller, and in belonging mostly to a smaller valley or circular recess. Of this class of miniature lakes Loughrigg Tarn, near Grasmere, is the most beautiful example. It has a margin of green firm meadows, of rocks, and rocky woods, a few reeds here, a little company of water-lilies there, with beds of gravel or stone beyond; a tiny stream issuing neither briskly nor sluggishly out of it; but its feeding rills, from the shortness of their course, so small as to be scarcely visible. Five or six cottages are reflected in its peaceful bosom; rocky and barren steep rise up above the hanging enclosures; and the solemn pikes of Langdale overlook, from a distance, the low cultivated ridge of land that forms the northern boundary of this small, quiet, and fertile domain. The *mountain* Tarns can only be recommended to the notice of the inquisitive traveller who has time to spare. They are difficult of access and naked; yet some of them are, in their permanent forms, very grand; and there are accidents of things which would make the meanest of them interesting. At all events, one of

these pools is an acceptable sight to the mountain wanderer, not merely as an incident that diversifies the prospect, but as forming in his mind a centre or conspicuous point to which objects, otherwise disconnected or unsubordinated, may be referred. Some few have a varied outline, with bold heath-clad promontories; and, as they mostly lie at the foot of a steep precipice, the water, where the sun is not shining upon it, appears black and sullen; and round the margin huge stones and masses of rocks are scattered; some defying conjecture as to the means by which they came there, and others obviously fallen from on high—the contribution of ages! The sense, also, of some repulsive power strongly put forth—excited by the prospect of a body of pure water unattended with groves and other cheerful rural images by which fresh water is usually accompanied, and unable to give any furtherance to the meagre vegetation around it—heightens the melancholy natural to such scenes. Nor is the feeling of solitude often more forcibly or more solemnly impressed than by the side of one of these mountain pools: though desolate and forbidding, it seems a distinct place to repair to; yet where the visitants must be rare, and there can be no disturbance. Water-fowl flock hither; and the lonely Angler may oftentimes here be seen; but the imagination, not content with this scanty allowance of society, is tempted to attribute a voluntary power to every change which takes place in such a spot, whether it be the breeze that wanders over the surface of the water, or the splendid lights of evening resting upon it in the midst of awful precipices.

“There, sometimes does a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the raven’s croak  
In symphony austere:  
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,  
And mists that spread the flying shroud,  
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast.” —

Though this country is, on one side, bounded by the sea, which combines beautifully, from some elevated points of view, with the inland scenery; yet the estuaries cannot pretend to vie with those of Scotland and Wales:—the Lakes are such in the strict and usual sense of the word, being all of fresh water; nor have the Rivers, from the shortness of their course, time to acquire that body of water necessary to confer upon them much majesty. In fact, while they continue in the mountain and lake-country, they are rather large brooks than rivers. The water is perfectly pellucid, through which in many places are seen to a great depth their beds of rock or of blue gravel which give to the water itself an exquisitely cerulean colour: this is particularly striking in the rivers, Derwent and Uddon, which may be compared, such and so various are their beauties, to any two rivers of equal length of course in any country. The number of the torrents and smaller brooks is infinite, with their water-falls and water-



breaks; and they need not here be described. I will only observe that, as many, even of the smallest of these hills, have either found, or made for themselves, recesses in the sides of the mountains or in the vales, they have tempted the primitive inhabitants to settle near them for shelter; and hence the retirement and seclusion by which these cottages are endeared to the eye of the man of sensibility.

The Woods consist chiefly of oak, ash, and birch, and here and there a species of elm, with underwood of hazel, the white and black thorn, and hollies; in moist places alders and willows abound; and yews among the rocks. Formerly the whole country must have been covered with wood to a great height up the mountains; and native Scotch Firs (as in the northern part of Scotland to this day) must have grown in great profusion. But no one of these old inhabitants of the country remains, or perhaps has done for some hundreds of years; beautiful traces however of the universal sylvan appearance the country formerly had, are yet seen, both in the native coppice-woods that remain, and have been protected by enclosures, and also in the forest-trees and hollice, which, though disappearing fast, are yet scattered both over the inclosed and uninclosed parts of the mountains. The same is expressed by the beauty and intricacy with which the fields and coppice-woods are often intermingled: the plough of the first settlers having followed naturally the veins of richer, dryer, or less stony soil; and thus it has shaped out an intermixture of wood and lawn with a grace and wildness which it would have been impossible for the hand of studied art to produce. Other trees have been introduced within these last fifty years, such as beeches, larches, limes, &c. and plantations of Scotch firs, seldom with advantage, and often with great injury to the appearance of the country; but the sycamore (which I believe was brought into this island from Germany, not more than two hundred years ago) has long been the favourite of the cottagers; and, with the Scotch fir, has been chosen to screen their dwellings; and is sometimes found in the fields whither the winds or waters may have carried its seeds.

The want most felt, however, is that of timber trees. There are few magnificent ones to be found near any of the lakes; and, unless greater care be taken, there will in a short time scarcely be left an ancient oak that would repay the cost of felling. The neighbourhood of Rydal, notwithstanding the havoc which has been made, is yet nobly distinguished. In the woods of Lowther, also, is found an almost matchless store of the grandest trees, and all the majesty and wildness of the native forest.

Among the smaller vegetable ornaments provided here by nature, must be reckoned the juniper, bilberry, and the broom-plant, with which the hills and woods abound; the Dutch myrtle in moist places; and the

endless variety of brilliant flowers in the fields and meadows; which, if the agriculture of the country were more carefully attended to, would disappear. Nor can I omit again to notice the lichens and mosses,—their profusion, beauty, and variety exceed those of any other country I have seen.

Thus far I have chiefly spoken of the features by which Nature has discriminated this country from others. I will now describe, in general terms, in what manner it is indebted to the hand of man. What I have to notice on this subject will emanate most easily and perspicuously from a description of the ancient and present inhabitants, their occupations, their condition of life, the distribution of landed property among them, and the tenure by which it is holden.

The reader will suffer me here to recall to his mind the shapes of the valleys and their position with respect to each other, and the forms and substance of the intervening mountains. He will people the valleys with lakes and rivers; the coves and sides of the mountains with pools and torrents; and will bound half of the circle which we have contemplated by the sands of the sea, or by the sea itself. He will conceive that, from the point upon which he before stood, he looks down upon this scene before the country had been penetrated by any inhabitants:—to vary his sensations and to break in upon their stillness, he will form to himself an image of the tides visiting and revisiting the Friths, the main sea dashing against the bolder shore, the rivers pursuing their course to be lost in the mighty mass of waters. He may see or hear in fancy the winds sweeping over the lakes, or piping with a loud voice among the mountain peaks; and, lastly, may think of the primeval woods shedding and renewing their leaves with no human eye to notice, or human heart to regret or welcome the change. "When the first settlers entered this region (says an animated writer) they found it overspread with wood; forest trees, the fir, the oak, the ash, and the birch, had skirted the fells, tufted the hills, and shaded the valleys through centuries of silent solitude; the birds and beasts of prey reigned over the meeker species; and the *bellum inter omnia* maintained the balance of nature in the empire of beasts."

Such was the state and appearance of this region when the aboriginal colonists of the Celtic tribes were first driven or drawn towards it, and became joint tenants with the wolf, the boar, the wild bull, the red deer, and the leigh, a gigantic species of deer which has been long extinct; while the inaccessible crags were occupied by the falcon, the raven, and the eagle. The inner parts were too secluded and of too little value to participate much of the benefit of Roman manners; and though these conquerors encouraged the Britons to the improvement of their lands in the plain country of Furness and Cumberland, they seem



to have had little connection with the mountains, except for military purposes, or in subservience to the profit they drew from the mines.

When the Romans retired from Great Britain, it is well known that these mountain fastnesses furnished a protection to some unsubdued Britons, long after the more accessible and more fertile districts had been seized by the Saxon or Danish invader. A few though distinct traces of Roman forts or camps, as at Ambleside, and upon Dunmallet, and two or three circles of rude stones attributed to the Druids, are the only vestiges that remain upon the surface of the country, of these ancient occupants; and, as the Saxons and Danes, who succeeded to the possession of the villages and hamlets which had been established by the Britons, seem at first to have confined themselves to the open country,—we may descend at once to times long posterior to the conquest by the Normans when their feudal polity was regularly established. We may easily conceive that these narrow dales and mountain sides, choked up as they must have been with wood, lying out of the way of communication with other parts of the Island, and upon the edge of a hostile kingdom, could have little attraction for the high-born and powerful; especially as the more open parts of the country furnished positions for castles and houses of defence sufficient to repel any of those sudden attacks, which, in the then rude state of military knowledge, could be made upon them. Accordingly, the more retired regions (and, observe, it is to these I am now confining myself) must have been neglected or shunned even by the persons whose baronial or seigniorial rights extended over them, and left, doubtless, partly as a place of refuge for outlaws and robbers, and partly granted out for the more settled habitation of a few vassals following the employment of shepherds or woodlanders. Hence these lakes and inner valleys are unadorned by any of the remains of ancient grandeur, castles, or monastic edifices, which are only found upon the skirts of this country, as Furness Abbey, Calder Abbey, the Priory of Lannercost, Gleaston Castle,—long ago the residence of the Flemings,—and the numerous ancient castles of the Cliffords and the Dacres. On the southern side of these mountains, (especially in that part known by the name of Furness Fells, which is more remote from the borders,) the state of society would necessarily be more settled; though it was fashioned not a little, with the rest of the country, by its neighbourhood to a hostile kingdom. We will therefore give a sketch of the economy of the Abbots in the distribution of lands among their tenants, as similar plans were doubtless adopted by other Lords, and as the consequences have affected the face of the country materially to the present day, being in fact one of the principal causes which give it such a striking superiority, in beauty and interest, over all other parts of the island.

"When the Abbots of Furness," says an author before cited, "enfranchised their villains, and raised them to the dignity of customary tenants, the lands, which they had cultivated for their lord, were divided into whole tenements; each of which, besides the customary annual rent, was charged with the obligation of having in readiness a man completely armed for the king's service on the borders, or elsewhere: each of these whole tenements was again subdivided into four equal parts; each villain had one; and the party tenant contributed his share to the support of the man-at-arms, and of other burdens. These divisions were not properly distinguished; the land remained mixed; each tenant had a share through all the arable and meadow-land, and common of pasture over all the wastes. These sub-tenements were judged sufficient for the support of so many families; and no further division was permitted. These divisions and subdivisions were convenient at the time for which they were calculated; the land, so parcelled out, was, of necessity, more attended to; and the industry greater, when more persons were to be supported by the produce of it. The frontier of the kingdom, within which Furness was considered, was in a constant state of attack and defence; more hands, therefore, were necessary to guard the coast, to repel an invasion from Scotland, or make reprisals on the hostile neighbour. The dividing the lands in such manner as has been shown, increased the number of inhabitants, and kept them at home till called for; and, the land being mixed, and the several tenants united in equipping the plough, the absence of the fourth man was no prejudice to the cultivation of his land, which was committed to the care of three.

"While the villains of Low Furness were thus distributed over the land, and employed in agriculture; those of High Furness were charged with the care of flocks and herds, to protect them from the wolves which lurked in the thickets, and in winter to browse them with the tender sprouts of hollies and ash. This custom was not till lately discontinued in High Furness; and holly-trees were carefully preserved for that purpose when all other wood was cleared off; large tracts of common being so covered with these trees, as to have the appearance of a forest of hollies. At the Shepherd's call, the flocks surrounded the holly-bush, and received the croppings at his hand, which they greedily nibbled up, bleating for more. The Abbots of Furness enfranchised these pastoral vassals, and permitted them to enclose *quillets* to their houses, for which they paid encroachment rent."—*West's Antiquities of Furness*.

However desirable, for the purposes of defence, a numerous population might be, it was not possible to make at once the same numerous allotments among the untilled valleys, and upon the sides of the mountains, as had been made in the cultivated plains. The en-

franchised shepherd, or woodlander, having chosen there his place of residence, builds it of sods, or of the mountain-stone, and, with the permission of his lord, encloses, like Robinson Crusoe, a small croft or two immediately at his door for such animals chiefly as he wishes to protect. Others are happy to imitate his example, and avail themselves of the same privileges; and thus a population, mainly of Danish or Norse origin, as the dialect indicates, crept on towards the more secluded parts of the valleys. Chapels, daughters of some distant mother church, are first erected in the more open and fertile vales, as those of Bowness and Grasmere, offsets of Kendal; which again, after a period, as the settled population increases, become mother-churches to smaller edifices, scattered, at length, in almost every dale throughout the country. The enclosures, formed by the tenantry, are for a long time confined to the home-steads; and the arable and meadow land of the vales is possessed in common field; the several portions being marked out by stones, bushes, or trees; which portions, where the custom has survived, to this day are called *dales*, from the word *deylen*, to distribute; but while the valley was thus lying open, enclosures seem to have taken place upon the sides of the mountains; because the land there was not intermixed, and was of little comparative value, and, therefore, small opposition would be made to its being appropriated by those to whose habitations it was contiguous. Hence the singular appearance which the sides of many of these mountains exhibit, intersected, as they are, almost to their summit, with stone walls, of which the fences are always formed. When first erected, they must have little disfigured the face of the country; as part of the lines would every where be hidden by the quantity of native wood then remaining; and the lines would also be broken (as they still are) by the rocks which interrupt and vary their course. In the meadows, and in those parts of the lower grounds where the soil has not been sufficiently drained, and could not afford a stable foundation, there, when the increasing value of land, and the inconvenience suffered from intermixed plots of ground in common field, had induced each inhabitant to inclose his own, they were compelled to make the fences of alders, willows, and other trees. These, where the native wood had disappeared, have frequently enriched the valleys with a sylvan appearance; while the intricate intermixture of property has given to the fences a graceful irregularity, which, where large properties are prevalent, and larger capitals employed in agriculture, is unknown. This sylvan appearance is still further heightened by the number of ash-trees which have been planted in rows along the quick fences, and along the walls, for the purpose of browsing cattle at the approach of winter. The branches are lopped off and strewed upon the pastures; and, when the cattle have stripped them of the leaves, they are used for repairing hedges, or for fuel.

We have thus seen a numerous body of Dalesmen creeping into possession of their home-steads, their little crofts, their mountain-enclosures; and, finally, the whole vale is visibly divided; except, perhaps, here and there some marshy ground, which, till fully drained, would not repay the trouble of enclosing. But these last partitions do not seem to have been general, till long after the pacification of the Borders, by the union of the two crowns; when the cause, which had first determined the distribution of land into such small parcels, had not only ceased,—but likewise a general improvement had taken place in the country, with a correspondent rise in the value of its produce. From the time of the union, it is certain that this species of feudal population would rapidly diminish. That it was formerly much more numerous than it is at present, is evident from the multitude of tenements (I do not mean houses, but small divisions of land,) which belonged formerly each to its several proprietor, and for which separate fines are paid to the manorial lord at this day. These are often in the proportion of four to one, of the present occupants. “Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, who lived in the reign of Henry VII. was wont to say, he had three noble houses, one for pleasure, Crosby, in Westmoreland, where he had a park full of deer; one for profit and warmth, wherein to reside in winter, namely, Yanwith, nigh Penrith; and the third, Threlkeld (on the edge of the vale of Keswick) well stocked with tenants to go with him to the wars.” But, as I have said, from the union of the two crowns, this numerous vassalage (their services not being wanted) would rapidly diminish; various tenements would be united in one possessor; and the aboriginal houses, probably little better than hovels, like the kraels of savages, or the huts of the Highlanders of Scotland, would many of them fall into decay, and wholly disappear, while the place of others was supplied by substantial and comfortable buildings, a majority of which remain to this day scattered over the valleys, and are in many the only dwellings found in them.

From the time of the erection of these houses, till within the last fifty years, the state of society, though no doubt slowly and gradually improving, underwent no material change. Corn was grown in these vales (through which no carriage-road had been made) sufficient upon each estate to furnish bread for each family, and no more: notwithstanding the union of several tenements, the possessions of each inhabitant still being small, in the same field was seen an intermixture of different crops; and the plough was interrupted by little rocks, mostly overgrown with wood, or by spongy places, which the tillers of the soil had neither leisure nor capital to convert into firm land. The storms and moisture of the climate induced them to sprinkle their upland property with outhouses of native stone, as places of shelter for their sheep, where, in tempestuous weather, food was distributed to them. Every family spun from its own flock the wool with which it was

clothed; a weaver was here and there found among them; and the rest of their wants were supplied by the produce of the yarn, which they carded and spun in their own houses, and carried to market, either under their arms, or more frequently on pack-horses, a small train taking their way weekly down the valley or over the mountains to the most commodious town. They had, as I have said, their rural chapel, and of course their minister, in clothing or in manner of life, in no respect differing from themselves, except on the Sabbath-day; this was the sole distinguished individual among them; every thing else, person and possession, exhibited a perfect equality, a community of shepherds and agriculturists, proprietors, for the most part, of the lands which they occupied and cultivated.

While the process above detailed was going on, the native forest must have been every where receding; but trees were planted for the sustenance of the flocks in winter,—such was then the rude state of agriculture; and, for the same cause, it was necessary that care should be taken of some part of the growth of the native forest. Accordingly, in Queen Elizabeth's time, this was so strongly felt, that a petition was made to the Crown, praying, "that the Blomaries in high Furness might be abolished, on account of the quantity of wood which was consumed in them for the use of the mines, to the great detriment of the cattle." But this same cause, about a hundred years after, produced effects directly contrary to those which had been deprecated. The re-establishment, at that period, of furnaces upon a large scale, made it the interest of the people to convert the steeper and more stony of the enclosures, sprinkled over with remains of the native forest, into close woods, which, when cattle and sheep were excluded, rapidly sowed and thickened themselves. I have already directed the reader's attention to the cause by which tufts of wood, pasturage, meadow, and arable land, with its various produce, are intricately intermingled in the same field, and he will now see, in like manner, how enclosures entirely of wood, and those of cultivated ground, are blended all over the country under a law of similar wildness.

An historic detail has thus been given of the manner in which the hand of man has acted upon the surface of the inner regions of this mountainous country, as incorporated with and subservient to the powers and processes of nature. We will now take a view of the same agency acting, within narrower bounds, for the production of the few works of art and accommodations of life which, in so simple a state of society, could be necessary. These are merely habitations of man and coverts for beasts, roads and bridges, and places of worship.

And to begin with the **COTTAGES**. They are scattered over the valleys, and under the hill sides, and on the rocks; and, even to this day, in the more retired dales, without any intrusion of more assuming buildings.

Clustered like stars some few, but single most,  
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,  
Or glancing on each other cheerful looks,  
Like separated stars with clouds between. — *MS.*

The dwelling-houses, and contiguous outhouses, are in many instances, of the colour of the native rock, out of which they have been built; but, frequently the dwelling-house has been distinguished from the barn and byer by roughcast and white wash, which, as the inhabitants are not hasty in renewing it, in a few years acquires, by the influence of weather, a tint at once sober and variegated. As these houses have been from father to son inhabited by persons engaged in the same occupations, yet necessarily with changes in their circumstances, they have received additions and accommodations adapted to the needs of each successive occupant, who, being for the most part proprietor, was at liberty to follow his own fancy; so that these humble dwellings remind the contemplative spectator of a production of nature, and may (using a strong expression) rather be said to have grown than to have been erected;—to have risen by an instinct of their own out of the native rock! so little is there in them of formality; such is their wildness and beauty. Among the numerous recesses and projections in the walls and in the different stages of their roofs, are seen the boldest and most harmonious effects of contrasted sunshine and shadow. It is a favourable circumstance, that the strong winds, which sweep down the valleys, induced the inhabitants, at a time when the materials for building were easily procured, to furnish many of these dwellings with substantial porches; and such as have not this defence, are seldom unprovided with a projection of two large slates over their thresholds. Nor will the singular beauty of the chimneys escape the eye of the attentive traveller. Sometimes a low chimney, almost upon a level with the roof, is overlaid with a slate, supported upon four slender pillars, to prevent the wind from driving the smoke down the chimney. Others are of a quadrangular shape, rising one or two feet above the roof; which low square is often surmounted by a tall cylinder, giving to the cottage chimney the most beautiful shape in which it is ever seen. Nor will it be too fanciful or refined to remark, that there is a pleasing harmony between a tall chimney of this circular form, and the living column of smoke, through the still air ascending from it. These dwellings, as has been said, are built of rough unbewn stone; and they are roofed with slates, which were rudely taken from the quarry before the present art of splitting them was understood, and are therefore rough and uneven in their surfaces, so that both the coverings and sides of the houses have furnished places of rest for the seeds of lichens, mosses, ferns, and flowers. Hence buildings, which, in their very form call to mind the processes of nature, do thus, clothed with this vegetable garb, appear to be received into the bosom of the living principle of



things, as it acts and exists among the woods and fields: and, by their colour and their shape, affectingly direct the thoughts to that tranquil course of nature and simplicity, along which the humble-minded inhabitants have through so many generations been led. Add the little garden with its shed for bee-hives, its small beds of pot-herbs, and its borders and patches of flowers for Sunday posies, with sometimes a choice few too much prized to be plucked; an orchard of proportioned size; a cheese-press, often supported by some tree near the door; a cluster of embowering sycamores for summer shade; with a tall Scotch fir, through which the winds sing when other trees are leafless; the little rill or household spout murmuring in all seasons;—combine these incidents and images together, and you have the representative idea of a mountain-cottage in this country so beautifully formed in itself, and so richly adorned by the hand of nature.

Till within the last fifty years there was no communication between any of these vales by carriage-roads; all bulky articles were transported on pack-horses. Owing, however, to the population not being concentrated in villages but scattered, the valleys themselves were intersected as now by innumerable lanes and pathways leading from house to house and from field to field. These lanes, where they are fenced by stone walls, are mostly bordered with ashes, hazels, wild roses, and beds of tall fern, at their base; while the walls themselves if old are overspread with mosses, small ferns, wild strawberries, the geranium, and lichens; and if the wall happen to rest against a bank of earth, it is sometimes almost wholly concealed by a rich facing of stone-fern. It is a great advantage to a traveller or resident, that these numerous lanes and paths, if he be a zealous admirer of nature, will introduce him, nay, will lead him on into all the recesses of the country, so that the hidden treasures of its landscapes will by an ever-ready guide be laid open to his eyes.

Likewise to the smallness of the several properties is owing the great number of bridges over the brooks and torrents, and the daring and graceful neglect of danger or accommodation with which so many of them are constructed, the rudeness of the forms of some, and their endless variety. But, when I speak of this rudeness, I must at the same time add that many of these structures are in themselves models of elegance, as if they had been formed upon principles of the most thoughtful architecture. It is to be regretted that these monuments of the skill of our ancestors, and of that happy instinct by which consummate beauty was produced, are disappearing fast; but sufficient specimens remain to give a high gratification to the man of genuine taste. Such travellers as may not be accustomed to pay attention to these things, will excuse me if I point out the proportion between the span and elevation of the arch, the lightness of the parapet, and the graceful manner in which its curve follows faithfully that of the arch.

Upon this subject I have nothing further to notice, except the places of worship, which have mostly a little school-house adjoining. The architecture of these churches and chapels, where they have not been recently rebuilt or modernised, is of a style not less appropriate and admirable than that of the dwelling-houses and other structures. How sacred the spirit by which our forefathers were directed! The *religio loci* is no where outraged by these unstinted, yet unpretending, works of human hands. They exhibit generally a well proportioned oblong with a suitable porch, in some instances a steeple tower, and in others nothing more than a small belfry in which one or two bells hang visibly.—But these objects, though pleasing in their forms, must necessarily, more than others in rural scenery, derive their interest from the sentiments of piety and reverence for the modest virtues and simple manners of humble life with which they may be contemplated. A man must be very insensible who would not be touched with pleasure at the sight of the chapel of Buttermere, so strikingly expressing by its diminutive size how small must be the congregation there assembled, as it were, like one family; and proclaiming at the same time to the passenger, in connection with the surrounding mountains, the depth of that seclusion in which the people live that has rendered necessary the building of a separate place of worship for so few. A Patriot, calling to mind the images of the stately fabrics of Canterbury, York, or Westminster, will find a heart-felt satisfaction in presence of this lowly pile, as a monument of the wise institutions of our country, and as evidence of the all-pervading and paternal care of that venerable Establishment of which it is perhaps the humblest daughter.—The edifice is scarcely larger than many of the single stones or fragments of rock which are scattered near it.

We have thus far confined our observations on this division of the subject to that part of these Dales which runs up far into the mountains. In addition to such objects as have been hitherto described, it may be mentioned that, as we descend towards the open part of the Vales, we meet with the remains of ancient Parks, and with old Mansions of more stately architecture; and it may be observed that to these circumstances the country owes whatever ornament it retains of majestic and full-grown timber, as the remains of the park of the ancient family of the Ratcliffs at Derwent-water, Gowbraypark, and the venerable woods of Rydal. Through the open parts of the vales are scattered, with more spacious domains attached to them, houses of a middle rank, between the pastoral cottage and the old hall-residence of the more wealthy *Estatesman*.

Thus has been given a faithful description, the minuteness of which the reader will pardon, of the face of this country as it was, and had been through centuries, till within the last fifty years. Towards the head of these Dales was found a perfect Republic of



Shepherds and Agriculturists, among whom the plough of each man was confined to the maintenance of his own family, or to the occasional accommodation of his neighbour. Two or three cows furnished each family with milk and cheese. The Chapel was the only edifice that presided over these dwellings, the supreme head of this pure Commonwealth; the members of which existed in the midst of a powerful empire, like an ideal society or an organised community, whose constitution had been imposed and regulated by the mountains which protected it. Neither Knight, nor Esquire, nor high-born Nobleman, was here; but many of these humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the land, which they walked over and tilled, had for more than five hundred years been possessed by men of their name and blood;—and venerable was the transition, when a curious traveller, descending from the heart of the mountains, had come to some ancient manorial residence in the more open parts of the Vales, which, through the rights attached to its proprietor, connected the almost visionary mountain Republic he had been contemplating with the substantial frame of society as existing in the laws and constitution of a mighty empire.

Such, as I have said, was the appearance of things till within these last fifty years. A practice, by a strange abuse of terms denominated Ornamental Gardening, was at that time becoming prevalent over England. In union with an admiration of this art and in some instances in opposition to it, had been generated a relish for select parts of natural scenery; and Travellers, instead of confining their observations to Towns, Manufactories, or Mines, began (a thing till then unheard of) to wander over the Island in search of sequestered spots distinguished, as they might accidentally have learned, for the sublimity or beauty of the forms of Nature there to be seen.—Dr. Brown, the celebrated Author of the *Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times*, published a letter to a Friend in which the attractions of the Vale of Keswick were delineated with a powerful pencil, and the feeling of a genuine Enthusiast. Gray the Poet followed; he died soon after his forlorn and melancholy pilgrimage to the Vale of Keswick, and the record left behind him of what he had seen and felt in this journey excited that pensive interest with which the human mind is ever disposed to listen to the farewell words of a Man of genius. The journal of Gray feelingly showed how the gloom of ill health and low spirits had been irradiated by objects, which the Author's powers of mind enabled him to describe with distinctness and unaffected simplicity. Every reader of this journal must have been impressed with the words that conclude his notice of the Vale of Grasmere—"Not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house or garden-wall, breaks in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and

happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire."

What is here so justly said of Grasmere applied almost equally to all its sister Vales. It was well for the undisturbed pleasure of the Poet that he had no forebodings of the change which was soon to take place; and it might have been hoped that these words, indicating how much the charm of what *was*, depended upon what was *not*, would of themselves have preserved the ancient franchises of this and other kindred mountain retirements from trespass; or, (shall I dare to say?) would have secured scenes so consecrated from profanation. The lakes had now become celebrated; visitors flocked hither from all parts of England: the fancies of some were smitten so deeply, that they became settlers; and the Islands of Derwent-water and Winandermere, as they offered the strongest temptation, were the first places seized upon, and were instantly defaced by the intrusion.

The venerable wood that had grown for centuries round the small house called St. Herbert's Hermitage, had indeed some years before been felled by its native proprietor, and the whole island had been planted anew with Scotch firs left to spindle up by each other's side—a melancholy phalanx, defying the power of the winds, and disregarding the regret of the spectator, who might otherwise have cheated himself into a belief, that some of the decayed remains of those oaks, the place of which is in this manner usurped, had been planted by the Hermit's own hand. Comparatively, however, this sainted spot suffered little injury. The Hind's Cottage upon Vicar's island, in the same lake, with its embowering sycamores and cattle shed, disappeared, at the bidding of an alien improver, from the corner where they had stood; and right in the middle, and upon the precise point of the island's highest elevation, rose a tall square habitation, with four sides exposed, like an observatory, or a warren-house reared upon an eminence for the detection of depredators, or, like the temple of *Æolus*, where all the winds pay him obeisance. Round this novel structure, but at respectful distance, platoons of firs were stationed, as if to protect their commander when weather and time should somewhat have shattered his strength. Within the narrow limits of this island were typified also the state and strength of a kingdom, and its religion as it had been and was,—for neither was the druidical circle uncreated, nor the church of the present establishment; nor the stately pier, emblem of commerce and navigation; nor the fort, to deal out thunder upon the approaching invader. The taste of a succeeding proprietor rectified the mistakes as far as was practicable, and has ridded the spot of all its puerilities. The church, after having been docked of its steeple, is applied, both ostensibly and really, to the purpose for which the body of the pile was actually erected, namely, a boat-house; the fort is demolished, and, without

indignation on the part of the spirits of the ancient Druids who officiated at the circle upon the opposite hill, the mimic arrangement of stones, with its *sanctum sanctorum*, has been swept away.

The present instance has been singled out, extravagant as it is, because, unquestionably, this beautiful country has, in numerous other places, suffered from the same spirit, though not clothed exactly in the same form, nor active in an equal degree. It will be sufficient here to utter a regret for the changes that have been made upon the principal Island at Winandermere, and in its neighbourhood. What could be more unfortunate than the taste that suggested the paring of the shores, and surrounding with an embankment this spot of ground, the natural shape of which was so beautiful! An artificial appearance has thus been given to the whole, while infinite varieties of minute beauty have been destroyed. Could not the margin of this noble island be given back to nature? Winds and waves work with a careless and graceful hand; and, should they in some places carry away a portion of the soil, the trifling loss would be amply compensated by the additional spirit, dignity, and loveliness, which these agents and the other powers of nature would soon communicate to what was left behind. As to the larch-plantations upon the main shore,—they who remember the original appearance of the rocky steeps scattered over with native hollies and ash-trees, will be prepared to agree with what I shall have to say hereafter upon plantations in general.

But, in truth, no one can now travel through the more frequented tracts, without being offended at almost every turn by an introduction of discordant objects, disturbing that peaceful harmony of form and colour which had been through a long lapse of ages most happily preserved.

All gross transgressions of this kind originate, doubtless, in a feeling natural and honourable to the human mind, viz. the pleasure which it receives from distinct ideas, and from the perception of order, regularity, and contrivance. Now, unpractised minds receive these impressions only from objects that are divided from each other by strong lines of demarcation; hence the delight with which such minds are smitten by formality and harsh contrast. But I would beg of those who are eager to create the means of such gratification, first carefully to study what already exists; and they will find, in a country so lavishly gifted by nature, an abundant variety of forms marked out with a precision that will satisfy their desires. Moreover, a new habit of pleasure will be formed opposite to this, arising out of the perception of the fine gradations by which in nature one thing passes away into another, and the boundaries that constitute individuality, disappear in one instance, only to be revived elsewhere under a more alluring form. The hill of Dunmallet, at the foot of Ulswater, was once divided into different por-

tions, by avenues of fir-trees, with a green and almost perpendicular lane descending down the steep hill through each avenue;—contrast this quaint appearance with the image of the same hill overgrown with self-planted wood,—each tree springing up in the situation best suited to its kind, and with that shape which the situation constrained or suffered it to take. What endless melting and playing into each other of forms and colours does the one offer to a mind at once attentive and active; and how insipid and lifeless, compared with it, appear those parts of the former exhibition with which a child, a peasant perhaps, or a citizen unfamiliar with natural imagery, would have been most delighted!

I cannot, however, omit observing, that the disfigurement which this country has undergone, has not proceeded wholly from those common feelings of human nature which have been referred to as the primary sources of bad taste in rural scenery; another cause must be added, which has chiefly shown itself in its effect upon buildings. I mean a warping of the natural mind occasioned by a consciousness that, this country being an object of general admiration, every new house would be looked at and commented upon either for approbation or censure. Hence all the deformity and ungracefulness that ever pursue the steps of constraint or affectation. Men, who in Leicestershire or Northamptonshire would probably have built a modest dwelling like those of their sensible neighbours, have been turned out of their course; and, acting a part, no wonder if, having had little experience, they act it ill. The craving for prospect also, which is immoderate, particularly in new settlers, has rendered it impossible that buildings, whatever might have been their architecture, should in most instances be ornamental to the landscape; rising as they do from the summits of naked hills in staring contrast to the snugness and privacy of the ancient houses.

No man is to be condemned for a desire to decorate his residence and possessions; feeling a disposition to applaud such an endeavour, I would show how the end may be best attained. The rule is simple; with respect to grounds—work, where you can, in the spirit of nature with an invisible hand of art. Planting, and a removal of wood, may thus and thus only be carried on with good effect; and the like may be said of building, if Antiquity, who may be styled the co-partner and sister of Nature, be not denied the respect to which she is entitled. I have already spoken of the beautiful forms of the ancient mansions of this country, and of the happy manner in which they harmonise with the forms of nature. Why cannot these be taken as a model, and modern internal convenience be confined within their external grace and dignity? Expense to be avoided, or difficulties to be overcome, may prevent a close adherence to this model; still, however, it might be followed to a certain degree in the style of

architecture and in the choice of situation, if the thirst for prospect were mitigated by those considerations of comfort, shelter, and convenience, which used to be chiefly sought after. But, should an aversion to old fashions unfortunately exist, accompanied with a desire to transplant into the cold and stormy North, the elegancies of a villa formed upon a model taken from countries with a milder climate, I will adduce a passage from an English poet, the divine Spenser, which will show in what manner such a plan may be realised without injury to the native beauty of these scenes.

"Into that forest farre they thence him led,  
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade  
With MOUNTAINS round about environed,  
And MIGHTY WOODS which did the valley shade  
And like a stately theatre it made,  
Spreading itself into a spacious plaine;  
And in the midst a little river plande  
Enongst the pumy stones which seem'd to 'plaine  
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,  
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels green,  
In which the birds sang many a lovely lay  
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves teene,  
As it an earthly paradise had beene;  
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight  
A fair pavilion, scarcely to be seen,  
The which was all within most richly dight,  
That greatest princes living it mote well delight."

Houses or mansions suited to a mountainous region, should be "not obvious, nor obtrusive, but retired;" and the reasons for this rule, though they have been little adverted to, are evident. Mountainous countries, more frequently and forcibly than others, remind us of the power of the elements, as manifested in winds, snows, and torrents, and accordingly make the notion of exposure very displeasing; while shelter and comfort are in proportion necessary and acceptable. Far-winding valleys difficult of access, and the feelings of simplicity habitually connected with mountain retirements, prompt us to turn from ostentation as a thing there eminently unnatural and out of place. A mansion, amid such scenes, can never have sufficient dignity or interest to become principal in the landscape, and render the mountains, lakes, or torrents by which it may be surrounded, a subordinate part of the view. It is, I grant, easy to conceive, that an ancient castellated building, hanging over a precipice or raised upon an island, or the peninsula of a lake, like that of Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe, may not want, whether deserted or inhabited, sufficient majesty to preside for a moment in the spectator's thoughts over the high mountains among which it is embosomed; but its titles are from antiquity—a power readily submitted to upon occasion as the vicegerent of Nature: it is respected, as having owed its existence to the necessities of things, as a monument of security in times of disturbance and

danger long passed-away,—as a record of the pomp and violence of passion, and a symbol of the wisdom of law;—it bears a countenance of authority, which is not impaired by decay.

"Child of loud-throated war, the mountain-stream  
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest  
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age!" — MS.

To such honours a modern edifice can lay no claim; and the puny efforts of elegance appear contemptible, when, in such situations, they are obtruded in rivalry with the sublimities of Nature. But, towards the verge of a district like this of which we are treating, where the mountains subside into hills of moderate elevation, or in an undulating or flat country, a gentleman's mansion may, with propriety, become a principal feature in the landscape; and, itself being a work of art, works and traces of artificial ornament may, without censure, be extended around it, as they will be referred to the common centre, the house; the right of which to impress within certain limits a character of obvious ornament will not be denied, where no commanding forms of nature dispute it, or set it aside. Now, to a want of the perception of this difference, and to the causes before assigned, may chiefly be attributed the disfigurement which the Country of the Lakes has undergone, from persons who may have built, demolished, and planted, with full confidence, that every change and addition was or would become an improvement.

The principle that ought to determine the position, apparent size, and architecture of a house, viz. that it should be so constructed, and (if large) so much of it hidden, as to admit of its being gently incorporated into the scenery of nature—should also determine its colour. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say, "if you would fix upon the best colour for your house, turn up a stone, or pluck up a handful of grass by the roots, and see what is the colour of the soil where the house is to stand, and let that be your choice." Of course, this precept, given in conversation, could not have been meant to be taken literally. For example, in Low Furness, where the soil, from its strong impregnation with iron, is universally of a deep red, if this rule were strictly followed, the house also must be of a glaring red; in other places it must be of a sullen black; which would only be adding annoyance to annoyance. The rule, however, as a general guide, is good; and, in agricultural districts, where large tracts of soil are laid bare by the plough, particularly if (the face of the country being undulating) they are held up to view, this rule, though not to be implicitly adhered to, should never be lost sight of;—the colour of the house ought, if possible, to have a cast or shade of the colour of the soil. The principle is, that the house must harmonise with the surrounding landscape: accordingly in mountainous countries, with still more confidence



may it be said, "look at the rocks and those parts of the mountains where the soil is visible, and they will furnish a safe direction." Nevertheless, it will often happen that the rocks may bear so large a proportion to the rest of the landscape, and may be of such a tone of colour, that the rule may not admit even here of being implicitly followed. For instance, the chief defect in the colouring of the Country of the Lakes, (which is most strongly felt in the summer season) is an over-prevalence of a bluish tint, which the green of the herbage, the fern, and the woods, does not sufficiently counteract. If a house, therefore, should stand where this defect prevails, I have no hesitation in saying, that the colour of the neighbouring rocks would not be the best that could be chosen. A tint ought to be introduced approaching nearer to those which, in the technical language of painters, are called *warm*: this, if happily selected, would not disturb but would animate the landscape. How often do we see this exemplified upon a small scale by the native cottages, in cases where the glare of white-wash has been subdued by time and enriched by weather-stains! No harshness is then seen; but one of these cottages, thus coloured, will often form a central point to a landscape by which the whole shall be connected, and an influence of pleasure diffused over all the objects that compose the picture. But where the cold blue tint of the rocks is enriched by the iron tinge, the colour cannot be too closely imitated; and it will be produced of itself by the stones hewn from the adjoining quarry, and by the mortar, which may be tempered with the most gravelly part of the soil. The pure blue gravel, from the bed of the river, is, however, more suitable to the mason's purpose, who will probably insist also that the house must be covered with rough-cast, otherwise it cannot be kept dry; if this advice be taken, the builder of taste will set about contriving such means as may enable him to come the nearest to the effect aimed at.

The supposed necessity of rough-cast to keep out rain in houses not built of hewn stone or brick, has tended greatly to injure English landscape, and the neighbourhood of these Lakes especially, by furnishing such apt occasion for whitening buildings. That white should be a favourite colour for rural residences is natural for many reasons. The mere aspect of cleanliness and neatness thus given, not only to an individual house, but, where the practice is general, to the whole face of the country, produces moral associations so powerful, that, in the minds of many, they take place of every other relating to such objects. But what has already been said upon the subject of cottages, must have convinced men of feeling and imagination, that a human habitation of the humblest class may be rendered more deeply interesting to the affections, and far more pleasing to the eye, by other influences than a sprightly tone of colour spread over its outside. I do not, however, mean to deny, that a small white build-

ing, embowered in trees, may, in some situations, be a delightful and animating object—in no way injurious to the landscape; but this only, where it sparkles from the midst of a thick shade, and in rare and solitary instances; especially if the country be itself rich, and pleasing, and full of grand forms. On the sides of bleak and desolate moors, we are indeed thankful for the sight of white cottages and white houses plentifully scattered, where, without these, perhaps every thing would be cheerless: this is said, however, with hesitation, and with a wilful sacrifice of some higher enjoyments. But I have certainly seen such buildings glittering at sunrise, and in wandering lights, with no common pleasure. The continental traveller also will remember, that the convents hanging from the rocks of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, or among the Appenines or the mountains of Spain, are not looked at with less complacency when, as is often the case, they happen to be of a brilliant white. But this is perhaps owing, in no small degree, to the contrast of that lively colour with the gloom of monastic life, and to the general want of rural residences of smiling and attractive appearance, in those countries.

The objections to white, as a colour, in large spots or masses in landscapes, especially in a mountainous country, are insurmountable. In nature, pure white is scarcely ever found but in small objects, such as flowers; or in those which are transitory, as the clouds, foam of rivers, and snow. Mr. Gilpin, who notices this, has also recorded the just remark of Mr. Locke, of N—, that white destroys the *gradations* of distance; and, therefore, an object of pure white can scarcely ever be managed with good effect in landscape-painting. Five or six white houses, scattered over a valley, by their obtrusiveness, dot the surface, and divide it into triangles, or other mathematical figures, haunting the eye, and disturbing that repose which might otherwise be perfect. I have seen a single white house materially impair the majesty of a mountain; cutting away, by a harsh separation, the whole of its base, below the point on which the house stood. Thus was the apparent size of the mountain reduced, not by the interposition of another object in a manner to call forth the imagination, which will give more than the eye loses; but what had been abstracted in this case was left visible; and the mountain appeared to take its beginning, or to rise from the line of the house, instead of its own natural base. But, if I may express my own individual feeling, it is after sunset, at the coming on of twilight, that white objects are most to be complained of. The solemnity and quietness of nature at that time are always marred, and often destroyed by them. When the ground is covered with snow, they are of course inoffensive; and in moonshine they are always pleasing—it is a tone of light with which they accord; and the dimness of the scene is enlivened by an object at once conspicuous and cheerful. I will



conclude this subject with noticing, that the cold, slaty colour, which many persons, who have heard the white condemned, have adopted in its stead, must be disapproved of for the reason already given. The flaring yellow runs into the opposite extreme, and is still more censurable. Upon the whole, the safest colour, for general use, is something between a cream and a dust-colour, commonly called stone-colour;—there are, among the Lakes, examples of this that need not be pointed out.

The principle taken as our guide, viz. that the house should be so formed, and of such apparent size and colour, as to admit of its being gently incorporated with the scenery of nature, should also be applied to the management of the grounds and plantations, and is here more urgently needed; for it is from abuses in this department, far more even than from the introduction of exotics in architecture (if the phrase may be used) that this country has suffered. Larch and fir plantations have been spread every where, not merely with a view to profit, but in many instances for the sake of ornament. To those who plant for profit, and are thrusting every other tree out of the way to make room for their favourite, the larch, I would utter first a regret that they should have selected these lovely vales for their vegetable manufactory, when there is so much barren and irreclaimable land in the neighbouring moors, and in other parts of the Island, which might have been had for this purpose at a far cheaper rate. And I will also beg leave to represent to them, that they ought not to be carried away by flattering promises from the speedy growth of this tree; because, in rich soils and sheltered situations, the wood, though it thrives fast, is full of sap, and of little value; and is, likewise, very subject to ravage from the attacks of insects, and from blight. Accordingly, in Scotland, where planting is much better understood, and carried on upon an incomparably larger scale than among us, good soil and sheltered situations are appropriated to the oak, the ash, and other deciduous trees; and the larch is now generally confined to barren and exposed ground. There the plant, which is a hardy one, is of slower growth; much less liable to injury; and the timber is of better quality. But there are many, whose circumstances permit them, and whose taste leads them, to plant with little regard to profit; and others, less wealthy, who have such a lively feeling of the native beauty of these scenes, that they are laudably not unwilling to make some sacrifices to heighten it. Both these classes of persons, I would entreat to enquire of themselves wherein that beauty which they admire consists. They would then see that, after the feeling has been gratified that prompts us to gather round our dwelling a few flowers and shrubs, which, from the circumstance of their not being native, may, by their very looks, remind us that they owe their existence to our hands, and their prosperity to our care; they will see that, after

this natural desire has been provided for, the course of all beyond has been predetermined by the spirit of the place. Before I proceed with this subject, I will prepare my way with a remark of general application, by reminding those who are not satisfied with the restraint thus laid upon them, that they are liable to a charge of inconsistency, when they are so eager to change the face of that country, whose native attractions, by the act of erecting their habitations in it, they have so emphatically acknowledged. And surely there is not in this country a single spot that would not have, if well managed, sufficient dignity to support itself, unaided by the productions of other climates, or by elaborate decorations which might be becoming elsewhere.

But to return;—having adverted to the considerations that justify the introduction of a few exotic plants, provided they be confined almost to the doors of the house, we may add, that a transition should be contrived without abruptness, from these foreigners to the rest of the shrubs, which ought to be of the kinds scattered by Nature through the woods—holly, broom, wild-rose, elder, dogberry, white and black thorn, &c. either these only, or such as are carefully selected in consequence of their uniting in form, and harmonising in colour with them, especially with respect to colour, when the tints are most diversified, as in autumn and spring. The various sorts of fruit-and-blossom-bearing trees usually found in orchards, to which may be added those of the woods,—namely, the wilding, black cherry tree, and wild cluster-cherry (here called heck-berry), may be happily admitted as an intermediate link between the shrubs and the forest trees; which last ought almost entirely to be such as are natives of the country. Of the birch, one of the most beautiful of the native trees, it may be noticed, that, in dry and rocky situations, it outstrips even the larch, which many persons are tempted to plant merely on account of the speed of its growth. Sycamore, and the Scotch fir (which, when it has room to spread out its arms, is a noble tree) may be placed with advantage near the house; for, from their massiveness, they unite well with buildings, and in some situations with rocks also; having, in their forms and apparent substances, the effect of something intermediate betwixt the immoveableness and solidity of stone, and the sprays and foliage of the lighter trees. If these general rules be just, what shall we say to whole acres of artificial shrubbery and exotic trees among rocks and dashing torrents, with their own wild wood in sight—where we have the whole contents of the nurseryman's catalogue jumbled together—colour at war with colour, and form with form—among the most peaceful subjects of Nature's kingdom every where discord, distraction, and bewilderment! But this deformity, bad as it is, is not so obtrusive as the small patches and large tracts of larch plantations that are over-running the hill-sides. To justify our condemnation of these, let us again re-

cur to Nature. The process, by which she forms woods and forests, is as follows. Seeds are scattered indiscriminately by winds, brought by waters, and dropped by birds. They perish, or produce, according as the soil upon which they fall is suited to them; and under the same dependence, the seedling or sucker, if not cropped by animals, thrives, and the tree grows, sometimes single, taking its own shape without constraint, but for the most part being compelled to conform itself to some law imposed upon it by its neighbours. From low and sheltered places, vegetation travels upwards to the more exposed; and the young plants are protected, and to a certain degree fashioned, by those that have preceded them. The continuous mass of foliage which would be thus produced, is broken by rocks, or by glades or open places, where the browsing of animals has prevented the growth of wood. As vegetation ascends, the winds begin also to bear their part in moulding the forms of the trees; but, thus mutually protected, trees, though not of the hardiest kind, are enabled to climb high up the mountains. Gradually, however, by the quality of the ground, and by increasing exposure, a stop is put to their ascent; the hardy trees only are left; these also, by little and little, give way,—and a wild and irregular boundary is established, graceful in its outline, and never contemplated without some feeling more or less distinct of the powers of nature by which it is imposed.

Contrast the liberty that encourages, and the law that limits, this joint work of nature and time, with the disheartening necessities, restrictions, and disadvantages, under which the artificial planter must proceed, even he whom long observation and fine feeling have best qualified for his task. In the first place his trees, however well chosen and adapted to their several situations, must generally all start at the same time; and this circumstance would of itself prevent that fine connection of parts, that sympathy and organization, if I may so express myself, which pervades the whole of a natural wood, and appears to the eye in its single trees, its masses of foliage, and their various colours when they are held up to view on the side of a mountain; or when spread over a valley, they are looked down upon from an eminence. It is then impossible, under any circumstances, for the artificial planter to rival the beauty of nature. But a moment's thought will show that, if ten thousand of this spiky tree, the larch, are stuck in at once upon the side of a hill, they can grow up into nothing but deformity; that, while they are suffered to stand, we shall look in vain for any of those appearances which are the chief sources of beauty in a natural wood.

It must be acknowledged that the larch, till it has outgrown the size of a shrub, shows, when looked at singly, some elegance in its form and appearance, especially in spring, decorated, as it then is, by the pink tassels of its blossoms; but, as a tree, it is less

than any other pleasing; its branches (for *boughs* it has none) have no variety in the youth of the tree; and little dignity even when it attains its full growth; *leaves* it cannot be said to have, consequently neither affords shade nor shelter. In spring it becomes green long before the native trees; and its green is so peculiar and vivid that, finding nothing to harmonise with it, wherever it comes forth, a disagreeable speck is produced. In summer, when all other trees are in their pride, it is of a dingy lifeless hue; in autumn of a spiritless unvaried yellow, and in winter it is still more lamentably distinguished from every other deciduous tree of the forest, for they seem only to sleep, but the larch appears absolutely dead. If an attempt be made to mingle thickets, or a certain proportion of other forest-trees, with the larch, its horizontal branches intolerantly cut them down as with a scythe, or force them to spindle up to keep pace with it. The spike, in which it terminates, renders it impossible, when it is planted in numbers, that the several trees should ever blend together so as to form a mass or masses of wood. Add thousands to tens of thousands, and the appearance is still the same—a collection of separate individual trees, obstinately presenting themselves as such; and which, from whatever point they are looked at, if but seen, may be counted upon the fingers. Sunshine, or shadow, has little power to adorn the surface of such a wood; and the trees not carrying up their heads, the wind raises among them no majestic undulations. It is indeed true, that, in countries where the larch is a native, and where without interruption it may sweep from valley to valley and from hill to hill, a sublime image may be produced by such a forest, in the same manner as by one composed of any other single tree, to the spreading of which no limits can be assigned. For sublimity will never be wanting, where the sense of innumerable multitude is lost in, and alternates with, that of intense unity; and to the ready perception of this effect, similarity and almost identity of individual form and monotony of colour contribute. But this feeling is confined to the native immeasurable forest; no artificial plantation can give it.

The foregoing observations will, I hope, (as nothing has been condemned or recommended without a substantial reason) have some influence upon those who plant for ornament merely. To those who plant for profit, I have already spoken. Let me then entreat that the native deciduous trees may be left in complete possession of the lower ground; and that plantations of larch, if introduced at all, may be confined to the highest and most barren tracts. Interposition of rocks would there break the dreary uniformity of which we have been complaining; and the winds would take hold of the trees, and imprint upon their shapes a wildness congenial to their situation.

Having determined what kinds of trees must be wholly rejected, or at least very sparingly used, by those

who are unwilling to disfigure the country; and having shown what kinds ought to be chosen; I should have given, if I had not already overstepped my limits, a few practical rules for the manner in which trees ought to be disposed in planting. But to this subject I should attach little importance, if I could succeed in banishing such trees as introduce deformity, and could prevail upon the proprietor to confine himself either to those found in the native woods, or to such as accord with them. This is indeed the main point; for, much as these scenes have been injured by what has been taken from them—buildings, trees, and woods, either through negligence, necessity, avarice, or caprice—it is not these removals, but the harsh *additions* that have been made, which are the worst grievance—a standing and unavoidable annoyance. Often have I felt this distinction with mingled satisfaction and regret; for, if no positive deformity or discordance be substituted or superinduced, such is the benignity of nature that, take away from her beauty after beauty, and ornament after ornament, her appearance cannot be marred;—the scars, if any be left, will gradually disappear before a healing spirit; and what remains will still be soothing and pleasing.—

“Many hearts deplored

The fate of those old trees; and oft with pain  
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze  
On wrongs which nature scarcely seems to heed:  
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,  
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,  
And the green silent pastures yet remain.”

There are few ancient woods left in this part of England upon which such indiscriminate ravage as is here “deplored” could now be committed. But, out of the numerous copses, fine woods might in time be raised, probably without any sacrifice of profit, by leaving, at the periodical fellings, a due proportion of the healthiest trees to grow up into timber.—This plan has fortunately, in many instances, been adopted; and they, who have set the example, are entitled to the thanks of all persons of taste. As to the management of planting with reasonable attention to ornament, let the images of nature be your guide, and the whole secret lurks in a few words; thickets or underwoods—single trees—trees clustered or in groups—groves—unbroken woods, but with varied masses of foliage—glades—invisible or winding boundaries—in rocky districts, a seemly proportion of rock left wholly bare, and other parts half hidden—disagreeable objects concealed, and formal lines broken—trees climbing up to the horizon, and in some places ascending from its sharp edge in which they are rooted, with the whole body of the tree appearing to stand in the clear sky—in other parts woods surmounted by rocks utterly bare and naked, which add to the sense of height as if vegetation could not thither be carried, and impress a feeling of duration, power of resistance, and security from change!

I have been induced to speak thus at length with a wish to preserve the native beauty of this delightful district, because still farther changes in its appearance must inevitably follow, from the change of inhabitants and owners which is rapidly taking place.—About the same time that strangers began to be attracted to the country, and to feel a wish to settle in it, the difficulty, that would have stood in the way of their procuring situations, was lessened by an unfortunate alteration in the circumstances of the native peasantry, proceeding from a cause which then began to operate, and is now felt in every house. The family of each man, whether *estatesman* or farmer, formerly had a twofold support; first, the produce of his lands and flocks; and secondly, the profit drawn from the employment of the women and children, as manufacturers; spinning their own wool in their own houses, (work chiefly done in the winter season,) and carrying it to market for sale. Hence, however numerous the children, the income of the family kept pace with its increase. But, by the invention and universal application of machinery, this second resource has been wholly cut off; the gains being so far reduced, as not to be sought after but by a few aged persons disabled from other employment. Doubtless, the invention of machinery has not been to these people a pure loss; for the profits arising from home-manufactures operated as a strong temptation to choose that mode of labour in neglect of husbandry. They also participate in the general benefit which the island has derived from the increased value of the produce of land, brought about by the establishment of manufactories, and in the consequent quickening of agricultural industry. But this is far from making them amends: and now that home-manufactures are nearly done away, though the men and children might at many seasons of the year employ themselves with advantage in the fields beyond what they are accustomed to do, yet still all possible exertion in this way cannot be rationally expected from persons whose agricultural knowledge is so confined, and above all where there must necessarily be so small a capital. The consequence, then, is—that, farmers being no longer able to maintain themselves upon small farms, several are united in one, and the buildings go to decay, or are destroyed: and that the lands of the *estatesmen* being mortgaged and the owners constrained to part with them, they fall into the hands of wealthy purchasers, who in like manner unite and consolidate; and, if they wish to become residents, erect new mansions out of the ruins of the ancient cottages, whose little enclosures, with all the wild graces that grew out of them, disappear. The feudal tenure under which the estates are held has indeed done something towards checking this influx of new-settlers; but so strong is the inclination that these galling restraints are endured; and it is probable that in a few years the country on the margin of the Lakes will fall almost entirely into the pos-



session of Gentry, either strangers or natives. It is then much to be wished, that a better taste should prevail among these new proprietors; and, as they cannot be expected to leave things to themselves, that skill and knowledge should prevent unnecessary deviations from that path of simplicity and beauty along which, without design and unconsciously, their humble predecessors have moved. In this wish the author will be joined by persons of pure taste throughout the whole Island, who, by their visits (often repeated) to the Lakes in the North of England, testify that they deem the district a sort of national property, in which every man has a right and interest who has an eye to perceive and a heart to enjoy.

A FEW words may not improperly be annexed, with an especial view to promote the enjoyment of the Tourist. And first, in respect to the Time when this Country can be seen to most advantage. Mr. West, in his well-known Guide to the Lakes, recommends the interval from the beginning of June to the end of August; and, the two latter months being a season of vacation and leisure, it is almost exclusively in these that strangers visit the Country. But that season is by no means the best; there is a want of variety in the colouring of the mountains and woods; which, unless where they are diversified by rocks, are of a monotonous green; and, as a large portion of the Valleys is allotted to hay-grass, a want of variety is found there also. The meadows, however, are sufficiently enlivened after hay-making begins, which is much later than in the southern part of the Island. A stronger objection is rainy weather, setting in often at this period with a vigour, and continuing with a perseverance, that may remind the disappointed and dejected traveller of those deluges of rain, which fall among the Abyssinian Mountains for the annual supply of the Nile. The months of September and October (particularly October) are generally attended with much finer weather; and the scenery is then, beyond comparison, more diversified, more splendid, and beautiful; but, on the other hand, short days prevent long excursions, and sharp and chill gales are unfavourable to parties of pleasure out of doors. Nevertheless, to the sincere admirer of Nature, who is in good health and spirits, and at liberty to make a choice, the six weeks following the 1st of September may be recommended in preference to July and August. For there is no inconvenience arising from the season which, to such a person, would not be amply recompensed by the *Autumnal* appearance of any of the more retired Valleys, into which discordant plantation and unsuitable buildings have not yet found entrance. —In such spots, at this season, there is an admirable compass and proportion of natural harmony in form and colour, through the whole scale of objects;—in the ten-

der green of the after-grass upon the meadows interspersed with islands of gray or mossy rock crowned by shrubs and trees; in the irregular inclosures of standing corn or stubble-fields in like manner broken; in the mountain sides glowing with fern of divers colours; in the calm blue Lakes and River-pools; and in the foliage of the trees, through all the tints of Autumn, from the pale and brilliant yellow of the birch and ash, to the deep greens of the unfaded oak and alder, and of the ivy upon the rocks, upon the trees, and the cottages. Yet, as most travellers are either stinted or stint themselves for time, I would recommend the space between the middle or last week in May and the middle or last week of June, as affording the best combination of long days, fine weather, and variety of impressions. Few of the native trees are then in full leaf; but, for whatever may be wanting in depth of shade, far more than an equivalent will be found in the diversity of foliage, in the blossoms of the fruit-and-berry-bearing trees which abound in the woods, and in the golden flowers of the broom and other shrubs, with which many of the copses are interveined. In those woods, also, and on those mountain-sides which have a northern aspect, and in the deep dells, many of the spring-flowers still linger; while the open and sunny places are stocked with the flowers of approaching summer. And, besides, is not an exquisite pleasure still untasted by him who has not heard the choir of Linnets and Thrushes chaunting their love-songs in the copses, woods, and hedge-rows, of a mountainous country; safe from the birds of prey, which build in the inaccessible crags, and are at all hours seen or heard wheeling about in the air! The number of those formidable creatures is probably the cause why, in the *narrow* valleys, there are no Skylarks; as the Destroyer would be enabled to dart upon them from the near and surrounding crags, before they could descend to their ground-nests for protection. It is not often that Nightingales resort to these Vales; but almost all the other tribes of our English warblers are numerous; and their notes, when listened to by the side of broad still waters, or when heard in unison with the murmuring of mountain-brooks, have the compass of their power enlarged accordingly. There is also an imaginative influence in the voice of the Cuckoo, when that voice has taken possession of a deep mountain valley, very different from any thing which can be excited by the same sound in a flat country. Nor must a circumstance be omitted which here renders the close of Spring especially interesting; I mean the practice of bringing down the ewes from the mountains to yearn in the valleys and enclosed grounds. The herbage being thus cropped as it springs, that first tender emerald green of the season, which would otherwise have lasted little more than a fortnight is prolonged in the pastures and meadows for many weeks; while they are farther enlivened by the multitude of lambs bleating and skipping about. These sportive



creatures, as they gather strength, are turned out upon the open mountains, and with their slender limbs, their snow-white colour, and their wild and light motions, beautifully accord or contrast with the rocks and lawns, upon which they must now begin to seek their food. And last, but not least, at this time the traveller will be sure of room and comfortable accommodation, even in the smaller inns. I am aware that few of those, who may be inclined to profit by this recommendation will be able to do so, as the time and manner of an excursion of this kind is mostly regulated by circumstances which prevent an entire freedom of choice. It will therefore be more pleasant to me to observe, that, though the months of July and August are liable to many objections, yet it not unfrequently happens that the weather, at this time, is not more wet and stormy than they, who are really capable of enjoying the sublime forms of Nature in their utmost sublimity, would desire. For no Traveller, provided he be in good health and with any command of time, would have a just privilege to visit such scenes, if he could grudge the price of a little confinement among them or interruption in his journey for the sight or sound of a storm coming-on or clearing-away. Insensible must he be who would not congratulate himself upon the bold bursts of sunshine, the descending vapours, wandering lights and shadows, and the invigorated torrents and water-falls, with which broken weather, in a mountainous region, is accompanied. At such a time there is no cause to complain, either of the monotony of midsummer colouring or the glaring atmosphere of long, cloudless, and hot days.

Thus far respecting the most eligible season for visiting this country. As to the order in which objects are best seen—a Lake being composed of water flowing from higher grounds, and expanding itself till its receptacle is filled to the brim,—it follows from the nature of things, that it will appear to most advantage when approached from its outlet, especially if the Lake be in a mountainous country; for, by this way of approach, the traveller faces the grander features of the scene, and is gradually conducted into its most sublime recesses. Now, every one knows, that from amenity and beauty the transition to sublimity is easy and favourable; but the reverse is not so; for, after the faculties have been raised by communion with the sublime, they are indisposed to humbler excitement.

It is not likely that a mountain will be ascended without disappointment if a wide range of prospect be the object, unless either the summit be reached before sunrise, or the visitant remains there until the time of sunset, and afterwards. The precipitous sides of the mountain, and the neighbouring summits, may be seen with effect under any atmosphere which allows them to be seen at all; but *he* is the most fortunate adventurer who chances to be involved in vapours which open and let in an extent of country partially, or, dispersing

suddenly, reveal the whole region from centre to circumference.

After all, it is upon the *mind* which a Traveller brings along with him that his acquisitions, whether of pleasure or profit, must principally depend.—May I be allowed a concluding word upon this subject?

Nothing is more injurious to genuine feeling than the practice of hastily and ungraciously depreciating the face of one country by comparing it with that of another. True it is, *Qui bene distinguit bene docet*; yet fastidiousness is a wretched travelling companion; and the best guide to which in matters of taste we can entrust ourselves, is a disposition to be pleased. For example, if a Traveller be among the Alps, let him surrender up his mind to the fury of the gigantic torrents, and take delight in the contemplation of their almost irresistible violence, without complaining of the monotony of their foaming course, or being disgusted with the muddiness of the water—apparent wherever it is unagitated. In Cumberland and Westmoreland let not the comparative weakness of the streams prevent him from sympathising with such impetuosity as they possess; and, making the most of present objects, let him, as he justly may do, observe with admiration the unrivalled brilliancy of the water, and that variety of motion, mood, and character, that arises out of the want of those resources by which the power of the streams in the Alps is supported.—Again, with respect to the mountains; though these are comparatively of diminutive size, though there is little of perpetual snow, and no voice of summer-avalanches is heard among them; and though traces left by the ravage of the elements are here comparatively rare and unimpressive, yet out of this very deficiency proceeds a sense of stability and permanence that is, to many minds, more grateful—

“While the coarse rushes to the sweeping breeze  
Sigh forth their ancient melodies.”

*Ode, The Pass of Kirkstone.*

Among the Alps are few places that do not preclude this feeling of tranquil sublimity. Havoc, and ruin, and desolation, and encroachment, are every where more or less obtruded; and it is difficult, notwithstanding the naked loftiness of the *Pikes*, and the snow-capped summits of the *Mounts*, to escape from the depressing sensation that the whole are in a rapid process of dissolution, and, were it not that the destructive agency must abate as the heights diminish, would, in time to come, be levelled with the plains. Nevertheless I would relish to the utmost the demonstrations of every species of power at work to effect such changes.

From these general views let us descend a moment to detail. A stranger to mountain-scenery naturally on his first arrival looks out for sublimity in every object that admits of it; and is almost always disappointed. For this disappointment there exists, I believe, no general preventive; nor is it desirable that there should.

But with regard to one class of objects, there is a point in which injurious expectations may be easily corrected. It is generally supposed that waterfalls are scarcely worth being looked at except after much rain, and that, the more swoln the stream, the more fortunate the spectator; but this is true only of large cataracts with sublime accompaniments; and not even of these without some drawbacks. The principal charm of the smaller waterfalls or cascades, consists in certain proportions of form and affinities of colour, among the component parts of the scene, and in the contrast maintained between the falling water and that which is apparently at rest; or rather settling gradually into quiet, in the pool

below. Peculiarly, also, is the beauty of such a scene, where there is naturally so much agitation, heightened, here by the *glimmering*, and, towards the verge of the pool, by the *steady*, reflection of the surrounding images. Now, all those delicate distinctions are destroyed by heavy floods, and the whole stream rushes along in foam and tumultuous confusion. I will conclude with observing, that a happy proportion of component parts is generally noticeable among the landscapes of the North of England; and, in this characteristic essential to a perfect picture, they surpass the scenes of Scotland, and, in a still greater degree, those of Switzerland.

## APPENDIX VI.

### ESSAY UPON EPITAPHS.\*

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It needs scarcely be said, that an Epitaph pre-supposes a Monument, upon which it is to be engraven. Almost all Nations have wished that certain external signs should point out the places where their Dead are interred. Among savage Tribes unacquainted with letters, this has mostly been done either by rude stones placed near the Graves, or by Mounds of earth raised over them. This custom proceeded obviously from a twofold desire; first, to guard the remains of the deceased from irreverent approach or from savage violation: and, secondly, to preserve their memory. "Never any," says Camden, "neglected burial but some savage Nations; as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet Philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mecænas, who was wont to say, *Non tumulum curo; sepelit natura relictos.*

I'm careless of a grave:—Nature her dead will save."

As soon as Nations had learned the use of letters, Epitaphs were inscribed upon these Monuments; in order that their intention might be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I have derived Monuments and Epitaphs from two sources of feeling: but these do in fact resolve themselves into one. The invention of Epitaphs, Weever, in his Discourse of Funeral Monuments, says rightly, "proceeded from the presage or fore-feeling of Immortality, implanted in all men naturally, and is referred to the Scholars of Linus the Theban Poet, who flourished about the year of the World two thousand seven hundred; who first bewailed this Linus their Master, when he was slain, in doleful verses, then called of him *Celina*, afterwards *Epitaphia*, for that they were first sung at burials, after engraved upon the Sepulchres."

And, verily, without the consciousness of a principle of Immortality in the human soul, Man could never have had awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows: mere love, or the yearning of Kind towards Kind, could not have produced it. The Dog or Horse perishes in the field, or in the

stall, by the side of his companions, and is incapable of anticipating the sorrow with which his surrounding Associates shall bemoan his death, or pine for his loss; he cannot pre-conceive this regret, he can form no thought of it; and therefore cannot possibly have a desire to leave such regret or remembrance behind him. Add to the principle of love, which exists in the inferior animals, the faculty of reason which exists in Man alone; will the conjunction of these account for the desire! Doubtless it is a necessary consequence of this conjunction; yet not I think as a direct result, but only to be come at through an intermediate thought, viz. that of an intimation or assurance within us, that some part of our nature is imperishable. At least the precedence, in order of birth, of one feeling to the other, is unquestionable. If we look back upon the days of childhood, we shall find that the time is not in remembrance when, with respect to our own individual Being, the mind was without this assurance; whereas, the wish to be remembered by our Friends or Kindred after Death, or even in Absence, is, as we shall discover, a sensation that does not form itself till the social feelings have been developed, and the Reason has connected itself with a wide range of objects. Forlorn, and cut off from communication with the best part of his nature, must that Man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a Child, from the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal Spirits with which the Lamb in the meadow, or any other irrational Creature, is endowed; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the Child; to an inability arising from the imperfect state of his faculties to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of Death; or to an unreflecting acquiescence in what had been instilled into him! Has such an unfold of the mysteries of Nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed the early, obstinate, and unappeasable inquisitiveness of Children upon the subject of origination! This single fact proves outwardly the monstrousness of those suppositions: for, if we had no direct external testimony that the minds of very young Children meditate feelingly upon Death and Immortality, these inquiries, which

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\* See 'THE EXCURSION,' Book v, p. 602, Note.

we all know they are perpetually making concerning the *whence*, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the *whither*. Origin and tendency are notions inseparably co-relative. Never did a Child stand by the side of a running Stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetual current, from what never-wearied sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another: "Towards what abyss is it in progress! what receptacle can contain the mighty influx!" And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be Sea or Ocean, accompanied perhaps with an image gathered from a Map, or from the real object in Nature—these might have been the *letter*, but the *spirit* of the answer must have been *as* inevitably,—a receptacle without bounds or dimensions;—nothing less than infinity. We may, then, be justified in asserting, that the sense of Immortality, if not a co-existent and twin birth with Reason, is among the earliest of her Offspring: and we may further assert, that from these conjoined, and under their countenance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out. This is not the place to enter into the recesses of these investigations; but the subject requires me here to make a plain avowal, that, for my own part, it is to me inconceivable, that the sympathies of love towards each other, which grow with our growth, could ever attain any new strength, or even preserve the old, after we had received from the outward senses the impression of Death, and were in the habit of having that impression daily renewed and its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, and to those we love; if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal Being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute, that, if the impression and sense of Death were not thus counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency, a disproportion so astounding betwixt means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrating and powerful, that there could be no motions of the life of love; and infinitely less could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow.—If, then, in a Creature endowed with the faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncoun- tenanced by the faith that Man is an immortal being; and if, consequently, neither could the individual dying have had a desire to survive in the remembrance of his fellows, nor on their side could they have felt a wish to preserve for future times vestiges of the departed;

it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in Immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the Deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simonides, it is related, upon landing in a strange Country, found the Corse of an unknown person lying by the Sea-side; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient Philosopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead Body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt; saying, "See the Shell of the flown Bird!" But it is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought, to which that other Sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being; nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human Body was of no more value than the worthless Shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic Poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard to this latter we may be assured that, if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human Nature, he would have cared no more for the Corse of the Stranger than for the dead body of a Seal or Porpoise which might have been cast up by the Waves. We respect the corporeal frame of Man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal Soul. Each of these Sages was in Sympathy with the best feelings of our Nature; feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connection than that of contrast.—It is a connection formed through the subtle progress by which, both in the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things revolve upon each other. As, in sailing upon the orb of this Planet, a voyage towards the regions where the Sun sets, conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its risings; and, in like manner, a voyage towards the East, the birth-place in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the Sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes; so the contemplative Soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the Country of everlasting Life; and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts, till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things—of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, which commands the thoughts and feelings of the two Sages whom we have represented in contrast, does the Author of that species of composition, the Laws of which it is our present purpose to explain, take his stand. Accordingly, recurring to the twofold desire of guarding the Re-



remains of the deceased and preserving their memory, it may be said that a sepulchral Monument is a tribute to a Man as a human Being; and that an Epitaph (in the ordinary meaning attached to the word) includes this general feeling and something more; and is a record to preserve the memory of the dead, as a tribute due to his individual worth, for a satisfaction to the sorrowing hearts of the Survivors, and for the common benefit of the living: which record is to be accomplished, not in a general manner, but, where it can, in *close connection with the bodily remains of the deceased*: and these, it may be added, among the modern Nations of Europe, are deposited within, or contiguous to, their places of worship. In ancient times, as is well known, it was the custom to bury the dead beyond the Walls of Towns and Cities; and among the Greeks and Romans they were frequently interred by the waysides.

I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the Reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice. We might ruminate upon the beauty which the Monuments, thus placed, must have borrowed from the surrounding images of Nature — from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running perhaps within sight or hearing, from the beaten road stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the Traveller leaning upon one of the Tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shade, whether he had halted from weariness or in compliance with the invitation, "Pause, Traveller!" so often found upon the Monuments. And to its Epitaph also must have been supplied strong appeals to visible appearances or immediate impressions, lively and affecting analogies of Life as a Journey—Death as a Sleep overcoming the tired Wayfarer—of Misfortune as a Storm that falls suddenly upon him—of Beauty as a Flower that passeth away, or of innocent pleasure as one that may be gathered—of Virtue that standeth firm as a Rock against the beating Waves;—of Hope "undermined insensibly like the Poplar by the side of the River that has fed it," or blasted in a moment like a Pine-tree by the stroke of lightning upon the Mountain-top—of admonitions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a refreshing Breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected Fountain. These, and similar suggestions, must have given, formerly, to the language of the senseless stone a voice enforced and endeared by the benignity of that Nature with which it was in unison.—We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the Inhabitants of large Towns and Cities, by the custom of depositing the Dead within, or contiguous to, their places of worship; however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those Edifices, or however interesting or salutary the recollections associated with them.

Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the Notice of Men occupied with the cares of the World, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares, yet still, when Death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of Nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay, which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare in imagination the unsightly manner in which our Monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless Church-yard of a large Town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish Cemetery, in some remote place; and yet further sanctified by the Grove of Cypress in which it is embosomed. Thoughts in the same temper as these have already been expressed with true sensibility by an ingenuous Poet of the present day. The subject of his Poem is "All Saints Church, Derby:" he has been deploring the forbidding and unseemly appearance of its burial-ground, and uttering a wish, that in past times the practice had been adopted of interring the Inhabitants of large Towns in the Country. —

"Then in some rural, calm, sequestered spot,  
Where healing Nature her benignant look  
Ne'er changes, save at that lorn season, when,  
With tresses drooping o'er her sable stole,  
She yearly mourns the mortal doom of man,  
Her noblest work, (so Israel's virgins erst,  
With annual moan upon the mountains wept  
Their fairest gone) there in that rural scene,  
So placid, so congenial to the wish  
The Christian feels, of peaceful rest within  
The silent grave, I would have strayed:

—wandered forth, where the cold dew of heaven  
Lay on the humbler graves around, what time  
The pale moon gazed upon the turfy mounds,  
Pensive, as though like me, in lonely muse,  
'T were brooding on the dead inhumed beneath.  
There while with him, the holy man of Uz,  
O'er human destiny I sympathised,  
Counting the long, long periods prophecy  
Decrees to roll, ere the great day arrives  
Of resurrection, oft the blue-eyed Spring  
Had met me with her blossoms, as the Dove,  
Of old, returned with olive leaf, to cheer  
The Patriarch mourning o'er a world destroyed:  
And I would bless her visit; for to me  
'T is sweet to trace the consonance that links  
As one, the works of Nature and the word  
Of God."——

JOHN EDWARDS

A Village Church-yard, lying as it does in the lap of Nature, may indeed be most favourably contrasted with that of a Town of crowded population; and Sepulture therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the mode practised by the Ancients, with others peculiar to itself. The sensations

of pious cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of the Sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably chastised by the sight of the Graves of Kindred and Friends, gathered together in that general Home towards which the thoughtful yet happy Spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a Parish Church, in the stillness of the Country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both.

As, then, both in Cities and in Villages, the Dead are deposited in close connection with our places of worship, with us the composition of an Epitaph naturally turns, still more than among the Nations of Antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind; upon departed Worth—upon personal or social Sorrow and Admiration—upon Religion, individual and social—upon Time, and upon Eternity. Accordingly, it suffices, in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it contains nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But, to entitle an Epitaph to praise, more than this is necessary. It ought to contain some Thought or Feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our Nature touchingly expressed; and if that be done, however general or even trite the sentiment may be, every man of pure mind will read the words with pleasure and gratitude. A Husband bewails a Wife; a Parent breathes a sigh of disappointed hope over a lost Child; a Son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed Father or Mother; a Friend perhaps inscribes an encomium recording the companionable qualities, or the solid virtues, of the Tenant of the Grave, whose departure has left a sadness upon his memory. This, and a pious admonition to the Living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in Immortality, is the language of a thousand Church-yards: and it does not often happen that any thing, in a greater degree discriminate or appropriate to the Dead or to the Living, is to be found in them. This want of discrimination has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his Essay upon the Epitaphs of Pope, to two causes; first, the scantiness of the Objects of human praise; and, secondly, the want of variety in the Characters of Men; or, to use his own words, “to the fact, that the greater part of Mankind have no character at all.” Such language may be holden without blame among the generalities of common conversation; but does not become a Critic and a Moralist speaking seriously upon a serious Subject. The objects of admiration in Human-nature are not scanty, but abundant; and every Man has a Character of his own, to the eye that has skill to perceive it. The real cause of the acknowledged want of discrimination in sepulchral memorials is this: That to analyse the Characters of others, especially of those whom we

love, is not a common or natural employment of Men at any time. We are not anxious unerringly to understand the constitution of the Minds of those who have soothed, who have cheered, who have supported us: with whom we have been long and daily pleased or delighted. The affections are their own justification. The Light of Love in our Hearts is a satisfactory evidence that there is a body of worth in the minds of our friends or kindred, whence that Light has proceeded. We shrink from the thought of placing their merits and defects to be weighed against each other in the nice balance of pure intellect; nor do we find much temptation to detect the shades by which a good quality or virtue is discriminated in them from an excellence known by the same general name as it exists in the mind of another; and, least of all, do we incline to these refinements when under the pressure of Sorrow, Admiration, or Regret, or when actuated by any of those feelings which incite men to prolong the memory of their Friends and Kindred, by records placed in the bosom of the all-uniting and equalizing Receptacle of the Dead.\*

The first requisite, then, in an Epitaph is, that it should speak, in a tone which shall sink into the heart, the general language of humanity as connected with the subject of Death—the source from which an Epitaph proceeds; of death and of life. To be born and to die are the two points in which all men feel themselves to be in absolute coincidence. This general language may be uttered so strikingly as to entitle an epitaph to high praise; yet it cannot lay claim to the highest unless other excellencies be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellencies are, and wherein consists the perfection of this species of composition. It will be found to

\* [It is pleasant to look at this subject through the medium of another mind—to see the serious philosophy of Wordsworth and the thoughtful humour of Charles Lamb, each travelling its own peculiar road and yet resting at the same conclusion: the following passage occurs in the Tale of ‘*Rosalind Gray*’:

—“Still I continued in the church-yard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralizing on them with that kind of levity which will not unfrequently spring up in the mind, in the midst of deep melancholy.

“I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said jestingly, where be all the *bad* people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children—was cemeteries are appointed for these? do they not sleep in consecrated ground? or is it but a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors, which thus tricks out men’s epitaphs when dead, who, in their life-time, discharged the offices of life, perhaps, but lamely?—Their failings, with their reproaches, now sleep with them in the grave. *Man wars not with the dead.* It is a trait of human nature, for which I love it.”

LAMB’S *Prose Works*.—H. R.]

lie in a due proportion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a distinct and clear conception, conveyed to the Reader's mind, of the Individual, whose death is deplored and whose memory is to be preserved; at least of his character, as, after death, it appeared to those who loved him and lament his loss. The general sympathy ought to be quickened, provoked, and diversified, by particular thoughts, actions, images, — circumstances of age, occupation, manner of life, prosperity which the Deceased had known, or adversity to which he had been subject; and these ought to be bound together and solemnised into one harmony by the general sympathy. The two powers should temper, restrain, and exalt each other. The Reader ought to know who and what the Man was whom he is called upon to think of with interest. A distinct conception should be given (implicitly where it can, rather than explicitly) of the Individual lamented. But the Writer of an Epitaph is not an Anatomist, who dissects the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a Painter, who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire tranquillity; his delineation, we must remember, is performed by the side of the Grave; and, what is more, the grave of one whom he loves and admires. What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The character of a deceased Friend or beloved Kinsman is not seen, no — nor ought to be seen, otherwise than as a Tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualizes and beautifies it; that takes away, indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely, may impress and affect the more. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that, accordingly, the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered? — It is truth, and of the highest order! for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist; yet, the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view which before had been only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love — the joint offspring of the worth of the Dead and the affections of the Living! — This may easily be brought to the test. Let one, whose eyes have been sharpened by personal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man, hear the tidings of his death, and what a change is wrought in a moment! — Enmity melts away; and, as it disappears, unsightliness, disproportion, and deformity, vanish; and, through the influence of commiseration, a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a Man to the Tombstone on which shall be inscribed an Epitaph on his Adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from

an idle tale? No — the thoughtful look, the sigh, and perhaps the involuntary tear, would testify that it had a sane, a generous, and good meaning; and that on the Writer's mind had remained an impression which was a true abstract of the character of the deceased; that his gifts and graces were remembered in the simplicity in which they ought to be remembered. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the Grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear, and be felt as something midway between what he was on Earth walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a Spirit in Heaven.

It suffices, therefore, that the Trunk and the main Branches of the Worth of the Deceased be boldly and unaffectedly represented. Any further detail, minutely and scrupulously pursued, especially if this be done with laborious and antithetic discriminations, must inevitably frustrate its own purpose; forcing the passing Spectator to this conclusion, — either that the Dead did not possess the merits ascribed to him, or that they who have raised a monument to his memory, and must therefore be supposed to have been closely connected with him, were incapable of perceiving those merits; or at least during the act of composition had lost sight of them; for, the Understanding having been so busy in its petty occupation, how could the heart of the Mourner be other than cold? and in either of these cases, whether the fault be on the part of the buried Person or the Survivors, the Memorial is un-affecting and profitless.

Much better is it to fall short in discrimination than to pursue it too far, or to labour it unfeelingly. For in no place are we so much disposed to dwell upon those points, of nature and condition, wherein all Men resemble each other, as in the Temple where the universal Father is worshipped, or by the side of the Grave which gathers all Human Beings to itself, and "equalizes the lofty and the low." We suffer and we weep with the same heart; we love and are anxious for one another in one spirit; our hopes look to the same quarter; and the virtues by which we are all to be furthered and supported, as patience, meekness, good-will, temperance, and temperate desires, are in an equal degree the concern of us all. Let an Epitaph, then, contain at least these acknowledgments to our common nature; nor let the sense of their importance be sacrificed to a balance of opposite qualities or minute distinctions in individual character; which if they do not, (as will for the most part be the case) when examined, resolve themselves into a trick of words, will, even when they are true and just, for the most part be grievously out of place; for, as it is probable that few only have explored these intricacies of human nature, so can the tracing



of them be interesting only to a few. But an Epitaph is not a proud Writing shut up for the studious: it is exposed to all, to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard; its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent, may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired: the stooping Old Man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book;—the Child is proud that he can read it;—and the Stranger is introduced by its mediation to the company of a Friend: it is concerning all, and for all:—in the Church-yard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of Heaven beat against it.

Yet, though the Writer who would excite sympathy is bound in this case, more than in any other, to give proof that he himself has been moved, it is to be remembered, that to raise a Monument is a sober and a reflective act; that the inscription which it bears is intended to be permanent, and for universal perusal; and that, for this reason, the thoughts and feelings expressed should be permanent also—liberated from that weakness and anguish of sorrow which is in nature transitory, and which with instinctive decency retires from notice. The passions should be subdued, the emotions controlled; strong, indeed, but nothing ungovernable or wholly involuntary. Seemliness requires this, and truth requires it also: for how can the Narrator otherwise be trusted? Moreover, a Grave is a tranquillizing object: resignation in course of time springs up from it as naturally as the wild flowers, besprinkling the turf with which it may be covered, or gathering round the monument by which it is defended. The very form and substance of the monument which has received the inscription, and the appearance of the letters, testifying with what a slow and laborious hand they must have been engraven, might seem to reproach the Author who had given way upon this occasion to transports of mind, or to quick turns of conflicting passion; though the same might constitute the life and beauty of a funeral Oration or elegiac Poem.

These sensations and judgments, acted upon perhaps unconsciously, have been one of the main causes why Epitaphs so often personate the Deceased, and represent him as speaking from his own Tomb-stone. The departed Mortal is introduced telling you himself that his pains are gone; that a state of rest is come; and he conjures you to weep for him no longer. He admonishes with the voice of one experienced in the vanity of those affections which are confined to earthly objects, and gives a verdict like a superior Being, performing the office of a Judge, who has no temptations to mislead him, and whose decision cannot but be dispassionate. Thus is Death disarmed of its sting, and affliction unsubstantialized.

By this tender fiction, the Survivors bind themselves to a sedate sorrow, and employ the intervention of the Imagination in order that the reason may speak her own language earlier than she would otherwise have been enabled to do. This shadowy interposition also harmoniously unites the two worlds of the Living and the Dead by their appropriate affections. And it may be observed, that here we have an additional proof of the propriety with which sepulchral inscriptions were referred to the consciousness of Immortality as their primal source.

I do not speak with a wish to recommend that an Epitaph should be cast in this mould preferably to the still more common one, in which what is said comes from the Survivors directly; but rather to point out how natural those feelings are which have induced men, in all states and ranks of Society, so frequently to adopt this mode. And this I have done chiefly in order that the laws, which ought to govern the composition of the other, may be better understood. This latter mode, namely, that in which the Survivors speak in their own Persons, seems to me upon the whole greatly preferable: as it admits a wider range of notices; and, above all, because, excluding the fiction which is the groundwork of the other, it rests upon a more solid basis.

Enough has been said to convey our notion of a perfect Epitaph; but it must be borne in mind that one is meant which will best answer the *general* ends of that species of composition. According to the course pointed out, the worth of private life, through all varieties of situation and character, will be most honourably and profitably preserved in memory. Nor would the model recommended less suit public Men, in all instances save of those persons who by the greatness of their services in the employments of Peace or War, or by the surpassing excellence of their works in Art, Literature, or Science, have made themselves not only universally known, but have filled the heart of their Country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenour of thought which Epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the *actions* of a Man, or even some *one* conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him, and excited a desire that he should be remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act: and such sentiments dwelt upon as naturally arise out of them or it. Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed.—The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate Survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest Posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches, in such a place; nor of delineations of character to individualize them. This is already done by their Works, in the Memories of



Men. Their naked names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic Gratitude, patriotic Love, or human Admiration; or the utterance of some elementary Principle most essential in the constitution of true Virtue; or an intuition, communicated in adequate words, of the sublimity of intellectual Power, — these are the only tribute which can here be paid — the only offering that upon such an Altar would not be unworthy!

“What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones  
The labour of an age in piled stones,  
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a livelong Monument,  
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.”

## APPENDIX VII.

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### POSTSCRIPT

#### TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED "YARROW REVISITED AND OTHER POEMS: 1835."

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In the present volume, as in the author's previous poems, the reader will have found occasionally opinions expressed upon the course of public affairs, and feelings given vent to as national interests excited them. Since nothing, he trusts, has been uttered but in the spirit of reflective patriotism, those notices are left to produce their own effect; but, among the many objects of general concern, and the changes going forward, which he has glanced at in verse, are some especially affecting the lower orders of society: in reference to these, he wishes here to add a few words in plain prose.

Were he conscious of being able to do justice to those important topics, he might avail himself of the periodical press for offering anonymously his thoughts, such as they are, to the world; but he feels that, in procuring attention, they may derive some advantage, however small, from his name, in addition to that of being presented in a less fugitive shape. It is also not impossible that the state of mind which some of the foregoing poems may have produced in the reader will dispose him to receive more readily the impression the author desires to make, and to admit the conclusions he would establish.

I. The first thing that presses upon his attention is the Poor-Law Amendment Act. He is aware of the magnitude and complexity of the subject, and the unwearied attention which it has received from men of far wider experience than his own; yet he cannot forbear touching upon one point of it, and to this he will confine himself, though not insensible to the objection which may reasonably be brought against treating a portion of this, or any other, great scheme of civil polity separately from the whole. The point to which he wishes to draw the reader's attention is, that *all* persons who cannot find employment, or procure wages sufficient to support the body in health and strength, are entitled to maintenance by law.

This principle is acknowledged in the Report of the Commissioners: but is there not room for apprehension that some of the regulations of the new act have a tendency to render the principle nugatory by difficulties thrown in the way of applying it? If this be so, persons will not be wanting to show it, by examining the provisions of the act in detail,—an attempt which would be quite out of place here; but it will not, therefore, be deemed unbecoming in one who fears that the prudence of the head may, in framing some of those provisions, have supplanted the wisdom of the heart, to enforce a principle which cannot be violated without infringing upon one of the most precious rights of the English people, and opposing one of the most sacred claims of civilized humanity.

There can be no greater error, in this department of legislation, than the belief that this principle does by necessity operate for the degradation of those who claim, or are so circumstanced as to make it likely they may claim, through laws founded upon it, relief or assistance. The direct contrary is the truth: it may be unanswerably maintained that its tendency is to raise, not to depress; by stamping a value upon life, which can belong to it only where the laws have placed men who are willing to work, and yet cannot find employment, above the necessity of looking for protection against hunger and other natural evils, either to individual and casual charity, to despair and death, or to the breach of law by theft or violence.

And here, as the fundamental principle has been recognised in the Report of the Commissioners, the author is not at issue with them any farther than he is compelled to believe that their "remedial measures" obstruct the application of that principle more than the interests of society require.

And, calling to mind the doctrines of political economy which are now prevalent, he cannot forbear to enforce



which is so often endured in civilised society: multitudes, in all ages, have known it, of whom may be said:—

“Homeless, near a thousand homes they stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food.”

The author may justly be accused of wasting time in an uncalled-for attempt to excite the feelings of his reader, if systems of political economy, widely spread, did not impugn the principle, and if the safeguards against such extremities were left unimpaired. It is broadly asserted by many, that every man who endeavours to find work, *may* find it: were this assertion capable of being verified, there still would remain a question, what kind of work, and how far may the labourer be fit for it? For if sedentary work is to be exchanged for standing; and some light and nice exercise of the fingers, to which an artisan has been accustomed all his life, for severe labour of the arms; the best efforts would turn to little account, and occasion would be given for the unthinking and the unfeeling unwarrantably to reproach those who are put upon such employment, as idle, froward, and unworthy of relief, either by law or in any other way! Were this statement correct, there would indeed be an end of the argument, the principle here maintained would be superseded. But, alas, it is far otherwise. That principle, applicable to the benefit of all countries, is indispensable for England, upon whose coast families are perpetually deprived of their support by shipwreck, and where large masses of men are so liable to be thrown out of their ordinary means of gaining bread, by changes in commercial intercourse, subject mainly or solely to the will of foreign powers; by new discoveries in arts and manufactures; and by reckless laws, in conformity with theories of political economy, which, whether right or wrong in the abstract, have proved a scourge to tens of thousands, by the abruptness with which they have been carried into practice.

But it is urged,—refuse altogether compulsory relief to the able-bodied, and the number of those who stand in need of relief will steadily diminish, through a conviction of an absolute necessity for greater forethought, and more prudent care of a man's earnings. Undoubtedly it would, but so also would it, and in a much greater degree, if the legislative provisions were retained, and parochial relief administered under the care of the upper classes, as it ought to be. For it has been invariably found, that wherever the funds have been raised and applied under the superintendence of gentlemen and substantial proprietors, acting in vestries, and as overseers, pauperism has diminished accordingly. Proper care in that quarter would effectually check what is felt in some districts to be one of the worst evils in the poor law system, viz. the readiness of small and needy proprietors to join in imposing rates that seemingly subject them to great hardships, while, in

fact, this is done with an understanding, which prepares the way for the relief that each is ready to bestow upon his still poorer neighbours being granted to himself, or his relatives, when it shall be applied for.

But let us look to inner sentiments of a nobler quality, in order to know what we have to build upon. Affecting proofs occur in every one's experience, who is acquainted with the unfortunate and the indigent, of their unwillingness to derive their subsistence from aught but their own funds or labour, or to be indebted to parochial assistance for the attainment of any object, however dear to them. A case was reported, the other day, from a coroner's inquest, of a pair who, through the space of four years, had carried about their dead infant from house to house, and from lodging to lodging, as their necessities drove them, rather than ask the parish to bear the expense of its interment: the poor creatures lived in the hope of one day being able to bury their child at their own cost. It must have been heart-rending to see and hear the mother, who had been called upon to account for the state in which the body was found, make this deposition. She and her husband had, it is true, been once in prosperity. But examples, where the spirit of independence works with equal strength, though not with like miserable accompaniments, are frequently to be found even yet among the humblest peasantry and mechanics. There is not, then, sufficient cause for doubting that a like sense of honour may be revived among the people, and their ancient habits of independence restored, without resorting to those severities which the new Poor Law Act has introduced.

But, even if the surfaces of things only are to be examined, we have a right to expect that lawgivers should take into account the various tempers and dispositions of mankind: while some are led, by the existence of a legislative provision, into idleness and extravagance, the economical virtues might be cherished in others by the knowledge, that if all their efforts fail, they have in the Poor-Laws a “refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat.” Despondency and distraction are no friends to prudence: the springs of industry will relax, if cheerfulness be destroyed by anxiety; without hope men become reckless, and have a sullen pride in adding to the heap of their own wretchedness. He who feels that he is abandoned by his fellow men will be almost irresistibly driven to care little for himself; will lose his self-respect accordingly, and with that loss what remains to him of virtue.

With all due deference to the particular experience, and general intelligence of the individuals who framed the Act, and of those who in and out of parliament have approved of and supported it; it may be said, that it proceeds too much upon the presumption that it is a labouring man's own fault if he be not, as the phrase is, beforehand with the world. But the most prudent are liable to be thrown back by sickness, cutting them



off from labour, and causing to them expense; and who but has observed how distress creeps upon multitudes without misconduct of their own; and merely from a gradual fall in the price of labour, without a correspondent one in the price of provisions; so that men who may have ventured upon the marriage state with a fair prospect of maintaining their families in comfort and happiness, see them reduced to a pittance which no efforts of theirs can increase? Let it be remembered, also, that there are thousands with whom vicious habits of expense are not the cause why they do not store up their gains; but they are generous and kind-hearted, and ready to help their kindred and friends; moreover, they have a faith in Providence that those who have been prompt to assist others, will not be left destitute, should they themselves come to need. By acting from these blended feelings, numbers have rendered themselves incapable of standing up against a sudden reverse. Nevertheless, these men, in common with all who have the misfortune to be in want, if many theorists had their wish, would be thrown upon one or other of those three sharp points of condition before adverted to, from which the intervention of law has hitherto saved them.

All that has been said tends to show how the principle contended for makes the gift of life more valuable, and has, the writer hopes, led to the conclusion that its legitimate operation is to make men worthier of that gift: in other words, not to degrade but to exalt human nature. But the subject must not be dismissed without adverting to the indirect influence of the same principle upon the moral sentiments of a people among whom it is embodied in law. In our criminal jurisprudence there is a maxim, deservedly eulogised, that it is better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer; so, also, might it be maintained, with regard to the Poor Laws, that it is better for the interests of humanity among the people at large, that ten undeserving should partake of the funds provided, than that one morally good man, through want of relief, should either have his principles corrupted, or his energies destroyed; than that such a one should either be driven to do wrong, or be cast to the earth in utter hopelessness. In France, the English maxim of criminal jurisprudence is reversed; there, it is deemed better that ten innocent men should suffer, than one guilty escape: in France, there is no universal provision for the poor; and we may judge of the small value set upon human life in the metropolis of that country, by merely noticing the disrespect with which, after death, the body is treated, not by the thoughtless vulgar, but in schools of anatomy, presided over by men allowed to be, in their own art and in physical science, among the most enlightened in the world. In the East, where countries are overrun with population as with a weed, infinitely more respect is shown to the remains of the deceased; and what a bitter mockery is it, that this insensibility should be found where civil polity is so busy

in minor regulations, and ostentatiously careful to gratify the luxurious propensities, whether social or intellectual, of the multitude! Irreligion is, no doubt, much concerned with this offensive disrespect, shown to the bodies of the dead in France; but it is mainly attributable to the state in which so many of the living are left by the absence of compulsory provision for the indigent, so humanely established by the law of England.

Sights of abject misery, perpetually recurring, harden the heart of the community. In the perusal of history, and of works of fiction, we are not, indeed, unwilling to have our commiseration excited by such objects of distress as they present to us; but in the concerns of real life, men know that such emotions are not given to be indulged for their own sakes: there, the conscience declares to them that sympathy must be followed by action; and if there exist a previous conviction that the power to relieve is utterly inadequate to the demand, the eye shrinks from communication with wretchedness, and pity and compassion languish, like any other qualities that are deprived of their natural aliment. Let these considerations be duly weighed by those who trust to the hope that an increase of private charity, with all its advantages of superior discrimination, would more than compensate for the abandonment of those principles, the wisdom of which has been here insisted upon. How discouraging, also, would be the sense of injustice, which could not fail to arise in the minds of the well-disposed, if the burden of supporting the poor, a burden of which the selfish have hitherto by compulsion borne a share, should now, or hereafter, be thrown exclusively upon the benevolent.

By having put an end to the Slave Trade and Slavery, the British people are exalted in the scale of humanity; and they cannot but feel so, if they look into themselves, and duly consider their relation to God and their fellow-creatures. That was a noble advance; but a retrograde movement will assuredly be made, if ever the principle, which has been here defended, should be either avowedly abandoned, or but ostensibly retained.

II. In a poem of the foregoing collection, the state of the workmen congregated in manufactories is alluded to.\* May the author here be permitted to say, that, after much reflection upon this subject, he has not been able to discover a more effectual mode of alleviating the evils to which that class are liable, and establishing a better harmony between them and their employers, than by a repeal of such laws as prevent the formation of joint-stock companies! The combinations of masters to keep down, unjustly, the price of labour, would be fairly checked by these associations; they would encourage economy, inasmuch as they would enable a man to draw profit from his savings, by vesting them in buildings or machinery for processes of manu-

\* See Lines entitled '*Humanity*', p. 423.

facture with which he was habitually connected. His little capital would then be working for him while he was at rest or asleep; he would more clearly perceive the necessity of capital for carrying on great works; he would better learn to respect the larger portions of it in the hands of others; he would be less tempted to join in unjust combinations; and, for the sake of his own property, if not for higher reasons, he would be slow to promote local disturbance, or endanger public tranquillity; he would, at least, be loth to act in that way *knowingly*: for it is not to be denied that such societies might be nurseries of opinions unfavourable to a mixed constitution of government, like that of Great Britain. The democratic and republican spirit which they might be apt to foster would not, however, be dangerous in itself, but only as it might act without being sufficiently counterbalanced, either by landed proprietorship, or by a Church extending itself so as to embrace an ever-growing and ever-shifting population of mechanics and artisans. But if the tendencies of such societies would be to make the men prosper who might belong to them, rulers and legislators should rejoice in the result, and do their duty to the state by upholding and extending the influence of that Church to which it owes, in so great a measure, its safety, its prosperity, and its glory.

This, in the temper of the present times, may be difficult, but it is become indispensable, since large towns in great numbers have sprung up, and others have increased tenfold, with little or no dependence upon the gentry and the landed proprietors; and apart from those mitigated feudal institutions, which, till of late, have acted so powerfully upon the composition of the House of Commons. Now it may be affirmed, that, in quarters where there is not an attachment to the Church, or the landed aristocracy, and a pride in supporting them, *there* the people will dislike both, and be ready, upon such incitements as are perpetually recurring, to join in attempts to overthrow them. There is no neutral ground here: from want of due attention to the state of society in large towns and manufacturing districts, and ignorance or disregard of these obvious truths, innumerable well-meaning persons became zealous supporters of a Reform Bill, the qualities and powers of which, whether destructive or constructive, they would otherwise have been afraid of; and even the framers of that bill, swayed as they might be by party resentments and personal ambition, could not have gone so far, had not they too been lamentably ignorant or neglectful of the same truths both of fact and philosophy.

But let that pass; and let no opponent of the bill be tempted to compliment his own foresight, by exaggerating the mischiefs and dangers that have sprung from it: let not time be wasted in profitless regrets; and let those party distinctions vanish to their very names that have separated men who, whatever course they may have

pursued, have ever had a bond of union in the wish to save the limited monarchy, and those other institutions that have, under Providence, rendered for so long a period of time this country the happiest and worthiest of which there is any record since the foundation of civil society.

III. A philosophic mind is best pleased when looking at religion in its spiritual bearing; as a guide of conduct, a solace under affliction, and a support amid the instabilities of mortal life: but the Church having been forced by political considerations upon the notice of the author, while treating of the labouring classes, he cannot forbear saying a few words upon that momentous topic.

There is a loud clamour for extensive change in that department. The clamour would be entitled to more respect if they who are the most eager to swell it with their voices were not generally the most ignorant of the real state of the Church, and the service it renders to the community. *Reform* is the word employed. Let us pause and consider what sense it is apt to carry, and how things are confounded by a lax use of it. The great religious Reformation, in the sixteenth century, did not profess to be a new construction, but a restoration of something fallen into decay, or put out of sight. That familiar and justifiable use of the word seems to have paved the way for fallacies with respect to the term reform, which it is difficult to escape from. Were we to speak of improvement, and the correction of abuses, we should run less risk of being deceived ourselves, or of misleading others. We should be less likely to fall blindly into the belief, that the change demanded is a renewal of something that has existed before, and that, therefore, we have experience on our side; nor should we be equally tempted to beg the question, that the change for which we are eager must be advantageous. From generation to generation, men are the dupes of words; and it is painful to observe, that so many of our species are most tenacious of those opinions which they have formed with the least consideration. They who are the readiest to meddle with public affairs, whether in church or state, fly to generalities, that they may be eased from the trouble of thinking about particulars; and thus is deputed to mechanical instrumentality the work which vital knowledge only can do well.

"Abolish pluralities, have a resident incumbent in every parish," is a favourite cry; but, without adverting to other obstacles in the way of this specious scheme, it may be asked what benefit would accrue from its *indiscriminate* adoption to counterbalance the harm it would introduce, by nearly extinguishing the order of curates, unless the revenues of the church should grow with the population, and be greatly increased in many thinly-peopled districts, especially among the parishes of the North.

The order of curates is so beneficial, that some particular notice of it seems to be required in this place.

For a church poor as, relatively to the numbers of the people, that of England is, and probably will continue to be, it is no small advantage to have youthful servants, who will work upon the wages of hope and expectation. Still more advantageous is it to have, by means of this order, young men scattered over the country, who being more detached from the temporal concerns of the benefice, have more leisure for improvement and study, and are less subject to be brought into secular collision with those who are under their spiritual guardianship. The curate, if he reside at a distance from the incumbent, undertakes the requisite responsibilities of a temporal kind, in that modified way which prevents him, as a new-comer, from being charged with selfishness: while it prepares him for entering upon a benefice of his own, with something of a suitable experience. If he should act under and in co-operation with a resident incumbent, the gain is mutual. His studies will probably be assisted; and his training, managed by a superior, will not be liable to relapse in matters of prudence, seemliness, or in any of the highest cares of his functions; and by way of return for these benefits to the pupil, it will often happen that the zeal of a middle-aged or declining incumbent will be revived, by being in near communion with the ardour of youth, when his own efforts may have languished through a melancholy consciousness that they have not produced as much good among his flock as, when he first entered upon the charge, he fondly hoped.

Let one remark, and that not the least important, be added. A curate, entering for the first time upon his office, comes from college after a course of expense, and with such inexperience in the use of money, that, in his new situation, he is apt to fall unawares into pecuniary difficulties. If this happens to him, much more likely is it to happen to the youthful incumbent; whose relations, to his parishioners and to society, are more complicated; and, his income being larger and independent of another, a costlier style of living is required of him by public opinion. If embarrassment should ensue, and with that unavoidably some loss of respectability, his future usefulness will be proportionably impaired: not so with the curate, for he can easily remove and start afresh with a stock of experience and an unblemished reputation, whereas the early indiscretions of an incumbent being rarely forgotten, may be impediments to the efficacy of his ministry for the remainder of his life. The same observations would apply with equal force to doctrine. A young minister is liable to errors, from his notions being either too lax or overstrained. In both cases it would prove injurious that the error should be remembered, after study and reflection, with advancing years, shall have brought him to a clearer discernment of the truth, and better judgment in the application of it.

It must be acknowledged that, among the regulations of ecclesiastical polity, none at first view are more

attractive than that which prescribes for every parish a resident incumbent. How agreeable to picture to one's self, as has been done by poets and romance-writers, from Chaucer down to Goldsmith, a man devoted to his ministerial office, with not a wish or a thought ranging beyond the circuit of its cares! Nor is it in poetry and fiction only that such characters are found; they are scattered, it is hoped not sparingly, over real life, especially in sequestered and rural districts, where there is but small influx of new inhabitants, and little change of occupation. The spirit of the Gospel, unaided by acquisitions of profane learning and experience in the world, that spirit, and the obligations of the sacred office may, in such situations, suffice to effect most of what is needful. But for the complex state of society that prevails in England, much more is required, both in large towns, and in many extensive districts of the country. A minister there should not only be irreproachable in manners and morals, but accomplished in learning, as far as is possible without sacrifice of the least of his pastoral duties. As necessary, perhaps more so, is it that he should be a citizen as well as a scholar; thoroughly acquainted with the structure of society, and the constitution of civil government, and able to reason upon both with the most expert; all ultimately in order to support the truths of Christianity, and to diffuse its blessings.

A young man coming fresh from the place of his education, cannot have brought with him these accomplishments; and if the scheme of equalising church incomes, which many advisers are much bent upon, be realised, so that there should be little or no secular inducement for a clergyman to desire a removal from the spot where he may chance to have been first set down; surely not only opportunities for obtaining the requisite qualifications would be diminished, but the motives for desiring to obtain them would be proportionably weakened. And yet these qualifications are indispensable for the diffusion of that knowledge, by which alone the political philosophy of the New Testament can be rightly expounded, and its precepts adequately enforced. In these times, when the press is daily exercising so great a power over the minds of the people, for wrong or for right as may happen, that preacher ranks among the first of benefactors who, without stooping to the direct treatment of current politics and passing events, can furnish infallible guidance through the delusions that surround them; and who, appealing to the sanctions of Scripture, may place the grounds of its injunctions in so clear a light, that disaffection shall cease to be cultivated as a laudable propensity, and loyalty cleansed from the dishonour of a blind and prostrate obedience.

It is not, however, in regard to civic duties alone, that this knowledge in a minister of the Gospel is important; it is still more so for softening and subduing private and personal discontents. In all places, and at



all times, men have gratuitously troubled themselves, because their survey of the dispensations of Providence has been partial and narrow; but now that readers are so greatly multiplied, men judge as they are *taught*, and repinings are engendered every where, by imputations being cast upon the government, and are prolonged or aggravated by being ascribed to misconduct or injustice in rulers, when the individual himself only is in fault. If a Christian pastor be competent to deal with these humours, as they may be dealt with, and by no members of society so successfully, both from more frequent and more favourable opportunities of intercourse, and by aid of the authority with which he speaks; he will be a teacher of moderation, a dispenser of the wisdom that blunts approaching distress by submission to God's will, and lightens, by patience, grievances which cannot be removed.

We live in times when nothing, of public good at least, is generally acceptable, but what we believe can be traced to preconceived intention, and specific acts and formal contrivances of human understanding. A Christian instructor thoroughly accomplished would be a standing restraint upon such presumptuousness of judgment, by impressing the truth that—

In the unreasoning progress of the world  
A wiser spirit is at work for us,  
A better eye than ours.—MS.

Revelation points to the purity and peace of a future world; but our sphere of duty is upon earth; and the relations of impure and conflicting things to each other must be understood, or we shall be perpetually going wrong in all but goodness of intention; and goodness of intention will itself relax through frequent disappointment. How desirable, then, is it, that a minister of the Gospel should be versed in the knowledge of existing facts, and be accustomed to a wide range of social experience! Nor is it less desirable for the purpose of counterbalancing and tempering in his own mind that ambition with which spiritual power is as apt to be tainted as any other species of power which men covet or possess.

It must be obvious that the scope of the argument is to discourage an attempt which would introduce into the Church of England an equality of income, and station, upon the model of that of Scotland. The sounder part of the Scottish nation know what good their ancestors derived from their church, and feel how deeply the living generation is indebted to it. They respect and love it, as accommodated in so great a measure to a comparatively poor country, through the far greater portion of which prevails a uniformity of employment; but the acknowledged deficiency of theological learning among the clergy of that church is easily accounted for by this very equality. What else may be wanting there, it would be unpleasant to inquire, and might prove invidious to determine: one thing, however, is clear; that in all countries the temporalities of the Church Establishment

should bear an analogy to the state of society, otherwise it cannot diffuse its influence through the whole community. In a country so rich and luxurious as England, the character of its clergy must unavoidably sink, and their influence be every where impaired, if individuals from the upper ranks, and men of leading talents, are to have no inducements to enter into that body but such as are purely spiritual. And this "tinge of secularity" is no reproach to the clergy, nor does it imply a deficiency of spiritual endowments. Parents and guardians, looking forward to sources of honourable maintenance for their children and wards, often direct their thoughts early towards the church, being determined partly by outward circumstances, and partly by indications of seriousness, or intellectual fitness. It is natural that a boy or youth, with such a prospect before him, should turn his attention to those studies, and be led into those habits of reflection, which will in some degree dispose and tend to prepare him for the duties he is hereafter to undertake. As he draws nearer to the time when he will be called to these duties, he is both led and compelled to examine the Scriptures. He becomes more and more sensible of their truth. Devotion grows in him; and what might begin in temporal consideration, will end (as in a majority of instances we trust it does) in a spiritual-mindedness not unworthy of that Gospel, the lessons of which he is to teach, and the faith of which he is to inculcate. Not inappositely may be here repeated an observation, which, from its obviousness and importance, must have been frequently made, viz. that the impoverishing of the clergy, and bringing their incomes much nearer to a level, would not cause them to become less worldly-minded: the emoluments, howsoever reduced, would be as eagerly sought for, but by men from lower classes in society; men who, by their manners, habits, abilities, and the scanty measure of their attainments, would unavoidably be less fitted for their station, and less competent to discharge its duties.

Visionary notions have in all ages been afloat upon the subject of best providing for the clergy; notions which have been sincerely entertained by good men, with a view to the improvement of that order, and eagerly caught at and dwelt upon, by the designing, for its degradation and disparagement. Some are beguiled by what they call the *voluntary system*, not seeing (what stares one in the face at the very threshold) that they who stand in most need of religious instruction are unconscious of the want, and therefore cannot reasonably be expected to make any sacrifices in order to supply it. Will the licentious, the sensual, and the depraved, take from the means of their gratifications and pursuits, to support a discipline that cannot advance without uprooting the trees that bear the fruit which they devour so greedily! Will *they* pay the price of that seed whose harvest is to be reaped in an invisible world? A voluntary system for the religious exigences of a people numerous and circumstanced as we are! Not more



absurd would it be to expect that a knot of boys should draw upon the pittance of their pocket-money to build schools, or out of the abundance of their discretion be able to select fit masters to teach and keep them in order! Some, who clearly perceive the incompetence and folly of such a scheme for the agricultural part of the people, nevertheless think it feasible in large towns, where the rich might subscribe for the religious instruction of the poor. Alas! they know little of the thick darkness that spreads over the streets and alleys of our large towns. The parish of Lambeth, a few years since, contained not more than one church and three or four small proprietary chapels, while dissenting chapels of every denomination were still more scantily found there; yet the inhabitants of the parish amounted at that time to upwards of 50,000. Were the parish church and the chapels of the Establishment existing there, an *impediment* to the spread of the Gospel among that mass of people? Who shall dare to say so?

For the preservation of the Church Establishment, all men, whether they belong to it or not, could they perceive their true interest, would be strenuous; but how inadequate are its provisions for the needs of the country! and how much is it to be regretted that, while its zealous friends yield to alarms on account of the hostility of dissent, they should so much over-rate the danger to be apprehended from that quarter, and almost overlook the fact that hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, though formally and nominally of the Church of England, never enter her places of worship, neither have they communication with her ministers! This deplorable state of things seems partly owing to a decay of zeal among the rich and influential, and partly to a want of due expansive power in the constitution of the Establishment as regulated by law. Private benefactors, in their efforts to build and endow churches, have been frustrated, or too much impeded, by legal obstacles: these, where they are unreasonable or unfitted for the times, ought to be removed; and, keeping clear of intolerance and injustice, means should be used to render the presence and powers of the church commensurate with the wants of a shifting and still-increasing population.

This cannot be effected, unless the English Government vindicate the truth, that, as her church exists for the benefit of all (though not in an equal degree), whether of her communion or not, all should be made to contribute to its support. If this ground be abandoned, the not remote consequence will be, the infliction of a wound upon the moral heart of the English people, from which, till ages shall have gone by, it will not recover.

But let the friends of the church be of good courage. Powers are at work, by which, under Divine Providence, she may be strengthened and the sphere of her usefulness extended; not by alterations in her Liturgy, accommodated to this or that demand of finical taste, nor

by cutting off this or that from her Articles or Canons, to which the scrupulous or the overweening may object. Covert schism, and open nonconformity, would survive after alterations, however promising in the eyes of those whose subtilty had been exercised in making them. Latitudinarianism is the parhelion of liberty of conscience, and will ever successfully lay claim to a divided worship. Among Presbyterians, Socinians, Baptists, and Independents, there will always be found numbers who will tire of their several creeds, and some will come over to the Church. Conventicles may disappear, congregations in each denomination may fall into decay or be broken up, but the conquests which the National Church ought chiefly to aim at, lie among the thousands and tens of thousands of the unhappy outcasts who grow up with no religion at all. The wants of these cannot but be feelingly remembered. Whatever may be the dispositions of the new constituencies under the reformed parliament, and the course which the men of their choice may be inclined or compelled to follow, it may be confidently hoped that individuals, acting in their private capacities, will endeavour to make up for the deficiencies of the legislature. Is it too much to expect that proprietors of large estates, where the inhabitants are without religious instruction, or where it is sparingly supplied, will deem it their duty to take part in this good work; and that thriving manufacturers and merchants will, in their several neighbourhoods, be sensible of the like obligation, and act upon it with generous rivalry!

Moreover, the force of public opinion is rapidly increasing: and some may bend to it, who are not so happy as to be swayed by a higher motive; especially they who derive large incomes from lay-impropriations, in tracts of country where ministers are few and meagrely provided for. A claim still stronger may be acknowledged by those who, round their superb habitations or elsewhere, walk over vast estates which were lavished upon their ancestors by royal favouritism, or purchased at insignificant prices after church-spoliation; such proprietors, though not conscience-stricken (there is no call for that) may be prompted to make a return for which their tenantry and dependants will learn to bless their names. An impulse has been given; an accession of means from these several sources, co-operating with a *well*-considered change in the distribution of some parts of the property at present possessed by the church, a change scrupulously founded upon due respect to law and justice, will, we trust, bring about so much of what her friends desire, that the rest may be calmly waited for, with thankfulness for what shall have been obtained.

Let it not be thought unbecoming in a layman, to have treated at length a subject with which the clergy are more intimately conversant. All may, without impropriety, speak of what deeply concerns all; nor need an apology be offered for going over ground which has

been trod before so ably and so often: without pretending, however, to any thing of novelty, either in matter or manner, something may have been offered to view, which will save the writer from the imputation of having little to recommend his labour, but goodness of intention.

It was with reference to thoughts expressed in verse, that the Author entered upon the above notices, and with verse he will conclude. The passage is extracted from his MSS. written above thirty years ago: it turns upon the individual dignity which humbleness of social condition does not preclude, but frequently promotes. It has no direct bearing upon clubs for the discussion of public affairs, nor upon political or trade-unions; but if a single workman—who, being a member of one of those clubs, runs the risk of becoming an agitator, or who, being enrolled in a union, must be left without a will of his own, and therefore a slave—should read these lines, and be touched by them, the Author would indeed rejoice, and little would he care for losing credit as a poet with intemperate critics, who think differently from him upon political philosophy or public measures, if the sober-minded admit that, in general views, his affections have been moved, and his imagination exercised, under and for the guidance of reason.

"Here might I pause, and bend in reverence  
To Nature, and the power of human minds;  
To men as they are men within themselves.  
How oft high service is performed within,  
When all the external man is rude in show;  
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,  
But a mere mountain chapel that protects  
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower!  
Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,  
If future years mature me for the task,  
Will I record the praises, making verse  
Deal boldly with substantial things—in truth  
And sanctity of passion, speak of these.  
That justice may be done, obeisance paid

Where it is due. Thus haply shall I teach,  
Inspire, through unadulterated ears  
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope; my theme  
No other than the very heart of man,  
As found among the best of those who live,  
Not unexalted by religious faith,  
Nor uninformed by books, good books, though few,  
In Nature's presence: thence may I select  
Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight,  
And miserable love that is not pain  
To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.  
Be mine to follow with no timid step  
Where knowledge leads me; it shall be my pride  
That I have dared to tread this holy ground,  
Speaking no dream, but things oracular,  
Matter not lightly to be heard by those  
Who to the letter of the outward promise  
Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit  
In speech, and for communion with the world  
Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then  
Most active when they are most eloquent,  
And elevated most when most admired.  
Men may be found of other mould than these;  
Who are their own upholders, to themselves  
Encouragement, and energy, and will;  
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words  
As native passion dictates. Others, too,  
There are, among the walks of homely life,  
Still higher, men for contemplation framed;  
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;  
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink  
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse.  
Their's is the language of the heavens, the power,  
The thought, the image, and the silent joy:  
Words are but under-agents in their souls;  
When they are grasping with their greatest strength  
They do not breathe among them; this I speak  
In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts  
For his own service, knoweth, loveth us,  
When we are unregarded by the world."



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PUBLISHED, MAY, 1851.

*Memoirs*  
OF  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,  
POET-LAUREATE, D.C.L.

BY  
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D.,  
CANON OF WESTMINSTER.

*In Two Volumes.*

EDITED BY  
HENRY REED.

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TICKNOR & CO.,  
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